TEN CENTS

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

JANUARY 1896

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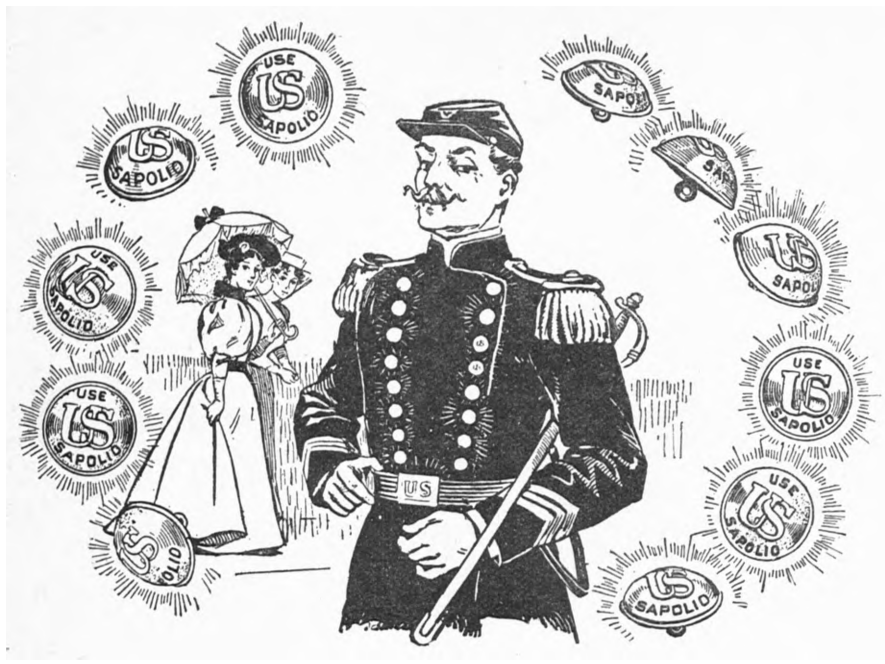

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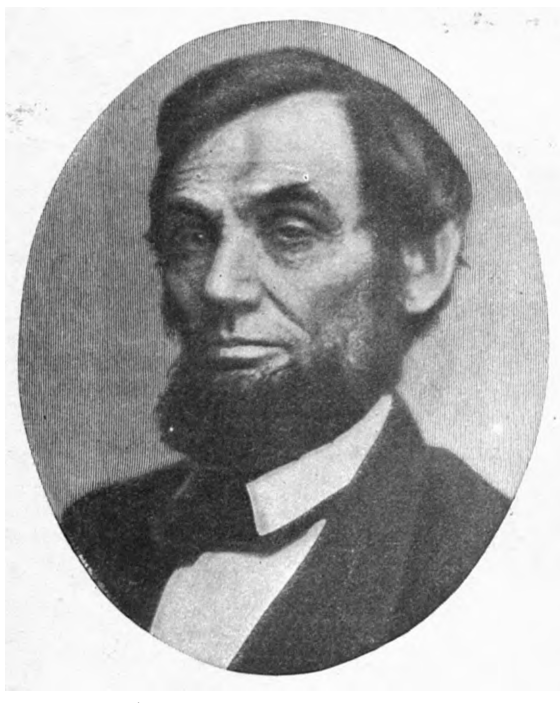

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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A GIRLISH "JULIA"—"THE HUNCHBACK"

MY EARLY DAYS ON THE STAGE

By Mary Anderson de Navarro

*NUMBER II

AFTER the plunge into the sea of public life, which my first appearance on the stage gave me, it was naturally heart-breaking to be thrown back again upon the dry land of study without practice—hope without realization. The interval of three months with no engagement in sight was not spent, however, in idle moping. The part of "Bianca," in Dean Milman's "Fazio," was thoroughly prepared. At the end of that time Mr. Macauley offered me a week at his theatre in Louisville, Kentucky, which was accepted with joy.

The repertory selected was as follows:

"Bianca", in "Fazio" . . . . . for Monday
"Julia" . in "The Hunchback". . . for Tuesday
"Evadne" in Lawler Sheil's "Evadne" for Wednesday
"Pauline" in "The Lady of Lyons" . for Thursday
"Juliet" . in "Romeo and Juliet" . . for Friday and Saturday

At the end of the engagement I was in debt to the manager for the sum of one dollar, the houses having been large enough only to cover the running expenses. All I had gained by a week of hard work was a sad heart and a very sore throat. Besides, creditors became unpleasantly importunate, for my scanty wardrobe was not yet paid for. This consisted of a white satin dress, simply made, which did service for all the parts. It sparkled in silver trimming for "Juliet"; was covered with pink roses for "Julia," became gay in green and gold for "Evadne," and cloudy with white lace for "Pauline." The unfortunate gown owed its many changes to the nimble and willing fingers of my mother, who spent much time each day in its metamorphoses. A train of velveteen, a white muslin dress, and a modern black silk gown (which, like "Mrs. Toodles," we thought "would be so useful," but which had to be discarded after its first appearance) completed my wardrobe—surely a meagre one for five plays of five acts, each requiring at least twelve gowns. We had built up financial as well as artistic hopes for that week, and were disappointed in both. But it proved more successful than was at first thought, for shortly after Ben De Bar (one of the greatest "Falstaffs" of his time) engaged me for six nights at his St. Louis theatre. At the end of that time I found myself in his debt for the sum of six hundred dollars; but the houses had steadily improved, and the press was filled with long articles, enthusiastic about the present and full of predictions for the future.

After seeing "Evadne" Mr. De Bar engaged me for the last week of that historic old theatre, the St. Charles, in New Orleans, before it was converted into a music hall or variety theatre. After traveling from Saturday until Monday there was only time for one hurried rehearsal for that night's performance. The company, like the one at St. Louis, was composed of a most helpful and kindly set of men and women, who found no trouble too great to make the plays successful. But our hearts sank very low on learning that not one seat had been sold for the entire week. The outlook was hopeless, and horrible visions of failure and new debts rose up before me. I could not but be amused, however, when the Irish box-office attendant said: "Och, the houly saints bliss yer yung heart, not a sate have we sauld for the wake. Oi asked Missus Mc—— if she wud give me the plisure of sinding her a few tickets for the wake. Ye see she's the mither of a large family, and Oi thought they wud help to fill up a bit. 'Well,' sez she, condiscendin'-like, 'if it wud obloige ye, sur, I moight take a few.' 'Divil a bit,' sez I, with me temper up, 'if it's only to obloige me, not a sate do yus get with thim foine airs. Maybe before the wake's out yees'ill be beggin' thim of me.'" This, it seems, she did, and in vain, for his heart was like flint against deadheads when success smiled upon us.

Dr. Griffin, quite unknown to us, realizing the disaster of closing the theatre on a first night for lack of an audience, gave the head of one of the medical colleges, an acquaintance of his, a ticket of admission for all the students, also inviting a number of his army friends. When the curtain rose, to my surprise, the house was well filled; though I afterward learned the gross receipts for the night were but forty dollars. Two of my childhood's favorites, *General and Mrs. Tom Thumb, sat in a box clapping their tiny hands vigorously.

After the first night the houses steadily increased, and on the last nights were crowded. So successful in every way was the engagement that Mrs. Chanfrau offered me the following week at her theatre, the leading one of New Orleans, only stipulating that "Meg Merrilies" should be studied and acted on my benefit night. The opportunity of impersonating the withered gypsy was a lucky one, for many attributed my success to "youth, etc."

After bidding farewell to the St. Charles, whose stage had witnessed the triumphs of Rachel, the elder Booth, Julia Dean, Forrest and Cushman, I began my fourth week of public life before a large house at The Varieties. I remember that engagement as one of the pleasantest of my life. The manageress, Mrs. Chanfrau, the handsome wife of "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler," made it one of the freshest, cleanest, and most comfortable places imaginable. She kept it as a good housewife keeps her home—immaculate. Welcoming all pleasantly, she seemed more like a charming hostess to those who acted under her than like the usual businesslike manager. The week passed off very successfully. On Friday I donned the witch's rags, in "Meg Merrilies," for the first time. All my teeth were covered with black wax, except one, which in its natural whiteness produced a tusklike effect. The hair concealed by gray snaky locks, the complexion hidden beneath the wrinkles and brown parchment-like skin of the weather-stained gypsy, the eyebrows covered with shaggy gray hair, the figure bent nearly double, made the illusion so perfect that my mother could not recognize one feature or movement. The character had been studied at a few days' notice, and the astonishment of all, including myself, was great when it was received more warmly than anything I had attempted. After much enthusiasm from the audience that crowded the play-house, speeches and presentations were made; checks concealed in baskets of flowers were handed over the footlights, and among other gifts the greatly-prized "Washington Artillery" badge, which made me an honorary member of that battalion, was presented. Miss Mildred Lee, a daughter of General Robert E. Lee, and I were the only lady members, an honor of which we were justly proud, for the splendid bravery of that body of men during the war had won for them the title of "The Tigers."

A RÔLE IN WHICH SHE WON GREAT FAVOR

My unexpected success in New Orleans, a success of which any veteran actor might have been proud, was almost stupefying, coming as I had so suddenly from utter obscurity into the dazzling light of public favor. Nothing was left undone to make our visit delightful in every way. The railway company's parting compliment was to place at our disposal a special car to Louisville; and all along the journey we had proofs of their constant thoughtfulness. After arriving an utter stranger it seemed remarkable to be leaving the beautiful Crescent City two weeks later loaded with so many favors and marks of its friendship. My bright dreams were first realized there, and I shall always remember New Orleans with affectionate gratitude.

Our first act on returning was to pay off all our creditors. The satisfaction of doing this with one's own earnings must be experienced to be understood. Toward the end of the summer a week's engagement at Owensboro, a small pretty town near Louisville, was offered me. The disadvantages of acting with a group of country players, we were told, would be many: the "juvenile leading man" of the company was a rather elderly woman; the scenery, to say the least, not of the best, and the discomforts and inconveniences were sure to be legion. Still, every performance was a gain in experience and

A YOUTHFUL "GALATEA"

ease, and a fever for improvement at any cost, as well as the anticipation of some primitive "barn-storming," induced me to accept the offer. I was a tall, slender "Juliet," and my "Romeo" proved to be a plump, pleasant little woman, probably the mother of several would-be "Romeos" and "Juliets." The moon she ("Romeo") swore by we found to be the headlight of a railway engine hired for the occasion. This was held by a small negro boy perched upon a ladder, who was so amused by the play that he laughed until he shook over the most tragic scenes. His mirth, as may be imagined, was not conducive to the moon's steadiness. At one time she was shining in an upper box, at another on the head of a bald musician, often blinding the unfortunates in the front stalls, here, there, everywhere save on the face of her ("Verona's lovely flower") she had been especially hired to illuminate.

The conductor of the orchestra was a carpenter by trade, and sawed away as lustily during the day at the boards he was converting into profile statues of "Evadne's" noble ancestors as he sawed upon his violin at night. These statues, I may remark, bore a striking resemblance, when finished, to the little men and women kind cooks cut out of dough, and "fry and sugar" for favored children. The week was very successful artistically, for the performances (how bad they were I am ashamed to remember) met with the approval of "the most discriminating audience in the States." This standard of critical excellence I found later to be of home manufacture, and common to every small town we appeared in. Until one learned that its meaning was not as awe-inspiring as it sounded, it hung like the sword of Damocles over the heads of all young artists like ourselves, bent on "barn-storming." Financially the visit was also successful, for the theatre was packed, gangways included, at each performance. A year later we returned to the same town with a company organized by my old friend, Mr. Thomas Hall. He had arranged for a short tour with several utility men and women, the leading juvenile comedian of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and a few other stray actors from the same city. These were styled on the bills "A Company of Metropolitan Artists."

We played to such full houses at Owensboro that it was decided to give a morning performance, and a "grand matinée" at two o'clock was accordingly announced. Why a matinée should be invariably called "grand" on the bills has always puzzled me. "The Lady of Lyons" was the play. When I arrived to dress for "Pauline" not

*Mrs. de Navarro's first paper, telling of her study, rehearsal and "First Appearance on the Stage," was printed in the December JOURNAL. The third chapter of Mrs. de Navarro's memoirs will be given in the February issue. Copyright, 1895, by Mary Anderson de Navarro.

*The charming wee General afterward came to pay me a formal call. On entering the drawing-room I found him standing on a chair, so as to enable him to see out of the window.

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a creature had appeared in the auditorium. It was already half-past one. The experienced old stage-manager's advice, not to dress for the play yet, was received with indignation. At a quarter to two only rows of empty benches were to be seen on peeping through the curtain. "Doubtless," said I, with a sinking heart, "it will be a fashionably late audience when it does arrive." At two o'clock emptiness and stillness in front, dismay and silence behind the curtain. At a quarter past, two ladies arrived. At half past they were still the only audience, and the stage-manager went before the curtain to announce to them that the hall was not deemed sufficiently full to warrant a performance, whereupon the audience left quite contentedly. The walk back to our hotel was painfully humiliating. We fancied ourselves the laughing-stock of all Owensboro. The disgrace, however, was not as great as we thought, for at night the house was crowded, and we then learned that the empty theatre of the afternoon was only due to the fact that a morning performance had never before been given in the town.

During that time many of our journeys were made on the Ohio and Mississippi steamboats. These were not always remarkable for their comfort, though bright and pretty enough to look at. I remember once on our way to Cairo (the Eden of Dickens) awakening after a night spent in an upper berth in what seemed a cold bath. The bedding was soaked by the rain which had come through the roof of the "floating palace." The result was a bad cold, and a pair of eyes so swollen that they were hardly visible. The play that night was "The Lady of Lyons." When "Pauline" reproved "Claude" for his downcast, smileless looks, and he tenderly answered, "Thine eyes would call up smiles in deserts, fair one," I trembled lest his speech would call up smiles in the audience and ruin our sentimental scene. But they had never seen me before, and doubtless looked upon the tiny "slits" that did service to "Pauline" for eyes that night as a natural and enduring infirmity. A severe cold is bad enough even in a warm room, with every comfort about one, but to face an expectant audience in an icy theatre on a wet night, to paint one's face and appear gay and happy while coughing and sneezing violently is a form of absolute torture. It was still pouring with rain when the performance was over. The night was as dark as Erebus. To make matters worse we discovered that the few "hacks" (carriages) in the town had already been engaged to take the Cairo aristocracy to their respective homes after the play. There was nothing to be done but engage a boy with a lantern and walk to the boat awaiting us on the Mississippi. The "Deschapelles," "Glavis," "Beauseant," "Pauline" and "Claude" wearily wended their way through the rain and mud. My good friend, Linn Harris, a member of the company, took off his overshoes, and tearing his handkerchief tied them to my feet. Kind thoughts, kind words, kind deeds, how bright they always shine in our memories! After leaving the desolate streets we came to the long wharf, where the mud was ankle deep, and where we continually expected to be set upon by longshoremen. It was very late before we saw the lights of our floating house twinkling in the distance. But every black cloud has a silver lining, and ours shone on the table that night in the shape of an excellent supper which the kind captain had prepared for us.

It was during that engagement that I acted before the inmates of a blind asylum. They were close to the stage and so aroused one's sympathies that it was difficult to go on with the play. The sad patient faces, with their closed eyes turned toward the actors, were always expressionless, whether pathos or joy was acted before them. Quite different they were from a deaf and dumb audience. These poor afflicted people were uncommonly responsive to every passion portrayed, unconsciously proving the theory that one is more quickly and strongly affected through the eye than by the ear.

My appearance in San Francisco at Mr. John McCullough's theatre soon followed, and was the most unhappy part of my professional life. With but few exceptions, the members of the numerous company continually ridiculed my work. My poor wardrobe was a subject of special sport to the gorgeously-dressed women; and unkind remarks about "the interloper" were heard on every side. The press cut me up, or rather tried to cut me down, advising me to leave the stage. Continual taunts from actors and journalists nearly broke my spirit. I slept but little, and then only toward morning, from the exhaustion of weeping all the night. There was no one with whom I could share these sufferings, for pride kept me from hinting my real state of mind by word or look, even to my mother. The effort to smile and seem hopeful before others was as wearying as the giving vent to sorrow and humiliation when alone. The engagement, with the exception of the last two nights, had come to an end, when "Meg Merrilies" was given and received with genuine enthusiasm by actors and public. But this success came too late. Only one night remained, and I could not hope to retrieve for Mr. McCullough all I had lost for him. For the last performance I played "Parthenia," for the first time, to his "Ingomar." This was also highly successful.

Mr. Edwin Booth was in San Francisco at the time arranging for his appearance there. The one bright spot in that unhappy engagement was meeting him. His assurance that such trials as I was then passing through were beneficial both to character and art, gave me new courage. He laughed at my idea of quitting the stage on account of the unkindness of my fellow-actors. "I also am a fellow-actor," said he. "I have sat through two of your performances from beginning to end—the first time I have done such a thing in years—and I have not only been interested, but impressed and delighted. You have begun well. Continue, and you are sure of success in the end." The effect of these words from (in my opinion) the greatest actor of our time, to one in the very slough of despond, may easily be imagined. For years they were as a beacon light in every hour of failure and discouragement.

The depressing effects of the California engagement were alleviated in a measure by the subsequent success that crowned all my efforts in the South during a tour under the management of John T. Ford. Savannah, with her beautiful Bonaventura Cemetery, her great trees cloudy with silver moss, her magnolias and orange trees; Charleston, with its quaint thoroughfares, its picturesque battery and characteristic negro oyster-women decked in gay bandannas; Augusta, with its wide streets and double avenues of fine trees; Norfolk, Baltimore, Richmond, Washington, were all visited in turn. The South wins one not only by its natural beauty and proverbial hospitality, but by a nameless and romantic sadness which hangs over it like a shadow of the past. The difference between the North and the South, even to a casual visitor, is extraordinary. The bustle, energy and enterprise of the former make the tranquillity of the latter appear to be of another country. There is a vigor of youth in the North, while the South, with its repose, its quaintness, its conventionality of life, suggests a history older than itself.

At Savannah a bevy of schoolgirls—forty or fifty in number—swept past the stage doorkeeper and bursting into my dressing-room, insisted that I should embrace them one and all. The request was extremely embarrassing. I made a rush for the door, but was seized by the crowd and not allowed to depart until I had kissed them all. This feat accomplished with a very ill grace, I was permitted to quit the theatre. Not being able to find a carriage in which to escape, my mother and I were followed by the entire school, whose ranks were enlarged on the way by stragglers and passers-by until, reaching our hotel, they formed a long procession behind us. My cup of indignation and embarrassment overflowed when a grinning spectator remarked as we passed, "My stars! what a long tail our cat's got!"

It was during that delightful Southern tour that Dr. Griffin presented me to General—then President—Grant, whom he had known in old soldiering days, when the General had captured and imprisoned him. It was pleasant to see these enemies in war so friendly in times of peace. Kindliness and simplicity were marked traits of the President, while a certain ruggedness of manner and speech that was suggestive of his earlier life gave an additional interest to all he said and did. In showing us over the White House his pleasure in pointing out various trophies was undisguised and boyish. While lunching with him, the natural way in which he brought himself down to the level of my youth and small experience of life without a touch of that visible condescension so annoying to the young, was charming. I resented keenly being treated like a child, and longed for the time when I could meet the older people, with whom I was so often thrown, on a more equal footing. I detested the 'teens and felt that all my efforts at dignity would be in vain until at least the venerable twenties were reached.

General Grant had a remarkable memory for faces. Some years after I was met at the door of the hotel in Washington by a man who greeted me in a cordial manner. Not recognizing him, I told him that he must have made a mistake, as I had never seen him before. "So you forget your early friends so easily, Miss Mary!" he answered. "I am General Grant." In my embarrassment I could only excuse myself by saying that my mind was still on the rehearsal I had just left; that he had so changed, etc., etc. "Yes," he answered, laughing, "I have grown thinner and paler; I am no longer President, you see, and am consequently less banqueted." In various other meetings with him I always found the great soldier modest, simple and unassuming.

It was about this time that my friendship with General Sherman also began. He was one of the few eminent men I have met whose interest in every subject of conversation was so great that his particular *métier* could not have been guessed. He knew much about the stage, Shakespeare and the drama generally, and was a passionate lover of the arts, thinking them all worthy of equal regard. As a critic he was good, though, perhaps, too enthusiastic over any excellence, however small, if genuine enthusiasm can be called a fault. His manner was brisk and hearty. His personality gave the impression of a rugged strength, so much so that his entrance into a room was like a breath of fresh, invigorating air. He scorned fear and discouragement of every kind, and refused to allow any one, while in his presence, to give way to either. It was easy to understand his influence over his soldiers and his success as a leader of men. Personally, I owe him much. Having grown rapidly, I had contracted a tendency to stoop, which displeased him greatly. He was himself tall and very erect, and was wont to say that, to him, the most perfect man or woman is marred by the slightest stoop. His kindly admonitions finally broke me of the habit. My handwriting was also subject to his criticisms. It amused him to make me write out my signature as legibly as possible, and then decipher it for him; for, he said, it was more than he could do. I give a part of one of his letters in which this subject is mentioned for the first time. His allusion to the name of Mary is retained, as it may be of interest:

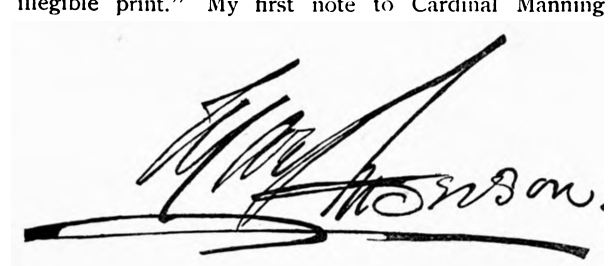
"Headquarters, Army of the United States,
"Washington, D. C., 1876.

"*Dear Miss Mary:*

"What a debt you owe to Providence and to your parents * * * and the latter have given you the prettiest name in the English language; the one Burns loved so well, and has made immortal. * * * But I must not flatter you, for I fear you are overwhelmed with it, and might be spoiled, though surely you possess character enough to resist the danger. The great room for improvement in you is your handwriting. The substance is good, but the writing is not good enough for you. Practice at it daily, and let me have a sample of it occasionally. My love to your father, mother and you.

"W. T. Sherman."

My unfortunate handwriting has always been a subject of worry to my friends. Longfellow, in acknowledging a letter from me, called it "a small Bible with large but illegible print." My first note to Cardinal Manning



SPECIMEN OF THE "UNFORTUNATE HANDWRITING"

caused him to call to his aid several persons to try and make out the signature. Failing in this, and finding after much difficulty that the subject-matter of the letter was important, he sent an answer "To the person living at ——," then followed the address printed on my letter-head. I did not wonder at this, for I have often found it difficult to read my own writing, which is illegible because of an impatience to put down quickly what I want to say.

I doubt if "Lady Macbeth" or "Galatea" would ever have been added to my repertory but for General Sherman's constantly-expressed wish that I should study and enact both characters. His kindness to any one at the foot of the great hill of fame was proverbial. He never forgot his own difficulties in mounting it, and always stood ready to lend a helping hand to those struggling to reach its summit.

It is impossible to determine the effect of a play or character either upon the public or one's self until it is essayed. A well-known fact it is that a play which reads well frequently fails when acted, and *vice-versa*. Disliking "Galatea," and thinking the character unsuited to me, I expected failure in undertaking it, and met with success. Deeply impressed by the part of "Lady Macbeth," which I had likewise never seen on the stage, I hoped for success in it, and met with failure. My performance, however, was well received by the general public, though it disappointed my best critics and myself. I believe that "Lady Macbeth" is not only the most difficult of all Shakespeare's women to impersonate naturally, but the most unsympathetic to the public; yet none of Shakespeare's works appeal to me more strongly than "Macbeth" as a reading play. "La Fille de Roland," by Henri de Bornier, was also added to my repertory during the Southern tour. The nobility and purity of this tragic drama always touched the audience, and made one wish for others like it. The period it pictures is chivalric: Charlemagne still on the throne, full of honorable years, and the blood of Oliver, Roland and their noble companions showing in the valiant deeds of their sons, and the pure and courageous characters of their daughters. When such works not only draw the public but influence it for good, one cannot but regret that so many which leave a painful, often a harmful effect, should be produced. I am aware that to say this is to run counter to the latest development of the drama; but I fortify my opinion by recalling what Joseph Jefferson once said to me. He was very severe upon plays that drag one through the mire of immorality, even when they show a good lesson at the end. "What I could not invite my friends to hear and see in my own parlor," he said, "I would not feel at liberty to put before my friends in the theatre." I remember that at a luncheon-party, years after the above conversation, "La Tosca" was discussed, and Mr. James Russell Lowell was asked what he thought of the play. "I have not seen it," he answered. "I refuse to have my mind dragged in the gutter. If Madame Bernhardt will appear in such plays, I, for one, will forego the pleasure of seeing her act."

My engagement at Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, took place during the visit of the Emperor and Empress of Brazil to that city. They came to a performance of "Evadne," and sent for me to go to their box at the end of the play. They were to leave Baltimore the following day. When the curtain rang up on the next night's play, "The Lady of Lyons," it was a pleasant surprise to see them again in the same box. They had returned unexpectedly, and were kind enough to say they had come back expressly to see me in another rôle. The second interview with them was longer and even more agreeable than the first. There was a nobility about Dom Pedro's head that reminded one of certain pictures of Charlemagne. His manner and that of his wife was exceedingly sweet and gentle, and I was deeply touched by his cordial wish that I should go to Brazil, where he promised me success, and his and the Empress' patronage. There was much said about their second visit to the theatre, and it was amusing afterward to hear a newsboy shouting, "Years yur morning pa-pi-er, all about Dan Peter and Mary and her son."

From my first appearance my work had been difficult and up hill. Without any training I was gaining experience—not hidden in a small part under the shadow of some great "star," but in the bright light of leading characters, filled with memories of Charlotte Cushman, Julia Dean and Fanny Kemble, and with the critical eye of the public full upon me. Still I toiled on, hoped on, prayed on, and felt the work slowly growing in ease and finish. But it was painfully disheartening to find myself stranded for lack of technical knowledge whenever the usual enthusiasm in the great scenes refused through weariness or discouragement to glow. Indeed, I would not wish "my dearest enemy" to pass through the uncertainties and despondencies of those early years.

SOME PHILOSOPHIC BRIEFS

By Dora Bradcliffe

THE secret of a secret is to know how and when to tell it. . . . . .

Sorrow and suffering are God's most potent agencies for good. . . . . .

He who casts stones at another makes of himself a target for their return. . . . . .

He who always complains of the clouds receives little of life's sunshine and deserves less. . . . .

Five minutes of careful preparation for a task is often worth an hour of the patient doing thereof. . .

A rule conducive to contentment is, if you wish to have what you want, never want what you can't have. . .

A woman's womanliness, like a Christian's Christianity, may be taken anywhere and lose none of its purity. .

Anticipation may be better than realization, yet it is the unexpected pleasures that bring the greatest delight. .

When railing against fate remember that we often get more than we deserve in this world, and seldom less. .

If you would be successful do not permit circumstances to become your masters but rather make servants of them.

Judge yourself by the friends you form, for in them you will find mirrored either your own lofty ideas or your own selfish desires. . . . . .

Give your sympathy to the humiliated unmixed with criticism, and let your condolence with the mourner be without curiosity. . . . . .

Time past is irrevocably gone, let it alone; time future will inevitably come, lose no moments waiting for it; time present is irredeemably yours, use it. . .

It is a well-known characteristic of the illiterate to think disconnectedly, while the educated man carries out a systematic line of thought on any chosen subject. .

Cultivate orginality, for nothing is so much needed in the world of mentality; one good thought original with yourself is worth a thousand gleaned from other brains.

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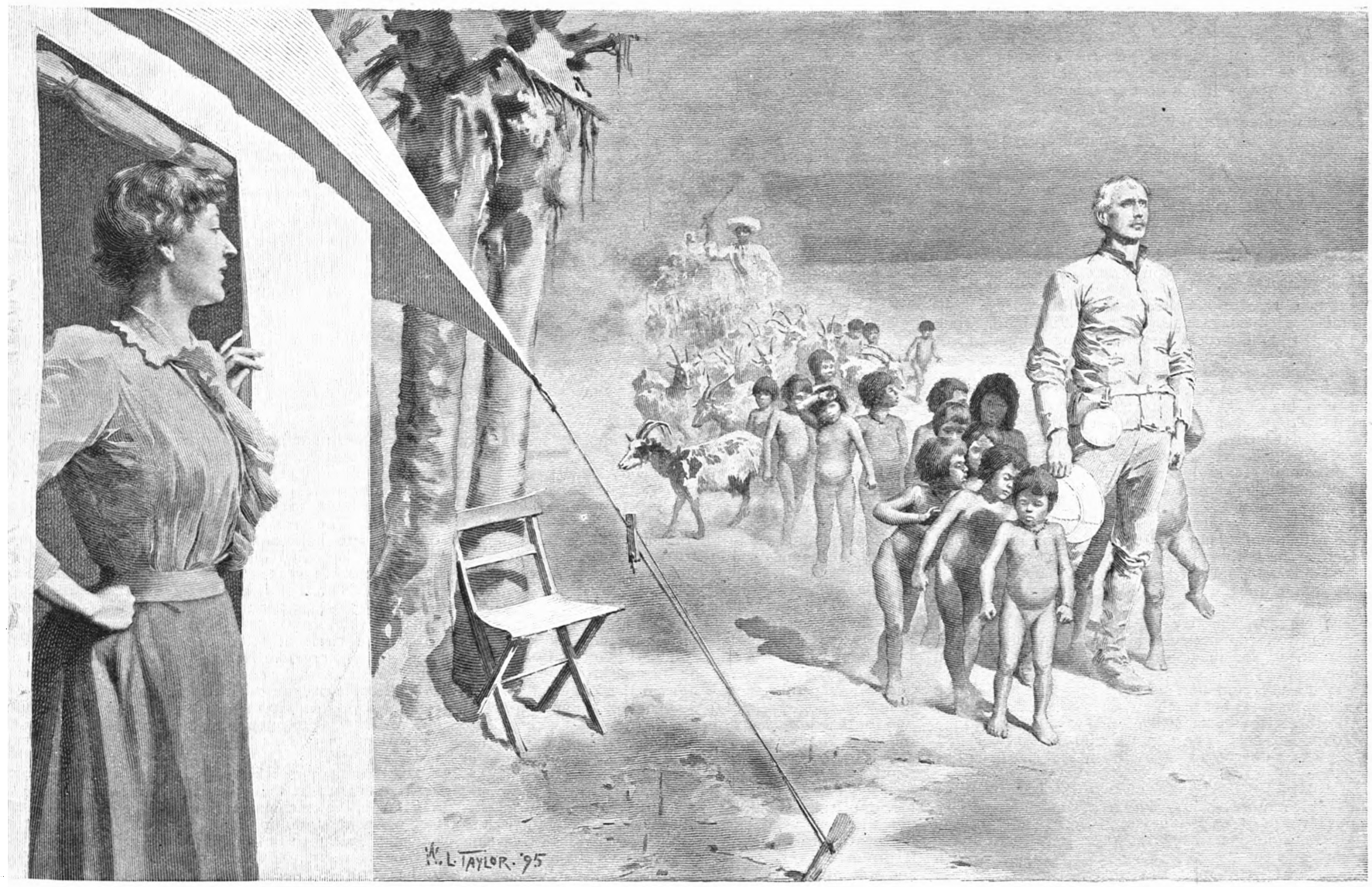

"Walking slowly at the head of his flocks"

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

By Rudyard Kipling

Author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Jungle Book," "Soldiers Three," "The Light that Failed," etc.

DRAWING BY W. L. TAYLOR

PART II

So let us melt and make no noise,
No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move,
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the Laity our love.—

A Valediction.

IT was punishing work, even though he traveled by night and camped by day, but within the limits of his vision there was no man whom Scott could call master. He was as free as Jimmy Hawkins—freer in fact, for the Government held the Head of the Famine tied neatly to a telegraph wire, and if Jimmy had ever regarded telegrams seriously, the death-rate of the famine would have been much higher than it was.

At the end of a few days' crawling Scott learned something of the size of the India which he served, and it astonished him. His carts, as you know, were loaded with wheat, millet and barley, good food grains all, needing only a little grinding. But the people to whom he brought the life-giving stuffs were rice-eaters. They knew how to hull rice in their mortars, but they knew nothing of the heavy stone querns of the North and less of the material that the white man convoyed so laboriously. They clamored for rice—unhusked paddy—such as they were accustomed to, and when they found that there was none, broke away weeping from the sides of the cart. What was the use of these strange hard grains that choked their throats? They would die; and then and there very many of them kept their word. Others took their allowance and bartered enough millet to feed a man through a week for a few handfuls of rotten rice saved by some more fortunate. A few put their shares into the rice-mortars, pounded it and made a paste with foul water; but they were very few. Scott understood dimly that many people in the India of the South ate rice as a rule, but he had spent his service in a grain Province, had seldom seen rice in the blade or the ear, and least of all would have believed that in time of deadly need men would die at arm's length of plenty, sooner than touch food they did not know. In vain the interpreters interpreted; in vain his two policemen showed by vigorous pantomime what should be done. The starving crept away to their bark and weeds, grubs, leaves and clay, and left the open sacks untouched. But sometimes the women laid their phantoms of children at Scott's feet, looking back as they staggered away.

Faiz Ullah opined it was the will of God that these foreigners should die, and it remained only to give orders to burn the dead. None the less there was no reason why the Sahib should lack his comforts, and Faiz Ullah, a campaigner of experience, had picked up a few lean goats and had added them to the procession, and that they might give milk for the morning meal, was feeding them on the good grain that these imbeciles rejected. "Yes," said Faiz Ullah, "if the Sahib thought fit, a little milk might be given to some of the babies," but, as the Sahib well knew, babies were cheap, and for his own part, Faiz Ullah was of opinion that there was no Government order as to babies. Scott spoke forcefully to Faiz Ullah and the two policemen, and bade them capture goats where they could find them. This they most joyfully did, for it was a recreation, and many ownerless goats were driven in. Once fed, the poor brutes were willing enough to follow the carts, and a few days' good food—food such as human beings died for lack of—set them in milk again.

"But I am no goat-herd," said Faiz Ullah. "It is against my *izzat* (my honor)."

"When we cross the Bias River again we will talk of *izzat*," Scott replied. "Till that day thou and the policemen shall be sweepers to the camp if I give the order."

"Thus then it is done," grunted Faiz Ullah, "if the Sahib will have it so"; and he showed how a goat should be milked while Scott stood over him.

"Now, we will feed them," said Scott, "twice a day we will feed them," and he bowed his back to the milking and got a horrible cramp.

When you have to keep connection unbroken between a restless mother of kids and a baby who is at the point of death, you suffer in all your system. But the babies were fed. Each morning and evening Scott would solemnly lift them out one by one from their nest of gunny-bags under the cart-tilt. There were always many who could do no more than breathe, and the milk was dropped into their toothless mouths drop by drop, with due pauses when they choked. Each morning, too, the goats were fed, and since they would straggle without a leader, and since the natives were hirelings, Scott was forced to give up riding and pace slowly at the head of his flocks; accommodating his step to their weaknesses. All this was sufficiently absurd, and he felt the absurdity keenly, but at least he was saving life, and when the women saw that their children did not die they made shift to eat a little of the strange foods and crawled after the carts, blessing the master of the goats.

"Give the women something to live for," said Scott to himself, as he sneezed in the dust of a hundred little feet, "and they'll hang on somehow. But this beats William's condensed milk *benao* (arrangement) all to pieces. I shall never live it down."

He reached his destination very slowly, found that a rice-ship had come in from Burmah, and that stores of paddy were available. Found also an overworked Englishman in charge of the shed, and, loading the carts, set back to cover the ground he had already passed. He left some of the children and half his goats at the famine-shed. For this he was not thanked by the Englishman, who had already more stray babies than he knew what to do with. Scott's back was suppled to stooping now, and he went on with his wayside ministrations in addition to distributing the paddy. More babies and more goats were added unto him; but now some of the babies wore rags and beads round their wrists or necks. "*That*," said the interpreter, as though Scott did not know, "signifies that their mothers hope in eventual contingency to resume them offeecially."

"The sooner, the better," said Scott, but at the same time he marked with the pride of ownership, how this or that little Ramasawmy was putting on flesh like a bantam. As the paddy-carts were emptied he headed for Hawkins' camp by the railway, timing his arrival to fit in with the dinner hour, for it was long since he had eaten at a cloth. He had no desire to make any dramatic entry, but the accident of the sunset ordered it that when he had taken off his helmet to get the evening breeze, the low light should fall across his forehead, and he could not see what was before him; while one waiting at the tent door beheld with new eyes a young man, beautiful as Paris, a god in a halo of golden dust walking slowly at the head of his flocks, while at his knee ran small naked Cupids. But she laughed—William in a slate-colored blouse, laughed consumedly till Scott, putting the best face he could upon the matter, halted his armies and bade her admire the kindergarten. It was an unseemly sight, but the proprieties had been left ages ago with the tea-party at Amritsar Station, fifteen hundred miles to the north.

"They are coming on nicely," said William. "We've only five-and-twenty here now. The women are beginning to take them away again."

"Are you in charge of the babies then?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jim and I. We didn't think of goats though. We've been trying condensed milk and water."

"Any losses?"

"More than I care to think of," said William, with a shudder. "And you?"

Scott said nothing. There had been many little burials along his route—many mothers who had wept when they did not find again the children they had trusted to the care of the Government.

Then Hawkins came out carrying a razor, at which Scott looked hungrily, for he had a beard that he did not love. And when they sat down to dinner in the tent he told his tale in few words, as it might have been an official report. Mrs. Jim snuffled from time to time, and Jim bowed his head judicially, but William's gray eyes were on the clean-shaven face, and it was to her that Scott seemed to speak.

"Good for the Pauper Province!" said William, her chin in her hand as she leaned forward among the wine-glasses. Her cheeks had fallen in and the scar on her forehead was more prominent than ever, but the well-turned boy's neck rose roundly as a column from the ruffle of the blouse which was accepted evening-dress in camp.

"It was awfully absurd at times," said Scott. "You see I didn't know much about milking or babies. They'll chaff my head off if the tale goes up North."

"Let 'em," said William haughtily. "We've all done coolie-work since we came. I know Jack has." This was to Hawkins' address, and the big man smiled blandly.

"Your brother's a highly efficient officer, William," said he, "and I've done him the honor of treating him as he deserves. Remember, I write the confidential reports."

"Then you must say that William's worth her weight in gold," said Mrs. Jim. "I don't know what we should have done without her. She has been everything to us." She dropped her hand upon William's, which was rough with much handling of reins, and William patted it softly. Jim beamed on the company. Things were going well with his world. Three of his more grossly incompetent men had died and their places had been filled by their betters. Each day brought the Rains nearer. They had put out the famine in five of the Eight Districts, and after all the death rate had not been too heavy—things considered. He looked over Scott carefully, as an ogre looks over a man, and rejoiced in his thews and iron-hard condition.

"He's just the least bit in the world tucked up," said Jim to himself, "but he can do two men's work yet." Then he was aware that Mrs. Jim was telegraphing to him, and according to the domestic code the message ran: "A clear case. Look at them!"

He looked and listened. All that William was saying was: "What can you expect of a country where they call a *bhistee* (a water-carrier), a *tunni-cutch?*" and all that Scott answered was: "I shall be glad to get back to the Club. Save me a dance at the Christmas ball, won't you?"

"It's a far cry from here to the Lawrence Hall," said Jim. "Better turn in early, Scott. It's paddy-carts to-morrow; you'll begin loading at five."

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"Aren't you going to give Mr. Scott a day's rest?"

"'Wish I could, Lizzie. 'Fraid I can't. As long as he can stand up we must use him."

"Well, I've had one Europe evening at least. By Jove, I'd nearly forgotten! What do I do about those babies of mine?"

"Leave them here," said William—"we are in charge of that—and as many goats as you can spare. I must learn how to milk now."

"If you care to get up early enough to-morrow I'll show you. I have to milk, you see; and by-the-way, half of 'em have beads and things round their necks. You must be careful not to take 'em off, in case the mothers turn up."

"You forget, I've had some experience here."

"I hope to goodness you won't overdo." Scott's voice was unguarded.

"I'll take care of her," said Mrs. Jim, telegraphing hundred-word messages as she carried William off, while Jim gave Scott his orders for the coming campaign. It was very late—nearly nine o'clock.

"Jim, you're a brute," said his wife that night, and the Head of the Famine chuckled.

"Not a bit of it, dear. I remember doing the first Jandiala Settlement for the sake of a girl in a crinoline, and she was slender, Lizzie. I've never done as good a piece of work since. *He'll* work like a demon."

"But you might have given him one day."

"And let things come to a head now? No, dear, it's their happiest time."

"I don't believe either of the darlings knows what's the matter with them. Isn't it beautiful? Isn't it lovely?"

"Getting up at three to learn to milk; bless her heart! Oh, ye Gods, why must we grow old and fat?"

"She's a darling. She has done more work under me——"

"Under *you!* The day after she came she was in charge and you were her subordinate, and you've stayed so ever since; she manages you almost as well as you manage me."

"She doesn't, and that's why I love her. She's as direct as a man—as her brother."

"'Brother's weaker than she is. 'Always coming to me for orders, but he's honest and a glutton for work. I confess I'm rather fond of William, and if I had a daughter——"

The talk ended there. Far away in the Derajat was a child's grave more than twenty years old, and neither Jim nor his wife spoke of it any more.

"All the same you're responsible," Jim added after a moment's silence.

"Bless 'em!" said Mrs. Jim sleepily.

Before the stars paled, Scott, who slept in an empty cart, waked and went about his work in silence: it seemed at that hour unkind to rouse Faiz Ullah and the interpreter. His head being close to the ground, he did not hear William till she stood over him in the dingy old riding-habit, her eyes still heavy with sleep, a cup of tea and a piece of toast in her hands. There was a baby on the ground squirming on a piece of blanket, and a six-year-old child peered over Scott's shoulder.

"Hai, you little rip," said Scott, "how the deuce do you expect to get your rations if you aren't quiet?"

A cool white hand steadied the brat, who forthwith choked as the milk gurgled into his mouth.

"'Mornin'," said the milker. "You've no notion how these little fellows can wriggle."

"Oh, yes, I have." She whispered, because the world was asleep. "Only I feed them with a spoon or a rag. Yours are fatter than mine. And you've been doing this day after day, twice a day?" The voice was almost lost.

"Yes, it was absurd. Now you try," he said, giving place to the girl. "Look out! A goat's not a cow."

The goat protested against the amateur, and there was a scuffle in which Scott snatched up the baby. Then it was all to do over again and William laughed softly and merrily. She managed, however, to feed two babies and a third.

"Don't the little beggars take it well?" said Scott. "I trained 'em."

They were very busy and interested, when lo, it was broad daylight, and before they knew, the camp was awake, and they kneeled among the goats, surprised by the day, both flushed to the temples. Yet all the round world rolling up out of the darkness might have heard and seen all that had passed between them.

"Oh," said William unsteadily, snatching up the tea and toast, "I had this made for you. It's stone-cold now. I thought you mightn't have anything ready so early. 'Better not drink it. It's—it's stone-cold."

"That's awfully kind of you. It's just right. It's awfully good of you, really. I'll leave my kids and goats with you and Mrs. Jim, and, of course, any one in camp can show you about the milking."

"Of course," said William, and she grew pinker and pinker and statelier and more stately as she strode back to her tent, fanning herself with the saucer.

There were shrill lamentations through the camp when the elder children saw their nurse move off without them. Faiz Ullah unbent so far as to jest with the policemen, and Scott was purple with shame because Hawkins, already in the saddle, roared.

A child escaped from the care of Mrs. Jim, and running like a rabbit clung to Scott's boot; William pursuing with long, easy strides that gave the lie to the saying that "women and cows should never run."

"I will not go—I will not go!" shrieked the child, twining his feet round Scott's ankle. "They will kill me here. I do not know these people."

"I say," said Scott in broken Tamil, "I say she will do you no harm. Go with her and be well fed."

"Come!" said William panting, with a wrathful glance at Scott, who stood helpless and as it were, hamstrung.

"Go back," said Scott quickly to William. "I'll send the little chap over in a minute."

The tone of authority had its effect, but in a way Scott did not exactly intend. The boy loosened his grasp and said with gravity, "I did not know the woman was thine. I will go." Then he cried to his companions, a mob of three, four and five year olds waiting on the success of his venture ere they stampeded, "Go back and eat. It is our man's woman. She will obey his orders."

Jim collapsed where he sat. Faiz Ullah and the two policemen grinned, and Scott's orders to the cart-men began to fly like hail.

"That is the custom of the Sahib-log when truth is told in their presence," said Faiz Ullah. "The time comes that I must seek new service. Young wives, especially such as speak our language and have knowledge of the ways of the Police, make great trouble for honest butlers in the matter of weekly accounts."

What William thought of it all she did not say, but when her brother, ten days later, came to camp for orders and heard of Scott's performances, he said laughing: "Well, that settles it. "He'll be *Bakri* Scott to the end of his days." (*Bakri* in the Northern vernacular means a goat.) "What a lark! I'd have given a month's pay to have seen him nursing famine babies. I fed some with *conjee* (rice-water) but that was all right."

"It's perfectly disgusting," said his sister with blazing eyes. "A man does something like—like that—and all you other men think of is to give him an absurd nickname, and then you laugh and think it's funny."

"Ah," said Mrs. Jim sympathetically.

"Well, *you* can't talk, William. You christened little Miss Demby the Button-quail last cold weather, you know you did. India's the land of nicknames."

"That's different," William replied. "She was only a girl, and she hadn't done anything except walk like a quail, and she *does*. But it isn't fair to make fun of a man."

"Scott won't care," said Martyn. "You can't get a rise out of old Scotty. I've been trying for eight years and you've only known him for three. How does he look?"

"He looks very well," said William, and went away with a flushed cheek. "*Bakri* Scott, indeed!" Then she laughed to herself for she knew her country. "But it will be *Bakri* all the same," and she repeated it under her breath several times slowly and seemed to whisper it into favor.

When he returned to his duties on the railway Martyn spread the name far and wide among his associates, so that Scott met it as he led his paddy-carts to war. The natives believed it to be some English title of honor, and the cart-drivers used it in all simplicity, till Faiz Ullah, who did not approve of foreign japes, broke their heads. There was very little time for milking now except at the big camps where Jim had extended Scott's idea and was feeding large flocks on the useless Northern grains. There was paddy enough now in the Eight Districts to hold the people safe if it were only distributed quickly, and for that purpose no one was better than the big Canal officer who never lost his temper, never gave an unnecessary order, and never questioned an order given. Scott pressed on, saving his cattle, washing their galled necks daily, so that no time should be lost on the road; reported himself with his rice at the minor famine-sheds, unloaded and went back light by forced night-march to the next distributing centre to find Hawkins' unvarying telegram: "Do it again." And he did it again and again, and yet again, while Jim Hawkins, fifty miles away, marked off on a big map the tracks of his wheels grid-ironing the stricken lands. Others did well—Hawkins reported at the end they all did well—but Scott was the most excellent, for he kept good coined rupees by him and paid for his own cart-repairs on the spot, and met all sorts of unconsidered extras, trusting to be recouped later on. Theoretically, the Government should have paid for every shoe and linchpin, for every hand employed in the loading; but Government vouchers cash themselves slowly, and intelligent and efficient clerks write at great length contesting unauthorized expenditures of eight annas. The man who wants to make his work a success must draw on his own bank-account of money or other things as he goes.

"I told you he'd work," said Jimmy to his wife at the end of six weeks. "He's been in sole charge of a couple of thousand men up North, on the Mosuhl Canal, and he gives one less trouble than young Martyn with his ten constables, and I'm morally certain—only our Government doesn't recognize moral obligations—he's spent about half his pay to grease his wheels. Look at this, Lizzie, for one week's work! Forty miles in two days with twelve carts; two days' halt building a famine-shed for young Rogers. (Rogers ought to have built it himself, the idiot!) Then forty miles back again, loading six carts on the way and distributing all Sunday; then in the evening he pitches in a twenty-page Demi-Official to me, saying the people where he is might be 'advantageously employed on relief work,' and suggesting that he put 'em to work on some broken-down old reservoir he's discovered, so as to have a good water supply when the Rains come. 'Thinks he can caulk the dam in a fortnight. Look at his marginal sketches—aren't they clear and good? I knew he was *pukka* (thorough) but I didn't know he was as *pukka* as this."

"I must show these to William," said Mrs. Jim. "The child's wearing herself out among the babies."

"Not more than you are, dear. Well, another two months ought to see us out of the wood. 'Sorry it's not in my power to recommend you for a V. C."

William sat late in her tent that night reading through page after page of the square handwriting, patting the sketches of proposed repairs to the reservoir and wrinkling her eyebrows over the columns of figures of estimated water supply.

"And he finds time to do all this," she cried to herself, "and—well, I also was present. I've saved one or two babies."

She dreamed for the twentieth time of the god in the golden dust and woke refreshed to feed loathsome black children, scores of them, wastrels picked up by the wayside, their bones almost breaking their skin, terrible and covered with sores.

Scott was not allowed to leave his cart work, but his letter was duly forwarded to the Government, and he had the consolation, not rare in India, of knowing that another man was reaping where he had sown. That also was discipline profitable to the soul.

"He's much too good to waste on canals," said Jimmy. "Any one can oversee coolies. You needn't be angry, William; he can—but I need my pearl among bullock-drivers and I've transferred him to the Khanda district, where he'll have it all to do over again. He should be marching now."

"He's *not* a coolie," said William furiously. "He ought to be doing his regulation work."

"He's the best man in his service, and that's saying a good deal; but if you must use razors to cut grindstones, I prefer the best cutlery."

"Isn't it almost time we saw him again?" said Mrs. Jim. "I'm sure the poor boy hasn't had a respectable meal for a month. He probably sits on a cart and eats sardines with his fingers."

"All in good time, dear. Duty before decency—wasn't it Mr. Chucks said that?"

"No, it was Midshipman Easy," William laughed. "I sometimes wonder how it will feel to dance or listen to a band again, or sit under a roof. I can't believe I ever wore a ball-frock in my life."

"One minute," said Mrs. Jim who was thinking. "If he goes to Khanda he passes within five miles of us. Of course, he'll ride in."

"Oh, no, he won't," said William.

"How do you know, dear?"

"He won't have time."

"He'll make it," said Mrs. Jim with a twinkle.

"It depends on his own judgment. There's absolutely no reason why he shouldn't if he thinks fit," said Jim.

"He won't see fit," William replied without sorrow or emotion. "It wouldn't be him if he did."

"One certainly gets to know people rather well in times like these," said Jim dryly, but William's face was serene as ever, and even as she prophesied, Scott did not appear.

The Rains fell at last, late but heavily, and the dry gashed earth was red mud, and servants killed snakes in the camp where every one was weather-bound for a fortnight—all except Hawkins, who took horse and plashed about in the wet rejoicing. Now the Government decreed that seed grain should be distributed to the people as well as advances of money for the purchase of new oxen, and the white men were doubly worked for this new duty, while William skipped from brick to brick laid down on the trampled mud, and dosed her charges with warming medicines that made them rub their little round stomachs; and the milch goats throve on the rank grass. There was never a word from Scott in the Khanda district, away to the southeast, except the regular telegraphic report to Hawkins. The rude country roads had disappeared; his drivers were half mutinous; one of Martyn's loaned policemen had died of cholera, and Scott was taking thirty grains of quinine a day to fight the fever that comes if you work hard in heavy rain; but those were things Scott did not consider necessary to report. He was, as usual, working from a base of supplies on a railway line, to cover a circle of fifteen miles radius, and since full loads were impossible he took quarter loads and toiled four times as hard by consequence, for he did not choose to risk an epidemic which might have grown uncontrollable by assembling villagers in thousands at the relief-sheds. It was cheaper to take Government bullocks, work them to death and leave them to the crows in the wayside sloughs.

That was the time when eight years of clean living and hard condition told, though a man's head were ringing like a bell from the cinchona, and the earth swayed under his feet when he stood and under his bed when he slept. If Hawkins had seen fit to make him a bullock-driver that, he thought, was entirely Hawkins' affair. There were men in the North who would know what he had done; men of thirty years' service in his own department, who would say that it was "not half bad," and above, immeasurably above, all men of all grades, there was William in the thick of the fight who would approve because she understood. He had so trained his mind that it would hold fast to the mechanical routine of the day, though his own voice sounded strange in his own ears; and his hands when he wrote grew large as pillows, or small as peas at the end of his wrists. That steadfastness bore his body to the telegraph-office at the railway station and dictated a telegram to Hawkins saying that the Khanda district was, in his judgment, now safe, and he "waited further orders."

The Madrassee telegraph-clerk did not approve of a large gaunt man falling over him in a dead faint, not so much because of the weight, as because of the names and blows that Faiz Ullah dealt him when he found the body rolled under a bench. Then Faiz Ullah took blankets and quilts and coverlets where he found them, and lay down under them at his master's side, and bound Scott's arms with a tent-rope and filled him with a horrible stew of herbs and set the policeman to fight him when he wished to escape from the intolerable heat of his coverings; and shut the door of the telegraph-office to keep out the curious, for two nights and one day; and when a light engine came down the line and Hawkins kicked in the door, Scott hailed him weakly but in a natural voice, and Faiz Ullah stood back and took all the credit.

"For two nights, Heaven-born, he was *pagal* (delirious)," said Faiz Ullah. "Look at my nose and consider the eye of the policeman. He beat us with his bound hands, but we sat upon him, Heaven-born, and though his words were *tez* (hot) we sweated him. Heaven-born never has been such a sweat! He is weaker now than a child, but the fever has gone out of him by the grace of God. There remains only my nose and the eye of the constabeel. Sahib, shall I ask for my dismissal because my Sahib has beaten me?" and Faiz Ullah laid his long thin hand carefully on Scott's chest to be sure that the fever was all gone, ere he went out to open tinned soups, and discourage such as laughed at his swelled nose.

"The district's all right," Scott whispered. "It doesn't make any difference. You got my wire? I shall be fit in a week. 'Can't understand how it happened. I shall be fit in a few days."

"You're coming into camp with us," said Hawkins.

"But, look here—but——"

"It's all over except the shouting. We sha'n't need you Punjabis any more. On my honor we sha'n't. Martyn goes back in a few weeks; Arbuthnot's returned already; Ellis and Clay are putting the last touches to a new feeder-line the Government's built as relief-work. Morten's dead—he was a Bengal man though. You wouldn't know him. 'Pon my word, you and Will—Miss Martyn—seem to have come through it as well as anybody."

"Oh, how is she, by-the-way?" The voice went up and down as he spoke.

"Going strong when I left her. The Roman Catholic Missions are adopting the unclaimed babies to turn them into little priests; the Basil Mission is taking some and the mothers are taking the rest. You should hear the little beggars howl when they're sent away from William. She's pulled down a bit, but so are we all. Now when do you suppose you'll be able to move?"

"I can't come into camp in this state. I won't," he replied pettishly.

"Well, you *are* rather a sight, but from what I gathered there it seemed to me they'd be glad to see you under any conditions. I'll look over your work here, if you like, for a couple of days, and you can pull yourself together and Faiz Ullah can feed you up."

Scott could walk in a doubtful sort of a way by the time Hawkins' inspection was ended, and he flushed all over when Jim said of his work in the district that it was "not half bad," and volunteered further that he had con-

(CONTINUATION ON PAGE 29 OF THIS ISSUE)

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"Marg'ret Snell, you stop! You come right in here!"

NEIGHBORHOOD TYPES

* II—LITTLE MARG'RET SNELL: THE VILLAGE RUNAWAY

By Mary E. Wilkins

Author of "A Humble Romance," "A New England Nun," "Pembroke," etc., etc.

DRAWINGS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

IT certainly goes rather hard for any mother in this village, of a fanciful and romantic turn of mind, who tries to depart from our staid old customs in the naming of her children. She is directly thought to be putting on airs in a particularly foolish fashion, and her attempts are frustrated so far as may be.

"Very dirty, but very smiling"

For instance, when Mrs. White named her second boy Reginald, and the neighbors knew that there was no such appellation in the family, that it was only a "fancy name," they sniffed contemptuously, and called him "Ridgy." Ridgy White he will be in this village until the day of his death. And when Mrs. Beals named her little girl Gertrude, the school-children, who scorned such fine names, transformed it to "Gritty," and Gritty the poor child goes.

As for Marg'ret Snell, she fared somewhat better; she might easily have been dubbed Gritty too, had it not been for the fact that Gertrude Beals is eight months older, and went to school first. She is only called in strict conformance to the homely old customs, "Marg'ret" and sometimes "Margy," with a hard g, when her real name is Marguerite.

How the neighbors sniffed when they learned what Francis Snell's wife had named her girl-baby. Miss Lurinda Snell, Francis' sister, told of it in Mrs. Harrison White's. She had dropped in there one afternoon, about a week after Marg'ret's birth, and several other neighbors had dropped in, too.

"Sophi has named the baby," said Lurinda. Mrs. Francis Snell's name is Sophia, but everybody calls her "Sophi," with a strong emphasis on the last syllable.

Then the others inquired eagerly what she had named it, and Lurinda replied with a scornful lift and twist of her thin nose and lips: "Marguerite."

"Marg'ret, you mean," said the others.

"No, it's Marguerite," said Lurinda.

"Where did she get such a name as that?" asked the neighbors.

"Out of a book of poetry," replied Lurinda, with another scornful sneer.

The neighbors then and there agreed that it was very silly to twist about a good sensible name, and Frenchify it in that way; that Sophi read too much, and that she wouldn't be likely to have much government.

Whether the first was silly or not they certainly have never abetted it. Not one of them has ever called the little girl anything but Marg'ret or Margy, and whether they were right or not about Mrs. Snell's superfluous reading they most assuredly were about her lack of government. Sophia Snell is a good woman, and probably one of the most intellectual persons in the village, but she does hold a loose rein over her domestic affairs. That broad, white, abstracted brow of hers cannot seem to bring itself to bear very well upon stray buttons, and heavy bread and childish peccadillos. Francis Snell sews on his buttons himself or uses pins, or his sister Lurinda calls him in and sews them on for him with strong and virtuous jerks. It is popularly believed that he never eats light bread unless his sister takes pity upon him, and as for little Marg'ret, she runs loose. She always has, ever since she could run at all. When she was nothing but a baby, and tumbled over her petticoats every few minutes, she was repeatedly captured and brought back to her mother, who immediately let her run away again, with the same impeded but persistent species of locomotion.

Before little Marg'ret was three years old she had toddled and tumbled all alone by herself over the entire village, and often far on the outskirts. Once Thomas Gleason, who lives on a farm three miles out, brought her home. Nobody could understand how she got there, but she toddled into the yard at sunset in her little muddy pink frock, with one shoe gone, and no bonnet, very dirty, but very smiling, and not at all tired or frightened.

Little Marg'ret never was afraid of anybody or anything. Probably there is not another such example of absolute fearlessness in the village as she. She marches straight up to cross dogs and cows, the dark has no terrors for her, the loudest clap of thunder does not make her childish bosom quake. And she certainly has no fear, and possibly no respect, for mortal man. Speak harshly to her, even give her a little smart shake, or cuff her small, naughty hands, and she stands looking up at you as innocently and unabashedly as a pet kitten.

Everybody prophesied that little Marg'ret, through this fearlessness of hers, would come soon to an untimely end. "She'll get bitten by a dog or hooked by a cow," they said. "She'll get lost, she'll follow a strange man, she'll walk into the pond and get drowned." But she never has so far, and she is going bravely on to six.

Little Marg'ret's Aunt Lurinda Snell has probably endured sharper pangs of anxiety on her account than anybody else. Marg'ret's father is an easy-going man; his sister Lurinda seems to have all the capacity for worry in the family.

Lurinda is much given to sitting in her front window. She arises betimes of a morning, and her solitary maiden house is soon set to rights, and not a soul who comes down the street escapes her. Let little Marg'ret essay to scamper past, and straightway comes the sharp tap of bony knuckles upon the window-pane, then the window slides up with a creak, and Lurinda's voice is heard, sharp and shrill, "Marg'ret, Marg'ret, you stop! Where you going?"

Then when Marg'ret scuds past, with a roguish cock of her head toward the window, the call comes again, "Marg'ret Snell, you stop! You come right in here!"

But Marg'ret seldom comes to order. She goes where she wills, and nowhere else. The very essence of freedom seems to be in her childish spirit. You might as well try to command a little wild rabbit. All Lurinda's shrill orders are of no avail, unless she sees her soon enough to head her off, and actually brings her into the house by dint of superior bodily strength.

If Marg'ret has once the start her aunt can never catch her, but sometimes she starts across her track before the little wild thing has time to double. Then, indeed, there are struggles and wails and shrill interjections of wrath.

To compensate for her lack of parental survey the whole neighborhood, as well as Lurinda, takes a hand at controlling this small and refractory member, although in uncertain fashion, which, perhaps, does more harm than good. However, we all do our best to reduce Marg'ret to subjection, each for one's self—we are driven to it.

None of us are safe from an invasion of Marg'ret at any hour of the day, upon all occasions. Have we any very particular company to tea, in walks Marg'ret in her soiled pinafore, with her yellow hair in a tousle, and her face very dirty, and sweetly smiling, into the best parlor, and seats herself in the best chair, if a guest has not anticipated her. When told with that gentle and ladylike authority, which one can display before company, that she had better run right home like a good little girl, Marg'ret sits still and smiles.

Then there is nothing to do but to say in a bland voice that thinly disguises impatience, "Come out in the kitchen with me, Marg'ret, and I'll give you a piece of cake," and toll her out in that way,—Marg'ret will sell her birthright of her own way for cake, and cake alone,—and then to cram the cake with emphasis into the small hand, and say, "Marg'ret, you go right home and don't you come over here again to-day." But no one can be sure that she will not appear at the company tea-table, and pull at the company's black silk skirts for more cake, like a petted pussy cat.

"Her mother is one of the most intellectual persons in the village"

Marg'ret walks into the minister's study when he is writing his sermons or when he is conducting family prayers. The doctor keeps his dangerous drugs on high shelves where she cannot reach them; he has found her alone in his office so many times. She walks over all our houses as she chooses. We are never sure on going into any room that Marg'ret will not start up like a little elf and confront us. She has been found asleep in the middles of spare chamber feather-beds; she has been found investigating with her curious little fingers the sacred mysteries of best parlor china-closets.

Little Marg'ret is the one lively and utterly incorrigible thing in our dull little village. There are other children, but she is that one all-pervading spirit of childhood which keeps us all fretting but powerless under its tyranny, and yet, if the truth must be told, ready enough to cut the sweet cake, which it loves, for it when it runs away into our hearts.

"Have we any very particular company to tea, in walks Marg'ret in her soiled pinafore"

* The second of Miss Wilkins' series of character sketches portraying New England types. The first appeared in the December issue. All are illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens.

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THIS COUNTRY OF OURS

By Hon. Benjamin Harrison

*FIRST PAPER: THE CONSTITUTION

THE Constitution of the United States was framed by a convention that assembled in Philadelphia on May 14, 1787, and finished its work September 17, 1787. The Seventh Article was as follows: "The ratification of the conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the same." On and prior to June 21, 1788, the conventions of the following States, and in the order named, ratified the Constitution: Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire. The other States ratified as follows: Virginia, June 26, 1788; New York, July 26, 1788; North Carolina, November 21, 1789; Rhode Island, May 29, 1790. Government under the Constitution was instituted by the inauguration of George Washington as President, at New York, April 30, 1789.

The word "Constitution," as used among us, implies a written instrument; but in England it is used to describe a governmental system or organization made up of charters—as the Magna Charta—the general Acts of Parliament, and a body of long-established legal usages or customs. These are not compiled in any single instrument as with us, but are to be sought in many places.

THE common American usage, in making a State Constitution, is to elect, by a popular vote, delegates to a convention, whose duty it is to prepare a plan of government. When the delegates have agreed and have properly certified the instrument it is submitted to a direct vote of the people, and each voter casts a ballot "For the Constitution" or "Against the Constitution." If a majority vote for the Constitution it then becomes the paramount law of the State. The Legislature does not make the Constitution; the Constitution makes the Legislature. The American idea is that Constitutions proceed from the people, in the exercise of their natural right of self-government, and can only be amended or superseded by the people. Whatever one Legislature or Congress enacts the next one may repeal, but neither can repeal or infringe a Constitutional provision.

The delegates to the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States were not, however, chosen by a popular vote in the States, but by the Legislatures. Nor was the question of the adoption of the Constitution submitted in the States to a direct popular vote. The Seventh Article, already quoted, provided for a ratification by "conventions" of the States, but in the choice of the delegates to these conventions there was an opportunity for the expression of the will of the people. Article Five makes this provision for amendments: "The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress." So that amendments are to be submitted to the Legislatures of the States or to conventions, as Congress may decide. There have been fifteen amendments to the Constitution adopted. Ten of these were proposed to the Legislatures of the States by the First Congress, and ratified. The other five amendments have, in like manner, been submitted by Congress to the State Legislatures for ratification—conventions in the States not having been used in any case. It will be noticed, also, that the vote upon the adoption of the Constitution, and upon amendments thereto, is by States—each State, without regard to its population, having one vote. But while these provisions make the popular control less direct than is usual in the States, and necessarily recognize the States in the process of making and amending the Constitution, the idea that Constitutions proceed from the people is not lost.

A CONSTITUTION should, and usually does, deal only with large and permanent matters. It leaves details and transitory matters to the Legislature. It is an outline or frame. It declares what principal officers shall be elected; prescribes their duties; provides for a succession in case of a vacancy, and for the removal from office of officers guilty of crime or the abuse of their powers. It is the supreme law of the land. The powers given by the Constitution to the National Government are, fortunately, couched in general and comprehensive terms. For if there had been an attempt to particularize, the instrument would not have adapted itself to the expansion of the country, and to the new phases which invention has given to commerce. If the framers of the instrument had been required to express themselves upon the question whether the National Government should be given the power to regulate the method of coupling the wagons that were then the vehicles of the limited inland commerce between the States, or to arrest and punish any citizen who obstructed their passage, I think the vote would have been in the negative.

* A series of papers upon our Government and its functions, its relations to the people, and their relations to it, which ex-President Harrison is writing for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. The articles will appear in successive issues during the year.

THE general plan of our Constitutions, National and State, is a division of the Government into three branches: the legislative, executive and judicial. The lines of this division of powers are not strictly observed in the National Constitution, for the President has something to do with legislation, and the Senate with executive appointments. But in a broad way it may be said that there are three coördinate and independent departments in our Government—the powers of each being classified and defined, and neither having the power to invade or subordinate the other. It is important here to note a difference between the powers of the National and of the State Governments. The original thirteen States were organized as States, and had each its new State Constitution before the Constitution of the United States was framed or adopted, save that in Connecticut the Charter of 1662 was continued in force as the organic law of the State until 1818, and in Rhode Island the Charter of 1663 was, in like manner, continued in force as the State Constitution until 1842. All the powers of government, save such as had, by a compact between the States, called "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union," been given to the Continental Congress, belonged to the States. The powers given to the Congress by the Articles of Confederation were vague and illusory. They were practically nil. For, where a power was given, the means necessary to its exercise were withheld. Practically there was no union of the States, and certainly nothing that could be called a National Government until the Constitution was adopted in 1789. Before that we had a Congress consisting of a single body of delegates. All votes were taken by States—a majority of the delegates from the State casting the vote of the State. There was no Senate, no President nor any separate executive department, and practically no judiciary. The Congress, either by the whole body or by committees, performed the necessary executive functions: commissioned officers; raised and disbursed revenue; conducted our diplomacy; audited accounts, and exercised certain judicial functions. It was a weak attempt to organize a Government, but it answered so long as the common peril of British subjugation lasted. When that threat was withdrawn by the peace of 1783 the selfishness and jealousies of the States became intense and threatened to snap the feeble bonds that held the States in union. The Congress became the laughing-stock of the country, and the best men shunned it. It had contracted debts in the prosecution of the war; and, the States neglecting or refusing to pay their quotas, Congress was protested and dishonored, for it had no power to lay and collect taxes. It had made commercial treaties with foreign powers, and the States refused to allow in their ports the privileges guaranteed by the treaties. Congress was a mimic show, the butt of jealousy and ridicule. Great things were demanded of men who could do nothing.

EACH State made its own tariff law. If one, with a view to raising money to pay its pressing debts, fixed a high rate on foreign goods imported, another would adopt a lower rate to attract commerce to its ports. It was hence impossible for the States to make a beneficial use of the power to levy duties on foreign goods. And besides, commerce between the States was hindered and bad blood engendered by duties levied by one State on goods coming from another. New York laid a duty on firewood coming down the sound from Connecticut, and upon garden truck crossing the river from Jersey. Out of these and many like things grew the conviction in the minds of our statesmen and people that "a more perfect union" was necessary; that we must have a National Government, to which should be entrusted all those general powers affecting especially our relations with foreign countries, and the relations of the States with each other, and including such as were necessary to the general defense and welfare. It is not my purpose here to go into the details of the intensely interesting events and discussions that led the people of the States reluctantly to surrender to the general Government adequate National powers. Some of our statesmen of that time were wise and unselfish, having a dim view of the glory to be revealed; but petty State jealousies, and the childish fear that the Union would oppress the States, well nigh thwarted its formation. The proposed general Government seemed to be regarded as if it were to be foreign in its control and purposes, and the powers asked for it as involving a surrender of the liberties of the people. So that practically when the Constitution of the United States was under consideration the question was what powers will the people of the States consent to withdraw from the States and give to the National Government. The answer was expressed in the Constitution.

ALL this has been said with a view to illustrate the fact that the National Government is one of specified or particular powers. Congress may not legislate upon all subjects, but only upon those subjects submitted to its control by the Constitution. The United States courts cannot entertain all suits, but only such as involve particular subjects, or such as are between particular persons, as these are specified in the Constitution. The language of the First Article of the Constitution is, "All legislative powers *herein granted* shall be vested in a Congress," etc. The States, on the other hand, have full legislative and judicial powers over all subjects, except such as have been committed by the Constitution of the United States to Congress or prohibited by that Constitution to the States. But the exercise of these powers by the State Legislatures is in many particulars further restrained by the State Constitutions, so that there are some things that neither Congress nor a State can do—things reserved to the people—things they do not want done. In other words, the Congress of the United States may do what it is authorized by the Constitution to do, while a State may exercise all appropriate acts of government except such as belong to the nation or are reserved by the Constitution of the United States, or of the State, to the people.

No question can ever be made as to the constitutionality of an Act of the British Parliament, for that body is invested with general and supreme legislative power. Mr. Bryce says:

"In England and many other modern States there is no difference in authority between one statute and another. All are made by the Legislature; all can be changed by the Legislature. What are called in England Constitutional statutes, such as Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement, the Acts of Union with Scotland and Ireland, are merely ordinary laws which could be repealed by Parliament at any moment in exactly the same way as it can repeal a highway act or lower the duty on tobacco."

And again Mr. Bryce states:

"Here, therefore, we observe two capital differences between England and the United States. The former has left the outlines as well as the details of her system of government to be gathered from a multitude of statutes and cases. The latter has drawn them out in one comprehensive fundamental enactment. The former has placed these so-called Constitutional laws at the mercy of her Legislature, which can abolish when it pleases any institution of the country: the Crown, the House of Lords, the Established Church, the House of Commons, Parliament itself. The latter has placed her Constitution altogether out of the reach of Congress, providing a method of amendment whose difficulty is shown by the fact that it has been sparingly used."

Under our system every Act of Congress or of a State Legislature is subject to be nullified if the courts adjudge it to be in conflict, in the case of a State law, with the Constitution of the State or of the United States, and in the case of an Act of Congress, with the National Constitution.

THE Constitution of the United States, and the public treaties and Acts of Congress within the Constitutional limits, are superior to and dominate all State Constitutions and laws. It is enough to say just here in a general way that the powers of the National Government embrace all those things necessary or incident to the dignity and safety of a nation; all matters affecting our relations, whether of a commercial or a diplomatic character, with other nations; all matters relating to commerce between the States and to controversies between States; the public defense; the public lands; the Indian tribes; naturalization of foreigners; the postal service; the granting of copyrights and patents; the coining of money; the fixing of a standard of weights and measures, and the power to levy and collect taxes in specified ways for public uses. It will be seen that a long list of powers is reserved by the States. In a general way this list embraces all those matters that relate to local control and government. The local control of local affairs is as essential as the National control of National affairs.

The Tenth Amendment to the Constitution is as follows: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people." What the powers "delegated to the United States" are has been stated in a general way. The powers "prohibited by it to the States" are that no State shall enter into any treaty, alliance or confederation, or grant letters of marque and reprisal, or coin money, or issue bills of credit, or make anything but gold or silver coin a legal tender in payment of debts, or pass any bill of attainder, or ex post facto law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts, or grant any title of nobility, or without the consent of Congress lay any imposts on imports or exports or any tonnage duty, or keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, or enter into any agreement or compact with another State or with a foreign power, or engage in war unless invaded or in imminent danger of invasion, or institute slavery, or abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, or deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, or deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws, or assume or pay any debt in aid of insurrection against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of slaves, or abridge the right to vote on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

THE next thing that it is important to notice is that our Government is not a confederation of States, but as strictly a Government of the people as is any State Government. The Articles of Confederation were declared to be "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union between the States of New Hampshire, etc.,"—naming each of the States. But the preamble of the Constitution is: "We, *the people of the United States*, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." It is true that the vote upon the adoption originally and the vote upon amendments is by States, in State conventions or in State Legislatures; and that in various other ways the States are recognized and used in the administration of the National Government. It could hardly have been otherwise. But the construction of Mr. Calhoun and of the Secessionists that our Constitution is a mere compact between independent States; that any State may withdraw from the Union for any breach of the conditions of the compact, and that each State is to judge for itself whether the compact has been broken, has no support either in the history of the adoption of the Constitution or in the text of the instrument itself. The Constitution and laws of the United States take hold of and deal with each individual, not as a citizen of this or that State, but as a citizen of the United States. Each of us owes allegiance to the United States—to obey and support its Constitution and laws; and no act nor ordinance of any State can absolve us or make it lawful for us to disobey the laws or resist the authority of the United States. We owe another allegiance, each to his own State, to support and obey its Constitution and laws, provided these do not conflict with the Constitution and laws of the United States. In the Sixth Article of the Constitution of the United States it is written: "This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made or which shall be made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." The question whether an Act of Congress is unconstitutional, or whether an act of any officer of the United States, done officially, is unauthorized, must, of course, be decided by the courts of the United States—in the last resort by the Supreme Court. A power in a State court finally to declare a law of the United States invalid would be destructive of National authority, and, indeed, of the National existence. There can be, in a proper Constitutional sense, no secession and no war between a State and the United States; for no ordinance repudiating the National authority or organizing resistance to it can have any legal sanction, even when passed by a State Legislature.

This general sketch of the powers of the National Government will be followed by an examination of the provisions relating to each of its general subdivisions and by a study of their practical operations.

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"Things were gettin' awfuller and awfuller every instant"

THE WIDOW'S YARN

By Frank R. Stockton

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "Pomona's Travels," etc.

DRAWINGS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

THE widow Ducket lived in a small village about ten miles from the New Jersey seacoast. In this village she was born, here she had married and buried her husband, and here she expected somebody to bury her, but she was in no hurry for that, for she had scarcely reached middle age. She was a tall woman with no apparent fat in her composition, and full of activity, both muscular and mental.

She rose at six o'clock in the morning, cooked breakfast, set the table, washed the dishes when the meal was over, milked, churned, swept, washed, ironed, worked in her little garden, attended to the flowers in the front yard, and in the afternoon knitted and quilted and sewed, and after tea she either went to see her neighbors or had them come to see her. When it was really dark she lighted the lamp in her parlor and read for an hour, and if it happened to be one of Miss Mary Wilkins' books that she read she expressed doubts as to the realism of the characters therein described.

These doubts she expressed to Dorcas Networthy, who was a small, plump woman, with a solemn face, who had lived with the widow for many years and who had become her devoted disciple. Whatever the widow did that also did Dorcas; not so well, for her heart told her she could never expect to do that, but with a yearning anxiety to do everything as well as she could. She rose at five minutes past six, and in a subsidiary way she helped to get the breakfast, to eat it, to wash up the dishes, to work in the garden, to quilt, to sew, to visit and receive, and no one could have tried harder than she did to keep awake when the widow read aloud in the evening.

All these things happened every day in the summer time but in the winter the widow and Dorcas cleared the snow from their little front path instead of attending to the flowers, and in the evening they lighted a fire as well as a lamp in the parlor.

Sometimes, however, something different happened, but this was not often, only a few times in the year. One of the different things occurred when Mrs. Ducket and Dorcas were sitting on their little front porch one summer afternoon, one on the little bench on one side of the door and the other on the little bench on the other side of the door, each waiting until she should hear the clock strike five to prepare tea. But it was not yet a quarter to five when a one-horse wagon containing four men came slowly down the street. Dorcas first saw the wagon, and she instantly stopped knitting.

"Mercy on me!" she exclaimed. "Whoever those people are they are strangers here and they don't know where to stop, for they first go to one side of the street and then to the other."

The widow looked around sharply. "Humph!" said she. "Those men are sailor men. You might see that in a twinkling of an eye. Sailor men always drive that way because that is the way they sail ships. They first tack in one direction and then in another."

"Mr. Ducket didn't like the sea?" remarked Dorcas for about the three hundredth time.

"No, he didn't," answered the widow for about the two hundred and fiftieth time, for there had been occasions when she thought Dorcas put this question inopportunely. "He hated it, and he was drowned in it through trusting a sailor man, which I never did nor shall. Do you really believe those men are coming here?"

"Upon my word I do!" said Dorcas, and her opinion was correct.

The wagon drew up in front of Mrs. Ducket's little white house, and the two women sat rigidly, their hands in their laps, staring at the man who drove.

This was an elderly personage with whitish hair, and under his chin a thin whitish beard, which waved in the gentle breeze and gave Dorcas the idea that his head was filled with hair which was leaking out from below.

"Is this the widow Ducket's?" inquired this elderly man, in a strong, penetrating voice.

"That's my name," said the widow, and laying her knitting on the bench beside her she went to the gate. Dorcas also laid her knitting on the bench beside her and went to the gate.

"I was told," said the elderly man, "at a house we touched at about a quarter of a mile back, that the widow Ducket's was the only house in this village where there was any chance of me and my mates getting a meal. We are four sailors and we are driving from the bay over to Cuppertown, and that's eight miles ahead yet and we are all pretty sharp set for something to eat."

"This is the place," said the widow, "and I do give meals if there is enough in the house and everything comes handy."

"Does everything come handy to-day?" said he.

"It does," said she, "and you can hitch your horse and come in, but I haven't got anything for him."

"Oh, that's all right," said the man, "we brought along stores for him, so we'll just make fast and then come in."

The two women hurried into the house in a state of bustling preparation, for the furnishing of this meal meant one dollar in cash.

The four mariners, all elderly men, descended from the wagon, each one scrambling with alacrity over a wheel.

A box of broken ship-biscuit was brought out and put on the ground in front of the horse, who immediately set himself to eating with great satisfaction.

Tea was a little late that day, because there were six persons to provide for instead of two, but it was a good meal, and after the four seamen had washed their hands and faces at the pump in the back yard and had wiped them on two towels furnished by Dorcas, they all came in and sat down. Mrs. Ducket seated herself at the head of the table with the dignity proper to the mistress of the house, and Dorcas seated herself at the other end with the dignity proper to the disciple of the mistress. No service was necessary, for everything that was to be eaten or drank was on the table.

When each of the elderly mariners had had as much bread and butter, quickly-baked soda biscuit, dried beef, cold ham, cold tongue and preserved fruit of every variety known, as his storage capacity would permit, the mariner in command, Captain Bird, pushed back his chair, whereupon the other mariners pushed back their chairs.

"Madam," said Captain Bird, "we have all made a good meal, which didn't need to be no better nor more of it, and we're satisfied, but that horse out there has not had time to rest himself enough to go the eight miles that lies ahead of us, so if it's all the same to you and this good lady, we'd like to sit on that front porch awhile and smoke our pipes. I was a-looking at that porch when I came in, and I bethought to myself what a rare good place it was to smoke a pipe in."

"There's pipes been smoked there," said the widow rising, "and it can be done again. Inside the house I don't allow tobacco, but on the porch neither of us minds."

So the four Captains betook themselves to the porch, two of them seating themselves on the little bench on one side of the door and two of them on the little bench on the other side of the door, and lighted their pipes.

"Shall we clear off the table and wash up the dishes," said Dorcas, "or wait until they are gone?"

"We will wait until they are gone," said the widow, "for now that they are here we might as well have a bit of a chat with them. When a sailor man lights his pipe he is generally willing to talk, but when he is eatin' you can't get a word out of him."

Without thinking it necessary to ask permission, for the house belonged to her, the widow Ducket brought a chair and put it in the hall close to the open front door, and Dorcas brought another chair and seated herself by the side of the widow.

"Do all you sailor men belong down there at the bay?" asked Mrs. Ducket, and thus the conversation began, and in a few minutes it had reached a point at which Captain Bird thought it proper to say that a great many strange things happen to seamen sailing on the sea which landspeople never dream of.

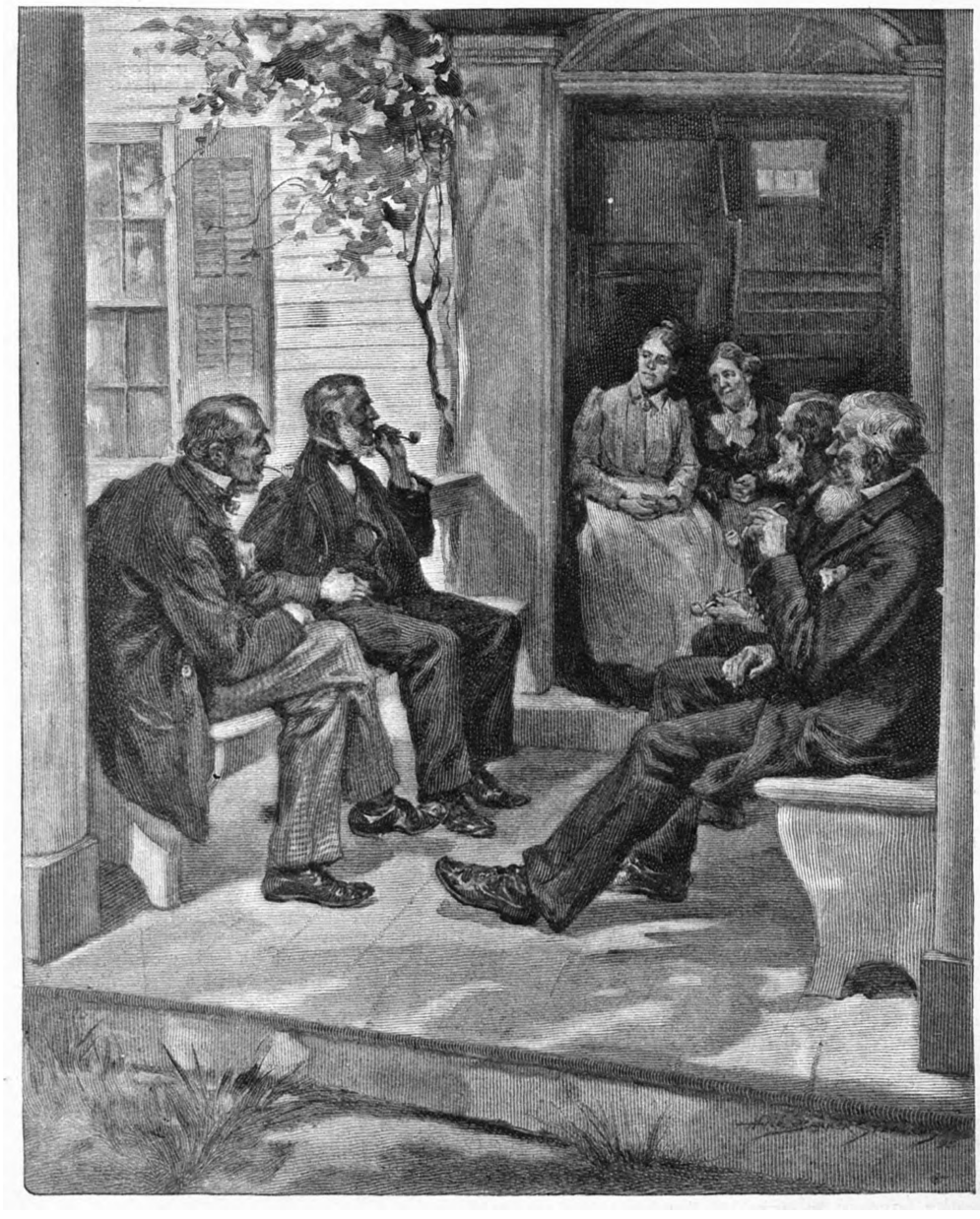
"Such as anything in particular?" asked the widow, at which remark Dorcas clasped her hands in expectancy.

At this question each of the mariners took his pipe from his mouth and gazed upon the floor in thought.

"There's a good many strange things happened to me and my mates at sea. Would you and that other lady like to hear any of them?" asked Captain Bird.

"We would like to hear them if they are true," said the widow.

"There's nothing happened to me and my mates that isn't true," said Captain Bird, "and here is something that once happened to me: I was on a whaling v'yage when a big sperm whale, just as mad as a fiery bull, came at us, head on, and struck the ship at the stern with such tremendous force that his head crashed right through her timbers and he went nearly half his length into her hull. The hold was mostly filled with empty barrels, for we was just beginning our v'yage, and when he had made kindling wood of these, there was room enough for him. We all expected that it wouldn't take five minutes for the vessel to fill and go to the bottom, and we made ready to take to the boats, but it turned out we didn't need to take to no boats, for as fast as the water rushed into the hold



"The widow Ducket said nothing"

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of the ship that whale drank it and squirted it up through the two blow holes in the top of his head, and as there was an open hatchway just over his head the water all went into the sea again, and that whale kept working day and night pumping the water out until we beached the vessel on the island of Trinidad—the whale helping us wonderful on our way over by the powerful working of his tail, which, being outside in the water, acted like a propeller. I don't believe anything stranger than that ever happened to a whaling ship."

"No," said the widow, "I don't believe anything ever did."

Captain Bird now looked at Captain Sanderson, and the latter took his pipe out of his mouth and said that in all his sailing around the world he had never known anything queerer than what happened to a big steamship he chanced to be on, which ran into an island in a fog. Everybody on board thought the ship was wrecked, but it had twin screws and was going at such a tremendous speed that it turned the island entirely upside down and sailed over it, and he had heard tell that even now people sailing over the spot could look down into the water and see the roots of the trees and the cellars of the houses.

Captain Sanderson now put his pipe back into his mouth and Captain Burress took his pipe out.

"I was once in an obelisk ship," said he, "that used to trade regular between Egypt and New York carrying obelisks. We had a big obelisk on board. The way they ship obelisks is to make a hole in the stern of the ship and run the obelisk in, p'inted end foremost, and this obelisk filled up nearly the whole of that ship from stern to bow. We was about ten days out and sailing afore a northeast gale with the engines at full speed when suddenly we spied breakers ahead, and our Captain saw we was about to run on a bank. Now if we hadn't had an obelisk on board we might have sailed over that bank, but the Captain knew that with an obelisk on board we drew too much water for that, and that we'd be wrecked in about fifty-five seconds if something wasn't done quick. So he had to do something quick, and this is what he did. He ordered all steam on and drove slam-bang on that bank. Just as he expected we stopped so suddint that that big obelisk bounced for'ard, its p'inted end foremost, and went clean through the bow and shot out into the sea. The minute it did that the vessel was so lightened that it rose in the water and we easily steamed over the bank. There was one man knocked overboard by the shock when we struck, but as soon as we missed him we went back after him and we got him all right. You see when that obelisk went overboard its butt end, which was heaviest, went down first, and when it touched the bottom it just stood there, and as it was such a big obelisk there was about five and a half feet of it stuck out of the water. The man who was knocked overboard he just swum for that obelisk and he climbed up the hiryglyphics. It was a mighty fine obelisk and the Egyptians had cut their hiryglyphics good and deep so that the man could get hand and foot hold. And when we got to him and took him off he was sitting high and dry on the p'inted end of that obelisk. It was a great pity about the obelisk, for it was a good obelisk, but as I never heard the company tried to raise it I expect it is standing there yet."

Captain Burress now put his pipe back into his mouth and looked at Captain Jenkinson, who removed his pipe and said:

"The queerest thing that ever happened to me was about a shark. We was off the Banks and the time of year was July, and the ice was coming down and we got in among a lot of it. Not far away, off our weather bow, there was a little iceberg which had such queerness about it that the Captain and three men went in a boat to look at it. The ice was mighty clear ice and you could see almost through it, and right inside of it, not more than three feet above the water line, and about two feet, or maybe twenty inches, inside the ice, was a whopping big shark about fourteen feet long—a regular man-eater—frozen in there hard and fast. 'Bless my soul,' said the Captain, 'this is a wonderful curiosity and I'm going to git him out.' Just then one of the men said he saw that shark wink, but the Captain wouldn't believe him, for he said that shark was frozen stiff and hard and couldn't wink. You see the Captain had his own idees about things, and he knew that whales was warm-blooded and would freeze if they was shut up in ice, but he forgot that sharks was not whales and that they're cold-blooded just like toads. And there is toads that has been shut up in rocks for thousands of years, and they stayed alive, no matter how cold the place was, because they was cold-blooded, and when the rocks was split out hopped the frog. But as I said before, the Captain forgot sharks was cold-blooded and he determined to git that one out.

"Now you both know, being housekeepers, that if you take a needle and drive it into a hunk of ice you can split it. The Captain had a sail-needle with him and so he drove it into the iceberg right alongside of the shark and split it. Now the minute he did it he knew that the man was right when he said he saw the shark wink, for it flopped out of that iceberg quicker nor a flash of lightning."

"What a happy fish he must have been!" ejaculated Dorcas, forgetful of precedent so great was her emotion.

"Yes," said Captain Jenkinson, "it was a happy fish enough, but it wasn't a happy Captain. You see that shark hadn't had anything to eat, perhaps for a thousand years, until the Captain came along with his sail-needle."

"Surely you sailor men do see strange things," now said the widow, "and the strangest thing about them is that they are true."

"Yes, indeed," said Dorcas, "that is the most wonderful thing."

"You wouldn't suppose," said the widow Ducket, glancing from one bench of mariners to the other, "that I have a sea-story to tell, but I have, and if you like I will tell it to you."

Captain Bird looked up a little surprised. "We would like to hear it, indeed we would, madam," said he.

"Aye, aye!" said Captain Burress, and the two other mariners nodded.

"It was a good while ago," she said, "when I was living on the shore near the head of the bay, that my husband was away and I was left alone in the house. One mornin' my sister-in-law, who lived on the other side of the bay, sent me word by a boy on a horse that she hadn't any oil in the house to fill the lamp that she always put in the window to light her husband home, who was a fisherman, and if I would send her some by the boy she would pay me back as soon as they bought oil. The boy said he would stop on his way home and take the oil to her, but he never did stop, or perhaps he never went back, and about five o'clock I began to get dreadfully worried, for I knew if that lamp wasn't in my sister-in-law's window by dark she might be a widow before midnight. So I said to myself, 'I've got to get that oil to her no matter what happens or how it's done.' Of course I couldn't tell what might happen, but there was only one way it could be done, and that was for me to get into the boat that was tied to the post down by the water and take it to her, for it was too far for me to walk around by the head of the bay. Now the trouble was I didn't know no more about a boat and the managin' of it than any one of you sailor men knows about clear starchin'. But there wasn't no use of thinkin' what I knew and what I didn't know, for I had to take it to her and there was no way of doin' it except in that boat. So I filled a gallon can, for I thought I might as well take enough while I was about it, and I went down to the water and I unhitched that boat and I put the oil-can into her and then I got in, and off I started, and I was about a quarter of a mile from the shore——"

"Madam," interrupted Captain Bird, "did you row or—or was there a sail to the boat?"

The widow looked at the questioner for a moment. "No," said she, "I didn't row. I forgot to bring the oars from the house, but it didn't matter for I didn't know how to use them, and if there had been a sail I couldn't have put it up, for I didn't know how to use it either. I used the rudder to make the boat go. The rudder was the only thing that I knew anything about. I'd held a rudder when I was a little girl and I knew how to work it. So I just took hold of the handle of the rudder and turned it round and round, and that made the boat go ahead, you know, and——"

"Madam!" exclaimed Captain Bird, and the other elderly mariners took their pipes from their mouths.

"Yes, that is the way I did it," continued the widow briskly; "big steamships are made to go by a propeller turning round and round at their back ends, and I made the rudder work in the same way, and I got along very well, too, until suddenly, when I was about a quarter of a mile from the shore, a most terrible and awful storm arose. There must have been a typhoon or a cyclone out at sea, for the waves came up the bay bigger than houses, and when they got to the head of the bay they turned around and tried to get to the sea again; so in this way they continually met, and made the most awful and roarin' pilin' up of waves that ever was known.

"My little boat was pitched about as if it had been a feather in a breeze, and when the front part of it was cleavin' itself down into the water the hind part was stickin' up until the rudder whizzed around like a patent churn with no milk in it. The thunder began to roar and the lightnin' flashed, and three sea-gulls, so nearly frightened to death that they began to turn up the whites of their eyes, flew down and sat on one of the seats of the boat, forgettin' in that awful moment that man was their natural enemy. I had a couple of biscuits in my pocket, because I had thought I might want a bite in crossing, and I crumbled up one of these and fed the poor creatures. Then I began to wonder what I was goin' to do, for things were gettin' awfuller and awfuller every instant, and the little boat was a-heavin' and a-pitchin' and a-rollin' and h'istin' itself up, first on one end and then on the other, to such an extent that if I hadn't kept tight hold of the rudder handle I'd slipped off the seat I was sittin' on.

"All of a sudden I remembered that oil in the can, but just as I was puttin' my fingers on the cork my conscience smote me. 'Am I goin' to use this oil,' I said to myself, 'and let my sister-in-law's husband be wrecked for want of it?' And then I thought that he wouldn't want it all that night and perhaps they would buy oil the next day, and so I poured out about a tumblerful of it on the water, and I can just tell you sailor men that you never saw anything act as prompt as that did. In three seconds, or perhaps five, the water all around me, for the distance of a small front yard, was just as flat as a table and as smooth as glass, and so invitin' in appearance that the three gulls jumped out of the boat and began to swim about on it, primin' their feathers and looking at themselves in the transparent depths, though I must say that one of them made an awful face as he dipped his bill into the water and tasted kerosene.

"Now I had time to sit quiet in the midst of the placid open I had made for myself and rest from working of the rudder. Truly it was a wonderful and marvelous thing to look at. The waves was roarin' and leapin' up all around me higher than the roof of this house, and sometimes their tops would reach over so that they nearly met and shut out all view of the stormy sky, which seemed as if it was bein' torn to pieces by blazin' lightnin', while the thunder pealed so tremendous that it almost drowned the roar of the waves. Not only above and all around me was everything terrific and fearful, but even under me it was the same, for there was a big crack in the bottom of the boat as wide as my hand, and through this I could see down into the water beneath, and there was——"

"Madam!" ejaculated Captain Bird, the hand which had been holding his pipe a few inches from his mouth now dropping to his knee, and at this motion the hands which held the pipes of the three other mariners dropped to their knees.

"Of course it sounds strange," continued the widow, "but I know that people can see down into clear water, and the water under me was clear, and the crack was wide enough for me to see through, and down under me was sharks and sword-fishes and other horrible water creatures, which I had never seen before, all driven into the bay, I haven't a doubt, by the violence of the storm out at sea. The thought of my bein' upset and fallin' in among those monsters made my very blood run cold, and involuntary-like I began to turn the handle of the rudder, and in a moment I shot into a wall of ragin' sea water that was towerin' around me. For a second I was fairly blinded and stunned, but I had the cork out of that oil can in no time, and so soon, you'd scarcely believe it if I told you how soon, I had another placid mill pond surroundin' of me. I sat there a-pantin' and fannin' with my straw hat, for you'd better believe I was flustered, and then I began to think how long it would take me to make a line of mill ponds clean across the head of the bay and how much oil it would need and whether I had enough. So I sat and calculated that if a tumblerful of oil would make a smooth place about seven yards across, which I should say was the width of the one I was in, which I calculated by a measure of my eye as to how many breadths of carpet it would take to cover it, and if the bay was two miles across, betwixt our house and my sister-in-law's, and although I couldn't get the thing down to exact figures, I saw pretty soon that I wouldn't have oil enough to make a level cuttin' through all those mountainous billows, and besides, even if I had enough to take me across, what would be the good of going if there wasn't any oil left to fill my sister-in-law's lamp?

"While I was thinkin' and calculatin' a perfectly dreadful thing happened, which made me think if I didn't get out of this pretty soon I'd find myself in a mighty risky predicament. The oil can, which I had forgotten to put the cork in, toppled over, and before I could grab it every drop of the oil ran into the hind part of the boat where it was soaked up by a lot of dry dust that was there. No wonder my heart sank when I saw this. Glancin' wildly around me, as people will do when they are scared, I saw the smooth place I was in gettin' smaller and smaller, for the kerosene was evaporatin', as it will do even off woolen clothes if you give it time enough. The first pond I had come out of seemed to be covered up, and the great towerin', throbbin' precipice of sea water was a-closin' around me.

"Castin' down my eyes in despair I happened to look through the crack in the bottom of the boat, and oh! what a blessed relief it was, for down there everything was smooth and still, and I could see the sand on the bottom as level and hard, no doubt, as it was on the beach. Suddenly the thought struck me that that bottom would give me the only chance I had of gettin' out of the frightful fix I was in. If I could fill that oil can with air and then puttin' it under my arm and takin' a long breath, if I could drop down on that smooth bottom I might run along toward shore as far as I could, and then, when I felt my breath was givin' out, I could take a pull at the oil can and take another run, and then take another pull and another run, and perhaps the can would hold air enough for me until I got near enough to shore to wade to dry land. To be sure the sharks and other monsters were down there, but then they must have been awfully frightened and perhaps they might not remember that man was their natural enemy. Anyway I thought it would be better to try the smooth water passage down there than stay and be swallowed up by the ragin' waves on top.

"So I blew the can full of air and corked it and then I tore up some of the boards from the bottom of the boat so as to make a hole big enough for me to get through—and you sailor men needn't wriggle so when I say that, for you all know a divin' bell hasn't any bottom at all and the water never comes in—and so when I got the hole big enough I took the oil can under my arm and was just about to slip down through it when I saw an awful turtle a-walkin' through the sand at the bottom. Now I might trust sharks and sword-fishes and sea-serpents to be frightened and forget about their natural enemies, but I never could trust a gray turtle as big as a cart, with a black neck a yard long, with yellow bags to its jaws, to forget anything or remember anything. I'd as lieve get into a bathtub with a live crab as to go down there. It wasn't of no use even so much as thinkin' of it, so I gave up that plan and didn't once look through that hole again."

"And what did you do, madam?" asked Captain Bird, who was regarding her with a face of stone.

"I used electricity," she said. "Now don't start as if you had a shock of it. That's what I used. When I was younger than I was then and sometimes visited friends in the city we often amused ourselves by rubbing our feet on the carpet until we got ourselves so full of electricity that we could put up our fingers and light the gas. So I said to myself that if I could get full of electricity for the purpose of lightin' the gas I could get full of it for other purposes, and so, without losin' a moment, I set to work. I stood up on one of the seats, which was dry, and I rubbed the bottoms of my shoes backward and forward on it with such violence and swiftness that they pretty soon got warm and I began fillin' with electricity, and when I was fully charged with it from my toes to the top of my head I just sprang into the water and swam ashore. Of course I couldn't sink, bein' full of electricity."

Captain Bird heaved a long sigh and rose to his feet, whereupon the other mariners rose to their feet. "Madam," said Captain Bird, "what's to pay for the supper and—the rest of the entertainment?"

"The supper is twenty-five cents apiece," said the widow Ducket, "and everything else is free gratis."

Whereupon each mariner put his hand into his trousers pocket, pulled out a silver quarter and handed it to the widow. Then with four solemn "Good-evenin's" they went out to the front gate.

"Cast off, Captain Jenkinson," said Captain Bird, "and you, Captain Burress, clew him up for'ard. You can stay in the bow, Captain Sanderson, and take the sheet lines. I'll go aft."

All being ready each of the elderly mariners clambered over a wheel, and having seated themselves they prepared to lay their course for Cuppertown.

But just as they were about to start Captain Jenkinson asked that they lay to a bit, and clambering down over his wheel he reëntered the front gate and went up to the door of the house, where the widow and Dorcas were still standing.

"Madam," said he, "I just came back to ask what became of your brother-in-law through his wife's not bein' able to put no light in the window?"

"The storm drove him ashore on our side of the bay," said she, "and the next mornin' he came up to our house and I told him all that had happened to me; and when he took our boat and went home and told that story to his wife she just packed up and went out West, and got divorced from him; and it served him right, too."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Captain Jenkinson, and going out of the gate he clambered up over the wheel and the wagon cleared for Cuppertown.

When the elderly mariners were gone the widow Ducket, still standing in the door, turned to Dorcas:

"To think of it!" she said, "to tell all that to me, in my own house! And after I had opened my one jar of brandied peaches that I'd been keepin' for special company!"

"In your own house!" ejaculated Dorcas. "And not one of them brandied peaches left!"

The widow jingled the four quarters in her hand before she slipped them into her pocket.

"Anyway, Dorcas," she remarked, "I think we can now say we are square with all the world; and so let's go in and wash the dishes."

"Yes," said Dorcas, "we're square."

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A WATCH IN THE NIGHT OF THE YEAR

FROM NOTES AT INTERVALS—*By Edith M. Thomas*

WE have reached and passed the longest night of the year. The days, from hence on, may be gradually lengthening, but it is long after the solstitial line is crossed that we derive any comfort from that fact.

The winter—though we are far enough from Arctic latitudes—seems under the domain of an elder power—Night; just as summer impresses us as being under the cheerful jurisdiction of Day. Abstractly, cold reminds us of night, while warmth is inseparable from the suggestion of light. The winter sun shines slantwise on my path. The mornings still arise out of the east. And yet a feeling, something of the nocturnal—a sense as of half-hibernating, pervades my thought. It might be better to sleep the next three months away, awaking the wiser. Or shall I keep a Watch in the Night instead?

IN the recent ice storm, and for some days later, we lived in a world of Arabian Nights' enchantment and splendor—especially when the sun came out, lighting up the wonderful lattice-work and filigree which the trees everywhere displayed. But now they are more delicately adorned than when they stood motionless under their crystal burdens. A white frost has gathered on all the lesser branches and fine twigs, simulating a downy bloom or willow flower beauty. Those trees which stand out in the open fields against the bluish background of woods look self-luminous, not unlike the seed globe of the dandelion much exaggerated. And now comes the wind scattering by pinches and piecemeal all the petals and pollen of this hoar-frost flowerage. Cold as it is, these light, drifting clots seem to lend a spring-time softness to the scene, reminding one of the falling bloom of the orchards, when the "blossom-wind" is blowing in late May—as the old farmers, with, perhaps, a sub-consciousness of sentiment, term the gusty weather of that period.

Driving last evening along the old "Centre-road" I was pleased with the primitive Western prospect still remaining in that quarter. The horizon was a wooded belt, with stumpy clearings—a condition intermediate between the virgin wilderness and civilization. Such pleasure had my eyes in the dark relief the woods afforded to the monotoned snowy landscape of the wide fields! The body of the woods presented a smoky purple—the very atmosphere of twilight and of sleep, with here and there a dull amber or red, the outline of a beech or a maple that retained its foliage. Sometimes there would be a sufficient group of such trees to give the appearance of a low, dying flame creeping along the forest border. Sometimes a silver-gray tree stood out—the light and graceful figure of a white birch—in contrast with the general obscurity of the background. As I was indulging in these observations, looking across the long stretch of dim fields, I heard, in the distance, the "dee-dee-dee" of the chickadee. Even this faint articulation of a living voice in nature seemed incredible, such was the impression of slumber and silence produced by the woods.

In these passing zero days the miller cold grinds exceeding small. The grist is less in quantity, but of quality it is the finest. Even when no snow is falling, and especially in the mornings, any plank or plain surface will be found to be covered with a deposit of mite-small particles, the very flour of the snow—otherwise frost. I thought this morning that the snow had gathered whiteness and purity over night, as though by reason of human withdrawal from its presence. Its celestial candor and cleanness scarcely permitted my mortal eyes to rest upon it! The trees, every limb and branch well furred with snow, lift a white tapestry all around. Passing under their cover one gains the impression that one has entered a vast snow-house. And do not the poor Arctic travelers know how to avail themselves of such tender mercies as there may be in the heart of winter, when they convert this fleecy coverlet to their uses?

TAKING friends with the farmer's boy, and expressing a wish that he would introduce me to his dumb friends, briefly called "live stock," I received an invitation to inspect the sheep and the cattle when they were foddered. These stood in a yard, convenient to the barn, and were all socially gathered around a haystack. It was a fine group, taken with its surroundings, for a painter of animals: the shaggy, winter-clothed cattle, the "foolish" woolly tribe—not white, the latter, but harmoniously dingy in color; all contentedly taking their repast either from the cornstalks strewn on the ground, or from the hay also scattered about the place. That it was deep in the winter was shown by the fact that the top of the haystack was already well truncated—consumed for fodder on many a previous chill, gray, slow-coming morning. In some spots the hay had been nibbled by mice, for whom, though I silently felicitated them on their choice of snug quarters, the farmer's boy expressed aught but solicitude.

AT one end of the watering-trough that stands beside the road a pretty device had been executed by the designer (whose obscure initials I take to be J. F.). Where the water, from the spring above, overflowed the full trough it ran through a glittering mass of ice, clear as some carven translucent stone. Behind this crystal bulwark the water could be seen trickling down through the orifice perforated by itself. The ice looked as though intended for a shrine to conceal partly the mysterious play of the water. The pool which has long been standing at the foot of the hill is now covered with a sheet of white ice, crisp and opaque in appearance as the frosting spread over a cake—a comparison as obvious as it is trivial to whoever has observed the differing qualities of ice in the fields or by wayside pools.

TO-DAY witnessed the unusual apparition of an owl perched in a tree across the street. It was broad daylight. The bird was winking, or, at least, blinking suspiciously, earing, if not eyeing, the surroundings. He turned his head, this way and that, with an air of nervous apprehension. He stayed but a few moments, and then flitted heavily toward town. I cannot think what induced him to venture abroad except in his own native "owlet light." His owlship, however, is now a guest at the house of my friend, having blundered that same afternoon into the open window of the attic. There in the warm twilight (the chimney passing through the room) he enjoys his ease with dignity, is visited by children of the family and the grown people, and is fed with many a choice morsel, albeit small birds are not on his present bill-of-fare. And such as it is he has been rendered a tribute of verse, the following addressed to "The Lodger in the Attic":

Bird of Pallas, bird of Pallas,
With thy crooked seres and callous,
Sitting in a trance ecstatic,
'Mid the lumber of this attic,
Tell us, guest austere and hoary,
If thou wilt, thy century story!
Fangs nor claws shall come to fright thee,
Nor the sunbeam, to belight thee,
Shall thy dim asylum enter.

The supposed reply of his owlship:

Curious human, why disturb me,
And with smooth words seek to curb me?
In the ages without number,
I was born of Night and Slumber.
I was stolen from my aerie,
By young Hermes, deft and wary—
Brought to Pallas (chief of spinners,
When the gods were all bread-winners,
It was long ere mortal's coming)
While her wheel flew shrilly humming,
I, above the spindle seated,
Word for word her songs repeated,
Conning precepts, taught by sages,
In their schools in after ages.
Thus she span the fleece of Heaven,
That to airy heights was given.
When the labor was completed,
At her bidding, I retreated
Where her helmet huge suspended—
Hung with shield and falchion splendid.
Then of every care I rid me,
In the hollow metal hid me,
Where I slept for hours together,
Never stirring lightest feather.
I, the warder at sleep's portal,
Greet and speed thee, curious mortal!

"There is a budding morrow in midnight," says a young poet of the generation gone. Is it on this account that I so often dream of flowers in the depths of the winter—so much oftener than during the season that cherishes them? The enchanted garden opened again to me last night, and I wandered among its various lovelinesses. But to-day the apple trees carry crystal beads at the extremities of the twigs and the buds are frequently ice-sheathed, as though ingloriously inclosed as in some toy of spun glass. Melting off the ice and stripping away the polished brown envelope of the bud, I fancied that I could trace next May's apple blossoms, less than a pin-head in size! I noticed how the buds of the cottonwood shine nowadays, as though anointed with oil or brushed over with varnish. In truth, the tall spire and upper stems of the tree glittered so white in the morning sun that my eyes quite objected to following their outline. In this cold weather the upper branches of all trees have the appearance of having been turned by a lathe, then treated with some superior glazing process as in the case of the cottonwood. This appears to be a characteristic winter fashion. A cut-leafed birch, which I pass in my walks, lately attracted my attention in a most agreeable way. Standing leafless, with its long, pendulous branches, all with a slight eastward poise (from the prevalence of the west wind), this graceful young tree looked the very etching of a brisk April shower, its own branches simulating oblique splashes of rain. A pleasant reminder of the yet far-away spring.

YESTERDAY, in the very heart of the snowstorm, as I sat looking out on the white anger of the elements, I had a momentary impression as of its total unreality. It seemed to me, then, like the mere painting of a storm, beheld through the window,

"While all unseen, yet in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day."

Searching the origin of this curious impression I found that summer was not yet sufficiently out of my thoughts to give place to the conception of winter, although the latter season was waging cruel warfare in the physical world. The first great snowstorm of the year, unless I am compelled to meet it face to face, has always for me this quality of the histrionic, of the pantomimic. But by the time a second storm of the winter season arrives I am pretty thoroughly "seasoned," as it were, to the idea of winter and its rude actualities.

THE NAIAD IN WINTER

Tell me if the naiad flies
When the summer hence has fled;
Other flowers 'neath Southern skies,
Weaves she for her shining head?

Or, secure among the hills,
In some cavern does she sleep,
Till the vale with sunshine fills,
And the loosened waters leap?

Tell me where the naiad dwells?
Sometimes listening by the spring,
When relax the winter's spells,
In her sleep I hear her sing!

EXAMINING the fern patterns which the frost has drawn on the window-pane—fine and small, not longer than one's thumb nail, and scattered promiscuously like the figures on chintz—I noticed that each leaf had a white and shining midrib or line of greater transparency. There were frequent groups of four leaves, as though the frost flora favored this number.

Now, if one had but patience to watch the growth of these wild gardens of winter, it might be ascertained what conditions of temperature, etc., are favorable to each species of frost vegetation—when ferns may be expected, when mountain pines, when pond weeds and algæ. Perhaps a botany tabulating these facts may yet be arranged by some ingenious person of a fanciful and scientific turn of mind. Meantime I wonder why devotees of the needle, stitching the dull winter hours away, do not oftener have recourse for patterns to these ever-changing and beautiful designs spread before them on the window-panes.

ENCOURAGED by the rain and softening weather, how the lichen gardens grow, hospitably borne by the old trees along their trunks! Says the lichen frill to the yellow grass blade, in these days: "You must now acknowledge my superior charms. I thrive while you still languish." Yet it cannot now be long before the grass begins to express its hopes in almost vernal color. The persistent vitality, the courage of the grass, is the sweetest wonder in nature. Why does not some one choose for his armorial device blades of grass, with the motto, *semper virens?*

THE scent of the thaw precedes the melting time. And to-day the sky puts off its wintry face altogether, and puts on a soft cloudiness, as in early spring. . . . And now the rain comes, enhancing the cinnamon tints in the stems of the maple, which seems to be thinking already of spring. A little leaven of the coming season is already diffused through the heavy mass of winter. A house-fly, the first to emerge, performing its toilette on the window-pane, is a slight, yet significant, token.

I watch the antics of the rain as its pelting sets afloat numberless bubbles on the wayside pools. Fairy crafts are these, enchanted domes! Taken with their reflections in the water, they look like half-submerged crystal spheres. As I came along the road I was pleased to notice the tracks of the hens. As plainly as any types could say, they said: "Look out for the spring of the year." I had an impression that from some forward field or woodside was borne the scent of violets. What in reality reached my anticipating senses was the odor, not of violets, but of the damp, fresh mould out of which they start.

This is the time of bright-skied, empty days that resemble the late fair days of autumn, yet with a chill in the air not felt in the latter season. There is also a pensive, wistful, retrospective quality in the sunlight, which in me awakes a thrilling remembrance of my youngest days of conscious, enjoying life; a dream of broad cornfields, tall woods along the banks of a shining river running due sunsetward—life in the youth of the world, as it seems to me! These days of the early spring bring such vague reminiscences as, granting the doctrine of metempsychosis, mortals can only refer to a former state of existence. In the spring of the year we are, in some fanciful sense, born again. We grow youthful with the year itself, and forget the rigors through which we have passed.

To-night the wind of spring is blowing through the tree-tops. The trees, as if conscious of a new administration, exult as they have not been known to do through the whole winter. They shout, whistle or croon, as the mood seizes them. The wind has the tumultuous sound of many waters, and I half think, as I look out upon the night, to see a swift stream running through and over the trees; and with the sea-like noise in my ears it is easy to imagine that under the brooding darkness lies a vast, seething, watery field. Lying in my bed, a little later, with the wind-tide setting in against the walls of the house, I fall asleep, pleased with the notion that I am, in some sense, being "rocked in the cradle of the deep." When I awaken I may find that we are indeed landed upon the coast of Spring, in the blithe realm of morning-time.

AFTER A SLEEP

Night—and the strong will stifled,
Night—and the fancy waned,
Night—and the memory beggared,
Night—and the spirit drained
Like a stream with driftweed encumbered,
Or a dumb and frozen land;
Like a flower that pales in the shadow,
A bird that swoons in the hand!

Morn—and the faint will strengthened,
Morn—and the fancy glows,
Morn—and the memory rich-laden,
Morn—and the spirit flows
Like a bird with a carol upmounting,
Like a land in the showers of spring,
Like a flower in the sunlight smiling,
Like a stream when the floodgates swing!

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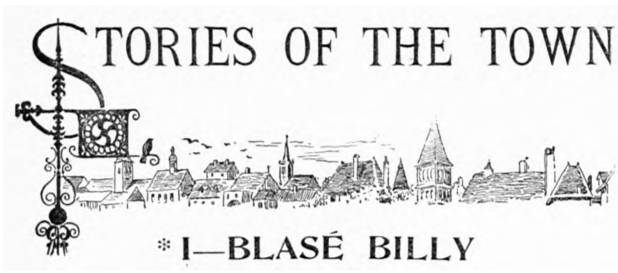

*I—BLASÉ BILLY

By Jerome K. Jerome

Author of "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," "Three Men in a Boat," "Diary of a Pilgrimage," etc.

IT was toward the end of August. He and I appeared to be the only two men left to the Club. He was sitting by an open window with "The Times" lying on the floor beside him. I drew my chair a little closer and remarked, "Good-morning."

He suppressed a yawn, and replied "Mornin'"—dropping the "g." The custom was just coming into fashion; he was always absolutely and exactly correct.

"Going to be a very hot day, I am afraid," I continued.

"'Fraid so," was the response; after which he turned his head away and gently closed his eyes.

I opined that conversation was not to his wish, but this only made me the more determined to talk, and to talk to him above all others in London. The desire took hold of me to irritate him, to break down the imperturbable calm within which he moved and had his being; and I gathered myself together, and settled down to work.

"Interesting paper, 'The Times,'" I observed.

"Very," he replied, taking it from the floor and handing it to me. "Won't you read it?"

I had been careful to throw into my voice an aggressive cheeriness which I had calculated would vex him, but his manner remained that of a man who was simply bored. I argued with him politely concerning the paper, but he insisted, still with the same weary air, that he was done with it. I thanked him effusively. I judged that he hated effusiveness.

"They say that to read a 'Times' leader," I persisted, "is a lesson in English composition."

He remained unmoved, however, even by this.

"So I've been told," he answered tranquilly. "Personally, I don't take them."

"The Times," I could see, was not going to be of much assistance to me. I lit a cigarette and remarked that he was not shooting. He admitted the fact. Under the circumstances it would have taxed him to deny it, but the suggestion roused him to speech.

"To myself," he said, "a tramp through miles of mud, a heavy gun on your shoulder, four gloomy keepers behind you, and two depressed-looking dogs in front, the entire cavalcade being organized for the purpose of killing some twelve and sixpence worth of poultry, suggests the disproportionate."

I laughed boisterously and cried, "Good, good, very good." He was the type of man that shudders inwardly at the sound of laughter. I had the will to slap him on the back, but I thought, maybe, that would send him away altogether. I asked him if he hunted. He replied that fourteen hours' talk a day about horses, and only about horses, tired him, and that in consequence he had abandoned hunting.

"You fish," I said.

"I was never sufficiently imaginative," he answered.

"You travel a good deal," I suggested.

He had apparently made up his mind to abandon himself to his fate, for he turned toward me with a resigned air. An ancient nurse of mine had always described me as the most "waring" child she had ever come across. I prefer, myself, to speak of myself as persevering.

"I should go about more," he said, "were I able to see any difference between one place and another."

"Tried Central Africa?" I inquired.

"Once or twice," he answered. "It always reminds me of Kew Gardens."

"China?" I hazarded.

"Cross between a willow pattern plate and a New York slum," was his comment.

"The North Pole?" I tried, thinking the third time might be lucky.

"Never got quite up to it," he returned. "Reached Cape Halkett once."

"How did that impress you?" I asked.

"It didn't impress me," he replied.

The talk drifted to women, and bogus companies, dogs, literature and such like matters. I found him well informed upon, and bored by all.

"They used to be amusing," he said, speaking of the first named, "until they began to take themselves seriously. Now they are only silly."

I was forced into closer companionship with "Blasé Billy" that autumn, for, by chance, a month later, he and I found ourselves the guests of the same delightful hostess; and I came to like him better. He was a useful man to have about one. In matters of fashion one could always feel safe, following his lead. One knew that his necktie, his collar, his socks, if not the very newest departure, were always correct; and upon social paths, as guide, philosopher and friend, he was invaluable. He knew every one, together with his or her previous convictions. He knew every woman's past, and shrewdly surmised every man's future. He could point you out the coal shed where the Countess of Glenleman had gamboled in her days of innocence; and would take you to breakfast at the coffee shop off the Mile End Road where "Sam Smith, established 1820," own brother to the world-famed society novelist, Smith-Stratford, lived, an uncriticised, unparagraphed, unphotographed existence, upon the profits of "rashers" at three ha'pence, and "doorsteps" at two a penny. He knew at what houses it was inadvisable to introduce soap, and at what tables it would be bad form to denounce political jobbery. He could tell you off-hand what trade-mark went with what crest, and remembered the price paid for every baronetcy created during the last twenty-five years. Regarding himself, he might have laid claim with King Charles never to have said a foolish thing and never to have done a wise one. He despised, or affected to despise, most of his fellow-men, and those of his fellow-men whose opinion was most worth having unaffectedly despised him. Shortly described one might have likened him to a gayety Johnny with brains. He was capital company after dinner, but in the early morning one avoided him.

So I thought of him, until one day he fell in love; or to put it in the words of Teddy Tidmarsh, who brought the news to us, "was sweet on Gerty Lovell—the red-haired one," Teddy explained, to distinguish her from her two sisters, who had lately adopted the newer golden shade.

"Gerty Lovell!" exclaimed the Captain, "why I've always been told the 'Lovell' girls hadn't a penny among them."

"The old man's stone-broke, I know for a certainty," volunteered Teddy, who picked up a mysterious, but in other respects satisfactory, income in an office near Hatton Gardens, and who was candor itself concerning the private affairs of everybody but himself.

"Oh, some rich pork-packing or diamond-sweating uncle has cropped up in America or Australia, or one of those places," suggested the Captain, "and Billy's got wind of it in good time. Billy knows his way about."

We agreed that some such explanation was needed, though in all other respects Gerty Lovell was just the girl that Reason (not always consulted on these occasions) might herself have chosen for Blasé Billy's mate.

The sunlight was not kind to her, but at evening parties, where the lighting has been well considered, I have seen her look quite girlish. At her best she was not beautiful, but at her worst there was about her an air of breeding and distinction that always saved her from being passed over; and she dressed to perfection. In character she was the typical society woman; always charming, generally insincere. She went to Kensington for her religion, and to Mayfair for her morals; accepted her literature from Mudie's and her art from the Grosvenor Gallery; and could and would gabble philanthropy, philosophy and politics with equal fluency at every four o'clock tea-table she visited. Her ideas could always be guaranteed as the very latest, and her opinion as always in perfect agreement with that of the person to whom she was talking. Asked by a famous novelist, one afternoon at the Pioneer Club, to give him some idea of her, little Mrs. Bund, the painter's wife, had remained for a few moments with her pretty lips pursed, and had then said:

"She is a woman to whom life could bring nothing more fully satisfying than a dinner invitation from a duchess, and whose nature would be incapable of sustaining deeper suffering than that caused by an ill-fitting ball costume."

At the time I should have said the epigram was as true as it was cruel, but I suppose we none of us quite know each other.

I congratulated "Blasé Billy" or—to drop his club nickname and give him the full benefit of his social label—"The Hon. William Cecil Wychwood Stanley Drayton," on the occasion of our next meeting, which happened upon the steps of the Savoy restaurant, and I thought—unless a quiver of the electric light deceived me—that he blushed.

"Charming girl," I said. "You're a lucky dog, Billy."

It was the phrase that custom demands upon such occasions, and it came of its own accord to my tongue without costing me the trouble of composition, but he seized upon it as though it had been a gem of friendly sincerity.

"You will like her even more when you know her better," he said. "She is so different from the usual shallow woman that one meets. Come and see her to-morrow afternoon; she will be so pleased. Go about four—I will tell her to expect you."

I rang the bell at ten minutes past five. Billy was there. Miss Lovell greeted me with a little quiver of embarrassment, which sat oddly upon her, but which was not altogether unpleasing. She said it was kind of me to come so early. I stayed for about half an hour, but conversation flagged, and some of my cleverest remarks attracted no attention whatever.

When I rose to take my leave Billy said that he must be off too, and that he would accompany me. Had they been ordinary lovers I should have been careful to give them an opportunity of making their adieus in secret, but in the case of the Honorable William Drayton and the eldest Miss Lovell I concluded that such tactics were needless, so I waited till he had shaken hands and went down-stairs with him.

But in the hall Billy suddenly ejaculated:

"By Jove! Half a minute"—and ran back up the stairs three at a time. Apparently he found what he had gone for on the landing, for I did not hear the opening of the drawing-room door. Then the Honorable Billy redescended with a sober, nonchalant air.

"Left my gloves behind me," he explained as he took my arm, "I am always leaving my gloves about."

I did not mention that I had seen him take them from his hat and slip them in his coat-tail pocket.

We at the Club did not see very much of Billy during the next three months; but the Captain, who prided himself upon his playing of the rôle of smoking-room cynic, though he would have been better in the part had he occasionally displayed a little originality, was of opinion that our loss would be more than made up to us after the marriage. Once in the twilight I caught sight of a figure that reminded me of his, accompanied by a figure that might have been that of the eldest Miss Lovell, but as the spot was Battersea Park—which is not a fashionable evening promenade—and the two figures were holding each other's hands, the whole picture being suggestive of the closing chapter of a London story-paper romance, I concluded I had made an error.

But I did see them in the Adelphi stalls one evening, wrapt in a sentimental melodrama. I joined them between the acts and poked fun at the play—as one does at the Adelphi—but Miss Lovell begged me quite earnestly not to spoil her interest, and Billy wanted to enter upon a serious argument as to whether a man was justified in behaving as Teriss had just behaved toward the woman he loved. I left them and returned to my own party, to the satisfaction, I am inclined to think, of all concerned.

They married in due course. We were mistaken on one point, she brought Billy nothing, but they both seemed quite content on his not too generous fortune. They took a tiny house not far from Victoria Station, and hired a brougham for the season. They did not entertain very much, but they contrived to be seen everywhere where it was right and fashionable that they should be seen. The Honorable Mrs. Drayton was a much younger and brighter person than had been the eldest Miss Lovell, and as she continued to dress charmingly her social position rose rapidly. Billy went everywhere with her, and evidently took a keen pride in her success. It was even said that he designed her dresses for her, and I have myself seen him stand for five minutes studying the costumes in Russell and Allen's windows.

The Captain's prophecy remained unfulfilled. "Blasé Billy"—if the name could still be applied to him—hardly ever visited the Club after his marriage. But I had grown to like him, and as he had foretold, to like his wife more also. I found their calm indifference to the burning questions of the day a positive relief from the strenuous atmosphere of literary and artistic circles. In the drawing-room of their little house in Eaton Row, the comparative merits of George Meredith and George R. Sims were not considered worth discussion. Both were regarded as persons who afforded a certain amount of amusement in return for a certain amount of cash. And on Wednesday afternoons Henrick Ibsen and Arthur Roberts would have been equally welcome as adding piquancy to the small gathering. Had I been compelled to pass my life in such a house, this Philistine attitude might have palled upon me, but under the circumstances it refreshed me, and I made use of my welcome—which I believe was genuine—to its full extent.

As months went by they seemed to me to grow closer to one another, though I am given to understand that such is not the rule in fashionable circles. One evening I arrived a little before my time, and was shown up into the drawing-room by the soft-footed butler. They were sitting in the dusk with their arms around one another. It was impossible to withdraw, so I faced the situation and coughed. A pair of middle-class lovers could not have appeared more awkward or surprised. But the incident established an understanding between us, and I came to be regarded as a friend before whom there was no necessity to act. Studying them, I came to the conclusion that the ways and manners of love are very same-like throughout this old world, as though the foolish boy, unheedful of human advance, kept but one school for miner, poet and East End shop boy, for Girton girl and milliner; taught but the one lesson to the end of the nineteenth-century Johnny that he had taught to bearded Pict and Hun four thousand years ago.

Thus the summer and the winter passed pleasantly for the Honorable Billy, and then, as luck would have it, he fell ill just in the very middle of the London season, when invitations to balls and dinner-parties, luncheons and "at homes" were pouring in from every quarter, when the lawns at Hurlingham were at their smoothest and when parties for the races were being planned and got together. It was unfortunate, too, that the fashions that season suited the Honorable Mrs. Billy as they had not suited her for years. In the early spring she and Billy had been hard at work planning costumes calculated to cause a flutter through Mayfair, and the dresses and the bonnets—each one a work of art—were waiting on their stands to do their killing work, while the Honorable Mrs. Billy, for the first time in her life, lost her interest in such things. Their friends were genuinely sorry, for society was Billy's element, and in it he was interesting and amusing. But, as Lady Gower said, there was no earthly need for her to constitute herself a prisoner. Her shutting herself off from the world could do him no good, and it would look odd.

Accordingly the Honorable Mrs. Drayton, to whom oddness was a crime, and the voice of Lady Gower as the voice of duty, sacrificed her inclinations on the social shrine, laced the new costumes tight across her aching heart and went down into society. But the Honorable Mrs. Drayton achieved not the success of former seasons. Her small talk grew so very small that even Park Lane found it unsatisfying. Her famous laugh rang mechanically. She smiled at the wisdom of dukes and became sad at the funny stories of millionaires. Society voted her a good wife, but bad company, and confined its attention to cards of inquiry, and for this relief the Honorable Mrs. Drayton was grateful, for Billy waned weaker and weaker. In the world of shadows in which she moved he was the one thing real. She was of very little practical use, but it comforted her to think that she was helping to nurse him. But Billy himself it troubled.

"I do wish you would go out more," he would say. "It makes me feel that I'm such a selfish brute, keeping you tied up here in this dismal little house. Besides," he would add, "people miss you, they will hate me for keeping you away." For where his wife was concerned, Billy's knowledge of the world availed him little. He really thought society craved for the Honorable Mrs. Drayton, and would not be comforted where she was not.

"I would rather stop with you, dear," would be the answer. "I don't care to go about by myself. You must get well quickly and take me."

And so the argument continued until one evening, as she sat by herself, the nurse entered softly, closed the door behind her and came over to her.

"I wish you would go out to-night, ma'am," said the nurse, "just for an hour or two. I think it would please the master; he is worrying himself because he thinks it is his fault that you do not, and just now"—the woman hesitated for a moment—"just now I want to keep him very quiet."

"Is he weaker, nurse?"

"Well, he is not stronger, ma'am, and I think—I think we must humor him."

The Honorable Mrs. Drayton rose, and crossing to the window stood for awhile looking out.

"But where am I to go, nurse?" she said at length, turning with a smile. "I've no invitations anywhere."

"Can't you make believe to have one?" said the nurse. "It is only seven o'clock. Say you are going to a dinner-party somewhere; you can come home early then. Go and dress yourself and come down and say good-by to him, and then come in again about eleven, as though you had just returned."

"You think I must, nurse?"

"I think it would be better, ma'am. I wish you would try it."

The Honorable Mrs. Drayton went to the door, then paused.

"He has such sharp ears, nurse," he will listen for the opening of the door and the sound of the carriage."

"I will see to that," said the nurse. "I will tell them

(CONTINUATION ON PAGE 28 OF THIS ISSUE)

* The first of a series of sketches written by Jerome K. Jerome for the JOURNAL. The others will be published during the year.

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THE VIOLET

By Julia Magruder

Author of "A Beautiful Alien," "The Princess Sonia," etc.

DRAWING BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

IV

MRS. BERTRAND had been for a month installed as Miss Wendell's chaperon, and already an affectionate friendship was established between them in spite of some strongly-contested differences of opinion. The basis of these had been Mrs. Bertrand's resolute decision to keep out of society and Louie's ardent desire that she should go into it. The arguments the latter used were strong and insistent, but were met with opposing ones as strong. Mrs. Bertrand acknowledged her obligation to attend Louie in all the functions which took place at her own house, and to be her escort in driving and shopping and on all occasions where she would otherwise have been alone, but in such cases as she could count upon the chaperonage of her aunt or other friends Mrs. Bertrand positively declined to go—a course which Mrs. Blair declared to be the correct and proper one.

After Miss Dexter's wedding many of that young lady's friends had pointedly included Mrs. Bertrand in their invitations to Louie, and it was her persistence in declining these that had so aroused Louie's protest. When she found that Mrs. Blair's support was not to be secured Louie promptly appealed to her guardian, calling upon him, to his surprise, one Sunday afternoon in his beautiful house.

Pembroke Jerome had been a widower for many years. He had married very young, and his girlish wife had died within a year of the marriage, a blow from which he was supposed never to have recovered; for, after traveling abroad for some years, he had suddenly returned, thrown himself ardently into the practice of law, established himself in the home which had recently become his by inheritance, and although still young, good-looking, rich and eligible in every way, he had never been known to pay any definite attention to any woman, in spite of the fact that he went into society, more or less, and was much admired by women. When he had accepted the guardianship of Louise Wendell he had done it with real pleasure, for he had been attached to her from a child, and, indeed, so strongly had this affection manifested itself that, by many, Louie was looked upon as his probable heir. He had no near relations, and being a man of strong feeling, it was pretty sure that his money would go the way his affection pointed. He was still too young, however, for any definite conclusions to be drawn, as it was, of course, always possible that he would marry.

When Louie's victoria stopped at the door, and she came in, promptly following the announcement of her name, her guardian got up to welcome her with great cordiality and pleasure, saying, as he threw his cigar into the grate and let fall his newspaper:

"To what am I to attribute the honor of this visit? I hope it's only natural affection, and not any trouble that has brought you. Sit down."

"Well," said Louie, taking a seat, "it is a sort of trouble that has brought me, but it's affection, too, and I'm relying on your affection for me to get me out of the trouble."

She then proceeded to give an account of Mrs. Bertrand's course about declining all invitations, her own disappointment and regret in the matter, and wound up by asking her guardian to call in person and remonstrate with her chaperon. It happened that he had been out West on business nearly ever since Mrs. Bertrand's arrival, so as yet he had not met her.

"It does seem rather a hard case," he said indulgently, "when you've taken such a fancy to her and like so much to have her with you, and other people seem to want her also. But why don't you get Mrs. Blair to speak to her? She's really the proper person to do it."

"Oh, Aunt Caroline is flat against me. She thinks Mrs. Bertrand exactly right, and says she knows her place better than I do. The fact is, Aunt Caroline has never forgiven her for being young and pretty."

"So she's young and pretty, is she?" Mr. Jerome said. "Well, to my thinking, those are points in her favor."

"Wait till you see her!" said Louie significantly. "I know your impossible standard, and how you laugh at my enthusiasms, but this time they are worth while."

"Well, to see her is just what I desire. Tell me now when it would be convenient for you to introduce me."

"That's just what I've come to settle with you," said Louie. "I'm dining to-morrow night at the Montgomerys'. She was invited, too, but, as usual, declined. What I want you to do is to call upon her while I am out. You will have to compel Henry to carry your card up, as he has standing orders to excuse her to every one. Of course, she will see you, however, and then I want you to plead my cause, bringing in a little guardianly authority, for you've got to convince her that it is her duty, or she'll never do it."

"Very well, I'll undertake the argument and feel confident that I shall win the case. I'm to say nothing to her of your suggestions, I suppose."

"Not a word! By-the-way, this visit I am making to you, I fancy, she might consider an occasion for her services. I shall simply tell her I've been to see an old friend."

"Eminently true! And your old friend sincerely thanks you. But must you go?"

Louie had drawn herself upright in her seat. As she pulled her veil over her fresh young face her guardian looked at her with affectionate kindness.

"So be it," he said; "I will come to-morrow evening and use my best powers of argument to win your cause."

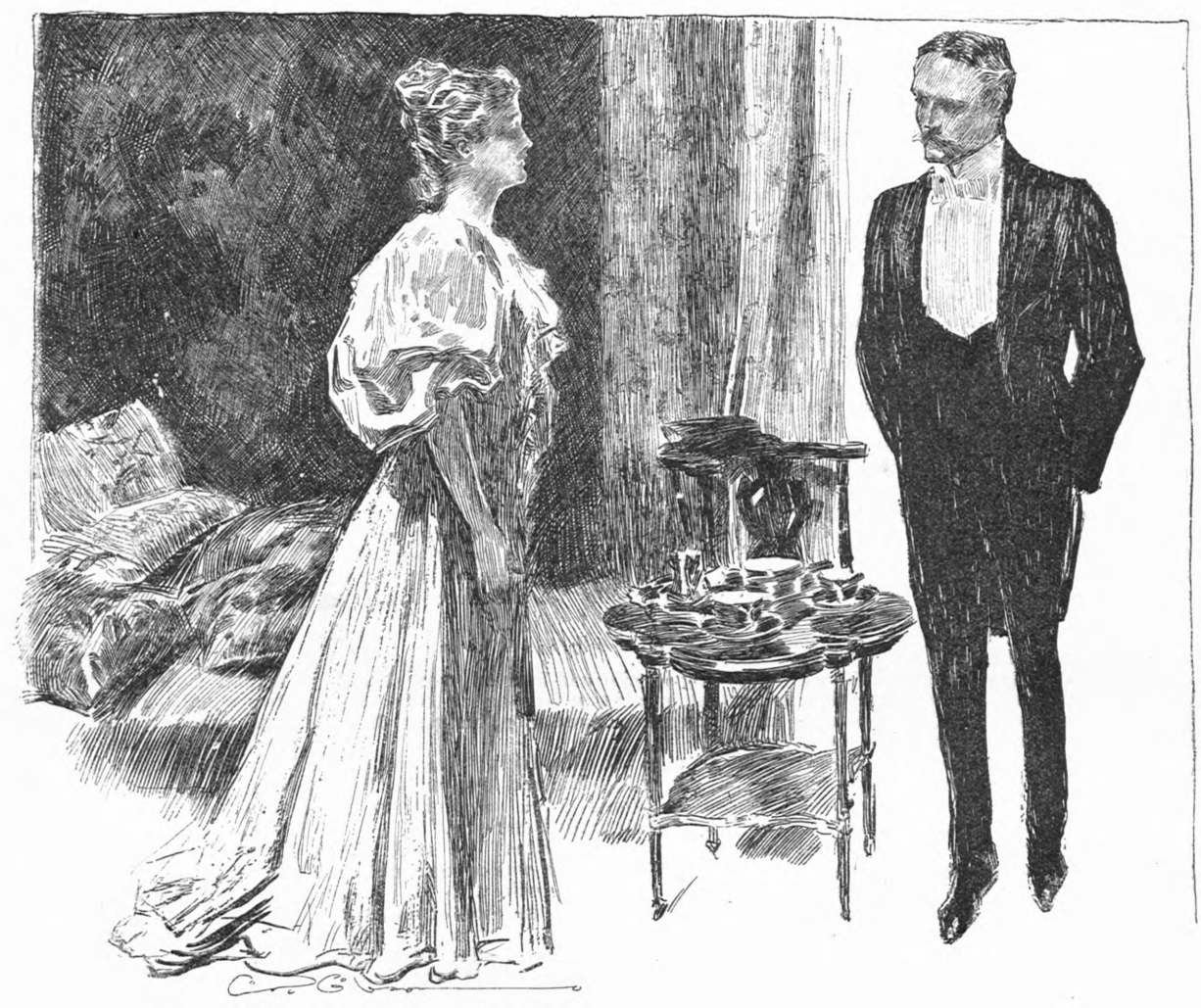
The next afternoon Louie denied herself to visitors, as she was going out to dinner, and she and Mrs. Bertrand and old Mrs. Wendell had tea together up-stairs.

"As we are going to be alone," said Louie, "do indulge me by laying aside that eternal black dress of yours and putting on your purple gown—the one I first saw you in. You deny me in almost everything, so I think you might do this. I want to see you wear it in this little green room of mine. I know you will look just like a violet on a bank of moss, in a nest of green leaves!"

Mrs. Bertrand laughed.

"You are the most ridiculous child!" she said, "and can devise in your little brain the most fantastic ideas; but, of course, if it will please you, I'll put on the gown. Elinor designed and gave it to me, else I never should have possessed so luxurious a thing. I did indulge myself in a smart costume for her wedding, but I felt it doubtful whether I should ever wear it more than once."

"Oh, well, we will not talk about that now!" exclaimed Louie, smilingly. "Go and make yourself a violet, and then we'll all meet in my sitting-room."



"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Bertrand"

She had just got into a loose rose-colored robe, and brought in her neat little grandmother, all dense black and snowy white as to dress and cap, when Mrs. Bertrand, in her velvet gown, joined them.

"Here's your moss bank!" said Louie, leading her to the big *chaise longue*, covered with a texture of soft gray-green, "and here are some dark green pillows for leaves, and here," she added, seating her among them, "is The Violet! How I wish you'd let me call you by your name!"

"Which I won't!" said Mrs. Bertrand laughing. "It's quite enough that I consent to call you by yours."

The trio sat there happily together, talking and sipping their tea, and Louie thought she had never seen her lovely chaperon look more adorable—a reflection which gave her intense satisfaction, in view of the plans which she had laid.

V

MRS. BERTRAND, in her violet gown, was seated in the corner of the green sofa, feeling quite confident of a long evening of quiet solitude (a not unwelcome prospect to her, in spite of her love for her young charge) when there came a knock at the door. Supposing it to be a servant on some errand she did not change her attitude of ease and repose, as she gave the permission to enter.

The door opened and the servant announced "Mr. Jerome," and that gentleman followed promptly upon his name. He got a swift but distinct view of the half-recumbent figure, nestling among the dark green pillows, before it stood upright, and looked at him, with an air of surprise.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Bertrand," he said, "Louie left word that I was to come to you here. I am her guardian, as, of course, you know. I have been away, or I should have made your acquaintance long ago."

Mrs. Bertrand gave him her hand, and resumed her seat, motioning to one near by. "Louie did not tell me you were coming, or even that she had seen you," Violet said, "but it does not matter. I am delighted at the opportunity of having some talk with you about her. I have been wishing for it and I am in hopes you are going to enlighten me as to my duties, for, so far, I have done nothing but enjoy the companionship of a thoroughly delightful girl—and be made much of and made comfortable."

"Those are your duties," Mr. Jerome said, "but I have had complaints made to me that you are not altogether satisfactory in your discharge of them."

He smiled as he said this, and as he looked full in his companion's face she returned his smile. The talk had begun with interest on both sides, but this did not prevent the fact that each was furtively, though deliberately, scrutinizing the other.

Mr. Jerome was accustomed to Louie's strong language and he had, therefore, attached little importance to her assurances that her new chaperon was young and charming, and, even granting that this might prove so, he was accustomed to these qualities, and indeed to having them exhibited for his especial delectation, for he was not far from the possession of the first attribute himself, and no one denied him the second. He was also distinguished, well-born and very rich. So female charms in plenty were displayed, with deliberate design, before his eyes, by the mothers of lovely daughters and not infrequently by the daughters themselves, and he had come to consider himself case-hardened. Here, however, was something that he recognized as different from anything that he had ever met with before.

The woman opposite him sat in an attitude of perfect grace, the folds of her soft loose gown suggesting, rather than displaying, the outlines of a figure which seemed all loveliness. The smooth ripples of her peculiarly beautiful hair—too light for auburn, too dark for gold, too delicately lustrous to be accurately described as red—were parted in a distinct line, and brushed backward from the brow and temples, bordering the milk-white skin, with definite little points, more beautiful and becoming than any effort of art could possibly have been. Jerome was a man to study details and he took in every item now—the dark auburn tints of the definite eyebrows and long lashes, and even decided that the color of her eyes was distinctly and deliciously green—the clear-cut, tip-tilted nose, the alluringly curved mouth, over small white teeth, which were very individual, the delicate form of the hand and wrist, quite devoid of ring or bracelet—all of these things he took in definitely during those first few moments.

Mrs. Bertrand, for her part, was less given to detail in getting an impression. She realized only that she saw before her a very interesting-looking man, whom it would have been a derogation of his attractiveness to call merely handsome. There was character and experience in his face, and good form in every attitude and movement of his extremely well-made and well-dressed figure. His hair was getting gray, she observed, but it was also very thick and smooth, a tendency to curl being ruthlessly cropped.

"In what way have I not given satisfaction?" said Mrs. Bertrand, without any visible pause in her response.

"In this way. You were wanted, in the beginning, to be useful to your young charge—but now you are desired to give her pleasure. She so enjoys your society and companionship that she complains of your giving her too little of it."

"I am always at her disposal when she is at home."

"That's just it. She wants the same consideration from you when she is abroad."

The expression of Mrs. Bertrand's face changed. It grew determined and almost cold as she said:

"Then she expects too much. I have been perfectly honest with her. I told her, from the first, that I would not go into society."

"I know. No one accuses you of unfairness," Jerome made haste to say. "We only hope—Louie and I—to make you change your mind about accepting invitations. You have managed, in some way, to make yourself desired. People want you at their entertainments—and Louie wants you with her."

"They do not really want me," she said, with a suspicion of sadness, he thought, in her self-possessed tones. "They have asked me, in some cases, because Elinor Dexter introduced me, as her friend, and because they have a certain curiosity about me—that is all!"

"But there is Louie!"

"Yes—there is Louie, and I do not forget her. I came here to do my duty by Louie, and I found, almost at once, that I should have the behests of affection to attend to also. It is simply and only a pleasure to me to serve that dear girl in any way that I can—but she has an affection for me also, and I shall trust to that to spare me the ordeal of balls and dinners and society."

"It would then be an ordeal to you!" he said.

"An insupportable ordeal. I have no place nor right there. Vulgar curiosity would follow me, and I should have only myself to thank for it. You know very well, I suppose, Mr. Jerome, that I have given no account of myself, except to Elinor, who knows everything, and who became my sponsor to Mrs. Blair, else I should not have

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got this place, and been in this blessed atmosphere of love and kindness—a thing so far beyond my hopes."

She paused an instant and then went on:

"I had intended, in spite of Elinor's assurance that it was not necessary, to have a little talk about myself with my new charge's aunt. I thought it only right that I should, but—you will, I hope, excuse me for saying so—when I saw Mrs. Blair I found it to be quite impossible. She had already accepted me, and I had come. I thought it would be enough, if I took every precaution that she should have nothing to object to in me. And, so far, I am certain she is satisfied. We are not exactly *simpatica*," she said smiling—a smile to which he promptly and comprehendingly responded—"but I can see that in the very particular in which Louie disapproves she approves."

"No doubt," said Mr. Jerome; "Louie is a pretty child, and, as a *débutante*, of some importance in society. Aunt Caroline is well pleased to take her out."

"And Aunt Caroline is surely the proper person to do it. Tell me honestly, Mr. Jerome, don't you agree with me?"

"Whether I agree with you or not, I agree to anything you desire. Since I see what your feeling is in the matter I shall use my influence—my authority, if necessary—to conform Louie absolutely to your wishes."

How unexpectedly he was changing his ground! He had come here to effect the exact opposite of what he was now pledging himself to, and yet how earnest he felt in making the pledge.

His reward was swift and sufficient:

"Oh, thank you, bless you for those words!" said his companion. "It has troubled me so to see that there was to be this continual difference between Louie and me. She has been so loving, so delicate, so trustful of me, and I felt I could hardly bear to deprive her of any pleasure that it was in my power to give—but in this I could not yield! If you had combined with her against me, how hard it would have been—but now, your help will make it easy."

Poor little Louie—her case was gone! He loved her dearly, more, perhaps, than any one in the world, and yet how quickly he had discovered that his wish to please her was subordinate to his wish to please this new acquaintance, whom, an hour ago, he had never seen!

"Mr. Jerome," said Violet abruptly, as though obeying a sudden impulse, "you have been so kind and so considerate that I am going to say to you what I had meant to say to Louie's aunt——"

"Don't! I beg you not to," he interrupted her, "I shall be distressed, in the extreme, if you tell me anything whatever of your past. You feel it an obligation to make some such explanation to Louie's guardians, but I beg you to believe that it is not necessary—not even desired. It would imply a doubt about you—and, after seeing you, such a doubt is impossible. For the sake of the proper conventions in the case a reference had to be given, of course, but that of Mrs. Egerton King is all-sufficient. Nothing more could be required by the most exacting. Do believe me that this is the simple truth, and spare yourself a pain, of which there is no need."

She looked at him with kindling eyes. "Oh, what a world, what a world!" she said. "How confused, how contradictory it is! What extremes one meets with, in men and women fashioned of the same human clay! What kindness, what consideration I meet with now! I am going to tell you," she went on, after a slight pause, "nothing in detail about my past life; that, I cannot go into with any one, though Elinor knows it all. I want only to say that there is nothing that, if known, any one could object to. I have been very unhappy," she said, "as unhappy, I suppose, as it falls to a woman's lot to be. I was the victim of a rash and most mistaken marriage. That is all that I can say. But, being freed from it now, being in a place of safety and peace and rest, with kindness and love and delicate consideration surrounding me on every side, I have come again to believe in the goodness of human beings, and the possibility of peace—though not of joy."

"Not yet, perhaps," he began, but she interrupted him.

"Never," she said, "I don't want to believe in it. I know life and I know marriage. I wish to profit by my experience and to be content with the present, as I am."

"You are speaking rashly," he said. "It is only natural, in the early days or years of your reaction—but the feelings of the present hour will pass."

"They will never pass," she said.

There was a strange sense of intimacy, on the part of both, in this interview. They were absolutely alone together, in the cozy privacy of this small, up-stairs sitting-room, and, from the force of the circumstances existing between them, they had quickly surmounted the usual conventional barriers, and had come, in this brief time, to the contemplation and discussion of the subjects deep and near to their hearts. This was a man with a clear, discriminating eye. It had been one secret of his success in his profession, and he read this woman deep. He knew that an opportunity like the present might not occur again and he was determined to take advantage of it.

He left his chair and seated himself on the lounge at her side.

"Let me talk to you a little," he said. "We never know—the humblest of us—whom it may be given us to help, and I believe that I can help you now. You are allowing yourself to be very unreasonable, and are looking at the whole world through the color of the spectacles which fate has fixed upon your own eyes. That is not wisdom—and not logic. You disbelieve in the happiness that comes through marriage. Your own experience has taught you this. The experience of others contradicts it. You saw yourself the happiness of Egerton King and your friend. Did you disbelieve in that?"

"I can believe in a happy wedding-day," she said, "that is easy. Whether they are happy now, however, is another thing. I have felt a selfish joy, a thousand times, in the fact that they went to the other side of the world as soon as the wedding was over, so that I could not know if they found themselves wretched. And that is just it. The world, when people are reserved and proud, is not allowed to know. It's a grand thing, this human race of ours. I often think that the God who made it must admire it. Most of the people whom we meet—all of them who have really experienced life—are bearing sorrow; there is a serpent stinging their hearts—and yet, what do they do? They buy clothes and build houses, they do their work, and make their efforts at pleasure—and they bring up their children, with great pains, to admit the stinging serpent to their breasts, and to cover it up with the finest clothes—and under the shelter of the handsomest houses with which they can provide themselves. Oh, they are brave and plucky, these human beings! It inspires one to think of being born of such a race, and it shames one to contemplate the possibility of falling behind, and showing on one's face the pain of the serpent's sting."

"I agree with you," he said, noting the faint color that had come into her face, brightening it into extraordinary beauty, "the human race is brave. But as to your other belief—that there is no such thing as happiness in marriage—with that I must disagree, for the reason that I have proof to the contrary."

"What proof?" she said. "The sort of proof I spoke of just now—which is, for all you can possibly know, only a proud pretense."

"No—I would not offer you testimony at second hand. The proof which I mean is of my own experience."

She looked at him, startled, and suddenly checked. If she had ever heard that he had been married she had forgotten it.

"Forgive me," she said, "I did not know that you had ever been married. You must think me very cruel."

"No," he said, meeting her eyes with a steady gaze, "I am glad that it so happened that I was led to speak of it to you. I married, when almost a boy, a girl two years younger than myself. It was almost twenty years ago—and our happiness lasted but one year. I am a man, you must understand, to whom nothing but the bluntest truth is possible, when—as rarely happens—I get on such deep and real subjects as these I am discussing with you, and I shall say the plain and simple truth, though it runs counter to the ideals of youth, and though, for many years, I would have observed the law of perpetual silence rather than utter it. This will prepare you for my telling you that that life of young and ardent love is no longer a reality to me. I look at it as an outsider, and I know I am not that ignorant, happy boy. I am a matured and experienced man, and so well do I know myself, and so boldly do I face the knowledge, that I am perfectly aware that I could no more love in that way again, than the love of that adorable, exquisite, pure, sweet being whom I so passionately and truly loved then could content and satisfy me now. If she had lived we should have developed together, and the love and equality between us would, perhaps, have gone on to a better and deeper happiness—but she died, and I have developed out of all likeness to her and to that unknowing boy. I have a theory of my own—crude, as all such theories must ever be—but, at the same time, satisfying to me. I believe that each soul has its mate, male and female as God created them in the beginning, and that if a union takes place here, in this human world, between two such mated souls, it will be renewed for eternity, even though they be parted by death here, and even though one or the other should remarry. If, however, the human union was not the real mating of souls, I believe the connection ceases at death, and each will find in another world its true mate. I even believe further, or rather it is according to the theory which I have formulated, that a happy union may take place here, which may not be the true soul-union, to endure throughout eternity. All these things seem to me to be mercifully enveloped in mystery—and the one star which can give us safe guidance is the star of truth. I believe there is no question in life in which there is so much deliberate self-deception and deception of others, as there is in this question of marriage, and sometimes it seems to me that it is the loyal and trustful in nature who lend themselves most readily to this deception. You know that line of Tennyson's:

"'And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.'"

The woman sitting by him had listened, with absorbed attention, to all that he said, and as he felt conscious of an intense interest in this conversation, he knew that she felt the same.

"You are very good to tell me all this," she said, "you have given me an insight into life and love, which I have never had before. I know little beyond my own experience, and that has all tended one way."

"While mine has tended the other," he said, "for—calmly as I can now speak of what was once so poignant to me—I loved my dear young wife with an intensity which, for years, I took as the symbol of an eternal union hereafter. Whether it is to be such I do not pretend to know, but this I do know: the feeling has been enough to prevent my ever falling in love with another woman, though, after the first few years of wretchedness and loneliness there came a reaction which made me willing to recognize that possibility, and, later, even to court it."

"To court it!" said Mrs. Bertrand in a tone that was almost shocked. "That I do not understand."

"The explanation lies in the fact of my being perfectly true to my own soul," he said, "a truth which I did not attain to without labor and struggle, for the reason that all the established conventions were against me. The accepted ideal of life for a man in my case would have been to direct my efforts toward being true to my dead wife rather than toward being true to truth. For awhile I followed the accepted rule, and resolutely turned my eyes away from every suggestion of remarriage, but when I got into a broader light I as resolutely opened my eyes to such suggestions. And what was the result? I have been, for many years, willing to marry if I should ever have the wish, but the wish has never come. Sometimes, for a moment, I have thought I felt it, and have almost hoped so—for our greatest means of development is through feeling—but always it melted away. I do not pretend to understand it. It may be that my wife, so early lost to me, is the true mate of my soul, and that her development is going on commensurately with mine, only in another world, and that we shall meet hereafter on terms as equal as those on which we parted. I have no conviction about it, I simply wait to see."

"I think you are blessed to have even that possibility in your life," said his companion. "The world to come seems so tenantless for me. It is one of the chief things that makes me shrink from death—but I have had the same reason to shrink from life. The one fact that Elinor was in the world made me prefer to live. But for that, death would have seemed far more desirable."

"Not now," he said gently, "not now, I hope! Remember you have come into a new world, and that it is peopled with friends. There is Louie, who already adores you and to whom you have made yourself indispensable—and here am I, who am longing to know that you will accept me as a friend. Will you?"

"Oh, so gladly! so gratefully!" she exclaimed. "I have got to feel it about Louie, but to have your friendship too is more than I ever could have expected."

"It seems to me, Mrs. Bertrand," he said with a smile, "that, measured by your deserts—if I may make so bold as to mention them—your expectations are, in all ways, extremely small."

"Yes, I expect little. I have won that much out of life, and it is a great gain. I do not count on anything better than a quiet and protected life, and—for the present, at least—I have that, and I mean to make the most of it."

He hesitated a moment, and then got his consent to doing a bold thing.

"There is nothing—no joy, no brightness, no bliss—that you may not rightfully expect out of life, unless you are bound by your past," he said.

"That is just it," she answered, "I am bound by my past."

Her face had paled, and her manner, almost imperceptibly, had hardened. He was just on the point of trying to make some apology for his last words, when the door opened and Louie came in. They were both surprised, for, as they talked on and on they had lost count of time. Both of them greeted her warmly but she felt a little sense of being chilled. By a look and a furtive head-shake her guardian managed to convey to her the fact that he had failed in his mission, and even that he gave up the attempt. He assured her, however, that he and Mrs. Bertrand had had a most interesting talk, and had even made friends. Before leaving, Jerome secured Mrs. Bertrand's consent to bring Louie and make tea for him the following Sunday afternoon, and on all subsequent ones that might not be more agreeably and profitably engaged.

"And if she would only let me call her by her name," said Louie wistfully.

"Won't you?" said Jerome, in a tone that, almost before she realized it, had called forth a consent.

"And what is her name?"

"Violet. Doesn't she look it?" said Louie delightedly.

But Jerome did not answer his ward's question.

For a moment his eyes rested on Mrs. Bertrand, and then he bade the ladies good-night.

(CONTINUATION IN FEBRUARY JOURNAL)

THE DINING-TABLE FERNERY

By Joseph Kift, Jr.

THE dainty silver and china ferneries filled with growing specimens of "Nature's lace work," which form the central decoration of dinner-tables in homes of taste and refinement, are a rather recent acquisition and a very great improvement on the pyramidic designs of fruit and flowers, as inartistic and ugly as they were universal and obscuring, which they have replaced. This growing of ferns for use as a table decoration is a very beautiful idea, but it will prove a very costly one if the method of caring for these delicate plants is not better understood and followed.

When selecting a fernery carefully refrain from choosing one that in shape resembles a pieplate. Such a one is no use at all on account of its shallowness; the plants must have room or they will dry out. Select one, rather, that is not less than three inches deep, and that does not flange outward. Ferns cannot be planted on the flange, consequently the whole effect of the idea is lost, for to be attractive the fernery must be entirely covered with growth, consequently one with straight sides is needed. When filling it plant to the outside edge and the foliage will droop gracefully all around. The soil used for filling should consist of three parts of leaf-mould or peat and two equal parts of loam and sand thoroughly pulverized and mixed. When ready to transfer the plants from the pots to the fernery carefully turn the plants upside down, place two fingers on the soil and tap the edge of the pot sharply on a table. If the plants are in a moist condition (and you should never plant any ferns when dry) with one tap the whole ball of roots with soil will leave the pot. When all the plants are out of the pots stand the plants together in the fernery prettily and tastefully, without disturbing the roots, and then fill in the soil around them, pressing it firmly with your thumbs and fingers, and then give the fernery a good soaking of water, being careful to spray the foliage thoroughly.

The plants selected for the fernery should be well rooted, with firm foliage and not too young; the soil of young plants is too soft and they are too tender to stand the dry air of the house. The commonest hardy greenhouse varieties are the best for this purpose. There is only one variety of the maiden-hair fern that will thrive in the dry air of the house. It is the "Adiantum Capillerus Venerus." This variety does not form a crown as do most of the maiden-hair ferns, but creeps over the surface of the soil, and is very graceful and hardy. After each meal is over remove the fernery from the dining-table, and give the foliage a gentle spraying, and take it to a cool room and place it on a stand in the window until the hour for the next meal arrives. The stand should be somewhat larger than the fernery. Over all turn a bell glass or globe, large enough to clear the entire growth without touching. The bell glass should have a hole in the top about one inch across. This hole serves the two-fold purpose of acting as a convenient handle and also as an outlet for excessive moisture, as well as to protect the plants from the dry atmosphere of the house. If there is no outlet at the top of the glass the moisture will gather on the inside, and the little plants will soften and gradually decay, and the soil at the roots will be apt to become pasty and sour. If you cannot secure a bell glass as described, a glass case, similar to a small showcase, with a lid which can be kept raised slightly, will answer.

Never allow the fernery to become too dry but be careful not to over-water. The soil should at all times be damp but never soggy. If it is not convenient to procure greenhouse ferns the common hardy evergreen rock ferns of the woods will answer. They may be found in many places growing on very large rocks. Lift a bunch large enough for the purpose in one bunch or sod, and transfer it carefully to your fernery. Very soon the fronds of the fern will be found falling in every direction as the stem is somewhat weak near the surface of the soil. To straighten them up nicely take some soft green sheet moss from the woods, pull it apart and pack it carefully in among the fronds. This will hold them just where you want them. A fernery filled with these evergreen wood ferns will last for quite a long time if treated in every way just as I have suggested for the greenhouse ferns.

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MY EARLY LITERARY INFLUENCES

By Edna Lyall

Author of "Donovan," "We Two," "Knight Errant," "Won by Waiting," etc.

A FEW years ago some of our leading writers were questioned as to how early they could recall any distinct picture of the past. Miss Jean Ingelow was among those whose memory was most tenacious—she could recollect things that had happened when she was two years old.

My very first remembrance is of a narrow lane bordered by elder bushes. I was three years old and was walking with my sister and our nurse, when suddenly we came face to face with the first romance that had ever touched our lives. Coming toward us we saw a certain kinsman who had always been a favorite in our nursery, and beside him walked a most beautiful lady; they stopped to speak to us. There was something impressive and delightful in their happiness, and we were laughingly threatened with banishment to the other side of the elder hedge unless we at once adopted the beautiful lady as our kinswoman. What did it all meam? we asked. Why, to be sure, they were engaged to be married.

Swiftly following on this scene comes the memory of the first time that illness, sorrow and death became faintly realized. All England was mourning the death of the Prince Consort. We children, impressed, no doubt, by the black dresses, and hearing much of the noble life that could so ill be spared, at once made the Prince our hero of heroes. I remember most vividly how the nursery curtain represented a canopy and my doll was transformed into a fever-stricken prince, and how, just when absorbed in this dramatic representation, it was most annoying to be called away to entertain a little cousin who broke in upon my tragedy, and who was not even clad in black, but wore the Rob Roy tartan.

These were my first "studies"; but it was not until I was nine years old that the desire to write seized me. Darnell's copy books were a weariness to the flesh, and there were those dreadful rules about penholding—fingers straight, thumb bent, two fingers on the pen and slope the end over your shoulder! How could one be a novelist till the dark days of "copy-writing" were over?

In the meantime, however, much of the future training of an author was going on. We were blessed with a nurse whose sympathies were wide and far-reaching, and I owe a great deal to her kindly heart and to her unfailing readiness to tell us all that she had heard and seen. Moreover, being the youngest of the family, it chanced that I heard books read and topics discussed between the elder ones and my parents, which very soon widened the world for me. The right and the wrong way of spending money was a problem often spoken about, and even with an allowance of a penny a week it seemed a curiously vital question. The cruelty of buying very cheap things for which working men or women must have been underpaid, made much impression on us, chiefly, no doubt, because it was a point on which my father felt so very strongly. "Never bring home such a thing again," he said, when one day we gleefully showed him a little six-penny New Testament in very pretty binding. "It couldn't have been rightly produced for that money."

Politics were very real, and were somehow made interesting to us, my father encouraging us to think on such subjects. My first political hero was Mr. Fawcett, and I can clearly recall the excitement of his election for Brighton. It was partly his blindness which made him my hero, for suffering much from weak eyes, I well knew what it was to live in the dark, and my mother had told me how cleverly she had seen Mr. Fawcett manage at a dinner-party, and how he would not allow his loss of sight in any way to spoil his life.

Another region of debate was opened by the frequent visits of the well-known Dr. Archibald J. Stephens, Q. C., an old friend of my father's. I have misty recollections of hearing a good deal about the ritual proceedings, but the real enjoyment of those visits lay in the endless jokes and stories with which the great man used to enliven us. They alleviated the woes of having to eat beef and mutton with no appetite; and I can well remember how our kindly friend would sometimes take compassion on the dainty little girl sitting beside him, and with rather alarming speed, seasoned with much fun and coaxing, would actually feed her; and, of course, when thus honored, one had to eat out of sheer gratitude!

By this time one's capacity for hero-worship—surely an indispensable quality in a novelist—was being daily stimulated by the records of the past. After a course of old Roman heroes, I became a devotee of Oliver Cromwell, and the Cromwell worship was much aided by visits to kinsfolk living in an old Suffolk hall—the "Mondisfield" of "In the Golden Days." Charles Lamb says that "nothing fills a child's mind like a large old mansion peopled with the spirits of deceased members of the county and justices of the quorum." And undoubtedly I owe much to that quaint old house, with its hall and musicians' gallery, its hiding places, its old walled garden, its moat and its park with the "stews," in which the abbots of St. Edmondsbury loved in days of yore to fish. It was Mondisfield, too, which furnished me with a first-hand knowledge of Nonconformity, and accustomed me to realize that many of the best people living did not worship as we did in "church" but went to "chapel."

Unable as yet to write with any speed or comfort, I had stories simmering in my brain, and long before the plot of "In the Golden Days" developed itself, I used to play in the old minstrels' gallery at a game in which a yielding and over-submissive younger brother was tyrannized over by an elder brother and guardian. The characters were perfectly real to me, but it was only when visiting Mondisfield that I cared to play with them. Years after, when "We Two" was finished, and I was vainly trying to become interested in another story, it chanced that I was staying at the old Suffolk hall. There were long quiet mornings, and for a study, a big old paneled room hung round with family portraits, and there was a steady table for my typewriter, but somehow this new story would not "work"; I grew to hate it. One day, while pacing up and down beside the bowling green, the two brothers who had been the hero and the villain of my childish game, suddenly returned like old familiar friends. It was borne in upon me that I must write their story, which bit by bit unfolded itself. With great joy I forever forsook that modern story which would not "work," hunted up all the old records and histories which the house could furnish, and when the plot was completed, hurried off to the reading-room of the British Museum to study the times of Charles II and the history of the Rye House plot.

Returning once more to the influences which in early life did most to fit me for future work, I must mention two which were specially powerful. The first was the opportunity of hearing good standard books read. My father was a very good reader, and we enjoyed nothing better than hearing him read the "Waverly Novels." Jane Austen's novels, with their delicious humor, were far beyond the comprehension of a child of eight or nine, and I confess to having thought them extremely dull. But Sir Walter Scott opened a whole world of delight to us, and to my way of thinking, it was a more wholesome world than that revealed to the rising generation by the very fascinating, but often morbid studies of child-life provided nowadays in the countless "children's books."

The other influence for which I daily feel thankful, and without which it would have been impossible for me to publish "We Two" at a time when the controversy over Mr. Bradlaugh and the Parliamentary oath was still raging, or to publish "Doreen" while Home Rulers are regarded as disloyal Separatists, was of a different kind, and it came from my mother.

Undoubtedly I was born a coward; my mother, by infinite patience and gentle encouragement, taught me to fight my fears. One of my greatest terrors was an old street-fiddler with hideously crooked legs and deformed feet; he used to prop himself up on two sticks and play melancholy, tuneless music, which in itself was gruesome. My mother taught me first to pity him, then a penny was given to me and, though never ordered to take it to him, it was suggested to me that he was a very poor old man. I can remember now running desperately across the road and thrusting the coin into his hand, then finding that after all he was not so dreadful, and finally, as time went on, learning to take an interest in his visits to our street.

There was, however, a worse terror still to be faced—the terror of wickedness. Coming into my room one evening, about ten o'clock, my mother found me wide awake staring in panic-stricken fascination at a cupboard opposite the bed. Sobbing and shivering I told her my story. I had heard the others say that while out-of-doors that afternoon a beggar woman had followed them for a long way begging and protesting. At last my aunt had said to her: "I think you had better go away," and the beggar had angrily retorted: "I hope the Almighty will say so to you at the day of judgment." This cruel wish seemed to me the most horrible and heartless thing I had ever heard—the beggar must surely be a sort of monster of wickedness. If she could wish God to send us to hell she was capable of anything, and the more I looked at the half-open cupboard the more certain I became that this wicked beggar, with a heart full of hatred, was inside it, and waiting an opportunity to murder us. With many comforting assurances I was led to that dreadful half-open door, and we shook every dress in the cupboard and looked high and low, and my fears were conquered by the truth. "Now," said my mother, "I am going to give you a motto. It is just this: Take the bull by the horns. Whatever it is that you are afraid of, make yourself walk straight up to it."

I should be ashamed to confess how many ghosts I have had to lay in this fashion, but the habit taught in childhood was of great service when the time came for facing "the spectres of the mind," and without it "Donovan" would never have seen the light.

Looking through a desk full of old letters the other day I found my mother's first mention of the childish attempts at writing, which began when I was about nine. "Little Ellie has taken to writing stories, and uncommonly good they are. I shall keep them for your amusement." My father's reply was: "Don't make too much of Ellie's stories; teach her to be active in her duties."

Helped at the outset by their wise guidance and loving sympathy, I always held fast to the determination to train myself for my future work. Both in the schoolroom and out of it, this preparing was always in my mind, helping even to sweeten that dreary book, "Morell's Analysis." My governess tried hard to make me a botanical collector, but it was of no use; the only "collecting mania" I ever had was a rage for collecting proverbs, or quotations, or curious country sayings. Interests and special "hobbies" are doubtless born in people and cannot be artificially induced.

Though incorrigibly stupid at mathematics, and seldom deeply interested in science, they found me an apt pupil at anything connected with literature or history.

The seventeenth century always had a special fascination for me, and, after a brief wavering in schoolroom days, when a very pathetic picture of Charles I and some thrilling cavalier stories temporarily eclipsed the grand figure of the Protector, I returned to my allegiance, and in course of time endeavored to show, in "To Right the Wrong" that it was possible to be an honest, God-fearing, well-bred Englishman, yet to espouse the Parliamentary side in the great Civil War.

It was not, however, hero-worship of the great characters of the past alone which influenced my future career as a novelist. Often a character in real life would suddenly stand out, as it were, from its surroundings, and become to me for no particular reason the hero or heroine of my next story. A child, who at a Christmas tree seemed intent on finding out what the other children wanted, and seeing in an unobtrusive, tactful way, that the hostess understood their wishes, became for a time my heroine. A consumptive-looking assistant in a music shop, who seemed too good for his surroundings, but was alert and ready and civil, though apparently with one foot in the grave, became the hero of a childish story called "Mervyn's Ordeal." I remember there was a wicked uncle in it, who forged the hero's name, and made him falsely suspected by his employers, and that agony point was reached when the falsely-accused "Mervyn," suffering mental and physical torments, was set to tune pianos! He gallantly supported two sisters. I chose their lodgings for them in a dreary side street, leading out of King's Road, and recollect that their diet consisted largely of Dutch cheese! This was the forerunner of the "Hardy Norseman."

But no one brought so much pleasure to me in schoolroom days as the celebrated Welsh singer, Edith Wynne—for whom I must always feel gratitude and affection. Quite unknown to herself, she was, by her beautiful voice and perfect oratorio-singing, giving untold delight to her small devotee at Brighton, who at that time, being orphaned and unhappy, doomed moreover from frequent attacks of ophthalmia to spend many weeks in idleness, sorely needed help and comfort. This devotion to a public singer led me to take the greatest interest in the musical world, and whenever the state of my eyes permitted it I was scribbling at a story about a charming Irish soprano named "Cecil Keoghn," who was the prototype of "Doreen."

There was never, of course, any notion of publishing these crude first attempts; one wrote for the joy of writing, and because it was impossible to resist the craving to describe the beloved heroes and heroines. Moreover, the continual effort to express things clearly and graphically, the countless revisions of the well-worn manuscripts, and the habit of living in close communion with many characters, were all, doubtless, parts of the preparation for that happy future when being "grown up" it would be possible seriously to set to work.

From those past days up to the present time there has always been a story on hand, and writing has become so much a part of my life that it is difficult quite to understand what life without a vocation would be like, or how people exist without "dream children." They cost one much suffering, and bring many cares and anxieties; they are not what we could wish, and we are conscious of their faults. Still they are our "dream children," and when they cheer the dull, or interest the overworked, or help the perplexed, there comes a glad sense that it has all been worth while, and we are thankful that the gift was given us.

EDNA LYALL

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1896

PROBLEMS OF YOUNG MEN

YOUNG men are very apt to ask leading questions. Naturally they concern the problems which most perplex them. It is a general rule in such cases to avoid the point. Fathers are apt to take this stand, and their mistakes in this particular often come home to them. It may seem to some of my readers this month that I have noticed some very direct questions. Perhaps so. But they are the questions that are bothering scores of young men, and as such they should be given consideration.

AT the same time I should like to say to my young men readers that a magazine of such wide and general circulation as the JOURNAL is hardly the place to answer certain questions, nor can they always be answered with such directness as they might, perhaps, wish. Again, space is very valuable in this magazine, where many and varied tastes must be considered. I will not say that there is a greater degree of frankness in a book for young men which I have just written than there is employed here. But I have had more space and necessarily gone more into detail than is possible on this page. This book, just finished, has grown out of questions sent me, and if some of my young men readers would look up a copy it might interest them and save them time in getting their queries answered. I feel free to speak of this book since its sale means nothing to me in a financial way. Its title is "Successward: A Young Man's Book for Young Men," and in it I have attempted to cover the most important phases of a young man's life. The JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau supplies it at a special price.

WHAT course can a young man pursue, consistent with his own principles and yet regardful of his elders, if he happens to be thrown with older men who tell stories to which he feels he doesn't care to listen?

Assert his manliness and leave them. He need never fear of the result of such a course. His action will be noticed, of course, but it will invariably redound to his highest credit. No young man can afford to listen to stories wherein the sex to which his mother belongs is in any way slighted or belittled, even by inference. Men of years sometimes fall into the habit of telling questionable stories when among themselves. If a young man happens to be present, and leaves the company, he will not only do the right thing for himself but he will call his elders to their senses, and the effect will be twofold. A young fellow's best guide in such matters is the absolute belief which governs all the higher order of mankind, that it is never smart to be vulgar nor manly to be nasty.

WHAT'S the use of leading a straight life? Nobody gives you credit for it. Society expects a more or less diverting life from a young fellow; it so accepts him. Practically, it calls him a "ninny" if he lives otherwise. It only asks of him that he shall not be caught. Isn't this so?

I can scarcely imagine a view of life so entirely wrong in its personal application. The real "use" of leading "a straight life" is apparently absolutely overlooked by this young man, who seems to think that his life is lived for others rather than for himself. The "use" of leading an honorable life concerns itself with the young man himself. He is accountable to himself—to his own conscience, to his own heart. Of what possible satisfaction is it to get credit from others for doing what is best for one's self? Men do not lead honorable lives for the sake of getting credit for it—to win the hand of applause. They do it for themselves, for their own inner satisfaction—that they may be true to themselves and to the best that is within them.

Aside from this paramount fact, however, people *do* give a young man credit for the life that he leads, and are far more often aware of his doings than the young man supposes. But it depends upon the people whose favor the young man values. If he seeks the recognition of what is so wrongly called and known as "society," a righteous life, an upright life, an honorable life—in other words, a manly life—may not count for so much. But the aimless men and silly women who constitute that body called "society" figure for nothing in the life of an earnest young man. If, however, he associates with men who in his developing days may mean much to him, and whose acquaintance in later years will be a pride and a joy to him, if he finds pleasure in the society of women who arouse his best thoughts he will find that his life, free from blemish, is appreciated, is understood, is recognized and is known. There is an indefinable chord which always draws the right men to the young man of pure life. They are the men who give credit to a young fellow who tries to live rightly, and they are the only men worth his knowing. These men may not openly applaud him, but they will give him their confidence, their good will, their friendship. And in later years he will more fully understand what these elements mean to him. Such men do not call a young man a "ninny" because he leads an upright life; they call him a manly fellow, and they take him into their hearts and into their homes. An adherence to high principles and right living counts for a great deal as example and inspiration to others as well as training and advancement for one's self. It gives a young man a certain indefinable strength in himself and a position in the eyes of others which nothing else can bring him.

WHY is it that so many girls seem to prefer the company of young fellows of slightly blotted character, men who, in other words, "have seen the world"? In many cases, too, they marry these fellows in the face of the fact that their past lives are known to them. Why is this?

Girls, that is, the right kind of girls, do not prefer the company of young men of this sort. Doubtless, you have come across instances where this rule has been otherwise; so have I. But it is all in the seeming, and not in the reality. Depend upon one thing: girls have as high an estimate of purity in man as men have of purity in woman. There are, of course, cases to the contrary, but these are few. Where girls marry men who are known to have led what is called a "worldly life," it is more generally due to a misunderstanding of facts or to ignorance than people imagine. There is a type of girl who finds a peculiar satisfaction in the conquest of a man who has seen "the world," and then comes to her as the one woman of all her sex who can make him happy. This sometimes pleases her vanity and love of conquest, but she is not many years older before she discovers that she has satisfied those feelings at a very high cost. There is another type of girl who rather fancies a man who is what is called "fast." But that sort of girl is painfully ignorant of what is meant by that word as applied to a man. If she were not she would be very apt to change the adjective to "vulgar." And as she matures she finds this out. It is only young men of upright lives who can hope to win the favor and love of girls of high motives, the girls who make the best wives. If, at times, girls seem to favor young men of another kind, the glamour is simply transitory. It is rare, very rare, that a girl's better instincts do not lead her to the higher grade of young men. An upright life never fails of reward, and of the highest reward, from the hand of woman.

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(1)—CAN an extended and systematic course of reading successfully substitute a college education for a young man who contemplates literature as a profession?

(2)—What books would you recommend as a course of reading preparatory to the field of historical fiction?

(1)—As a substitute to a college education, where it is a matter of choice, I am not so sure, since so much depends upon the man. To one man a good course of reading, wisely chosen and followed, would be infinitely more helpful than a college education, while in the case of another man just the reverse would be true. Some men absorb information more readily and retain it better under self-training, while others need the compulsory force of teaching to impress things upon the mind. But where a college education is, for some reason, not accessible, and a substitute must be found, then a course of reading is unquestionably good—none better in fact.

(2)—This is not simple of answer since so much depends upon the particular "field of historical fiction" desired. However, the best reply, perhaps, is that which suggests the reading of a number of the best novels dealing with successive periods of English history from Saxon times to the early part of the present century. The list below includes one or more typical books by the various masters of English historical fiction, but might be doubled in length several times over without exhausting the available books of value in this one field. A like selection may be made from the novels treating of different historical periods severally of France, Germany, Spain, Italy and other countries of Europe and America. The field is almost limitless, but I have begun with the history of England, as containing the direct sources of American history which need to be grasped before one can fairly understand the beginnings and progress of our own national life.

HISTORICAL FICTION OF ENGLAND

PERIOD	BOOK	AUTHOR
	11TH CENTURY	
Saxon England,	Harold,	Bulwer-Lytton
Norman Conquest,	Hereward,	Charles Kingsley
	12TH CENTURY	
Third Crusade,	Ivanhoe,	Walter Scott
	15TH CENTURY	
Wars of the Roses,	Last of the Barons,	Bulwer-Lytton
Richard III,	The Woodman,	G. P. R. James
	16TH CENTURY	
Henry III,	Household of Sir Thomas More,	Miss Manning
The Reformation,	The Cloister and the Hearth,	Charles Reade
Queen Mary,	Story of Francis Cludde,	Stanley Weyman
Queen Elizabeth,	Kenilworth,	Walter Scott
" "	Westward Ho,	Charles Kingsley
	17TH CENTURY	
James I,	Fortunes of Nigel,	Walter Scott
" "	Caged Lion,	C. M. Yonge
Gunpowder Plot,	Guy Fawkes,	W. H. Ainsworth
Civil War,	The Cavalier,	G. P. R. James
" "	Children of the New Forest,	Frederic K. Marryat
" "	Woodstock,	Walter Scott
" "	St. George and St. Michael,	George Macdonald
Charles II,	The Robber,	G. P. R. James
" "	Old Mortality,	Walter Scott
James II,	Lorna Doone,	R. D. Blackmore
Monmouth's Rebellion,	For Faith and Freedom,	Walter Besant
"	Micah Clarke,	A. Conan Doyle
William and Mary,	The King's Highway,	G. P. R. James
	18TH CENTURY	
Queen Anne,	Henry Esmond,	W. M. Thackeray
George I,	Captain Singleton,	Daniel Defoe
George II-1741,	Roderick Random,	T. G. Smollett
" " "	Peg Woffington,	Charles Reade
George II-1746,	Waverly,	Walter Scott
" "	Guy Mannering,	Walter Scott
George III,	The Virginians,	W. M. Thackeray
"No Popery Riots,"	Barnaby Rudge,	Charles Dickens
	19TH CENTURY	
Campaign of 1815,	Aims and Obstacles,	G. P. R. James
The Chartists,	Alton Locke,	Charles Kingsley
Crimean War,	Ravenshoe,	Henry Kingsley
Manufacturing Districts,	Mary Barton,	Mrs. Gaskell
"	Wonderholme,	P. G. Hamerton

Doubtless, before taking up these works it would be advisable to read some brief historical summaries, such as Freeman's "General Sketch of History," Church's "Beginnings of the Middle Ages," May's "Democracy in Europe," a masterly review of the social conditions in various countries of Europe during the Middle Ages; Duruy's "Modern Europe," and if possible the entire "Epochs of Modern History" series, concise and readable volumes by eminent historical writers, each treating of a particular era. For the general history of England no one book is so important and fruitful as Green's "History of the English People," either in its extended form or in the condensed "Short History," in one volume.

In the guide to "5000 Books," published by the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau, pages 97–129, will be found carefully-selected, classified and descriptive lists of works in the field of history.

WHAT one particular writer is it safest for a young man of literary ambitions to take as a model, that is, with regard to style?

None. Every man has his own natural style; the thing to do is to develop it into simplicity and clearness. It is folly to try to get another man's style. Be yourself, taking care that whatever you write shall be perfectly clear and perfectly simple.

CAN you tell me where, in your writings, I can find the sentence I see so often quoted about all mothers being beautiful through the life of one's own mother?

I cannot now put my finger on the article where the sentence to which you refer was used; it was two or three years ago. But the sentence is, "Blessed is that man whose mother has made all mothers beautiful." Its origin does not belong to me, however, as you seem to imply. It is an extract from Jean Paul, to whom it was credited at the time of its use.

MANY young men constantly write asking questions about newspaper work, how to become reporters, the requirements of a reporter or editor, the course of reading necessary, what salaries are paid, etc. To all such I can give but one answer: Secure a copy of a book recently issued in New York, entitled, "The Art of Newspaper Making," by Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York "Sun." It presents the entire question of journalism more clearly and concisely than any previous book has ever done, and it comes from the foremost American editor. The book can be supplied you through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at a special price.

DO you think that as an electrician a young man of average ability has good prospects nowadays?

Electricity as a power is undoubtedly in its infancy, and before it reaches its fullest development it will make hundreds of men famous and rich. A young man with a bent toward electricity unquestionably leans toward a science which has great possibilities within it. But it must not be forgotten that thousands of men are to-day working over the great electric problems. I remember very well a remark full of peculiar significance which a successful inventor recently made to me. He said that he was not reaching after the great inventions of the day, but trying to discover and create the little things which the vast majority of inventors, in their desire to invent the great things, overlooked. He does this to-day and is already a rich man. And for young men with creative genius there is much food for thought in my friend's remark. The smaller uses to which electricity can be put are more numerous than are the larger ones; fewer minds are at work upon them, and when discovered they are equally if not more valuable to the inventor.

DO you not think that a young man who learns to play cards, billiards or similar games, is more apt to drift into the gambling phases of those games than if he had never learned them at all?

Of course, that is self-obvious. If a young man never learns to smoke he will never get sick from smoking, and if he never goes to sea he will never get seasick. If he never learns to play cards or billiards, naturally he will never drift into the gambling stage of those games. At the same time a young man can learn to play cards and to play billiards and yet not make gambling games of them.

IS it considered a good thing for a young man to connect himself with any of the well-known secret societies, such as the Masons, Odd Fellows or Knights of Pythias? Is such a connection likely, in any way, to hurt him in his business or Christian life?

I do not think that this is a question of being a "good thing"; it is more whether a young man *wants* to join a secret society or not, whether he has the taste or inclination for it. If he has, and fully understands its aims and purposes, is in sympathy with them, and feels that he can do a certain work or fulfill a mission as a Mason, an Odd Fellow or a Knight of Pythias, he should feel free to join. It will certainly not interfere with his business, so long as he does not allow his duties as a member to come into his business hours or take him away from his office or store. That it will not interfere with his Christian life will be perfectly apparent to him if he will look into the aims of the societies he names, which are purely beneficiary in their mission.

WHAT are the two most useful languages, in addition to English, for a young man to acquire, and in what order would you learn them?

German first; then French. But I would first satisfy myself thoroughly of a complete mastery of the English language—at once the most useful and the most universal of tongues.

I HAVE no special liking for military life, but my parents seem to think that if I should enter West Point Academy it might develop a taste for it which at present I do not feel. Is this likely?

Upon general principles, I should say not, as no success in any profession is possible where the interest or liking is absent. All soldiers agree, I think, that a love for a military life is one of the most requisite of all feelings for a man intending to enter the army, and if this is not present with you I hardly think that a West Point course would supply it, unless, as your parents believe, a military taste is simply dormant within you.

IF a young man has himself well in hand, can regulate his appetites, is it unwise for him to occasionally take a sip of wine? I find it very difficult sometimes to refuse a single glass, if just to oblige a friend.

An overindulgence in alcoholic stimulants always starts from small beginnings, and generally the start comes in the form of "a sip of wine" to "oblige a friend." It is not a long ways from a sip to a glass. Let it alone and you will be far better off—infinitely better. Study the tendencies of the times and see for yourself that each year men who drink liquor take less of it, while more men do not drink at all than in any previous year in our history. The consumption of spirituous liquors has decreased to a remarkable degree during the past forty years in proportion to the increase in population. Our new industrial forces and systems are the compelling influences in this reform. Railroads, for example, now make sobriety obligatory upon their employees. An intemperate man can no longer obtain a railroad position. So it is in all great factories, foundries, mills, electric works, building and machinery shops. Men who are but moderate drinkers are debarred from positions of trust in any of these trades. Even the elevated lines and trolley-car companies have recently decided that they will employ only men of the strictest sobriety. Intemperance is becoming, more and more so every day, a distinct barrier to success. Not only the man of drinking habits, but the moderate tippler finds himself outstripped by the man of strict sobriety. It is a very significant fact that the managers of the greatest liquor trust in America recently adopted an iron-clad rule to employ none but strictly temperate men. Depend upon it, the young man who to-day absolutely abstains from all sorts of alcoholic beverages will be the successful man of to-morrow.

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MEMORIES OF OUR CHILDHOOD HOMES

By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D.

IT has seemed to me that there is no way in which this series of articles could be more fitly concluded than by devoting the present paper to a mention of some of the quiet effects that in our adult years remain with us from the scenes and experiences of our childhood. Hardly any more eloquent testimony could be given to the essential sincerity of human nature than that which is afforded by the restful satisfaction with which we dwell upon the simple life and the unseasoned enjoyments that marked our earlier years. However different our surroundings may be now from what they were then, and whatever increase there may have been in the matter of comforts or even of luxuries, still there was a certain naturalness and wholesomeness about those earlier experiences that impress us with more and more of effect as we move farther away from them. Perhaps we should not like to live now as we had to live then, but that does not prevent our realizing that a great deal of what we are now, and by far the better part of what we are now, we owe to the quietude and healthful simplicity that marked the duties and pleasures which made up our childhood. It took little then to make us happy and our happiness was of a very happy kind. Our enjoyments were of the most unelaborate and inexpensive sort, but all of that was more than compensated for by the fresh, hearty, tingling nerves to which our unsophisticated amusements made their appeal.

I REMEMBER a simple little woodcut that hung in my chamber. It was not much of a picture, and the frame was not any better, but it was an honest picture. "My Kitten" was the title of it; and among all the paintings that since that time it has been my pleasure to inspect in the great galleries of Europe there is none whose remembrance is so close to me or so dear to me as that. Undoubtedly the explanation of much of this is that in those first years the down is all on the peach, and our powers of appreciation are full of warm alertness, but that is just the important feature of it all, and it is that which makes those early, sweet, home days so regnant over all the years that draw on afterward: they hang the inner walls with pictures that never fade. Notwithstanding that we have so much to do with the world outside, nothing comes so close to us or stays by us so faithfully as the impressions that are put upon the sensitive-plate of our own spirits. Memory makes of each man's mind a picture gallery, and the pictures in that gallery that we never take down and never find the need of having retouched are the ones that were earliest put in place and which we never allow any later associations to overlap or obscure. There is no such enduring service we can do for one as early furnishing him interiorly with those etchings, those "pleasant pictures," upon which his eye can always rest in tranquillity and wholesome delight, and to which the years as they go will only add distinctness and impart a fuller tone. That was one of the advantages of the old-fashioned, country way of living, that our experience was so uniform and our surroundings so unaltered from day to day and from year to year that not only the house we lived in but all the thousand and one accompaniments that combined to compose our home had time ineffaceably to daguerreotype themselves in our thoughts and even in our hearts. A good many of the well-to-do children that are growing up now never live long enough in one place to give chance for a "time exposure." They stay awhile here and awhile there, and a good deal of the time are on the road. By this means the scenes through which they move are too evanescent to score a photographic record that will stay. Aside from this is the fact that in the case of city-bred children there is little of that individuality about the home that is needed in order that the mental camera may have a well-marked object for it to focus itself upon. A city home does not mean anything in particular. It may be warm and bright and cozy on the inside, with no end of jaunty furnishings and expensive bric-à-brac, but the same things are on exhibition next door and in all the houses on the block probably.

IT takes a good deal to make a home. It needs something even beside father and mother and an open fire and the cat on the hearth and the aforementioned museum. The first element in the home is the house itself which needs to be distinctly different from any other house in sight. Associations never cluster about a building that is simply one of a row of duplicates. Then there needs to be some land around a house before it can be "real homey." It is well if there is so much land around it that all you can see of your next-door neighbor's house is the smoke from his chimney as it curls up through the trees. That gives playroom for the eyes as well as for the feet. There ought also to be a generous sprinkling of big trees and somewhere about a dense forest for childish imagination to brood mysteries in. A wide range of solemn woods will do more for a child in a week than yellow bricks and dirty paving stones will do for him in a year or ever do for him. It is a great thing for a child to grow up within earshot of a babbling brook. There is a kind of musicalness of spirit that will become his in that way that he will never be able to acquire from a piano teacher or a fiddling master. This wide range of prospect will also companion him with the bright and the more earnest moods of the great mother earth on whose bosom he is being nourished. He will have opportunity to see the days brighten in the east in the morning, and his soul will unconsciously absorb some of the glory of the setting sun. Children in the city hardly ever see the sun come up or go down. It simply grows light about the time they have to get up and grows dark a dozen or so hours later. To a child in the country there is likewise opportunity for him to see it rain. There is a great difference between rain and falling water. All we see in the city is falling water. I never see it rain in New York but I wonder how much sewage it will wash off into the North and East Rivers. Rain in the city is only wetness broken loose, and is calculated only in terms of street-cleaning and aqueduct supply. A square mile of rain or a dozen square miles is a different matter and is unconsciously construed by the child as being a mood of Nature's mind rather than a hydropathic uncorking. Still more impressive upon the child's mind are the strange communications made to him by the lightning flashing above him across a hundred miles of country sky, and the weird aurora and the swift and blazing track of "falling stars," that make him feel how solemnly close to him is the great wonderful world above the woods and the clouds. In all of this I am not imagining nor extemporizing, but only translating into words the pictures painted upon my own mind by the surroundings of my boyhood. Such pictures I would not exchange for the finest and most classic touches ever put upon canvas. They are fraught with nobility and purity, and they weave themselves into the tissue of the child's being through all the loom-work of young years.

THERE are frescoes also of a yet mellower tint wrought by loved scenes which lie around the child's growing years in still closer embrace. Their hold upon us is only strengthened and deepened by the passage of time; for it seems one of the ways by which God would make apparent to us the emphasis He lays upon childhood that the farther we go on in life the more indistinct and blurred its middle period becomes, but the more defined and closely-neighbored the things we did and felt when we were boys. Life seems in that particular to be like the circumference of a circle, that the longer we travel upon it the nearer we come to the point from which we started. The more delicate and influential reminiscences of which we are just now thinking connect themselves with the home's interior and with those personal associations and ministries which go to form the substance and heart of home life. A benediction remains upon all the years of a man or woman whose heart is printed with lines of grace and sweetness caught from scenes enacted in a home dominated by motives of love, sacrifice and piety. The family circle may be broken and many of those who composed it may have passed beyond the reach of our thought and almost beyond the reach of our prayer, but the walls of the heart are still hung with the delicate delineations of it all, and in our quiet retrospective moments we yet move amid pictures that look down upon us in tender concern as with the presence of days and loved ones that are gone.

IN such seasons of reminiscence we feel in us the traces of all those years of caretaking and safeguarding through which we were led by a father's strength and a mother's ministry, and there stay by us the scenes, fresh and new to memory as the light and dew of this morning, in which father's hand strengthened us and mother's love comforted us. We remember how in our sickness we were then taken care of, and the elements of the scene group themselves so unbiddenly and easily that if only the voice that has been so long still could be heard we should certainly think we were a child again. We remember where our mother sat and how she looked as she aided us in our lessons, as she toned our inflections and corrected our gestures in preparation for "speaking our piece" at the village school, and the way she tied our tippet as we rushed out into the cold and snow. Very distinct and warm and cheery still is the picture with which we are inlaid of the long, snug, homey winter evenings, when the work had been finished for the day, the "chores" done, with nothing existing in all the world but father, mother and us children. There is nothing peculiar in all this experience.

We all of us put into these lines the like meaning gleaned by each from our own separate experience, and it is just because the experience is one in which we all share that the matter becomes so mighty and serious. We never quite get away from our first years; they not only make out a part of the men and women that we are to-day, but they are still present to our regard with the potency of an instant fact. Reminiscence is such a faculty that it rubs out the times that have intervened, and blends into a single round and transparent drop the day that is gone and the day that is here. Reminiscence makes us little even when we are old, and helps to keep us pure and fresh with the springtime that was in us a score or a generation of years ago. A boy can never become utterly bad so long as there remains with him a memory of his father and mother in the act and attitude of prayer. The time may come with the hardening and chilling process of the years when he will himself cease to pray, but from the canvas long ago painted there will never fade the figures of those, now asleep, whose heads were seen day by day bent in humble, confiding worship, and who in inspired priestliness laid the morning sacrifice upon the family altar; and the memory of father's and mother's prayer helps, at any rate, to keep alive in us our own possibilities of prayer.

THE most natural years of our lives we live while we are children, and there is always rest and purification in getting back into touch with them. When the burdens press a little heavily, and the future is thick with uncertainties, the wish will sometimes shape itself that we might be back again among our free, fresh, childish days. We do not understand it very well, but there is something gone that we would dearly love to have back. Those may seem to have been rather unproductive afternoons that we used to spend up in the garret, listening, in the pauses of our merry-making, to the rain pattering on the roof, and we so dry and sheltered underneath, but our life means more even to-day because of them and because of our memory of them. Old King David hiding from the Philistines down in the cave of Adullam, had just such plaintive reminiscences. In his rocky retreat he had time to remember his Bethlehem days, and the flocks and the folds, and his boyhood and the delicious exemptions of it, and the spring at which while a boy he quenched his eager thirst, and he cried, "Oh! that some one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate." We love in this way to think our way back into the past because we feel that some of the dew has evaporated from the leaves while the day has been moving toward its nooning. It quiets us too, for it works in us a feeling of trustful dependence as we live over the unanxious days when we were boys and girls. Children are like the birds, they expect to be taken care of. There is no sleep like the child's sleep: with him the day reaches as far as to the pillow and then the night begins. Children have their little burdens but they lay them by with their garments. They go to sleep with a smile and wake up with a laugh, for they expect to be taken care of. There are many men with hoary heads that would part with a good deal of their fortune if they could have just one more night when mother would come up as of old, and the dear hands, that have so long rested from their ministry, would tuck the clothes about them, commit the dear child to God's good care for the night and seal the prayer with her kiss.

It is one of the tender features of creative wisdom that we enter life through the little wicker-gate of childhood, and that childhood can be so fragrant as to sweeten with its perfume all the years into which it ripens and mellows.

C. H. Parkhurst.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Dr. Parkhurst's series of articles addressed to women began in February, 1895, and were continued regularly throughout the year. A similar series addressed to young men will begin in the next (the February) issue, and will appear continuously and exclusively in the JOURNAL for 1896.

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OUR FUTURES AND OUR FORTUNES

By Mrs. A. G. Lewis

A GROUP of girls was seated one bright afternoon, about a dainty tea-table where each one sipped the tea and nibbled tea-cakes upon her plate. The conversation ran rapidly from tea to fortune-telling by tea leaves, and from this to palmistry by a natural digression. One of the older girls, who was known by the charming sobriquet of Benefactor, confessed to a knowledge of the science. When it was discovered that she understood palm-reading the entire party held up their hands, insisting that there was time for a lesson before dinner. Their teacher was asked to give the rules, and they, the scholars, would apply them to their own hands.

"But I can't tell you all I know about palmistry. It is classed as one of the sciences, and there are many and large volumes written about it," said Benefactor.

"All we ask," said Miss K, "is for you to give us a few of the fundamentals. Just tell us about the fingers, the mounts and the lines of the palms, so that we can amuse ourselves and others. We are not equal to anything profound."

"All right," said Benefactor, "the lesson begins: If your hand is narrow and skinny you are timid, and lack moral and intellectual force. A deep palm means misery and ill luck; a full even palm the opposite.

"Fingers with knotty joints indicate good taste and inclination to be orderly. If the upper joint is large it denotes an administrative disposition, well-ordered, philosophic mind ruled by reason. The lower joint denotes the material and worldly mind, a knack at business, the ability to make money and to become a financial success.

"Smooth fingers denote artistic tendencies, love of poetry and music, also creative genius.

"PEOPLE with short fingers are quick, impulsive, jump at conclusions, and are apt to be cruel and lack tact. Long fingers belong to people who are orderly, attentive to details, inclined to be distrustful and seek the inner meaning of things. When they speak or write their attention to detail is often burdensome and distracting. Minute workers always have large hands, whereas the constructors of colossal works have small ones. Only the medium hand can apprehend great schemes and details at one time. Thick fingers at the base denote love of luxury, love of eating and leisure.

"Large spaces between the fingers when the hand is fully opened indicate great interest in other people's affairs. Fleshy protuberances at the ends of the fingers bespeak a sensitive nature, easily wrought into anger. Broad fingers (at the tips) indicate love of manual exercise, action, activity, utilitarian tastes, exactitude and good reasoning; can do work well, are intellectual, logical, philosophical, and, if musical, will execute brilliantly.

"Conic fingers denote artistic instincts, love of the beautiful. Very long and pointed ones denote religious zeal and indifference to worldly interests.

"It must be remembered that the development of the finger joints modifies the above analysis.

"Now let us study the palm," said Benefactor, "and let us be very careful not to get confused over it, even though we state the simple, rudimentary facts of palmistry. First note whether the palm be soft or hard. Soft hands incline to laziness, while hard palms denote a love of hard manual labor. An artist with hard hands will depict scenes of action, battles, physical tension and high spirit. The soft hand deals with quiet landscapes, tender sentiment and true love. The same is true of writers. Hard hands are apt to be superstitious, but remain true in their affections. Soft hands love deeply, but are less apt to be true and abiding in their affections.

"To keep the hands always closed denotes secretiveness and often untruthfulness. The person who tells a lie usually closes the hand while doing it. Quiet hands are self-conscious and secretive. Short, broad, thick and stubby nails belong to fidgety, meddlesome people. Women with short nails are generally termagants. Long, curved nails indicate cruelty. Fine, delicate nails denote a sensitive, artistic, beautiful, noble nature. The five digits have usually well-defined mounds at their bases—sometimes they are called palm cushions. They are as follows:

"UNDER the thumb is the mount of Venus. People who have this in full development are always charming. They love beauty, grace, pleasure, music and luxury. Lines on this mount indicate strong affections. Beneath the first finger is the mount of Jupiter. In full development it means ambition, honor, gayety, love of pomp and ceremony. Such people choose the best for their friends, and hold themselves up to their highest estate. A cross on this mount means a happy marriage. The second finger, mount of Saturn, carries caution, prudence, love of quiet, punctiliousness and morbid fancy. Under the third is the mount of the Sun. This augurs love of art, success, wealth, glory, good fortune and a brilliant life. The fourth, the mount of Mercury, tells of a quick and clever mind, eloquence, commercial capacity, hospitality—everybody's good fellow, and a really good fellow, indeed. Lines crossing upon it mean many love affairs. The number of parallel lines easily counted number the offers of marriage made or received. The fullness noticed along the outer edge of the palm indicates an excess of mental activity.

The most important line in the hand is the life line, which surrounds the mount of Venus at the base of the thumb. Clearly defined and well colored with rays crossing it indicates a happy, prosperous life. The shorter the line the shorter the life; a break in it a severe illness. A full length line reaching to the wrist means a long life, even to one hundred years. Important events are indicated by rays crossing the life line. The reckoning of years is made toward the wrist. One crossing it half way along the line occurs at forty-five or fifty years of age if the line is full length.

"THE line of head, clear and well colored, extending across the palm from the beginning of the life line, gives domination, self-control and a well-poised character. The heart line, when well traced and of good color, extends clear across the hand from the mount of Jupiter to the outer edge of the palm and denotes excessive affection, a happy marriage and long life. One or more breaks in it indicate loss of life companions, and the full wrinkles between the heart line and little finger are said to indicate more than one marriage. The fourth great line is that of fortune. Everybody is interested in this. When it is marked throughout the whole hand from the wrist to base of second finger it shows that one's fortune is good and deserves to be so. If the line stops at the line of the head it shows that the judgment has been at fault. Twisted it denotes ill luck. Forked at the base the life is a conflict between ambition and love. An island in the line of fortune indicates domestic misfortunes.

"Many hands are lacking in the line of success or brilliancy, which is intended to run parallel (though shorter) with the fortune line from the base of the third finger in nearly a straight line toward the wrist. Whenever it is present we find success in business, art, oratory or any other department of endeavor suited to the shape and lines of the hand. The health line crosses the hand from the end of life line at the wrist to the end of heart line at the edge of the outer palm. When clearly traced it is a sign of good health, gayety and success. Twisted, criss-crossed or broken it shows uneven health.

"On the wrist are found *rascettes* or life bracelets. There are usually three of them, *i. e.*, if one is to live to a good old age. Clearly traced they denote good health. A star in the centre of the *rascettes* indicates unexpected good fortune; crossed they denote a laborious life."

Benefactor paused as though the lesson were finished.

One of the class inquired how much she believed in palmistry.

"Just as much and no more than I believe in phrenology, graphology and face reading. All may be, under the eye of the skilled reader, books full of interest and instruction. The love of the marvelous, or rather the unknowable, seems to be a growing passion among the most intelligent classes.

"No one need be ashamed to become a student of palmistry," she added, "since Aristotle, away back in the fourth century, B. C., gave the hand precedence before all other organs as an indicator of character.

"Another significant item I may mention: It is said that after the murder of Cicero at Formia his hands, as well as his head, were sent to the Roman Forum as the means whereby he had cajoled and deceived the Roman citizens."

FORTUNES IN TEACUPS

LATER in the evening the hostess, at her dainty tea-table, brewed tea so that the girls might have their fortunes told by one of the gentlemen present, who claimed to be able to tell fortunes by the grounds left in the teacups. The hostess was invited to lay aside the tea-strainer in order to give the required tea "grounds." One of the gentlemen directed the study of teacups.

"Drink," said he, "your tea, all but a few drops—just enough for carrying the 'grounds.' Then pause a moment and 'wish a wish'—something that may happen within a few days, if you please. Say the wish over to yourself three times, then whirl your teacup around vigorously, also three times, to throw the 'grounds' as much as possible into the upper part of the cup. After this turn the cup over into the saucer, and turn it again three times around to 'settle the affairs of the future.' Pass the cup, thus placed, to the fortune-teller, who picks it up and begins reading at the point where one naturally drinks from the cup.

"There are two ways of reading: to begin at the bottom of the cup (the past) and read to the right around and around, spiral fashion, until the top (the present or near future) is reached; or there may be three cups turned, the first for the past, the second the present, the third the future.

"THERE is no complete formula for reading, but a few combinations of 'grounds' I will give you and you can read your own cups. Let us begin at the bottom of the cup.

"Figures of men or women are designated thus: A long, hard leaf, often more clearly defined by the shape of a hat, cane and boots, indicates a man.

"Women appear in the light-colored leaf which spreads to indicate gown, bonnet, muff, shoes. If these people are surrounded by many fine 'grounds' they are enemies. If the cup is clear around them they are friends.

"A large group of dots with one figure standing in it alone may be interpreted as a lover or sweetheart; with two side by side an engagement, and three as a prospective marriage. A figure in kneeling posture indicates an offer of marriage either made or received. If there are one or more groups of dots (three in a row) there is prospect of acceptance. If these are absent the suit will probably be rejected. Four dots forming a square indicate a letter of importance. If near the top of the cup it is to be received within a day or two. An extra dot within the square or just outside of it means money or very good news in the letter. If there are many small specks in or about the letter bad news may come. Three well-defined dots in the form of a triangle indicate the fulfillment of the 'wish,' also good news, good luck or money; if in the form of a parallelogram sickness and bad news, and it may be loss of money.

"FINE dots in a long line reaching halfway around the cup mean a journey to be taken. A very large group of dots and figures in a compact cluster at the end of a 'journey line' of dots may mean that one is to attend a large gathering or visit a large town or city.

"A succession of large dots in a line indicates many difficulties to overcome. If there are many fine dots interspersed, confusion and unfriendliness may be expected.

"Drops of tea in the bottom of the cup mean tears to be shed. If the rim of the cup is clear the future of the person whose fortune is being read will be prosperous and happy. If by chance a leaf folds over the rim something unpleasant will probably occur."

"But do you believe all this?" inquires one of the party.

"By no means. I neither believe nor disbelieve. I merely give you the formula that has been handed down in my family for several generations. One thing is sure: you can help along your hostess many a time when a meal hangs heavily upon her hands; for, silly as it may seem, the subject is one that interests everybody. Learn the art of reading fortunes in teacups for the sake of the help you can give by entertaining others, if for no other reason."

The following "jingle" is a transcription of on old Chinese *chia* (tea) song, which answers well for present use:

One "ground" alone, alone you'll be;
Two together, the priest you'll see;
Three in groups, your wish you'll gain;
Four, a letter from loving swain;
Five, good news the letter'll bring;
Six in a row, a song you'll sing;
Seven together, great fortune waits
For you, so say the teacup Fates.
Tea leaves short and tea leaves tall
Bring you company, great and small.
Tea leaves many and dotted fine
Are of bad luck the surest sign.
Tea leaves few and clean the rim,
Your cup with joy o'erflows the brim.

The revival of telling fortunes by the grounds in one's teacup must, however, only be considered in the light of an amusement. Sensible young people need no word of warning against placing dependence upon any form of fortune-telling.

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELIZABETH S. GREEN

MA BELLE

By Florence Earle Coates

THE world is full of charm, ma belle,
And blithe as you are young;
It echoes with a silver note
The lispings of your tongue;
It lays upon your fairy hand
A touch as light as down;
It smiles approval, and, ma belle,
You have not felt its frown.

The world is very rich, ma belle,
And all its gifts are yours.
It bows before you, little one,
And while the mood endures,
With roses, freshly garlanded,
Your pathway bright adorns;
But roses fade, ma belle, ma belle—
And there are left the thorns!

To snare your feet, the world, ma belle,
Has spread a shining net.
What wonder then, believing child,
If you awhile forget,
Midst suitors who to-night adore,
And may to-morrow range,
A love that has been always yours—
A love that cannot change?

What wonder!—still they whisper praise,
And I have oft reproved;
Of love they speak with eloquence,
And I have only loved.
Sometimes, alas, I envy them,
Yet in the days to be,
You may forget them all, ma belle—
But will remember me!

A PERMANENT TREE RECORD

By Edith M. Thomas

MY companion on a drive through the forest told me some interesting facts regarding what the farmers call "line trees," from their having been used in earlier days to mark the limit of a survey. Such trees had a gash inflicted upon that side on which the line of the survey fell. Years afterward these trees, when referred to by the surveyor or by those interested in the original transaction, still preserved a flaw in the wood where the wound had been received, thus affording a permanent record. The ring-growths succeeding this injury were invariably found to be as many as the years that had elapsed since the date of the first survey. So if the "memory of man" were at all times to be trusted as regards such a date, here would be proof, as strong as any in botanical science, that a tree each year adds a new ring to its growth, making a record of time's flight.

"As the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined" was illustrated, according to my informant, by a singular grove of half-grown maples which he had once seen in the wilds of Michigan. In this grove the shafts of all the trees were, at a few feet from the ground, bent in a horizontal direction, and, thus distorted, were growing vigorously, being in all other respects like their normal neighbors. The irregularity was soon explained when it was known that the Indians some time before had been in the habit of bending the young saplings so that they might, as they grew, be suitable at length for sled runners; the slow warping to produce the proper curve effectively taking the place of mechanical appliances with the same end in view.

My admiration of a tree when it doffs its summer habit for the athletic nakedness of winter, is not lessened. The character of the tree is never less its own in the nude season than in its leafy prime. That curly hickory shaking its loose ringlets, as it were, out on the breeze—what a graceful Medusa of a tree! The willows by the stream, all the winter yellowish in their hue, as though they had supped up sunshine aforethought, in the late autumn! The black apple trees, making up yonder hillside, driven, as one might say, all their lives by the pursuing west wind! Each is thoroughly individual. The great maple, which stands by the bridge, looked larger than usual the evening of our drive, as though the creek, swollen with recent rains, had risen in the tree and bloated its trunk; but the tree standing so close by the water's edge may, indeed, drink with its roots all the year round.

A SILHOUETTE

By Alice Lena Cole

A MAIDEN had two lovers, for neither of whom she had shown any preference. One day one of them sought her and found her alone, reading in the arbor. He stole up behind her and placed his hands over her eyes.

"Is it you?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"But it isn't," she said, as she recognized the voice, with a sudden blush at her own words.

He paused an instant, then walked away in silence. For he had read the answer to what he was about to ask.

IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO

By Madeline S. Bridges

"GIVE me a kiss," she pleading said.
He heard, unmoved, her warm sweet suing.
Although to her he was not wed,
Nor had he even come a-wooing.

"Give me a kiss." Her lips in shape
To tempt a saint, did thus beseech him,
While he seemed planning an escape
To some place where she could not reach him.

"Give me a kiss, just one—I pray."
Her fond insistence ill did serve her,
He looked askance and moved away,
Scared and disgusted with her fervor.

"Give me a kiss." Each coaxing word
But helped anew to 'fright and pain him,
Because he was her brand-new bird,
And she was starting in to train him.

TO-DAY'S RESOLVE

By Robert Loveman

TO-DAY no coward thought shall start
Upon its journey from my heart,
To-day no hasty word shall slip
Over the threshold of my lip.

To-day no selfish hope shall rest
Within the region of my breast,
To-day no wave of wrath shall roll
Over the ocean of my soul.

To-day I vow with sword and song,
To fight oppression and the wrong,
To-day I dedicate my youth
To duty and eternal truth.

THE DESTROYING ANGEL

By Carl Smith

OH, the whuffy-duff was the prettiest bird
That a toy-shop ever knew,
With a great, long tail and with goose-quill wings
And a glass eye good and true;
But his wings are gone and his tail's pulled out,
And his head is twisted awry,
For the goo-goo has torn him limb from limb,
And has swallowed the whuffy-duff's eye.

The ooglety-dum had a wobbling head,
And a nice, round, curving horn,
And a tail that would almost wag itself,
And a nose turned up in scorn;
But the ooglety-dum isn't scornful now—
He is meek and as sad as can be,
For the goo-goo has torn his horn short off
And has broken his tail in three.

The whank-whank-whank used to squeak her joy—
That is, when properly pressed—
With a voice that was hidden away somewhere
In the depths of her hollow breast;
But I wish you could see the hapless corpse
That is lying here on the bed;
Oh, the whank-whank-whank has a ghastly look
Since the goo-goo tore off her head.

And yet, in spite of her deadly work,
The goo-goo is dear to me;
Though she kill and maim I shall love her still,
And her comrade in crime I'll be,
For when I turned and looked just now
Where she lay in her trundle-bed
She reached me the wreck of the ooglety-dum,
And "Papa," is what she said.

THE MISTAKE

By Marjorie Scott

"YOU will fall in love," they said. In afright
I fled from each chasm to peaks above,
And when I attained the Heavenmost height
I found they were wrong—I had climbed to love!

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SOME OF THE SOCIAL GRACES

By Ruth Ashmore

CERTAIN is it that the dictionary which is considered an authority on both sides of the water explains a virtue as "the human quality; goodness of heart; right conduct." Now every girl who has even a little social life desires, properly enough, to conduct herself in a right manner, and to be possessed of at least some of the social virtues. To my way of thinking these virtues are simply the knowing how to conduct one's self properly; the having acquaintance with the customs of the best society, and the best society all over the world is that which has for its foundation the consideration of other people and their happiness. Therefore, the wise girl, while she will train her mind so that she can be a good talker when that is necessary, will also cultivate the art of listening, so that she may give pleasure to those other people who enjoy talking. It is not a crime to be ignorant of the small virtues of society, but it is a mistake, yet a mistake that any American girl can correct if she will keep her eyes open and ask questions. She must ask them, however, only of those whom she can trust, or whose duty it is to answer her. I have appreciated very much the confidence the American girl has placed in me, and I am going to try and answer, as far as possible, all the questions she has put to me.

WHEN YOU GO A-VISITING

IF your visit is to be one of several days or weeks you must make your hostess, if she has not been wise enough to state it in her invitation, understand in your answer not only exactly what time you will arrive, but exactly the day and hour when you will leave, and you will show great wisdom if, no matter how much you are enjoying yourself, you refuse to prolong your visit. During your stay you must find everything pleasant that your hostess arranges for you. Ask no special service of a servant. A good hostess will always offer a maid to unpack and pack your boxes, or show you some necessary attention. Thank a servant for any kindness she does for you, and when you are leaving give her, if she has devoted much time to you, as large a tip as you can afford. Ladies are not expected to tip men servants. You must neither expect nor ask that your laundry be done in the house, and you must take great care not to leave the dainty toilet-table or the pretty room in disorder. I saw a beautiful duchesse table entirely ruined by powder, perfume and alcohol which had been spilled upon it, not to mention the damage done by burns in the lace from the dangerous curling tongs. And this was because a girl was careless and had not been taught, and did not realize that a lady was not a destroying animal. And after you return to your home you should write a letter to the lady you have been visiting, thanking her for all the kindness she has shown you, and sending your regards to the members of her household.

ETIQUETTE OF INVITATIONS

INVITATIONS to every-day affairs, dinners, luncheons, dances or whatever they may be, require immediate answers, and it is very ill-bred to wait any length of time before answering, as it suggests the possibility of your hoping for something more pleasant to turn up for the same time. Your answer should be worded like your invitation—that is, if it is in the third person, the answer should be in the third person—if it is informal, and in the first, your response should be in harmony. When you write, say that you accept the invitation, not that you will accept.

In making ordinary visits one gives what one receives—that is, a personal call for a personal call, a card left in person for a card left in person, and a card by post for a card by post. Cards are never left for men by ladies unless a bachelor should entertain, and then the married ladies call and leave their own cards accompanied by the cards of their husbands, but they do not ask to see the gentleman, nor do they enter the house. By-the-by, if a bachelor gives an entertainment he "requests the honor," but never says that he is "at home."

No matter how small the affair may be to which you are invited you must, out of respect to yourself, reply to the invitation. Well-bred people no longer wait for the "R. S. V. P.," which always seemed a hint of ignorance on the part of the recipient, but acknowledge an invitation at once. This rule is as stringent as any one of the Medes and Persians.

AT THE TABLE

THE bright girl who is not quite sure that she is acquainted with all the social virtues, asks me if she must say "thank you" to a servant who offers her anything at the table. No, it is not necessary for the ordinary table service, but if a servant should pick up a napkin which you have dropped or restore a fallen fan, then a quiet, almost a whispered "thank you" is proper. She also asks about the management of some food, and here are a few general rules for her: Never bite food of any kind. Break your bread in small pieces; cut celery in bits and then eat it from your fingers, and enjoy your cheese by cutting small pieces from the portion given to you, and with the assistance of a knife, putting each on a bit of bread or toasted biscuit, and so conveying it to your mouth. Common usage has made it proper to eat corn from the cob. It is never a pretty sight, but it is done, and hence the action must be as delicate as possible. A wise hostess usually selects very small ears of corn for her table.

Strawberries, when served on their stems, are eaten from the fingers. An apple or a pear is pared, quartered and then cut in bits which may be conveyed to the mouth either with the fingers or a fork, as one fancies. Peel a banana with a knife, and cut off the small pieces that you wish to eat, using either your fingers or fork in conveying them to your mouth. Learn to eat an egg from the shell. It can be done if one will take a little trouble, and breaking it into a glass and mixing it up is not a pleasant sight.

By-the-by, though you may be very hospitable and very fond of your friends, it is bad form to urge and entreat people to remain when they wish to depart. To welcome the coming and speed the parting guest is an absolute evidence of good will and good breeding.

ABOUT THE WEDDING

THE question oftenest asked about the wedding is, "What shall the bridegroom wear?" It is a positive rule that no man puts on a dress coat until the evening, and no matter how elaborate the bride's toilette may be, the daytime finds him in frock coat and what is known as formal morning dress. It must be remembered that the bridal party no longer have "groomsmen," but instead "ushers." This is, of course, a mere word difference, but the usage of the right words is an evidence of one's being informed as to all changes in the social world.

Every present requires a note of thanks from the bride. It may be written by her mother or sister if she is very much occupied, but it must be signed with the bride's name. If there is to be a breakfast or reception after the wedding, and some one sends you a present, some one whom you had not expected to ask to the house, an invitation must go to this person. This sounds rather like "for value received," but the giving of gifts is, in good society, by no means as common as it used to be, and one must be either of the same family, or a dear friend to either bride or bridegroom, before one can feel that one is entitled to this privilege. Consequently, a wedding invitation does not necessitate a present.

In answer to another oft-asked question I would like to say that a wedding invitation requires no answer unless there is included an invitation to a sit-down breakfast, and then it should be answered as promptly as if it were a dinner invitation. At the same time it must be understood that though the invitation to the church requires no answer it is always proper to acknowledge it. In small places a bride has precedence for three months; in larger cities, where brides are more numerous, for one. During that time she is the guest of honor wherever she may appear, and at dinners is taken in by the host. She may, with propriety, wear her wedding dress, but the orange blossoms must be removed from it, and roses or some other flowers substituted. Many dressmakers are now doing as Worth did, and are furnishing with the wedding gown a trimming of white roses to take the place of the orange blossoms after the wedding. Many modest maidens, properly enough, have complained of the indiscriminate kissing to which they have been subjected at their wedding receptions. The best way to get out of this is to suggest to the bridegroom that to the young people he make some tactful remark about the kisses belonging to him, while to the older ones the bride may, with politeness, offer her cheek. Among the French a bride is kissed on the forehead, a greeting we might, with propriety, copy.

SOME MORE LITTLE VIRTUES

AS a nation we are prone to introduce people without reason. It is not necessary when ordinary visits are being paid to present people to each other unless the number is so small that it would be embarrassing for the two or three ladies present not to know each other's names. At a crowded afternoon where one is near a lady who seems a stranger, the roof introduction is sufficient, and one may break the ice and speak to the stranger, although after this, unless the little chat has been very pleasant and a desire has been expressed for further acquaintance, there need be no bow if these two should meet on the street. Very old ladies, invalids or very busy women discharge all their social obligations if they are "at home" to their friends once a year. Miss Calvert, whose mother is dead, may, with propriety, have her name engraved on her father's card, but this is not often done. If some one who is ignorant of the visiting hours should surprise you in a neat morning dress, dusting the books, make no apology for your appearance; you are dressed properly, for your costume is suited to the hour of the day and your occupation, and it is your visitor who has made a mistake.

The hours for visiting in different cities often cause blunders which result in considerable awkwardness for the stranger, so it is wise to ask some one who knows exactly the special customs of that town, and then you will know what to do. In New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, where the dinner hour ranges from half-past six to half-past eight, the visiting hours are from four to six, but in many of the smaller cities, especially where an early dinner is the custom, the visiting hours are from three to five. When you are visiting do not let "you" and your belongings form the sole topic of your conversation, and do not discuss your servants. Never accept an invitation to a house from a gentleman alone. He may tell you that his sisters are anxious to see you, but if they are they can express this anxiety in a note of invitation, and under no circumstances be persuaded to go unless you have a distinctly cordial invitation from the women of the family. In answer to another question I would say that a widow invariably removes her first wedding-ring before she assumes a second. In writing your name you sign yourself "Mary Randolph," unless you are placing it on the register of a hotel, and then you put "Mrs. James Randolph" or "Miss Randolph," whichever you may happen to be.

If you take your meals in a public dining-room wear a simple street dress, and, if you fancy, a hat. If you are going out after dinner, and have to dine in a public dining-room, go there early enough to allow yourself plenty of time to make your toilette after dinner, but do not appear there in full evening dress and sit where any man, with the price of a dinner in his pocket, may appear and stare at you. At a dinner you are not forced to drink wine, but do not commit the *faux pas* of turning your glasses over, or doing, as one woman suggested, stuffing your gloves in them, for either of these actions is equivalent to criticising your hostess, which you have no right to do. Instead, as you do not care for the wine, you do not drink it, and a good servant comprehends that, as your glasses are untouched, you do not desire it, and offers you no more. Appear pleased with the people you meet, and do not criticise your fellow-guests.

THE END OF THE SERMON

THIS sermon is all text and no comment. It is one that says, "This is done." And it means that one will be much more comfortable, socially, if one does as other people do, for then society itself runs on smoother wheels. To say the right words, to act in the right manner makes one think aright, and it is a social crime to do that which is wrong. There is a vulgarism in words as well as in manners and actions. A much-laughed-about phrase that probably had an innocent rise is "my gentleman friend." I fear some nice girls do, thoughtlessly, use it. They forget that all their friends are supposed to be ladies and gentlemen. When you wish to speak of a friend use his name if possible; if not, say "a man friend of mine." Natural courtesy will teach you when to say "woman" or "lady." The wash-lady may have every instinct of gentility, but her position in life does not cause the world to recognize this, so she has no right to the title. By-the-by, remember that all slang is vulgar no matter how piquant it may seem, and that, even if you are a leader socially, you cannot use an improper phrase and be forgiven. It was a great lady who was corrected by Beau Brummel when she asked him to come and take tea with her. "Madame," he said with a bow, "I take a walk, you take a liberty, we drink tea."

Little things? Yes, but a tiny thorn can make one's finger bleed, and a little lack of knowledge can make all social life uncomfortable.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 31 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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DRESSING THE NECK BECOMINGLY

By Emma M. Hooper

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ABBY E. UNDERWOOD

MUCH of the success of a toilette depends upon the neckwear, of which there is now sufficient variety to suit every style of neck and face. A face may be made long or full, and softened and refined by the use of the charming adjuncts of the toilette known as plastrons, collarettes, yokes, handkerchief collars, etc. Not only the face is benefited, but old gowns are thus rendered up to date, a state of beatitude for which women of all ages are now aiming. The stores are reasonable in their prices for such articles, but, of course, they may be made at home for a less amount if one possesses nimble fingers and can tie a bow or fit a collar.

THE RIBBON COLLARS

THESE are now made of velvet, satin, Dresden-figured or chameleon-shaded taffeta ribbon five inches wide, the collar requiring a yard and three-eighths. First shape a collar of heavy cross-barred crinoline to the neck. The method of cutting varies. I have seen well-fitting collars cut almost circular, and others nearly straight, with a V at the centre front. This band is covered with a bias piece of silk, which also folds over on the right side for an inch at the top and bottom. Two hooks and eyes fasten it at the back. The ribbon is laid in easy folds that are caught here and there over the band, projecting a trifle over each edge. A bow of two short loops and ends tightly strapped in the centre finishes the collar at the back. Such a collar sells for a dollar and a quarter to two dollars and a quarter ready made. Some are decorated with a couple of the lace and tucked lawn points that sell for fifteen and twelve cents. Others have three little straps of the trimming composed of a strip of insertion bordered on both sides by yellowish Valenciennes lace, which is from twenty-five to fifty cents a yard. Side trimmings of rosettes are out of style. These collars are made from two to three inches in width.

OF VELVET AND LACE

THE HANDKERCHIEF STYLE

THE handkerchief collars consist of a double straight band of batiste or fine lawn, with four corners sewed on the top and turned over on the outside, leaving a division at the centre, back and front. The corners are of batiste tucked on the edge, plain in the centre, with a row of Valenciennes lace inlaid between. The four corners of a fine openwork handkerchief could be taken for this purpose. Sometimes a band of ribbon is fitted around the lawn band and tied in a bow at the back; otherwise the band is worn inside of a high dress collar, with the points falling outside over the edges of the collar.

THE BRIGHT PLAID

WHERE RIBBONS FIGURE

A VERY dressy bodice trimming for a round, pointed or basque waist is of two-inch satin ribbon and requires eight yards, with half a yard of four-inch ribbon and three large fancy steel, miniature Dresden or Rhinestone buttons, which are now an important item in trimmings. The crush collar of soft folds is made of the wide ribbon, with a bow of the narrow ribbon at the back. Three outstanding loops are on each side of the lower edge of the collar, each cluster being held by a button. Continuing down each side from these are two rows of ribbon, each forming three falling loops before all four meet at the centre of the waist-line under the third button, with four loops spreading below. Pretty fichus that are brought in a point to the waist-line or knotted over the bust have a round appearance at the back or are cut to form a square sailor collar at the back. These are of light-colored plain or satin-striped chiffon with a double ruffle around the edge. If elaborately trimmed with ribbon and of satin-striped chiffon they are quite costly. Plain chiffon with bows are inexpensive. The ruffles may be bought already gathered, and piece goods for the centre, using five yards of ruffling five inches deep and a yard of the other. Four-inch ribbon is used for two loops standing up on the shoulders, then a space and two more ribbon loops, another space and one loop and two ends pointing down; the same in the back, making eight loops and four ends for each side, and requiring five yards of ribbon at about forty cents a yard, making the articles for a very dressy accessory, that will transform an ordinary gown, cost four dollars and sixty cents.

Three-inch white or yellowish lace is used as a turn-over frill on crush collars of velvet or ribbon, sewing it on so that it falls deeper on the sides than in front. Even velvet and cloth capes are trimmed with a similar, though deeper, lace frill to fall over the erect storm collar. For dressy evening wear the frill continues down the front as a jabot.

A DAINTY FICHU

A BECOMING COLLAR

SAILOR COLLAR EFFECTS

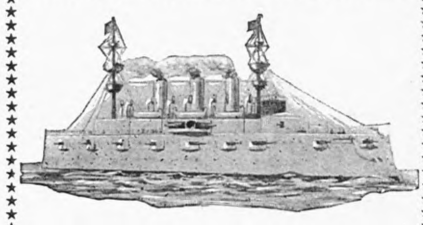
A YARD and a quarter of satin, the same of Japanese silk for lining, and three yards and a half of heavy white lace insertion will make a sailor collar set. Use heavy crinoline for a large sailor collar having square-cut ends in front; line it with the thin silk and cover with the satin, finishing all edges with the lace. A straight band collar of satin, interlined with crinoline and lined with the Japanese silk, has the insertion through the middle, the lace being an inch and a half wide and the collar two inches in depth. Now add a strip of the satin down the centre of the waist, four inches wide, lined and interlined like the collar, with the lace down the centre. This imitates the box-plait now worn on bodices and should be sufficiently long to turn up at the bottom and drop over the waist-line. A very dainty set of this description is of white lace beading insertion, with holes at regular intervals, through which two rows of black velvet ribbon number one are run; the satin is of bright pink. Another collar has a sailor back, round or cape front and jabots to the waist-line, as shown in illustration. This is of white batiste, with three rows of yellowish Valenciennes insertion on the edge and above. Crush belt and a full gathered plastron of pink, blue, lavender or yellow satin or fancy chameleon silk, with three lengthwise rows of the lace down the plastron. Crush collar in easy folds of four-inch satin ribbon the color of the plastron, with a butterfly bow at the back. This is particularly becoming to a person of slender form.

A SAILOR COLLAR EFFECT

OF VELVET AND CHIFFON

A SOFT crush collar finished with two little frills at the back is of violet velvet cut on the bias, requiring three-eighths of a yard, with two tiny Paquin points turned over on the outside. The points are of velvet each side and lined with crinoline. From the centre of this falls a breadth of accordion-plaited chiffon, white or violet, which needs half a yard. On each side is a jabot of chiffon tapering to almost nothing at the waist-line, though broadening toward the shoulders, where it ends. Other similar arrangements continue around across the back, being gathered under the edge of the collar. The bias Windsor ties in plaids are taken for the simplest crush collars over a plain band collar attached to the dress. These are folded around in loose folds and tied in a knot at the back. Usually the wearers tie them each time they are worn, though they can be attached to a regular crinoline shape and fastened on permanently. Since every one seems possessed nowadays of a black gown these accessories afford a variety of changes with one dress. They also make black wearable for all, as the most sallow of brunettes can wear such a costume if she has a velvet crush collar of deep, rich cardinal velvet next to her skin. For two dollars a belt and collar can be had of bright Scotch plaid surah, forming what is termed a toreador set. The belt is of the material cut on the bias, lined with crinoline and four inches wide, being turned over on the wrong side so as to hide the crinoline. Two short, pointed ends hang on the left side from a gilt clasp. The collar is to be formed of a bias strip of the same goods hemmed on each side and with pointed ends. This is folded in crush style around the neck and tied in a short, wide bow at the back. If made of surah plaid by the yard it will require a yard, besides the crinoline and two part gilt clasps. This set is worn with changeable figured goods as well as plain materials.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "The Home Dressmaker," will be found on page 35 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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BY MAIL

For all-year wear are the best, they hang just right, fit perfectly and are the best value for their cost.

Lustre Wool Skirt

(non-shrinkable), mud and dust easily removed, will not crush or wrinkle.

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With Silk Shell Edge, $3.00

COLORS—Black, Navy Blue, Brown, Tan, Cream White and Mignonette.

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Our Skirts are sold by leading dealers everywhere. **Ask to see them.** If **yours** does not keep them order direct from factory.

Fit Guaranteed, Colors Perfect. Sent by mail or express, prepaid, on receipt of price.

In ordering, name length and color desired, and if not perfectly satisfied, return it and we will refund your money.

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G-D

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Send your address on a postal, and we will mail you free, enough Puritan Pins, and a booklet about them, to forever convince you that they are the only pins that don't bend.

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5¢ A CLEVER COMBINATION 10¢

The Blade Slips on the Pencil. Sample Dozen, 25 Cents

THE WICKLAND MFG. CO., Fremont, Ohio

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Edited by Mrs. Margaret Bottome

HEART TO HEART TALKS

SO many of the younger Daughters will in the coming years see the pictures which I saw last August in the art galleries of Europe that I thought I would tell of some lessons which I learned from them. While in Milan I saw the original painting of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," with the copies of which we are familiar. I expected to see it on canvas, but instead it is painted on a wall. A large part of the wall of the dining-room of the monks of a monastery has been brought into the Museum, or Hall of Science, I think it is called, and there you see the famous picture painted by Da Vinci to please the monks, never dreaming that he would make himself famous for ages by a little act of kindness. Ah, how little do we know when we do or may do our greatest deeds. I was taken up with this thought as I looked at that painting, and I said over and over again, "He did it just to please a few poor monks and he immortalized himself." In every direction in the room you could see the copies of that "Last Supper." The tender, sorrowful look of Christ in the act of saying, "One of you shall betray Me," the startled look of Peter, the sympathetic look of the beloved John, the dark look of Judas—all this is familiar to you, but the thought I brought away was the old one of unconscious influence—the never dreaming what the influence of a kind act may be! Then another picture that I saw so much in, was a picture of "Christ in Purgatory." That was in the old Palace of the Doges in Venice. Into the darkness, the barrenness, the awful desolation He came, the risen Christ. He was radiant with glory. A shining one was with Him planting the banner of the cross. From the cross the flag waved; dreadful-looking creatures from unseen depths stretched up their hands and He extended His to lift them up, and out of the darkness troops were coming into the light that streamed from the cross. Oh, how kingly the Christ looked! He had fought the battle. He was victor over sin, death and hell. I looked, and I did not have to leave earth to be helped by that picture. I seemed to be back in New York—I was on the platform of certain missions in New York, where I had seen just such dreadful hands held up, and I saw the cross as the banner waves there every night the year round, and I seemed to hear the old strains, "Oh, the cross, the wondrous cross!" And the old words came back, "And Jesus lifted him up." Oh, how I wished for the power to hold the cross as the beautiful saint in the picture held it, and I said to a friend at my side, "That will be the picture of Europe to me." I saw the love of the once crucified, now risen, Christ in that picture!

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OBEDIENCE, TRUST AND LOVE

AND other pictures did much for me, for as I walked through what seemed to me acres of pictures, everywhere I saw one beautiful woman. Other women in the galleries might be suggestive of mere earthly beauty, but there was the one perfect woman! She was everywhere, and she stood as the type of the noblest womanhood, and she once said, "All generations shall call me blessed," and they have and they will. All she stood for, all the Madonna stands for to-day—perfect obedience, perfect trust, perfect love, perfect submission! The mother, holding the Christ child. The crucifix was everywhere, and it always means "voluntary self-sacrifice." "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto Me" seemed to be such a living word. His spirit of self-sacrifice will pass into souls for He was lifted up. Alas, I never felt as then how little of it there is yet in the world, in His professed church, in me, but it will come, and nothing less than this will suffice. The leaven is very small, but it will work. There are Christ-like people, but they are very scarce, but the fact remains. There was One "who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor," that we, through His poverty, might become rich—and some have followed Him; some have said and have acted it:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee."

Oh, what should we do but for these stars of unselfish lives, in the midst of all the darkness of selfish worldliness inside as well as outside of the Church?

THE BELLEVILLE MISSION

WHAT this poor world wants is kindness and sympathy and love, and do not forget it—that is the religion of Jesus Christ. The New Testament is full of it. This makes me think of a Sunday I spent in the Communistic quarter of Paris. I had spoken at the mission know as Miss de Broen's Belleville Mission. The history of this mission, which is so interesting, can be told in a few words. In June, 1871, after the insurrection that followed the Franco-German War, Miss de Broen, who had come over from London with some friends, witnessed in the Cemetery of Pére Lachaise, Paris, a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle, a crowd in grief and rage, planting crosses and laying flowers on a large trench recently filled. Many people thrust pieces of paper with the word "Revenge" into the ground. It was found that on the preceding night about five hundred Communist prisoners had been marched up by the troops and shot there, being buried where they fell. One woman, having lost both husband and son in this dreadful manner, was infuriated with grief, and Miss de Broen laid her hand on her arm, telling her that though she thought she had lost all, one thing still remained to her, the love of God in Jesus Christ. By seeing the comfort brought by these words and through feeling her responsibility as a Christian, Miss de Broen decided to live among these people, who were without God, and without hope in the world, and there, for over twenty years, this devoted woman has lived; there she started a medical mission about sixteen years ago, and hundreds have been healed, soul and body, through this mission. There is such a deep need for the medical part of the work to go on that I was sorry to hear it must be closed for want of funds.

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THE LANGUAGE OF THE HEART

MY visit to the mission was on a Sunday. I shall not soon forget that Sunday afternoon. I spoke in the mission room to a congregation of these poor people, men and women, who I understood had all been converted. Not understanding French, Miss de Broen acted as interpreter, but I think they understood my smiles and gestures better than the words. Of course I had the opportunity of shaking hands with them, and on our way to the Cemetery of Pére Lachaise after, in going through the streets I smiled at the people and kissed my hand to the children, a very little thing to do, but the next day a French Canadian minister who is serving the mission at this time, urged me to stay at least a year among them. I laughingly asked what for, as I could not speak the language. He replied that I could do so much good by smiling; that the people all wanted me to stay and smile. It led me to thinking whether we really smile as much as we might on those who need smiles. There are many kinds of missions; perhaps the mission of smiles might be added. How glad I am now, as I look back to my visit to Paris, for that visit to Belleville. I had seen the gay Paris—and oh, the contrast! There is something very touching to me in this quarter of the gay city. It is the Whitechapel of Paris. Here is the submerged tenth, but there was a cleanliness and a look about these poor French people that attract one much more than do the poor English or the poor in our tenement-house districts. I saw the spot after I left the mission, where the five hundred were shot, and on the stone walls the blood red wreaths and the word "Revenge" are as fresh as ever. Miss de Broen showed me a little piece of ground not bigger than a small round table, where for over twenty years the father of an only son who was shot has kept the flowers growing in that handful of earth, and my friend told me it was astonishing how many flowers he had grown there.

Afterward I stood at Fontainebleau in the palace that cost millions, and looked out of the window where the ill-fated Queen stood, and where, in answer to the cry of bread to the thousands outside, she had cried, "Yes, you shall have it," but the people were wild with hunger and the rest of the story we all know. There are times when the fearful contrasts in life are too much for me. There seemed a peculiar significance as I stood later on in Venice, and looked at the wonderful palace on one side, the fearful dungeon on the other, and the Bridge of Sighs between. Oh, how glad I shall be when the prophecy is fulfilled, "And they shall no more hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain."

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST

IT did seem as if in the countries I visited where the crucifix was seen the most frequently, the spirit of it, that for which it stands, was most missing. One of the deepest lessons I learned during this summer of travel was that there had better be no profession of Christianity without the spirit of the founder of our holy religion. Our religion means love, or it means nothing. Alas, how little have we of the spirit of Him who died to save us. When we become really, practically, like the one we call Master; when we copy Him as I saw young artists in gallery after gallery copy the old masters, trying to get every line and every shade like the original, then the world will believe in Jesus Christ. But I am persuaded there must be an incarnation of Christ in us. No mere profession of Him will bring about the salvation of this world—nothing less than downright unselfishness will do it. We shall have to give ourselves away—our money, our all. Then the New Testament account of Jesus Christ will have a meaning to us. Then we shall know the meaning of happiness, when we live not for ourselves, but for others, when all we care for is to give, instead of receiving.

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A QUESTION

"IS the Order of The King's Daughters a religious order? My minister says it is not."

If your minister means that the Order is not connected with nor under the government of any church, he is right. The members of the Order are supposed, however, to be connected with the Christian church. We expect all to come into the Order. According to the constitution there are only two articles, and their spirit is contained in these words: "This Order is for the development of spiritual life, and the quickening of Christian activities, and all who are in accord with the object and aim, and wish to serve the King, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, we welcome to the Order." That sounds religious, does it not? I promise you, if you will take in the truth that we are The King's Daughters, and enter into the spirit of the watchword of the Order, "In His Name," doing all for His sake, caring for all because He loves all—if you will do this you will become religious.

On my home voyage from Europe the latter part of the summer I had an interesting conversation with a lady from the vicinity of Boston. She introduced herself to me because she knew so many who belonged to our Order. Before she left me I asked her if she was a member of our sisterhood, and she said no, she was not. She was a teacher, and her hands were so full of work she did not feel as if she could take any additional work; and then I saw the mistake that is constantly being made—the thought that joining our Order means more work. Dear friends, do take it in, once for all, that no new work is required. Some of you, I fear, are doing too much work now. We want to help you in the work you have to do, no matter what that work may be, whether teaching or being taught, whether behind the counter or keeping house. This Order comes to you, or rather this great sisterhood, and says, "Let us do all we have to do, suffer all we have to suffer, and really do and suffer, that we may become like Jesus Christ. Let us do every duty with this high motive for His sake."

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LIKE LITTLE CHILDREN

JUST before I left for Europe last summer a great box came to me, filled with dolls, all dressed, and the request came with it that I should have them sent to a children's hospital. There is a hospital in the city of New York for consumptive children, as well as for older people with the same disease, and I gave the dolls to a physician who is connected with that hospital. He said afterward he wished I could have seen the children trooping toward him, each carrying a doll. But the most touching thing to me was what the nurse told the doctor, that after every child was furnished with a doll there were a number left, and the poor women dying with consumption, asked if each might have a doll. They all wanted them, and to each the dolls were given, and the nurse said she could not have dreamed of their being such a comfort to those poor sick women. There were just enough dolls for each to have one. Ah, who can tell the thoughts they had of earlier days when they took a little wee one close to their heart, as they now took those little dolls.

I hope the one who sent me the dolls will see this, for in the haste of leaving I fear I did not acknowledge their receipt, and yet she may have expected me to acknowledge the gift in this way. Think of taking comfort into a hospital! Is not that living out the religion of Jesus Christ?

Margaret Bottome

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TEA, LUNCHEON, PARTY AND DINNER

New Suggestions by Experienced Entertainers

A MASQUERADE LUNCHEON

By Edith Townsend Everett

WHEN my invitation came I read it over twice trying to discover some pleasant request for the guests to appear in fancy dress costume, but search as carefully as I could I failed to alight upon even the slightest hint of this sort, the form of the invitation differing in no way from any others I had received save in the use of the word "masquerade" before the word "luncheon." But how could a luncheon be a masquerade unless the guests appeared in costume? Stimulated by more than the ordinary amount of enjoyable anticipation I at once dispatched my acceptance and waited with almost childish impatience for the all-important day to arrive. When at last I sallied forth in my best frock I met in the parlor of the hostess eight other equally puzzled mortals, and when luncheon was announced a little ripple of suppressed excitement made itself felt among the guests, who were doing their best to be on their good behavior. As we entered the dining-room nothing particularly novel struck the eye. There were the usual number of potted plants placed about, and the shaded lamps on the conventionally-appointed table cast the ordinary pleasing glow upon paper and pictures—effects which we had all been used to ever since that first eventful luncheon that introduced us to society at large. "I don't see much of a masquerade in this, do you?" slyly whispered my neighbor as we began to toy with the menu cards in that interval before the regular business of the hour is entered upon. What we read was:

Bouillon

Deviled Crabs Baked Potatoes

Asparagus Olives

Eggs en Surprise

Baked Custard

Meat Pie Tomato Salad

Fruit Coffee

NOT a word was said, but had the guests spoken, their feelings would certainly have resolved themselves into the universal verdict that the menu was a most extraordinary one for an up-to-date luncheon. When, however, the bouillon in thin egg-shell cups was tasted and the wondering guests discovered that it was tea instead of the usual beef broth, the meaning of the word masquerade as applied to this luncheon suddenly dawned upon them all, and the menu was re-read with greater interest. Deviled crabs and baked potatoes!—what on earth could they be but just what they represented? In they came, looking the conventional edibles to the life, but here again we were fooled, for the skins of the baked potatoes were but the covering for some delicious chicken croquettes, the deviled crabs being nothing more nor less than mashed potatoes in cream, served in the shells and sprinkled with cheese. "We are pretty sure of the asparagus," laughed my neighbor, the excitement and novelty of this unique meal now beginning to make itself felt, and producing among us all just the effect that the hostess had aimed for. "I don't know," replied a pretty girl in gray, "I'm not sure of anything since my first sip of bouillon," and sure enough when the asparagus appeared it proved to be a most clever concoction in which thick-stemmed macaroni and crushed peas had been utilized, a mould, of course, being used to further the deceit. Olives proved to be green gage plums set amid cracked ice.

"I don't see where any ices are going to come in," pathetically remarked my neighbor, her fondness for frozen dainties being a weakness well known to all of us. The arrival of the *eggs en surprise*, however, relieved her suspense, for upon tapping the shell which set up so naturally over the rim of the egg-cup, it was discovered that but half an egg-shell had been used to cover the top of a delicious orange water ice in egg form. Following this was the baked custard, that proved to be scrambled eggs served in custard cups; then a meat pie, the crust of which alone was real, as beneath lay a delicious salad. What was billed for tomato salad turned out to be a most tempting combination of sliced blood oranges with pistachio ice cream leaves and frozen custard mayonnaise. Even the fruit bore evidence that things are seldom what they seem, as the apples upon being cut apart disclosed salted almonds, and the coffee was nothing but sarsaparilla, though it may be added that there was real coffee on the sideboard for those who wished to conclude their meal in regulation fashion.

A RAINBOW PARTY

By Jeannette J. Westcott

ONE morning a little note in a dainty white envelope was left at my door. Upon opening it I found an invitation on a note sheet that had been tinted delicately in the seven colors of the rainbow. The invitation read:

"Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert T. Willard request the pleasure of Miss Allison's company at Rosedale on Thursday evening, June twenty-ninth, to join in a search for the end of the rainbow."

This was somewhat mystical, but I did not take long to make up my mind to accept it, for the Willards were noted for their delightful little surprises, and when the evening came and I reached Mrs. Willard's home I was delighted with the appearance of everything, for Rosedale is a lovely, old-fashioned house, with wide porches and large grounds. Chinese lanterns were scattered everywhere among the trees, lanterns of all sorts of quaint shapes, and seven of them, which hung on the front porch, showed all the colors of the rainbow.

Our hostess received us in the drawing-room under a veritable rainbow, which spanned the room diagonally, each end disappearing behind a pretty couch. After all the guests had arrived we were marshalled into the sitting-room. This room presented a peculiar appearance; seven colors in the shape of twine, were everywhere—over the pictures, under the chairs and around the tables. The ends were all gathered together at the chandelier, where each bore a rosette made of tarlatan of all the seven colors. These rosettes we were invited to pin on our gowns and then we were instructed to search for the end of the rainbow. The story is, you know, that there is a pot of gold at the end of it, and we were told that we might claim it for our own if we could find it.

We set gayly to work, and such a hunt! In and out on the porch, across the hall into the library, up-stairs, in and out of the railings, under the mats and into the corners the dainty colors led us, and we followed, winding our guides into compact balls as we went. Sometimes there would be five or six of us in one corner, where our roads would cross, but these encounters were always merry ones, and left us merrier than before.

AT last one of the girls was led by a pretty violet string into the drawing-room, along the wall, and straight to one of the corners, behind which the rainbow ended. Putting her hand behind the couch, to follow the lead of her guide, she gave a little cry of delight. "I've got it!" she said as she stooped and drew out a dainty bundle, wrapped in violet tissue paper and tied with white ribbon. Then, with her treasure in her lap, she sat down to wait for the rest of us. Of course when we knew what had been found our efforts were redoubled, and very speedily one after another of the twenty-one persons present was led into the drawing-room, to one end or the other of the rainbow, where each found a tissue paper package, of color to match the guide which had led the way.

Such a gay time as we had opening the dainty gifts, for they were very dainty. Mrs. Willard does not like prize parties, so she had contrived this way to let each of her guests carry away a memento of the evening. There were pretty round baskets, gilded, tied with ribbon, and filled with bonbons. There were some lovely yellow sachets, exquisitely painted. My prize was a jewel-box, a little, three-legged pot of polished brass lined with soft perfumed silk. Each gift was accompanied by a card on which was written a choice little quotation.

After we had admired each other's gifts and read each other's golden thoughts we were invited to the dining-room. China silk in all the seven colors was crumpled artistically around a bowl of roses in the centre of the table. There were roses everywhere, the room was sweet with them and we might almost have been eating our ice cream in a rose garden. After we had finished there was given to each lady a corsage bouquet, and to each gentleman a rosebud for a *boutonnière*.

Recently Mrs. Willard has told me how the large rainbow was made. Two large arches, of equal size, were shaped of strong wire; these were fastened at each end to a stout block of wood a foot and a half wide. At intervals of a few feet wire was fastened across to bind the arches together, and yet to keep them a foot and a half apart; strong twine was laced, lattice fashion, over this, and to the framework thus made was fastened cheesecloth in the seven prismatic colors in soft lengthwise folds. A little gauze over the whole softened the effect and helped to blend the colors. As all the girls had chosen their gowns and ribbons very judiciously the effect of the rainbow party was most charming.

A BREAD AND HONEY TEA

By Lena Thatcher

ON the day set for my "honey tea" I decorated my dining-room with red and white clover blossoms, and placed upon my dining-table a white clover-leaf pattern table-cloth and a pile of clover-leaf napkins. The centre-piece was embroidered in red and white clover blossoms, and upon it rested a bowl of real red and white clover blossoms. Scattered about the table were little dishes of honey candy, olives and salted nuts. At the head of the table I placed a dish of cold chicken garnished with watercress and at the foot a dish of cold salmon with mayonnaise dressing. The rest of the menu consisted of honey in the comb, honey layer cake, honey spongecake and honey sandwiches. Each guest was served with a glass of milk, so that "milk and honey" might be in evidence, the "bread and honey" appearing in the sandwiches. To sweeten the tea a bowl of extracted honey was passed. One pretty dish that helped greatly as a decoration was a glass bowl filled with honey popcorn balls. The little guest cards, which I had prepared and which were to serve as souvenirs of the occasion, were little triangular pieces of white pasteboard with quotations appropriate to the guests whose places they were intended to mark. For my very best girl friend, in whose honor I was giving this "honey tea," I had chosen "sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

PROGRESSIVE DINNER-PARTIES

By Frances E. Lanigan

THE progressive dinner-party has suffered a revival this winter and is once more established in fashionable favor. As 1896 is a leap year the dinner is now arranged so that the men remain in their original seats throughout the meal, while the women progress with the courses. The first announcement that the dinner is in any respect different from the ordinary ceremonial meal of society, is in the appearance at the host's place of a small silver bell, which he rings at the conclusion of each course, and in the quotations upon the guest cards—the line given to the lady occupying the seat of honor—the right of the host—being, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," thus indicating the direction of the progression. The other ladies' guest cards may read: "All things journey, we go with them," "Press bravely onward," "Let us then be up and doing," "Onward, onward may we press," "A lovely apparition sent to be a moment's ornament."

For the cards of the men, who retain their original seats throughout the meal, the following quotations will serve: "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away," "Welcome the coming, speed the going guest," "We must endure their going hence, even as their coming hither," "Variety's the very spice of life," "It is something to get this far if one is not permitted to go farther," "Stay in that station in which you have been placed."

The rule to be observed by the hostess is that she must have as many courses for her dinner as she has couples present. This is made necessary by the fact that the progressions are made with the courses, and that the round must be completed with the end of the dinner. She should, of course, aim to arrange so that the people who are most congenial shall be partners during the longest courses—the roast and the dessert. This may be easily arranged by placing them two or three courses apart at the beginning of the dinner. I have given quotations for twelve persons, so the dinner under discussion should be a six-course one. Below will be found a couple of menus suitable for such occasions:

Cream of Celery Soup

Smelts, Sauce Tartare

Roast Chicken, Mushroom Sauce
Potato Croquettes
Spinach Beets

Quail on Toast

Mayonnaise of Celery
Crackers Cheese

Nesselrode Pudding

Coffee

Blue Points

Consomme

Fillet of Beef
Bermuda Potatoes Green Peas
Cauliflower au Gratin

Canvasback Duck
Wild Grape Jelly

Iced Asparagus, French Dressing
Crackers Cheese

Tutti-Frutti Cream

Coffee

WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED.
Established Dorchester, Mass., 1780.
Breakfast Cocoa

ABSOLUTELY PURE
NO CHEMICALS

Always ask for Walter Baker & Co.'s
Breakfast Cocoa
Made at
DORCHESTER, MASS.
It bears their Trade Mark
"La Belle Chocolatière" on every can.
Beware of Imitations.

LOWNEY'S
Chocolate Bonbons
"Name on Every Piece"
Send 10 cts. in stamps for sample package
THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.
89 Pearl Street, Boston
On receipt of price, 1 lb., 75 cents; 2 lbs., $1.50; 5 lbs., $3.00, delivered FREE in United States.

Did you try a cup of that delicious Ceylon Tea at the World's Fair?

MRS. G. LEMPKE, of the Brooklyn Cooking School, states: "I have found the "SIVA" Ceylon Tea of the finest flavor, and the best Tea on the market to my knowledge."

"SIVA" Ceylon
makes the finest English Breakfast Tea. See that your grocer keeps it; if not, will send, express paid.

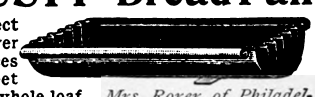
1-2	pound	package,	$ .40
1	"	"	.75
6 one	"	"	4.00
12 "	"	"	8.00
24 "	"	"	15.00

THE CEYLON TEA CO., 68 BROAD ST. NEW YORK

Quick as Thought
No time lost with
WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE
Taste, flavor and quality the best. Put up in pound and half-pound tins.
Stephen F. Whitman & Son
Sole Mfrs. Philadelphia

Huyler's
Cocoa and Chocolates
For Eating and Drinking
Purity of Material and Deliciousness of Flavor Unexcelled
SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE
Ask for Huyler's Use no other

The "CRUSTY" Bread Pan
The most perfect Bread Baker ever made. Produces a crisp, sweet crust over the whole loaf.



Mrs. Rorer, of Philadelphia, says: "Your pan is an admirable baker of both bread and cake. There is no question of the superiority of a curved bottom pan over the old flat bottom style. The yeast germ is killed, and the loaf is crusty."
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT; insist on having it; if he does not keep it, we will mail you one sample for 15c., coin or stamps. Agents wanted.
THE NILES MFG. CO., Box 1392, Niles, Ohio

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The kind that don't wear out. Have the name "Kayser" stamped in the hem. If your dealer hasn't them write to JULIUS KAYSER & CO., New York

NOT ONLY WATERPROOF BUT *ODORLESS.* AS THE

"OMO"

DRESS SHIELDS

Contain No Rubber

They are lighter than any other kind made, and being white, they

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THE TOUCHSTONE OF GOOD MANNERS

BY MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

AS it is only necessary to travel to be convinced that the world in general—the world of *table d'hote*, the casual hotel guest, the wayfaring man—sadly needs instruction in the etiquette of the table, a few suggestions as to the approved forms in good society may not be unwelcome.

In nothing does breeding reveal itself more quickly and unerringly than in one's manner of feeding one's self, and in a country where every one expects to become "the equal of his superiors and the superior of his equals," it behooves us to learn its correct forms.

Of course, no one requires to be told that the knife is not used in polite society to carry food to one's mouth, that its services are not needed for pie; that it is vulgar to breathe in one's glass when drinking, or to take large mouthfuls, but there are minor points imposed by conventionality and good taste that also deserve recognition.

THERE is among all sensible people a praiseworthy desire to know the proper thing to do under all circumstances. Nothing is more to be deplored than ignorance of the conventionalities of the table. An unwritten law covers every detail, and those accustomed to good society are themselves probably unaware of conformity to any special standard, but imitate unconsciously those with whom they habitually associate. The table is the touchstone of manners, and there a blunder is a crime. At a dinner to which guests are bidden, the gentlemen assist in seating the ladies before taking their own places, while at a family dinner no such formality is observed. When seated, the body should be about a foot from the table. The ladies at once remove their gloves. The habit of tucking them in at the wrist, while the arms remain covered, or of folding them and placing them in a wine-glass, as some occasionally do, is not according to the usages of good society. The napkin is next unfolded to the half of its amplitude, and laid across the lap. No elegance of attire can be an excuse for tucking it about the person in any way.

When the oysters are set before one it is customary to wait until all, or nearly all, the rest of the company are served before eating anything, and a moment's attention in selecting the appropriate fork will prevent the necessity later of asking for another, since the peculiar combination of blade and tines of the oyster-fork makes it useless for any of the other courses. Among the array of four or five forks at the left of one's plate each has its peculiar office, the largest being reserved for the roast.

If wine is served it is not an elegant manner of signifying one's refusal of it to reverse one's glass. A gesture of dissent by slightly raising the hand will be understood at once. Neither is it considerate of others to allow one's glass to be filled if one does not take wine.

IT is probably superfluous to warn any one not to make the slightest sound in taking soup into the mouth, though all are not above reproach in this matter. Soup is taken from the side of the spoon. It is not permissible to tip the soup-plate toward one's self to secure the last spoonful.

Fish must be eaten with a fork, supplemented, if need be, by a bit of bread, unless special silver fish-knives be provided. The "entrées" and the roast follow, and impose no special punctilio.

IT is in better taste to take a little of every dish than to imply, by our picking and choosing, a too abundant provision on the part of our hostess, or that she has been unsuccessful in pleasing our fancy. When a matter of health forbids the indulgence no explanation is required. With the game comes the salad, which should not be cut up with knife and fork. A single leaf may be folded with the fork to almost any size desired. Cheese is eaten by placing a bit on a cracker or piece of bread with the knife and so conveyed to one's mouth.

Ices, creams and other sweets are usually eaten with a fork, but when this is inadequate to present the dainty at its best, common sense suggests a spoon as a substitute, never as an auxiliary. Fruit should be cut into convenient morsels before being carried to the mouth, and never bitten. It is an ill-mannered habit to reject the seeds of grapes into the plate. They should be taken from the lips between the fingers and placed unobtrusively at one side of the dessert-plate.

IN England strawberries are served with the hulls on, by which they are held, dipped in sugar and thus eaten. The fashion is being followed here when the fruit is large and fine enough to warrant it. Bananas should be eaten with a fork, and oranges peeled like an apple, leaving the inner white skin, cut transversely and held in the hand.

In using the finger-bowl only the tips of the fingers should be dipped in the water. At the close of each course the knife and fork should be laid side by side on the plate, as an indication to the servant that one has finished. Upon leaving the table the napkin is laid, still unfolded, at the side of one's plate.

IN this country and in England the ladies, at a signal from the hostess, leave the gentlemen, at the conclusion of the dessert course, to the enjoyment of their cigars and each other, and take their coffee in the drawing-room. The gentlemen rise and remain standing as the ladies withdraw, the one nearest the door holding it open as they pass out. For the past two years, in the more fashionable circles, the gentlemen have accompanied the ladies to the drawing-room, found seats for them, bowed and retired to the dining-room, but the custom has been observed only at large dinners. It may not be amiss to suggest that it is due to one's hostess not to forget to take away the little menu or name card that she has been at pains to provide with a view to one's appreciation. As a souvenir of the occasion, one is supposed to value it, and the "law of kindness" sometimes requires one to "assume a virtue if you have it not."

The subject of table manners is broad enough to cover much more than the mere mode of eating. It deals, also, with the bearing and attitude. The table is not a lounging place, and the habit of leaning on the elbows, or even on one elbow, is exceedingly inelegant. A hostess should endeavor to appear perfectly at her ease. Having instructed the servants previous to the meal she should leave the service to them, and devote her entire attention to her guests.

The habit of toying with one's knife, fork or glass, absent-mindedly drumming on the table, drawing upon the table-cloth with a spoon, piling one little thing upon another, are forms of nervousness that are not well-bred and should be controlled. I once saw a gentleman crumple in his hand a very beautiful doily while earnestly engaged in conversation.

One should not engross one's neighbor by conversation, however entertaining, so that he is unable to satisfy his appetite, or even to appreciate in some measure what his hostess has endeavored to provide for his enjoyment.

IT is the "first duty of man" and woman at a dinner-table to make themselves agreeable. This includes not only the effort to be entertaining, but to be an appreciative listener, as well, to what others may have to contribute. It excludes the introduction of all subjects that are likely to excite heated argument, or that may be in the slightest degree obnoxious to any person present. Conscience, as well as "good form," forbids adverse criticism of the absent, or gossip in any of its unworthy forms. It is nothing less than rude to try to monopolize the conversation and seek to concentrate general attention upon one's self.

Each guest should try to contribute to the cheerful atmosphere of the scene, bringing whatever news of a pleasant nature one has heard for the general benefit. Good stories, bits of information, etc., should be treasured for such occasions, and the briefer these stories are the better will it be for all concerned. Fault-finding about the weather, teasing and personalities of whatever kind are not calculated to produce harmony and should be rigidly excluded from dinner-table conversation. Good digestion will wait on appetite the more surely if these rules be observed.

The A, B, C of table etiquette requires that one shall not attempt to talk while masticating. If addressed unexpectedly, one need be under no embarrassment to dispose of the food in one's mouth, if the quantity taken has not been unduly large. If anything has been taken into the mouth that is unpleasant to swallow, it may be disposed of in the napkin without remark, while ostensibly wiping one's mouth. If one desire a second helping of anything or to have one's cup refilled, it is more courteous to address those at the ends of the table who are serving, than to mention the wish to the person in attendance.

IN the decalogue of good behavior unselfishness indisputably stands first. Of all forms of selfishness the most repulsive is that exhibited at table. The carver who manages to keep the tidbits for himself, and the one who, with thoughtlessness or indifference to others present, helps himself over-bountifully to some dainty, are inexcusable. At the home table self must be lost sight of for the general benefit. In cutting one's food the amount of "elbow-room" allowable is governed by a courteous consideration for one's neighbor. The habit of resting the right arm on the table while drinking from cup or spoon is undeservedly popular. The hand should be freely raised to meet the mouth—it were a reversal of the traditions of rank for the head to lower itself for the accommodation of its slave—the hand.

It is in the privacy of home, untrammeled by the restraint imposed by the presence of strangers, that bad habits grow apace, and it is precisely at the home table that the reform should begin. Other considerations apart, no one can appear well-bred in public to whom it has not become second nature to be courteous, considerate and self-restrained in the informality of the home circle. "Company manners" cannot be put on and off; no matter how careful one may be, one betrays one's self inadvertently. Punctuality at meals should be felt to be an obligation. Its infraction is a form of selfishness that entails annoyance upon many. A fresh toilette should express the respect felt for the social event of the day.

IT is customary to wait until all are served before beginning one's own meal, and it is considerate to affect to continue eating until all shall have finished. Especially is this courtesy due to a guest upon whom the bulk of the conversation may have devolved. I think Lord Chesterfield is credited with saying that one should not eat everything upon one's plate; it would seem to imply that, had there been more, one would have been better satisfied. Neither is it seemly to sop up the gravy with bits of bread, nor to pile one thing upon another on the fork. In eating vegetables a certain punctilio is observed with each. Asparagus is now taken in the fingers if the stalks be large and dry; if not, they should be divided and eaten with a fork. It is allowable to eat artichokes also with the fingers, pulling off the leaves one by one to eat the tender morsel at the base of each. Peas, of course, must not be eaten with a spoon. In England such a breach of the proprieties would be regarded with horror. It is an instance where a triviality is absurdly magnified by fashion. With regard to Indian corn we are a law unto ourselves. If eaten from the cob it should be broken and held in one hand, however. In England a boiled egg is always eaten out of its own shell. The practice of breaking one or more into a glass is an Americanism to which we have an undoubted right, but out of our own country it is regarded as provincial and vulgar. As a nation we are reproached with eating too fast, and our digestions would be under obligations, usually, if we should mend our manners in this regard.

IT is no longer customary to press a guest to eat more heartily of anything by saying "there is plenty more." It were invidious for him to doubt it, and the statement implies that the abundance is not a matter of course. In helping a guest to anything, where other persons are present at table, it is not in good taste to select for him that which is choicest in a way that is observable, neither is it tactful to show favoritism in serving at any time, unless it is regulated by the precedence of age or sex, and in a judicial spirit. It educates greediness and selfishness in children where they are given habitually that which is least desirable.

IF a guest be guilty of any awkwardness of course no notice should be taken of it. George IV, outwardly "the first gentleman of Europe," carried politeness still farther. A young maid of honor, recently attached to the Queen's service, poured her tea out to cool and drank it from the saucer. Anticipating any looks on the part of others present that might wound the young woman, the King diverted the attention to himself, and set the novice at her ease by drinking his own tea in the same manner. The "golden rule" exhausts every requirement of courtesy. If as a guest you have overturned your glass or been *gauche* in any way, be as self-condemnatory as you please for a moment, but do not prolong the subject. If offered a choice between two things do not deliberate, but decide quickly.

It is in traveling and at hotel tables where people reveal their breeding, and their natural selves stand confessed. Some monopolize the waiter, entirely ignoring the claims of others, while others talk as though quite oblivious of the presence of strangers.

In conclusion I would suggest that the highest standard of behavior at table requires one to begin the reform with one's self, and cultivate a discreet and charitable blindness to the lapses and peccadillos of one's neighbors.

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LOOKING WELL IN THE HOME

By Isabel A. Mallon

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ABBY E. UNDERWOOD

THE mistress of even the very smallest home may always look well, for even while fulfilling her duties the gown worn in the morning can be not only neat, but by its perfect cleanliness, proper make and fit, absolutely dainty. For house wear in the morning, alpaca in tan, dark blue or black is advised, as a neat-looking frock can be made of this fabric. Such a gown is, of course, made in a very simple fashion, the skirt full but not too flaring, the bodice round and draped, with the belt and collar of ribbon arranged in the plainest manner. There should be no flying ends, no untidy nor soiled chiffons, and no air of a party frock being utilized for the house about such a toilette. But I am going to tell particularly about gowns that are suited to home wear in the afternoon and evening, when husband and father and brother are at home. The wise woman is that one who looks through her wardrobe and decides how the gowns that have been worn may be utilized. There is pictured right here a very pretty house gown, the result of a search among many frocks, and the development of one out of two. A blue crépon skirt of last winter has sufficient flare for the style fancied, inasmuch as well-bred women are not wearing the exaggerated skirts. After it has been brushed, first with a stiff whisk and then with a soft brush, it looks absolutely as good as new. A black satin gown is ripped apart, the satin freshened and the short coat basque with its ripple back is made from it. The waistcoat is a folded one of blue crépon with straps of black satin going across it from just below the bust-line to the edge of the belt-line so that they produce a deep girdle effect. Overlapping revers, sharply pointed and extremely wide, give a broad air, and are made, the under ones of the blue crépon piped with black Persian lamb, while the upper ones are of black satin decorated by tiny jet beads that follow a braiding design. The full sleeves of the satin are shaped in at the elbows. A piping of black Persian is the finish at each wrist. The high collar is of folded black satin, and from the back comes forward at each side a broad black satin ribbon which is tied in a huge flaring bow.

GOWN OF SATIN AND CRÉPON

SOME OF THE STUFFS

SATIN, velveteen and crépon as well as all the wool materials are liked for house wear, while satin in the light colors is favored in combination with a dark stuff. The crépons show smaller weaves and are frequently embroidered in tiny pin heads, crescents or stars the same color as the background. Skirts for the street are being made longer, and in consequence those intended only for the house have the slightest suggestion of a train. And this slight train really makes every woman wise enough to wear it, look more graceful. A house gown showing a black and écru combination has a skirt of black crépon flaring gracefully and resting at least three inches on the ground at the back. From the waist extending to below the knee come écru satin ribbon ends, two on each side. One of each is held down by a huge bow of similar ribbon, which is sewed to the background in such a way that it looks as if it were appliquéd. The other end is cut crosswise and allowed to flare. The bodice is a short, round basque, the front cut away to allow a box-plaited *gilet* of écru satin with sets of tiny gold buttons arranged in rows upon it to be seen. An enormous collar, square in the back and shawl-shaped at the sides, is of écru lace of the coarse variety fancied. The full sleeves are of the crépon, and are drawn in to cuffs of the satin overlaid with the lace, and having on the outer side of each cuff, as if holding the lace down, a row of gold buttons. The high stock is of broad black satin ribbon with its bow in front, and having from under this bow a cravat of lace like the collar.

A DAINTY BODICE

AN ALL-WHITE DINNER-GOWN

A DAINTY BODICE

THE bodice shown in the accompanying illustration, which may be worn with a skirt of any color, is a draped one of white China silk. A square collar of coarse white lace gives a yoke effect in the back, while the front is entirely hidden under a full flare of similar lace, but so deep that it reaches quite to the belt. Over this, at intervals, as if to hold it in place, are narrow straps of white satin ribbon thickly spangled in green. The sleeves are full ones of the silk and shape in to cuffs formed of the piece lace and the ribbon alternating, the ribbon being spangled like that on the front of the bodice. The high stock is of white satin ribbon with its large flaring bow in front. It is counted newer to have the bow in front than in the back.

WAYS AND MEANS

THERE are so many pretty ways in which a house bodice may be freshened up. Enormous sailor collars of insertion and ribbon will make a plain bodice look elaborate, strips of ribbon spangled with jet or iridescent beads give an air of elaboration, and one can use all the bits of lace, fur and passementerie that have been freshened, so that a good result is obtained. Very many women choose one color for the house and never wear any other. The fancy for identifying one tint with one's self is dainty and womanly, and it may be mentioned it is also economical, inasmuch as what is left over from one year to another can always be utilized. Pure heliotrope, black, rose, pale blue, écru and, of course, white are specially in vogue, and all, either in silks or stuffs, may be artistically developed. In a well-heated house one dainty little woman wears for her afternoon and evening gowns all the winter through, soft white mull. Of course, her bodice is lined and in that way made quite as warm as a stuff one. Another woman, who dresses well, selects the soft wools in heliotrope, while still another invariably wears white. An all-white gown, truthfully spoken of as a picture frock, that was worn at a home dinner, had an air of elegance and yet was not expensive. The material is of smooth-surfaced, light-weight white cloth. The skirt is made rather full with a slight train, but does not flare. The bodice is a round draped one with a belt of golden-brown satin, and long ends of golden-brown ribbon are at one side of the belt just near the front. A large flaring collar, made of golden-brown velvet ribbon, white lace insertion and having deep white lace for its frill, is the neck finish, and the white throat is permitted to show well above it in the modest way that delights a painter. The huge puffs that form the sleeves cease at the elbows, and deep frills of lace fall on the lower part of each arm. Such a gown could be developed in black crépon, satin or velveteen, and have its collar made of black insertion and black velvet ribbon, while the waist ribbon could also be of black velvet.

FASHIONABLE STOCK COLLARS

DRESDEN ribbons are much used and do make very effective stocks, but they should be detachable ones, for they are apt to grow tiresome when worn very often. The industrious woman, that one who has the feminine ability to freshen her belongings and to make her toilette in the house look bright and pretty, will spangle the ribbons for herself, and she can, in many cases, make elaborate the satin revers by following a braiding design with small beads in such a way that a very artistic effect is attained at the cost of little money and some industry.

A set of white satin revers braided in this way with amber beads and outlined with brown fur is the work of an industrious girl, who will put them on a white bodice to be worn, as it is needed, either with a brown crépon, a white cloth or a white silk skirt. To look pretty in the evening, when the men of the household are at home, is a duty every woman owes to her family as well as to herself.

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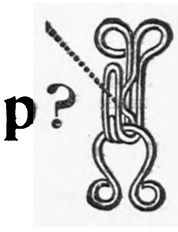

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TEACHING A LITTLE ONE TO READ

By Edith A. Turner

LET us concede that in the majority of cases the mother who finds it necessary to undertake the early education of her children, tries to remember the method by which she herself was initiated into the mysteries of reading, and that that method is the one she endeavors to impart to her little ones. There is no disputing the fact that children learned to read well by the old A, B, C method, but a new and much easier one, which I shall try to explain, has almost superseded it.

It will be necessary for the mother who is desirous of teaching her little ones by this new method to provide for her work a blackboard, some chalk, a slate, a reading-chart and a primer. If she cannot spare the money a slate and a primer will be sufficient for the first six months, the primer to be followed by a first reader. When the child has actually commenced to read from a book it will be found that much better work is done by having two or three other books containing almost the same words as the one used for lesson, which will serve as tests of the pupil's ability to know the words in different positions. A bright child frequently deceives its teacher or mother as to its progress by memorizing a lesson and reading it off very glibly, while it would not be able to read the same words in different connections or relations. The time for putting the primer into the child's hand will depend upon the method of teaching followed by the mother. The preliminary work may occupy three or four months, or the mother may give the little one the book after two or three lessons. If the primer is not used by the child it would be well for the mother to use one to help her in making a selection of words. It will also be a valuable aid in its introductory explanation. One more suggestion: The mother must possess infinite patience. This work, apparently so simple to her, is full of difficulties to the little searcher after knowledge, and although the repetition of these "baby-words" may be a tiresome task to the mother, to the little one, if presented cheerfully and pleasantly, the work is full of joy and delight.

AND now for the actual work. The pupil six years old, that age being sufficiently early at which to start this work, is supposed to know nothing about reading, writing or spelling, not even the names of the letters. For the first lesson the word "cat" is selected, a word whose meaning is well understood by the child. In a schoolroom the picture of a cat will be shown, but at home the mother may take the real cat on her lap, and she and the little pupil will talk about it. Then the mother might say, "My little girl and I have had a pleasant talk about our pet; I wonder whether I could make the slate or the blackboard say the word 'cat'?" The child looks on with interest, while the mother carefully and in good-sized writing places the word "cat" on the board. "That is the word 'cat' said by the board. Go point to it, Nellie. Now go pat the real cat. Now go point to the word again." Then the mother might write the word many times on different parts of the slate and in different sized letters, making the child continually point to the words, thereby showing that she understands what she is doing. All this time there has been no mention of a single letter. Then the child may make an effort to copy "cat" on her slate. The letters will be peculiar looking, but never mind. This word "cat" will be a sufficiently long lesson. The next day write the word again and see whether the child recognizes it at once. "What does the board say, dear?" "It says the word 'cat,' mamma." Go slowly so as to be thorough. When the child knows the word take another, "man," for instance, first talking about its meaning, showing a picture, speaking of papa, grandpa, etc. "Is little brother a man?" "Oh, no, mamma." From the first insist upon the child's speaking in sentences, not stiffly, but easily. After this little chat write the word "man," having previously erased the word "cat." Use various devices to impress this word, then have it copied by the child. "Cat" and "man" might then both be written, and to have the child point to each, calling each word by name, will be an excellent test. When you ask her to point to "cat" do not be discouraged if she points to "man," but do the work over. Ask her to copy "cat," now "man," now "cat" again, etc., etc.

COMMENCE the third lesson by reviewing these words. Then introduce a new word, "top," first having the conversation, perhaps with a top in the hand. If the little one has no brother she may never have seen a top, but mamma surely has a picture, or anyhow she can tell her little girl about it, or she may be able to draw a picture of a top. Remember the art of reading is only useful as a means of conveying ideas. The ability to recognize printed words is of no value if the thought is not grasped at the same time. Sometimes we are apt to lay too much stress upon oral reading, forgetting that most of our information is gained through silent reading. "Ideas first, signs afterward," is the order of our work. For the third lesson we selected "top," to be taught similarly to "cat" and "man," which are to be reviewed at the end of the lesson. Now that three words have been considered, start to make a list, adding new words as they are taught. Good, strong wrapping paper will answer this purpose or a piece of pasteboard. The great educational reformer, Pestalozzi, had no blackboard, no conveniences whatever at first, but he made use of tapestries on the wall for object lessons, and the floor and pieces of wood served as blackboard and slates. For the fourth lesson teach the article "a," not by itself, but write on the board "a cat," "a man," "a top" and have these expressions read and copied. Do not have the word "a" pointed out or said separately so as to avoid unnatural expression. For the next lesson I would teach the phrase "I have." Place the cat on Nellie's lap. "What have you, Nellie?" Try to obtain this answer, "I have a cat." Give her a top. "What have you?" "I have a top." "Now, Nellie, we know that the board can say 'a cat.' I wonder whether it can say 'I have a cat?'" Then the mother writes that sentence; the child recognizing the words "a cat," knows that the first two are "I have." Then write "I have a top." Have the different words pointed out separately. For the next lesson teach "fan," "a fan," "I have a fan," and review. For the next "see," "I see a cat," "I see a man, a top, a fan," and review. For the next, "the cat," "the man," "the top," "the fan," "the" always being used in connection with other words. For the next, "am," "I am a man," "am I a man?" etc., and review. Next the expression "it is," "it is a top," "is it a fan?" etc., etc., first obtaining the expression "it is" through conversation. Constantly review, and remember not to take up a new word until the old ones have been thoroughly learned.

BY this time the child can read with natural expression many simple sentences arranged by the mother and written on the board. Aim to arrange the words differently. Do not use the same fixed sentences. Reviewing the word "cat" alone, the child should be master of these sentences: "I have a cat." "It is the cat." "I see a cat." "Have I a cat?" "See I the cat?" "Am I a cat?" "Can I see the cat?" "The cat is big." "Is the cat big?" "A cat is on the box." "Is the cat on the box?" "I see a big cat on a big box." "Is the cat on the box?" "Is the cat on a big box?" "Can I see the cat on the box?" With similar sentences the other words may be reviewed. The child has now a little vocabulary—"cat, man, top, fan, I, have, see, can, am, is," and "a," "the" and "on" in sentences. The time consumed in teaching these words depends much upon the quickness of the child and the patience of the teacher.

THE next step is to introduce the sounds of the separate letters. Commence again with the word "cat." The mother will say the word naturally, then more slowly and slowly until she is really saying the three sounds c-ă-t separately. Let the child repeat the word very slowly until she resolves it into its sounds. Write the word on the board. "Give me the sound of 'c,' of 'a,' of 't,'" pointing to the letters, or naming them if the child knows their names. Vary the order of giving these sounds. The next day review the phonetic sounds of "cat" and take up other words containing but one new letter. For instance, rat, fat, mat, bat, hat, sat, could all be built from "cat." In teaching "fat," write it under the word "cat." Ask the child to tell you where to draw a line showing the parts alike in the two words c|at f|at Give the sound of "f." Have the child give f-ă-t, and it will then probably be able to name the word.

I THINK that it will not be difficult for the mother to give the sounds of the letters, even were she herself never taught phonics, for all that is necessary to do is to say the words exceedingly slowly or to drawl them out. We know that one great difficulty in teaching the beginner to read is caused by the names of the letters being different from their sounds. Children enjoy this word-building, and they are fond of giving the sounds, which, if they give well and clearly, help much toward distinct utterance. Teaching by the "word-method" alone (that is, the word as a whole) would be rather a slow process, but by combining the "word" and "phonic" method, the work progresses much more rapidly. Some words must be taught as wholes; time will be economized if others are taught by the phonics. With children in their first year's reading difficult sounds are not considered. The word "pretty" would be taught as a whole; "strap" by sounds; "whole" should be taught by telling the child that "w" and "e" are not sounded, writing the word "whole," with a line drawn through the "w" and "e," as a help to pronunciation. About a hundred words should be taught, combining the two methods; then the chart could be used in connection with the blackboard, or in the absence of the chart the primer might be taken up, extreme care being used to see that the child does not memorize the lessons in parrot-fashion. Never forget that conversations precede all lessons or accompany them. The lessons must convey thought to the pupils. After a little story has been read have the pupil tell it to you in her own language. In her second year she could write her version of the story. If possible, as I said before, use other books containing about the same words for supplementary reading. All the words taught have been kept on the list for frequent reviews. Children like to find the words that they know. If they pick up a book beyond them, how gleeful they are if they happen to see a familiar word, like "pretty, small, woods, bright," etc. All such devices help them to recognize the words at sight. Many of the nursery rhymes, the short stories for very young readers, and the magazines published expressly for the "babies" may be used successfully in this work. The aim of silent reading is to obtain information; of oral reading to give natural expression to thought. In either case the reception of ideas depends upon the ease with which the child recognizes the words at sight.

AT the end of five or six months the primer may be followed by a first reader. Many of the lessons will review words already learned, but that is good. In seven months you will be able to teach the child about ten new words a day, sometimes fewer, sometimes more, according to their difficulty. When ten months have passed, an average child will probably know well five or six hundred words. The twenty-six letters of the alphabet have thus been learned, the sounds of the consonants, the long and short sounds of the vowels and a few of their other sounds. If the child has grasped the thought of the lessons she will read aloud intelligently. Do not mention punctuation marks. When I was a little girl we were taught to count one when we came to a comma, four at a period. In the lowest class this counting was done aloud; you can imagine the interruption to the sense of the story. It is not necessary to teach the letters in the order of the alphabet, but there is no harm in doing so after the children know their names from their writing and spelling lessons. When I taught little children who had been in school seven or eight months I arranged the letters to a simple air which the children sang very prettily.

THIS paper has only aimed to deal with the child's reading during the first year. For the next year the work will be followed on somewhat similar plans, less help being given to the child. From the first the mother should endeavor to have the child use a pleasant tone in reading, not a high, shrill tone unlike her natural one.

After three or four months select pretty, short snatches of poetry within the comprehension of the pupil, not beyond it, and teach her how to memorize them. Parents and teachers are sometimes gratified at hearing their children recite very difficult selections, but what a foolish vanity this, for the child, instead of being helped, is hindered. Forcing children beyond their natural limit is one of the mistakes in our American kindergartens, and is entirely foreign to Froebel's ideas. Sound, gradual mental development is what the truest teachers strive for, not false show. With a few more words I will finish. I hope that mothers may be benefited by what I have tried to say, but it is almost impossible thoroughly to explain the method in writing. At any time I shall gladly answer questions, for it is my earnest wish to be of practical help to mothers. Do not think lightly of this work, for it is now acknowledged among educators that the work of teaching the little ones should be intrusted to the most thoughtful and tactful teachers, although the subjects taught are in themselves so exceedingly simple.

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By Isabel A. Mallon

BABY'S *layette* must, first of all, be simple, though the tiny garments which compose it must, of course, be as fine and soft and dainty as circumstances will permit. The finest of nainsook makes the best frocks, while soft cambric is used for the simple little slips. Every stitch should be put in by hand, and while elaborate hemstitching is permitted, all lace, except the very narrow, fine, real Valenciennes, is counted bad form. The weighing basket usually after performing its chief function, *i. e.*, holding the baby while the scales tell how many pounds it weighs, constitutes itself the receptacle for all the baby's belongings, unless, indeed, a hamper is furnished.

THE DAINTY HAMPER

THESE hampers, made of palm leaf, may be gotten untrimmed at a very reasonable price. The expectant mother usually dedicates one of the spring flowers to the little baby, and the blossom chosen must decorate all the toilet articles. If the apple blossom be selected the basket and tray of this hamper are lined with pale pink silesia covered with white dotted Swiss put on very full. A broad pink satin ribbon is laid across the lid, and on it in letters of white and gold, with apple blossoms thrown here and there in an artistic manner, is painted,

"Sing heart, thou art young and the world is in blossom."

The rolled pincushion is of pink silk with apple blossoms painted on it, and the outside of the flannel-leaved book, intended to hold safety-pins, is decorated in harmony, although by needle and silk. The backs of the little brushes, of the celluloid powder-box and the china soap-dish, as well as the white china cold cream box, all have an apple blossom upon them, and "For Baby" painted upon them, so that there may be no doubt as to the owner of these dainty belongings. Besides the *layette*, there must be soft linen towels, marked with a big "B," and a large flannel apron with ribbon strings for the nurse to wear while giving him his bath. His blanket is bound with pink ribbon, embroidered in one corner with apple blossoms, and has, worked in pink and white, this pretty quotation:

"Shut little eyes, and shut in the blue;
Sleep, little baby, God loves you."

Of course, there are simpler blankets only bound with ribbon and having a large "B" embroidered in the upper corner.

A SUITABLE LAYETTE

I USE the word "suitable" because there are quite enough pieces in this *layette* for the most luxurious baby, and yet it is not an extravagant one. Again, I must say that silk on a baby is in excessively bad taste. Everything except the outside wrap worn by one of these tiny little rulers must be so made and of such material that it is possible for it to endure a water bath and a soap rubbing, otherwise the baby's belongings are not dainty. You say silk will wash; yes, but even the best of it will turn yellow, and whatever may be the flower you dedicate to your baby, he must, at least, look white like the lily.

Take the dainty little note-book and pencil, and write down this list as constituting the things you will need. First, six flannel bands; these bands should be cut in strips fifteen inches long and five inches wide, and they should be feather-stitched and not hemmed, for even a narrow hem will hurt that sensitive skin which you must remember is as delicate as a rose leaf. Then you want three dozen linen diapers, made very large, and for them you must choose fine bird's-eye. Then six Canton-flannel diapers, made equally large, hand-hemmed like the others, and if you have any old linen use it up in the same way. Then six linen shirts. These must be made each with a high neck and long sleeves, and should, for their decoration, have a fine hemstitched edge. Sometimes the narrow Valenciennes frill is added, but if it is it must be over-handed on with the daintiest of stitches that are at once exquisite and secure. Laundered? Certainly. But softly, that is, without even a suggestion of that enemy to baby's underwear, starch. Its use must be honored in the non-observance.

THE BABY'S SKIRTS

THEN you need three flannel barrow skirts. These are made on to a broad cambric band, and are left open all the way down the front. The prettiest finish is a simple flannel binding. Then there should be four flannel petticoats made on to cambric bands, finished with a hem and feather-stitched tucks, but entirely free of embroidery or crochet lace.

The daintiest material for white petticoats is that old-fashioned stuff called dimity; it is, however, rather expensive, and if you do not care to get it, select in its place a fine cambric, making of the material four white petticoats. Of the same material, cambric, you make ten slips; these are intended for day wear, are high in the neck and have long rather full sleeves. For night are six slips of the same material, but shorter, with less needlework upon them, and not having the almost infinitesimal frill of real Valenciennes lace that finishes the necks and wrists of the day dresses. Then you want two flannel wrappers; make these of the prettily-striped inexpensive outing flannel, scalloping either with pink or blue silk the tiny collar which is the neck finish, and the edges of the sleeves. Some one of your women friends will send you the three little sacques, either crocheted or of embroidered flannel, cloth or cashmere, that are required last of all on the list.

FOR THE BABY'S OUTING

YOU will prepare for that; so in his long cloak and cape of Bedford cord, or prettier still, of heavily-grained white silk, with a close-fitting little cap on his head made of the same material as his coat and decorated only with rosettes of baby-ribbon, shaded by a knitted or lace veil over his face, he is ready to start out to give to a longing world an opportunity to gaze upon him. His nurse, thinking of his welfare, carries him up-stairs first, so that he may be high-minded, and after he has gotten from under the doorway the wish-bone that decorated it is taken away so that all the good luck may go in his footsteps. When he is a little older he will go out in his carriage, and nowadays the carriage is a thing of beauty. Usually it is enameled in white and picked out with gold; a white goatskin rug is under the baby's feet, though a long distance from them, and after the decorated cover is laid over him, a hand-painted strap of white kid with apple blossoms decorating it, and "Baby" in gold just in the centre, holds this lucky baby in place.

The mother who can paint or embroider may, at an expense that seems trifling, decorate all the belongings of her baby, and exhibit to admiring friends a *layette* that even money cannot buy. On every piece of furniture required for the baby's toilette, including the papier-maché tub, should appear the daisies, violets or spring blossoms that have been selected for his highness' flower.

THE LITTLE ONE'S BED

LONG ago the doctors pronounced cradles unhealthy and said that many a baby had died of brain fever brought on by continuous rocking. So his highness, the baby, dreams beautiful dreams in a tiny bed of his own that does not rock. Sometimes these are of brass, sometimes of iron, enameled white, or of rattan, but always standing on strong legs. Curtains of silesia of the color chosen for the baby are over-draped with dotted muslin trimmed with fluted ruffles. These curtains are not only dainty to look upon but they keep the draughts away, while they are not so thick as to forbid the entrance of fresh air. Feathers are counted too heating and so the tiny pillow and small mattress are filled with carefully-picked white horse hair, fine as possible. The small blankets are bound with ribbon of the proper color, the muslin sheets are hemmed by hand, and there is also provided a dainty comforter made of cheesecloth; this is filled with lamb's wool, tied with Tom Thumb ribbon and bound like the blankets. A rubber sheet is a convenience also. Any pretty sentiment may be worked on the pillow-cases which are to be used for the baby's carriage pillow; those for his bed should be simply hemstitched. If he should have appeared with the summer time the pillow-cases may be of linen, but for any other months they are better made of fine cambric or muslin of one of the soft brands.

THE CHRISTENING DRESS

MOST of us remember that horror in baby's frocks showing puffs, tucks, insertion and edging, and which was intended for his tiny majesty to wear on the day when his name was given to him. Common sense has changed all that, and it is demanded for the christening robe that it be of the finest material possible, usually the sheerest nainsook; that the hand work be marvelous, but that if any lace at all is put upon it, it must be real, very narrow and on the yoke. The Duchess of York chose for her little son the low-necked and short-sleeved frock fashionable so many years ago, but here, where the climate is so variable and so severe, wise mothers insist that even the christening robe must be high in the neck and long of the sleeves. A very pretty and suitable one has, overlaying the yoke of nainsook, another of real Valenciennes lace, while tiny cuffs of the same kind of lace are the sleeve finish. The long, full skirt is decorated only by its hem and five narrow tucks, all finished by the drawing of their threads and hemstitching. Occasionally, as in this case, especially if the baby is very large, a three-inch-wide white satin ribbon is brought around under the little arms and tied in long loops and ends just at one side of the front. But a baby inclined to be energetic must be watched, else he will soon chew these ribbon loops into damp ugliness and make them anything but things of beauty. Gold buttons with pendent chains are not liked by women who are specially dainty about the baby's belongings, the tiny lace buttons made for the small person's use being counted better form.

THE BABY'S BELONGINGS

PALE pink and pale blue have from time immemorial been the colors dedicated to the baby, and any effort to get something out of the common by using yellow or any eccentric shade, is to be frowned upon. China bowls in white enameled frames, and just the right height to be convenient to a mother when she is bathing the baby, are decorated with Kate Greenaway figures, and have two compartments, one for hot and one for cold water. A dish rather larger than the ordinary soap-cup matches the basin, and is also divided into compartments, one being for the silk sponge and the other for the soap. If the pennies have to be considered do not buy an expensive soap, but choose, instead, a good, plain white Castile which has age to recommend it, and which will be certain to agree with the delicate skin. I have seen women who lacked the instinct of motherhood bathing their babies, so I would like to say to you: Be willing to acknowledge your ignorance and let your nurse teach you how to bathe the baby, otherwise chafed skin, a sore head and weak eyes may result from your lack of knowledge, and also from the fact that you are ignorant of the art, a great one, of drying the baby properly. Powder may make him feel more comfortable, but there will certainly be trouble with that sensitive skin unless, before the puff is applied, every drop of water has been absorbed into the soft towel.

A FEW LAST WORDS

YOUR baby is the most lovely that was ever born, but do not let strangers, in their desire to express their admiration of it, kiss the little lips that cannot object, or clasp tightly in their arms the little body that is, as yet, so tender. So many little ones are injured by promiscuous kissing that the wise mother tells the nurse that once she knows that outsiders are permitted to kiss the baby her discharge without a reference will promptly follow. Hard-hearted? No, indeed. Nurse must consider, first of all, her charge, even if, to the rest of the world, she is unwilling to display the baby intrusted to her care.

I wonder if those women to whom comes the great blessing of motherhood ever realize what it means not to have a child of one's own? At the mere hint of a baby's going from her the loving mother draws him closer and closer, and while his eyes close she dreams out what life is to be to him, and what he is to be to her. It may never be as she thinks—but oh, are any hours so happy, is life ever so full of bliss as when a mother holds her child in her arms and knows that she makes sunshine or shade for it, and that it is to her a joy forever?

It must make a woman better—this knowing that one little soul entirely trusts to her; expects the best from her. How can she disappoint her child? How can she be anything except the best of women? It is the baby now, but as the years go by and it becomes the boy, and then the man, she must long for him to think that mother always does right. Or, if the tiny one be a girl! In the far-off years she will be her helper and her companion, and the girl must find in her mother her ideal. It is a wonderful gift, this one of a human soul. And God has thought a woman worthy of it. Therefore, must she not show in her daily life how she appreciates the honor? And must she not endeavor with all her heart to be a good mother? Oh, that means so much!

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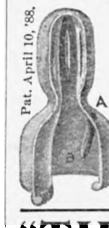

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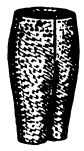

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JUST AMONG OURSELVES

EDITED BY MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT

A department devoted to a social interchange of ideas among JOURNAL readers. Address all letters to MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 421–427 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

THERE are times when we find words very poor mediums for transmitting our thoughts and feelings. "Thank you," having been used so much formally and for trivial reasons, seems inadequate for occasions when we are awakened to a deeper sense of obligation for what we have received in the past, or are surprised by some new token of consideration and kindness. Many a grateful soul has been misjudged unthankful when the burden of gratitude has sealed the lips. Too often our mercies are unnumbered and unnoticed till some sudden flash reveals them, and we are dumb from an excess of thankfulness and ashamed because we have so long been dumb from carelessness. In a frame of mind sensitive to blessings because of a recent great deliverance, my friend and I were driving through the woods and came upon a large fallen tree. "I am thankful we were not driving by this point when that tree fell," said he, and then we both realized how continual our song of praise would be if we remembered the "falling trees" we had not encountered in our long path since childhood. We might easily have carried our enumeration of escapes to an absurdity, as the schoolboy is said to have done in his composition, when he attributed to pins great life-saving qualities, "by not a-swallering of 'em," but we could keep far within a doubtful limit of causes for gratitude and find ourselves under condemnation of grievous unappreciation. It is well for the carelessly unthankful and for those oppressed with gratitude that we come at least once a year to a time when thankful love is stirred afresh and circumstances are favorable to its expression in other forms than words.

* * *

ONE of the adjuncts to the great "Power Company's" works at Niagara is the ready-made village of Achota. It has not grown up as most towns and villages do, with a house set here and there according to the good—or bad—judgment of the owner, and with lanes and roads more or less smooth and level—generally less—winding hither and yon, perhaps first made by the home-coming cows at night; it is so that the streets of Boston are charged with originating. Achota was begun below the foundations. The ground itself was redeemed by skillful engineering from a sickly malarial "flat," without natural drainage, exposed to the overflow of too sluggish, but often enormously expanded, streams. The fields were either wet, sticky and heavy or, under a scorching sun, baked and seamed with numerous cracks. Its finely-macadamized streets, well-trimmed grass-plots, gardens and shade trees now have a basis of suitable soil, made so by an elaborate network of tiles laid at a depth of from four to six feet. Upon this well-prepared ground are built and rented cheaply houses of various sizes, with the best modern appliances for household convenience. As the "Company" still owns all the land and the houses it can maintain perfect order and cleanliness out-of-doors, and, by wise regulations, has made it possible to keep the inside of the houses wholesome. As I walked through this village and heard the engineer describe with earnest interest the plans toward which he had been working, my first thought was, why have not rich women invested their money and their surplus energy in establishing just such industrial villages? Their practical knowledge of the needs of a household would help them avoid the mistakes of the mere theorist. My second thought was, how long will these exquisitely neat and pretty houses keep their present charm under the rule of the ordinary housekeeper? For it does not follow that a house will be well kept because the arrangements are such as would make good housekeeping possible. If we are not rich enough to build an Achota we housekeepers can study the sanitary needs of our own home; we can intelligently dispose of the refuse; can study the relation of food to strength and activity; can "rule" our households with intelligence and justice so far as our capacity permits, and thus contribute our quota to the making of a model town or city. It is given to us now to prove our ability to govern, even though it be in a small way. If we want a larger opportunity let us first prove our ability where we are. Achota can be spoiled by poor housekeepers—your village and mine may be improved by good ones.

DURING the past summer spent at a charming mountain hotel, where the number of guests varied from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, I have been almost painfully impressed by the deportment of young girls—their loud manner, if I may so express it—in public places; and their careless neglect—to use no stronger term—of courteous deference to those of more mature years.

I cannot willingly believe that the young girls of to-day are less modest, less refined, less courteous, less appreciative of parents and older friends than those of fifteen or twenty years ago. But if they could only realize the impression they give to those who love them because they are young and gay, as well as to strangers who may watch them with a coldly critical eye, they would surely be more careful. The loud tone and louder laugh, the heavy step, the rush through public halls and piazzas—that noisy proclamation of their presence and of their right to take possession of any place they choose, give real pain to those who love them, and are the occasion of rude jests and scornful criticisms by many mere onlookers. Many times during the past summer I have noticed with sorrow and amazement the apparently unconscious discourtesy—I might almost say rudeness—of young girls whose noisy, boisterous laughing was disturbing to those who were entitled, in common civility, to some consideration. One evening last August a young girl was sitting on the piazza of the hotel near the room of one of the guests who had been ill. It was about eleven o'clock, an hour when, at that hotel, quiet was expected. Two or three young men had gathered about her, and all were talking and laughing unrestrained by the hour. At length the invalid lady spoke from her window, politely asking if they would take seats at a little distance, as she had a severe headache. "I am very comfortable where I am," was the cool response of the girl—and she did not move. Such extreme rudeness is, of course, exceptional.

It is not merely that a certain amount of deference is due to parents and elders from the young, but nothing seems more charming in young people than to see them quickly and instinctively offer to age and experience the little courtesies of life.

Not long ago I read an article in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL entitled "The Blot on Our American Life," in which it was shown that the prevailing lack of respect in children was largely due to want of proper training by parents. This is an age of progress, and children are brought to the front to be educated. It is only right that they should have a prominent place in the family and in the school. But what a pity to tear from them that beautiful, tender courtesy, which the less-favored, old-time child always extended to parents, teachers and elderly people.

Progress that brings out such results needs modification. M. M.

This echo from our editor's earnest arraignment of one of our American faults is so kindly in its spirit that I am sure our young girls will be ready to take its lesson. Several things have recently made me think that our young girls—especially when brought together in large companies, as at school and college—are surprisingly thoughtful of each other. News of a severe accident occurring to the father of a college student was whispered about the building for several hours before the telegram announcing it reached the one most concerned. But not by word nor look were the bad tidings conveyed by her companions. "They will best know how to inform her from home," the wise young friends said, and this girl in her first days away from home was shielded by her very considerate fellow-students from unnecessary pain. For many years I have known with some intimacy not only many young girls in their homes and social life, but have been thrown with students at a woman's college where large numbers are living together, and I can testify to the gentle, considerate treatment which young girls give to one another. But I must confess that there is not a proportionate thoughtful attention paid to older people. It is as "M. M." says, a loss to the young people themselves. Reverence for the aged, deference for the opinions and wishes of their elders, watchfulness for opportunities to serve parents and aged dependent friends are ornaments of character which seem to be little prized by the youth of to-day. This has been many times said but there is yet need of "line upon line" and "precept upon precept."

* * *

I HAVE a young daughter who is very eager to own and ride a bicycle. We live where one could be used for going to and coming from school and we are near a park. But our doctor disapproves of the bicycle for women. The reasons he gives—perhaps he does not give us all he has—do not seem to us to be weighty and they do not satisfy my daughter at all. Can you tell us what the general opinion is—whether the bicycle is not to be used by women?

A. N.

It is true that some good physicians are opposed to the use of the bicycle by women, and that it is recommended by other physicians equally good. There has not been time yet to see whether the advantage is overbalanced by the harm. It is an incentive to be in the open air, it cultivates quickness of observation and of action, it encourages hygienic dress and is exhilarating in a wholesome way. But its very exhilaration is in danger of leading the rider to unwise exertion. Without specific advice to the contrary from a skillful physician who has seen your daughter and knows her temperament and physical condition you would better abide by the judgment of your own doctor.

I WAS greatly interested in reading your account of the "Aberdeen Association" in the August number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and sincerely hope it may be the means of inducing some of our philanthropic women who sympathize with their lonely sisters who lead monotonous lives out on our prairies, to go and do likewise. Having lived some years among the people whose lives the above association seeks to cheer by its kind distribution of wholesome literature, I know how greatly their efforts will be appreciated. While residing there—long before the above association was thought of—I took part in forming an association that had a similar object in view, though of rather a more comprehensive nature, in that it not only included distributing current literature among ourselves, but also had for its object trying to induce our friends and neighbors to give a little more of their dreary time to cultivating the social side of their lives, and spare a little for mental and physical recreation, as well as improvement. I find on coming to live on this side the forty-ninth parallel the same great want: something to enliven and throw some brightness on the dreary, humdrum existence of so many of our brothers and sisters living in isolated positions and often with depressing surroundings. Mr. Bok in one of his editorials emphasizes as one of the sins of this people and generation the want of more time given to physical recreation, contrasting the universal custom in England of a Saturday half-holiday. How much brighter, happier and healthier our lives would be if a similar custom were introduced here, where we are so busy that instead of "letting up" for half a day in our philanthropic amusement we seem to even grudge the divinely-appointed day of rest.

Had I space I could give particulars how our Mutual Improvement and Recreation Society was formed; how, not having the means at hand—all of us struggling and having little or no money to spare for anything except actual necessities—we got up a concert in the nearest town, which realized us sixty dollars, which enabled us to subscribe to some of the leading periodicals of the day, also to supply ourselves with the necessary apparatus for outdoor games; how we would meet on the Saturday afternoons for the games, then after dark adjourn to the schoolhouse to discuss our periodicals, compare notes, select our journals for home reading, etc., and how through the winter we had debates, readings and miscellaneous entertainments both at the schoolhouse and at the houses of the different members. The effect of even this little change in our otherwise uneventful lives was eagerly looked forward to, and every week enthusiastically indulged in. We all felt much better from our weekly intercourse with each other, to say nothing of the mental benefits derived from a good supply of current reading matter that helped to keep us abreast of the times. The few hours each week were never missed from our farm work, but, instead, helped to enliven hours that would otherwise pass heavily and slowly in the dull drudgery of farm life, by having even this simple form of change and recreation to look forward to every week. J. M. W.

I have been gratified to hear of such mutual improvement societies, and also to know that there are in the United States several active associations for the distribution of literature. One is the "Church Periodical Club," 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It calls for books, papers, Christmas and Easter cards, games, etc., and for money to carry on its work. There are five hundred librarians in Episcopal churches, scattered all over the United States, who carry on the work of securing reading matter for those who need it. Further particulars can be learned by writing to the headquarters.

A younger association, I judge quite undenominational in character, is "The Cheerful Letter Exchange, which sends to Virginia, Texas, Washington, Colorado and other States." It "aims to correspond with, and send good reading to, any one who is sick or living in lonely, forlorn places," and publishes a little monthly paper in which all applications for books and all offers of books are printed. This society may be reached by addressing Mrs. Henry F. Smith, Concord, Massachusetts, or Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Massachusetts.

It is probable that there are many smaller societies doing similar work. Most of them do not receive reading matter in bulk and distribute it from headquarters, but aim to put the needy person in communication with some one who will supply the need, each individual sender paying all the expense of postage or express charges. In some cases, as in that described in the following letter, the distribution of literature is only one of many kinds of benevolent work done by a society, and this may suggest to other societies to add a periodical exchange to its present plan of work:

In St. Louis an organization, called "The Young Ladies' Wednesday Class," meets every Wednesday afternoon in the Second Presbyterian Church for mutual benefit and a greater knowledge of God's word and the practical side of Christianity. One of the numerous lines of work chosen by the members is the "Literary Correspondents' Committee." Names are found of persons to whom reading matter would bring sunshine, and a name or names given to each member, with stamps sufficient for each paper, book or magazine they shall send. Also a label,

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WEDNESDAY CLASS
ST. LOUIS

to accompany each wrapper. Our work has grown rapidly, from one hundred papers sent a few months ago to nearly five hundred a month now. We hope we shall be able to keep pace with the great demands for literature. So far as we know, our plan, excepting the "Aberdeen Association," stands alone. We are glad to learn of the great success of that association. H. C. R.

In how many different ways God allows us to share in His blessed plan of lifting men and women from sin and sorrow into virtue and happiness, and how blindly we stumble along without seeing the happy chances He lays directly in our path! A little trouble taken would discover to us a thousand ways in which we might, from our own corner, with even slender means,

"Make some heart a little lighter,
Guide some erring soul aright."

A. F. H. Abbott.

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BY THE EDITORS

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EDWARD W. BOK

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A New Educational Course

THE JOURNAL has added to its existing educational courses a new practical course of scholarships in domestic science and in the useful arts. The two institutes chosen are THE DREXEL INSTITUTE, of Philadelphia, and THE PRATT INSTITUTE, of Brooklyn.

The JOURNAL can now offer the most thorough tuition in all the practical arts of the home—cooking, millinery, dressmaking, needlework, etc. These courses will cover also the applied arts of the working world, such as designing, architecture, decoration, painting, etc., thereby fitting a woman for a self-sustaining career.

No outlay of money is necessary to secure these scholarships; they are entirely and absolutely free, as are the JOURNAL'S collegiate courses and the scholarships in music and the fine arts.

The addition of these practical courses makes the JOURNAL'S free educational offers complete, in the sense that through them an education may be obtained in any or all of three grades—collegiate, the fine arts and the practical arts.

All information regarding these free scholarships may be secured by writing to the JOURNAL'S Educational Bureau.

DR. PARKHURST AND YOUNG MEN

IN the next issue Dr. Parkhurst will begin a series of articles for young men, and, in his first paper, will demonstrate at once that the commission for writing a strong series of familiar chats with young men could not have been placed in better hands. Dr. Parkhurst will write directly to the point, and before the series is over he will have treated all the important phases of a young man's life, secular and religious, moral and educational, civic and domestic.

EUGENE FIELD'S LAST POEM

THE last important poem, representing Eugene Field at his best, was written for the JOURNAL and published in the October issue. It was called "The Dream-Ship," and, as many of our readers will remember, was beautifully illustrated by a full-page drawing by W. L. Taylor. A very wide request for this poem in a form other than that in the JOURNAL has been met by striking off one hundred copies of the illustrated page on the finest plate paper, and, until the supply is exhausted, the JOURNAL will supply copies, carefully mailed, for twenty-five cents each, postpaid. The reproduction of the poem is admirably adapted for framing.

THE BOOKS MOST TALKED ABOUT

CAN all be supplied by the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau, as can any standard book, no matter when or where published. The Literary Bureau has now reached its fully-equipped state, and can meet not only any order, but will supply, gratis and cheerfully, any literary information sought from it. Its price for a single book is that which up to the present time has been the price given only to large book-buyers on extensive orders.

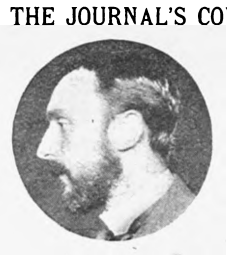
An Exhibition of the Journal's Pictures

SOME time ago the JOURNAL conceived the idea of giving the public an opportunity of seeing the originals of the many fine drawings printed in its pages. Accordingly, it engaged the beautiful galleries of the Art Club, in Philadelphia, and on Friday evening, October 25, a private view, by invitation, was given, which attracted the social and artistic element of the city. The next day the exhibition was thrown open to the public, admission being by ticket, but free. During two weeks nearly 18,000 people viewed the pictures. The pressure to take the exhibition to other cities became so great that the original plan of showing the pictures in Philadelphia only was abandoned, and an invitation accepted from Boston. On the evening of November 15 the exhibition was opened in that city, and during its two weeks' stay over 30,000 attended. The pictures will next be on exhibition in New York City, where, for four days only, from January 15 to January 18, inclusive, they will be on view in the ballroom of the Hotel Waldorf. After the New York stay the collection will be moved, intact, to Chicago, where the magnificent banquet room of the Auditorium Hotel has been secured from the afternoon of Saturday, February 1, until Saturday, February 8, inclusive (Sunday excepted). The success of the exhibition has exceeded the highest expectations of its projectors.

MARY ANDERSON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL PAPERS

WILL reach the most charming number in the February issue, when, in a paper on "Experiences of a Professional Tour," she will give some idea of what an actress encounters "on the road" as she travels from place to place. These experiences will not heighten the desire of stage-struck girls to go on the stage. But Mrs. de Navarro will also show the bright side of the life of a successful actress, and will tell of her first meeting with General Sherman and Edwin Booth. Mrs. de Navarro also writes of her last meeting with the poet Longfellow.

THE JOURNAL'S COVER THIS MONTH



MAY be said to represent the great French artist, Albert Lynch, at his very best. The painting, of which the cover design is a reproduction, is called "The Godmother," and, when finished by Mr. Lynch two years ago, was the talk of the art circles of Paris. It was conceded to be the finest canvas ever done by Mr. Lynch. Last year the original painting was purchased in Paris by Mrs. Alfred C. Harrison, of Philadelphia, and it is through her courtesy that the JOURNAL is permitted to reproduce Mr. Lynch's great work.

GIRLS WHO HAVE MADE THEIR MARK

IT is a peculiar fact, as the Chief Director of the New England Conservatory of Music writes us, that not one of the girls sent to that institution by the JOURNAL has proved a failure. On the other hand, he writes, "A number of those sent to us two years ago are now in different parts of the country supporting themselves, and in many cases aiding in the support of their families, and we have yet to learn of one who has been unsuccessful in her teaching. Several have been able to pursue the full course of study and have graduated with much credit." Other girls have become public singers in concerts and church choirs. This possibility is open to every girl if she will avail herself of it. The JOURNAL stands ready to help the humblest girl to cultivate her musical talents without a penny of expense to herself or parents. An inquiry of the Educational Bureau of the JOURNAL will disclose the plan.

THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR

IS a splendid time to begin the necessary work by which any girl or young man can secure a free education of whatever kind she or he may desire. The competitive element does not enter into the JOURNAL'S educational offers; they are absolutely free and as possible to the girl in the country as to the most widely-acquainted girl in the city. Both stand an equal chance, as can easily be learned from the JOURNAL'S Educational Bureau.

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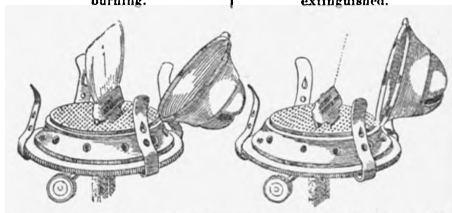

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STORIES OF THE TOWN

BLASÉ BILLY

(CONTINUATION FROM PAGE 10)

to have the carriage here at ten minutes to eight. Then you can drive to the end of the street, slip out and walk back. I will let you in myself."

"And about coming home?" asked the other woman.

"You must slip out a few minutes before eleven, and the carriage must be waiting for you at the corner again. Leave all that to me."

In half an hour the Honorable Mrs. Drayton entered the sick-room, radiant in evening dress and jewels. Fortunately the lights were low, or "Blasé Billy" might have been doubtful of the effect his wife was likely to produce. For her face was not the face that one takes to dinner-parties.

"Nurse tells me you are going to the Grevilles' this evening. I am so glad. I've been worrying myself about you—moped up here right through the season."

He took her hands in his and held her out at arm's length from him.

"How handsome you look, dear," he said. "How they must have all been cursing me for keeping you shut up here, like a princess in an ogre's castle. I shall never dare to face them again."

She laughed, well pleased at his words.

"I shall not be late," she said. "I shall be so anxious to get back and see how my boy has behaved. If you have not been good I sha'n't go again."

They kissed and parted, and at eleven she returned to the room. She told him what a delightful evening it had been, and bragged a little of her own success.

The nurse told her that he had been more cheerful that evening than for many nights. So every day the farce was played for him. One day it was to a luncheon that she went, in a stunning costume; the next night to a ball in a frock direct from Paris; again to an "at home," or concert, or dinner-party. Idlers and passers-by would stop to stare at a haggard, red-eyed woman, dressed as for a drawing-room, slipping thief-like in and out of her own door.

I heard them talking of her one afternoon at a house where I called, and I joined the group to listen.

"I always thought her heartless, but I gave her credit for sense," a woman was saying. "One doesn't expect a wife to be fond of her husband, but she needn't make a parade of ignoring him when he is dying."

I pleaded absence from town to inquire what was meant, and from various lips I heard the same account. One had noticed her carriage at the door two or three evenings in succession. Another had seen her returning home. A third had seen her coming out, and so on. I could not fit the fact in with my knowledge of her, so the next evening I called. The door was opened instantly by herself.

"I saw you from the window," she said. "Come in here; don't speak."

I followed her and she closed the door behind her. She was dressed in a magnificent costume, her hair sparkling with diamonds, and I looked my questions. She laughed bitterly.

"I am supposed to be at the opera tonight," she explained. "Sit down, if you have a few minutes to spare."

I said it was for a talk that I had come; and there, in the dark room, lighted only by the street lamp without, she told me all. And at the end she dropped her head on to her bare arms, and I turned away and looked out of the window for awhile.

"I feel so ridiculous," she said, rising and coming toward me. "I sit here all the evening, dressed like this. I'm afraid I don't act my part very well, but, fortunately, dear Billy never was much of a judge of art, and it is good enough for him. I tell him the most awful stories about what everybody has said to me, and what I've said to everybody, and how my gowns were admired. What do you think of this one?"

For answer I took the privilege of a friend.

"I'm glad you think well of me," she said. "Billy has such a high opinion of you. You will hear some funny tales. I'm glad you know."

I had to leave London again, and Billy died before I returned. I heard that she had to be fetched from a ball, and was only just in time to touch his lips before they were cold. But her friends excused her by saying that the end had come very suddenly.

I called on her a little later, and before I left I hinted to her what people were saying, and asked her if I had not better tell them the truth.

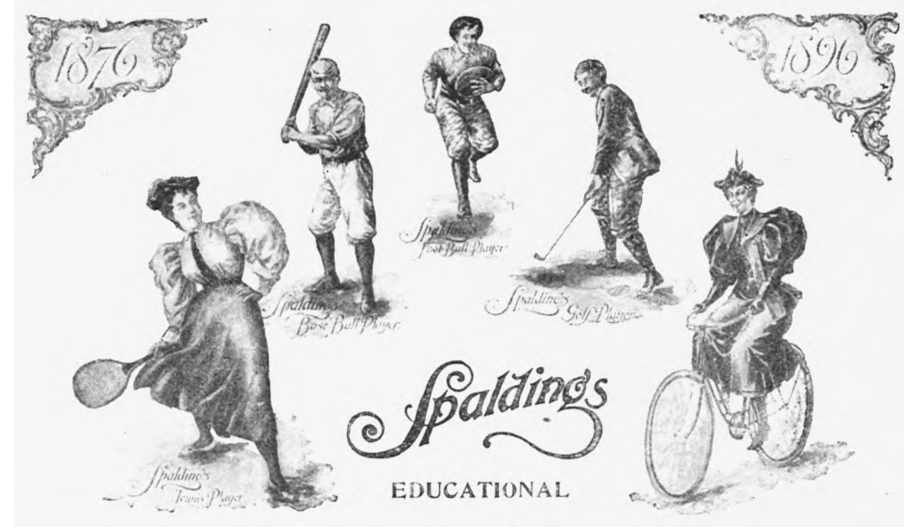
"I would rather you didn't," she answered. "It seems like making public the secret side of one's life."

"But," I urged, "they will think——"

She interrupted me.

"Does it matter very much what they think?"

Which struck me as a very remarkable sentiment, coming from the eldest Miss Lovell.



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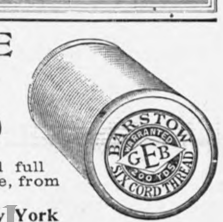

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WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

(CONTINUATION FROM PAGE 4)

sidered Scott his right-hand man through the famine and would feel it his duty to say as much officially.

So they came back by rail to the old camp but there were no crowds near it, and the long fires in the trenches were dead and black and the famine-sheds were almost empty.

"You see!" said Jim. "There isn't much more to do. I'll call you my Personal Assistant till you are fit to go North if that will ease your mind at all. 'Better ride up and see the wife. They've pitched a tent for you. Dinner's at seven: I've something to do here."

Riding at a footpace, Faiz Ullah by his stirrup, Scott came to William in the brown calico riding-habit, sitting at the dining-tent door, her hands in her lap, white as ashes, thin and worn, with no lustre in her hair. There did not seem to be a Mrs. Jim on the horizon, and all that William could say was, "My word, how pulled down you look!"

"I've had a touch of fever. You don't look very well yourself."

"Oh, I'm fit enough. We've stamped it out, I suppose you know?"

Scott nodded. "We shall all be returned in a few weeks. Hawkins told me."

"In time for Christmas, Mrs. Jim says. Sha'n't you be glad to go back? I can smell the wood smoke already"; William sniffed. "We shall be in time for all the Christmas doings. I don't suppose even the Punjab Government would be base enough to transfer Jack till the new year."

"'Seems hundreds of years ago—the Punjab and all that, doesn't it? Are you glad you came?"

"Now it's all over, yes. It has been ghastly here. You know we had to sit still and do nothing, and Sir Jim had to be away so much."

"Do nothing! How did you get on with the milking?"

"I managed it somehow—after you taught me."

Then the talk brought up with an almost audible jar. Still no Mrs. Jim.

"That reminds me, I owe you fifty rupees for the condensed milk. I thought perhaps you'd be coming here when you were transferred to the Khanda district, and I could pay you then; but you didn't."

"I passed within five miles of the camp, but it was in the middle of a march, you see, and the carts were breaking down every few minutes, and I couldn't get 'em over the ground till ten o'clock that night. I wanted to come awfully. You knew I did, didn't you?"

"I—believe—I—did," said William, facing him with level eyes. She was no longer white.

"Did you understand?"

"Why you didn't ride in? Of course, I did."

"Why?"

"Because you couldn't, of course. I knew that."

"Did you care?"

"If you had come in—but I knew you wouldn't—but if you *had*, I should have cared a great deal. You know I should."

"Thank God I didn't! Oh, but I wanted to! I couldn't trust myself to ride in front of the carts, because I kept edging 'em over here, don't you know?"

"I knew you wouldn't," said William contentedly. "Here's your fifty."

Scott bent forward and kissed the hand that held the greasy notes. Its fellow patted him awkwardly but very tenderly on the head.

"And *you* knew, too, didn't you?" said William in a new voice.

"No, on my honor, I didn't. I hadn't the—the cheek to expect anything of the kind, except . . . . I say, were you out riding anywhere the day I passed by to Khanda?"

William nodded, and smiled after the manner of an angel surprised in a good deed.

"Then it was just a speck I saw of your habit in the——"

"Palm grove on the Southern cart-road. I saw your helmet when you came up from the nullah by the temple—just enough to be sure that you were all right. D'you care?"

This time Scott did not kiss her hand for they were in the dusk of the dining-tent, and, because William's knees were trembling under her, she had to sit down in the nearest chair, where she wept long and happily, her head on her arms; and when Scott imagined that it would be well to comfort her, she needing nothing of the kind, she ran to her own tent, and Scott went out into the world and smiled upon it largely and idiotically. But when Faiz Ullah brought him a drink he found it necessary to support one hand with the other, or the good whiskey and soda would have been spilled abroad. There are fevers and fevers.

But it was worse—much worse—the strained, eye-shirking talk at dinner till the servants had withdrawn, and worst of all when Mrs. Jim, who had been on the edge of weeping from the soup down, kissed Scott and William, and they drank one whole bottle of champagne, hot, because there was no ice, and Scott and William sat outside the tent in the starlight till Mrs. Jim drove them in for fear of more fever.

Apropos of these things and some others William said: "Being engaged is abominable, because, you see, one has no official position. We must be thankful we've lots of things to do."

"Things to do!" said Jim when that was reported to him. "They're neither of them any good any more. I can't get five hours' work a day out of Scott. He's in the clouds half the time."

"Oh, but they're so beautiful to watch, Jimmy. It will break my heart when they go. Can't you do anything for him?"

"I've given the Government the impression—at least I hope I have—that he personally conducted the entire famine. But all he wants is to get on to the Luni Canal Works, and William's just as bad. Have you ever heard 'em talking of barrage and aprons and waste-water? It's their style of spooning, I suppose."

Mrs. Jim smiled tenderly. "Ah, that's in the intervals—bless 'em."

And so Love ran about the camp unrebuked in broad daylight, while men picked up the pieces and put them neatly away of the famine in the Eight Districts.

* * * * * *

Morning brought the penetrating chill of the Northern December, the layers of wood smoke, the dusty gray-blue of the tamarisks, the domes of ruined tombs and all the smell of the white Northern plains as the mail train ran on to the mile-long Sutlej Bridge. William, wrapped in a silk-embroidered sheepskin jacket trimmed with rough astrakhan, looked out with moist eyes and nostrils that dilated joyously. The South of pagodas and palm trees, the over-populated Hindu South, was done with. Here was the land she knew and loved, and before her lay the good life she understood, among folk of her own caste and mind.

They were picking them up at almost every station now—men and women coming in for the Christmas Week, with racquets, with bundles of polo-sticks, with dear and bruised cricket-bats, with fox-terriers and saddles. The greater part of them wore jackets like William's, for the Northern cold is as little to be trifled with as the Northern heat. And William was among them and of them, her hands deep in her pockets, her collar turned up over her ears, stamping her feet on the platforms as she walked up and down to get warm; visiting from carriage to carriage and everywhere being congratulated. Scott was with the bachelors at the far end of the train where they chaffed him mercilessly about feeding babies and milking goats, but from time to time he would stroll up to William's window and murmur: "Good enough, isn't it?" and William would answer with a sigh of pure delight: "Good enough, indeed." The large open names of the home towns were good to listen to. Umballa, Ludianah, Phillour, Jullundur, they rang like the coming marriage-bells in her ears, and William felt deeply and truly sorry for all strangers and outsiders—visitors, tourists and those fresh-caught for the service of the country.

It was a glorious return, and when the bachelors gave the Christmas Ball William was, unofficially, you might say, the chief and honored guest among the Stewards who could make things very pleasant for their friends. She and Scott danced nearly all the dances together and sat out the rest in the big dark gallery overlooking the superb teak floor, where the uniforms blazed and the spurs clinked and the new frocks and four hundred dancers went round and round till the draped flags on the pillars flapped and bellied to the whirl of it.

About midnight half a dozen men who did not care for dancing came over from the Club to play "Waits," and—that was a surprise the Stewards had arranged—before any one knew what had happened the band stopped and hidden voices broke into "Good King Wenceslaus," and William in the gallery hummed and beat time with her foot:

"Mark my footsteps well, my page,
Tread thou in them boldly.
Thou shalt feel the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly!"

"Oh, I hope they are going to give us another! Isn't it pretty coming out of the dark in that way? Look—look down. There's Mrs. Gregory wiping her eyes!"

"It's like Home, rather" said Scott. "I remember——"

"Hsh! Listen!—dear." And it began again:

"When shepherds watched their flocks by night—"

"A-h-h!" said William, drawing closer to Scott.

"All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
'Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.'"

This time it was William that wiped her eyes.

(CONCLUSION)

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E. J. C.—The home of the De Reszke brothers is in Poland. Edouard is married and has two children. Jean is unmarried.

ANONYMOUS—Send a stamped and addressed envelope with a request for the list of song composers and we will send it to you.

BOY READER—You might try using the tips of kid gloves to protect the fingers from cutting when playing the guitar, but we doubt if they will be satisfactory. Constant practice will serve to harden your fingers.

CONSTANT READER—Probably a majority of the younger teachers of singing, advocate the use of the "Movable Do" system. They claim that it possesses many advantages over the older system of the "Fixed Do."

ALEX S.—The words of the song, "Once Again," for which you inquired through this column recently, have been furnished us by a correspondent. If you will send us an addressed and stamped envelope we will forward the poem to you.

TEXAS GIRL—Ellen Beach Yaw, the soprano, received her earliest musical instruction from her mother and later from Madame Bjorkstern, of New York. Later she studied with Delle-Sedie and Bax in Paris, and with Randegger in London.

W. L. H.—Hohman's "Practical Violin School" is an excellent work which may give you the information you desire. There is a book published by Jean White, of Boston, called "The Violin and How to Master It," which is full of excellent suggestions. "Wichtel's School" is also most useful.

ELSE—The only persons of whom we know who will purchase second-hand music are the dealers in second-hand books, and they, unfortunately, will give you only the same price for good as for trashy compositions. You might advertise in one of the musical papers and try to sell it yourself.

RADNEY—If the third and sixth of a major scale are flattened the scale becomes minor, and in the same manner a major chord is transformed into a minor chord by flattening the third. (2) We have been unable to find the song, "I long for my childhood and the days that are gone," in any catalogue.

PHILA.—The term "classical" when applied to music designates those works which have held their place in general estimation for a considerable time, and those new works which are considered to be of the same type and style. For this reason, therefore, waltzes by any of the great composers would be considered classical.

V.—In the article recently published in the JOURNAL, entitled "The Voice of Highest Range," its author, Frederic Peakes, defines the dramatic soprano voice as follows: "The third division is the dramatic soprano, with a range similar in large part to the mezza-carrattere. The tones, however, are fuller and richer. This is the voice which can interpret the great emotions, the voice of emotional and sensuous capability. Sustained and religious music is also its field. Florid arias, dramatic ballads, love plaints and lullabies—all the realm of passionate and sympathetic music is its especial scope."

L. H.—The "Nocturne" from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, one or two of the "Songs Without Words," notably the one known as "Consolation," the "Largo" of Handel, some of Chopin's "Nocturnes," Schumann's "Traumerei" and the opening phrases of Wagner's "Vorspiel" in "Tannhæuser" are all suitable selections for the purpose you mention, *i. e.*, to be played on the organ during the marriage ceremony. Such selections must be played so softly that they will be entirely unobtrusive and almost inaudible—giving an effect only of sweet sounds, and not of distinct melody. They should sound only as an accompaniment and not a distracting one.

M. C.—The note upon the first line above the staff in the bass clef and that on the first line below the staff in the treble clef are the same note, and hence of exactly the same pitch. (2) Standard pitch has varied during recent years between the limits of 512 and 540 vibrations for C on third space of treble clef. Taking the French diapason pitch as a standard G on first line of bass clef has 96 vibrations per second. (3) The difference between the tenor and bass voice is one of quality as well as range. Were both voices singing the same note, however, the different qualities of the two voices would at once be recognized. This distinction applies also to the soprano and alto voices.

R. M. A.—Phrasing, in music, signifies the correct interpretation of the musical passages comprised in a composition, and includes not only the correct use of the voice in singing or a correct technique in the case of an instrument, but also the proper expression of light, shade and accent in general; it includes the attention to all those details of performance which enter into an intelligent, effective and artistic rendering of a musical composition. (2) There are certain general rules of phrasing which must be applied according to the intelligence of the performer. It is the art of the musician, to be used after he has mastered his trade, his technique. (3) A slur is used to show that the notes marked or connected by it are to be played legato. Usually when the notes thus connected are of equal value (length) and written in quick or moderately quick *tempo*, considerable stress is laid upon the first note in playing; the second is not only weaker, but is made shorter, as though followed by a rest. This is one of the rules of phrasing.

C. R. H.—A violin string, like every sonorous body, vibrates, not only as a whole, but also in each of its several fractions or aliquot parts—one-half, one-third, one-fourth, one-fifth, etc. Each of these parts gives a separate note: the half strings yielding just the octave of the open string; the one-third strings giving the fifth above the octave; the one-fourth strings giving the double octave; the one-sixth strings giving the fifth above the double octave, etc. These harmonic tones are brought out on stringed instruments by lightly touching the strings at the nodes or divisions of its aliquot parts—one-half, one-third, one-fourth, one-fifth, etc., so as to prevent the string from vibrating as a whole, while allowing it to vibrate in its several parts. Thus, in the instance you give, by touching the D string of the violin with the third finger at G, which is at a point one-fourth the length of the string, the double octave (D above the staff) is given; while when you touch with the fourth finger at A, which is at a point one-third of the length of the string, the harmonic, a fifth above the octave (A above the staff) is sounded. This explanation will answer also your second question. To learn the theory of harmonic progression you must consult a work on acoustics. We have not space to dwell here upon this order.

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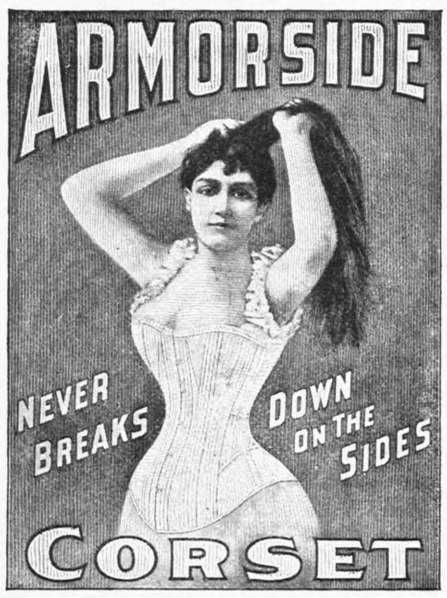

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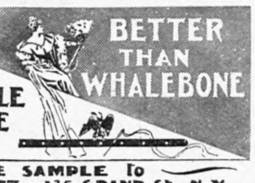

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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS

BY RUTH ASHMORE

F. B.—A girl of fifteen does not have visiting-cards.

N. E. T.—"Dear Kate" is more formal than "My Dear Kate."

Z.—It is not considered in good taste to use perfumed stationery.

MAY F.—One congratulates a bridegroom and wishes the bride all happiness.

ANXIOUS—Vaseline rubbed well into the eyebrows will tend to darken and thicken them.

MARIE—The hair is still worn parted in the centre, though a very slight and not a close wave is fancied.

RALSTON—A small silver saltspoon should be in each salt-cellar so that one can conveniently help one's self.

J. M. H.—It is customary for the bridegroom to send a bouquet for the maid of honor and for each bridesmaid.

NEIME—The use of sealing-wax is entirely a matter of personal taste, and it is equally good form to use it or not.

BERNARDINE—I do not think a marriage between a man of seventy and a girl of eighteen would result in happiness.

M. R. V.—I do think it very wrong for a young girl to receive attentions and presents from young married men.

H. S.—After the lady has consented to be your wife you should ask for the permission and blessing of her parents.

ANXIOUS—A girl of sixteen wears her skirts well below her ankles, though she is supposed to still be in the schoolroom.

ANXIOUS BRIDE—As you are only going to have fifty guests it would be quite proper to have the invitations written.

SUBSCRIBER—Announcement cards are usually ordered before the marriage, so that they may be sent out the very day after.

DOROTHY Q.—When you see the gentleman to whom you were once engaged bow politely, though rather distantly to him.

ALTHEA—Do not take any patent medicine, but go to a good physician; get him to give you something that will quiet your nerves.

J.—There would be no impropriety, if a friend asked it, for you to give him a piece of your needlework for his room at college.

B. B.—I would advise a busy girl who is in an office all day long to simply assume black and not crape at the death of her father.

BESS—If you feel that the young man is too shy to request permission to call, you might ask him in your own and in your mother's name.

M. A.—Violet or orchid sachet powder put into small silk bags and fastened in one's bodices perfumes them delicately and delightfully.

COLUMBUS—No call is necessary after an ordinary tea, although at the time cards should be left for those ladies receiving with the hostess.

A. H. P.—When eating from a fork the right hand would be used. (2) Custom never condones liberties, no matter how slight, between young men and women.

GARNET—I do not think the constant use of a good plain soap would cause a down to grow upon the face. (2) A lady does not take a gentleman's arm, even at night, unless he offers it.

D. D.—If you do not love the young man you should decline his attentions and refuse to see him, so that it will be impossible for him to say that you encouraged him without reason.

MARION—I should advise your getting a critic's opinion of your drawings, then sending them to a good magazine, because the opinion of the best people is the only one worth having.

NINETY-NINE—It is never in good taste to wear white shoes on the street. (2) One's visiting-card with the date and "Tea at five" written upon it, answers for an invitation to an afternoon tea.

TANSY—The easiest form of introduction is, "Miss Brown, may I have the pleasure of presenting Mr. Jones to you?" (2) It would be in bad taste to go to even a small affair when one is wearing crape.

SIXTEEN—A girl of sixteen does not have visiting-cards. When she first comes out her name appears on her mother's card. She does not have cards of her own until she has passed her second season.

N. J. N.—Massage with cocoa butter will, undoubtedly, make the flesh firm, whiten the skin and develop the entire body. But you must not expect to see any of these results after two or three treatments.

A BROTHER—The engagement ring is usually presented as soon after the betrothal as possible. It is considerate to ask the lady what kind of a precious stone she likes and quite necessary to consult her as to the size of the ring.

ALICE BELL—Your voice is not too old to train at the age of thirty-three, but you will, of course, have greater difficulty in acquiring facility than a younger person would. But with a good instructor and hard work you can accomplish a great deal.

EVERGREEN—If one young woman and a young man isolate themselves from the rest of the party for an entire evening the hostess can do nothing but decide never to invite the young woman to her house again, and in future to ignore the young man.

C. L. R.—The bridegroom provides the bouquets for the bride, maid of honor and bridesmaids. He usually gives some small present of jewelry to all the attendants and furnishes the carriage in which he and the best man come to church. Everything else is done by the family of the bride.

MAMIE B.—If you have asked the young man to call he did all that was necessary in coming during the proper visiting hours. He is not expected to write a note announcing his appearance. (2) It would be bad form to attempt to introduce a person to a young woman who is at the time playing on the piano.

MABEL—When you reach the city in which the lady with whom you have been corresponding lives, write her a little note, tell her where you are stopping and ask her to call on you; or, if she is a woman older than you, or a woman of great importance, ask permission to call upon her and suggest a time, to be changed, however, at her pleasure.

M. S.—I can give you no information in regard to going on the stage, and, my dear, I am so much opposed to women earning their living in that way that, if I could help you toward it, I do not think I would. I have known many good women who were actresses, but I have never known one who wished that any one she loved should follow in her footsteps.

LEO—Tennyson described as his ideal of haughtiness "The Lady Clara Vere de Vere," and, in consequence, when some one wishes to describe a majestic, proud woman, the "Vere de Vere" phrase is used. (2) A carafe is a glass water-bottle. (3) *Bibelots* are the small decorative pieces of glass, silver, ivory or gold that are scattered around ladies' drawing-rooms.

THELMA—There would be no impropriety, if your mother approves, in your accepting the bracelets from your betrothed as a betrothal present. (2) The birthday stone for August is the sardonyx. (3) A bride's veil should reach to the edge of her gown in front as well as in the back. (4) I think an inexpensive wool or white muslin would make a prettier bridal gown than an organdy.

MRS. BOFFIN—My dear girl, I hope most earnestly that the health for which we both long will come to us. I feel sure from your *nom de plume* that you enjoy the books of one of my favorite writers—Charles Dickens. I wish that his dear, delightful people would force you to forget some of the pains, and I repeat to you your own verse,

"In blessing I will bless thee."

SYRACUSE—When a gentleman is leaving he bids you good-by at the parlor door and you go no further with him. He has, of course, placed his hat and coat where he can get them and he needs no attention. When a man friend says good-night his hostess should offer her hand. (2) You would present your husband to a lady and not a lady to him, so that you would say, "Mrs. Brown, allow me to present my husband, Mr. Robinson." At the ordinary introduction it is sufficient for a lady to simply bow.

MAY—A long scarf of butcher's linen, hemstitched, and trimmed with coarse lace, looks best on a sideboard. (2) If the bride wears a traveling dress the groom should wear tan-colored gloves; if she is in full white bridal costume his gloves should be white. If the wedding ceremony is to be very informal written invitations should be sent to the members of the family and those intimate friends whom you wish to have present. Then, engraved cards should be issued for the reception or "at home" day. One's visiting-cards do not go with the cards for the "at home."

WE—Melons are eaten with a fork. (2) A man caller is supposed to be able to assume his own overcoat. (3) A first call should always be returned within two weeks unless there is death or illness in the family. (4) Dates and figs are eaten from the fingers, but bananas are broken with a fork and a piece is conveyed to the mouth on a fork. (5) If a servant offers you a dish you help yourself without taking it from his hands. (6) When visiting it is in bad taste to accept any invitations except those which include your hostess. (7) Vegetables are no longer served in small dishes.

X. Y. Z.—If you were out when these ladies called their cards represented a visit and you should return each personally, for they, of course, have acted properly in calling on you who are a stranger in the town. (2) I think it would be better for all of us if our friends would put in words the admiration they have for us. Nothing is so encouraging as a few words of praise, and it is more than ever desirable when it comes from those who are bound to us by ties of love or kin, and we too often think that we should be satisfied with the love that does not express itself in words.

MARION—I do think a girl injures herself who counts among her friends young men whose habits are notoriously bad. Because a young man is intemperate does not necessitate your cutting him, still I should not advise your cultivating his acquaintance unless you are quite sure that you can help him. (2) When friends are received on the veranda of the house there is no impropriety in a young man putting on his hat after he has once bowed to his hostess. (3) One should be careful in giving letters of introduction, as one really vouches for the good behavior of the person who presents the letter.

METONYMY—It is courteous, but it is not absolutely necessary, for a gentleman to offer his arm to a lady after dark. If he wishes to do this he simply says, "Will you take my arm?" This rule of offering the arm applies both to single and married ladies. (2) I do not think it wise in a young woman to ask a man friend to come into the house after he has acted as her escort, and it shows better breeding on the part of the young man if, when the invitation is given him, he refuses. (3) A polite man will, if he sees that a lady he knows has no escort after dark, offer to take her home. I perfectly appreciate your desire to be a well-bred man, and I trust that you will achieve the position you wish.

LONDON—Cards for a very quiet afternoon tea would be one's own visiting-cards with the hour and day written in the lower left-hand corner. Have the tea service in the dining-room and ask two young girls to attend to the tea. (2) In calling at a house where there are a mother, a daughter and two visitors, your own and your husband's cards should be left for each one at the first call. After that only one card is necessary. If your card is taken by a maid at the door you ask plainly for each lady, giving at the time your own and your husband's cards. You were perfectly right when you returned the call of the lady whose daughter's name was written upon her card to leave separate cards for each.

DOROTHY—It is in perfectly good taste to express your wishes for the bride's happiness at the reception given in her honor by her mother-in-law. (2) It is not necessary at a large reception to say good-by to the hostess. (3) It is customary to make a call after an evening reception though one is not required after a tea. (4) In calling after a function of any sort to which one's husband has been invited, one should leave two of one's husband's and one of one's own visiting-cards. These are intended—the lady's card for the lady, one of the gentleman's cards for her and one for her husband. There should not be two of the lady's cards left, as a lady never leaves a card for a gentleman. If a servant takes one's card at the door it is not necessary to leave another. (5) It would be in extremely bad taste to pass a finger-bowl around. There should be one for each person.

CATHARINE M. S.—In acknowledging wedding gifts from married people the letter is written and addressed to the wife. (2) During the winter, especially in the large cities, gas and candles are used at luncheon, but this is entirely a matter of personal taste. (3) When bouillon is served at luncheon it is in cups and follows the oysters. (4) A napkin and plate, or tray, is best liked for removing crumbs. (5) Coffee may be served at the table or in the drawing-room as is best liked. People are not asked if they will have it; it is served to them. Only sugar is offered with black coffee. (6) When a personal visit is not made cards can be sent by post. (7) Unless one has a footman one attends to the door of the carriage one's self, the coachman not being asked to do it. (8) Spoons are seldom placed on the table. Knives and forks are at the sides of the place, the knives on the right, the forks on the left. (9) It is in perfectly good taste to have a maid in cap and apron wait upon the table. (10) In calling you ask for each lady by name and leave a card for each one. (11) The tissue paper which is placed in invitations to keep them from smearing is left there when they are sent out.

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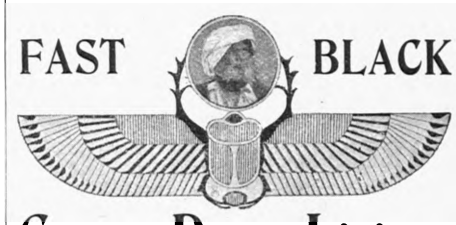

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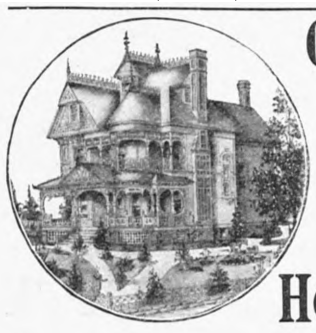

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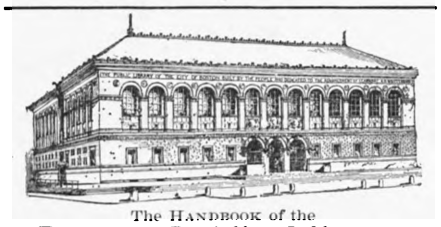

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ART HELPS FOR ART WORKERS

BY EMMA HAYWOOD

Under this heading questions of general interest relating to Art and Art work will be answered. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

C. A. H.—You can test your talent for illustrating by sending samples of your work appropriate to their pages to the art editors of current magazines.

PAULINETTE—While your rough sketches indicate some natural talent for drawing, a thorough training is called for in order to become a professional artist.

C. E. N.—For painting peaches in oils set your palette with raw umber, raw sienna, crimson lake, rose madder, scarlet vermilion, terre-verte, pale lemon yellow, cobalt blue, ivory black and white.

B. C.—There is an abridged edition of Hancock's book on china painting which embraces hints on the use of Royal Worcester colors. Grind the colors till perfectly smooth with a little turpentine and fat oil. Balsam of copaiba makes a good tinting oil for these colors.

R. B.—You must first go through a proper training in the general principles of art; then, and not before, is it time to turn your attention to the necessary technique for work intended for reproduction. Some of the art schools give a course in pen drawing, but this is the exception rather than the rule.

A. S. W.—You cannot expect to be able to paint properly with colors priced at fifty cents including the box; it is wise to buy the best only. Winsor and Newton's moist water-colors are reliable. They cost from about nine cents and upward for the half pan. You can begin with a very few colors if they are well chosen.

AUGUST—You must teach your pupils elementary object drawing; this includes a superficial knowledge of perspective. Any handbook on model drawing would help you to arrange a course of study. There is one in the Winsor and Newton series; this series also includes a pamphlet on the elements of perspective.

V. A. R.—Some of the handbooks in the Winsor and Newton series might help you, such as the "Treatise of Cattle and Sheep," "Trees and How to Paint Them," "Hints for Sketching in Water-Colors from Nature." All the materials you need are a box of water-colors, a few sable brushes and a block of Whatman's paper, medium grain. A few dollars will cover the expense.

G. C. ED.—To answer all your questions on tapestry painting exhaustively would take up too much space. I should recommend you to get the handbook on this art published by M. T. Wynne called "How to Paint Tapestry." You will find here described the true French method, with a list of all materials required and suggestions for properly stretching the canvas in the necessary frame.

L. P.—The best advice I can give you is to continue on the path in which you have already been successful for so long a period. Much study is required to develop artistic talent, in the meantime money is going out without any guarantee of a future return, so that if you are thrown, as you say, entirely on your own resources, it is a pity to give up a certainty in the pursuit of a scheme that might prove a failure.

EVA—To paint violets on china with Lacroix colors take light violet of gold mixed with a little deep blue green; shade with a mixture of dark violet of gold also mixed with deep blue green. Another mixture that will produce a good tint for violets is ultramarine blue with purple No. 2. Do not try to depict the blossoms as deep a color as in nature; a much better decorative effect is gained by keeping them pale in tone.

L. A. C.—The materials required for pen and ink work for reproduction are perfectly white smooth paper or Bristol-board, liquid Chinese ink or American waterproof drawing ink, and pens made for the purpose, more or less finely pointed, according to the work in hand. (2) Magazines usually employ some artists regularly, but they are open to contributions from outsiders if available for their pages and of sufficient merit. Rates of payment vary considerably.

I. Z. M.—Why not arrange your stamps in an album specially designed for the purpose? These can be had at varying prices, more or less ornamental. If you prefer to arrange them on a plaque, choose an effective geometrical design made up of small squares to fit the stamps. If you do this I should advise a finishing coat of varnish to preserve them and bring up the colors. You might form a border by setting the stamps cornerwise around the edge of the plate.

JESSIE—The usual cause for cracks in an oil painting is the application of varnish before the paint is properly hardened by time; some months, if not a year, should be allowed to elapse for this purpose. You would do better to varnish your pictures either with pale copal or mastic varnish; the mixtures you name are not to be recommended. (2) It shows great ignorance to cover the canvas with a background and then paint the subject on the top of it; both texture and crispness are sacrificed by such a proceeding. First put in the subject, then bring the background up to it so as to blend it properly, and finally work everything up to the desired finish.

AMBITION—For the head of a fair-haired child of five to be painted in oils the coloring must be very delicate. Set your palette with raw umber, raw sienna, ivory black, cobalt blue, white, pale lemon yellow, yellow ochre, rose madder, terre-verte and scarlet vermilion, the latter for local tint mixed with white. You can get the hair with raw umber, raw sienna, black, white and Italian Naples yellow. For the background I should advise a soft gray green inclining to blue. Do not fall into the error of making the ground dark against the light and the reverse on the shadow side. To give the head roundness and impart atmosphere, the subject should, as it were, melt into the tint designed to set it off to the best advantage.

ALUELDAN—A pencil drawing cannot well be fixed until after the drawing is complete. It can be brushed lightly over with milk from which the cream has been removed, or a very faint wash of color is effectual. The least touch of yellow ochre with the water only imparts a creamy tint to the paper which is seldom objectionable. (2) Dampen the card at the back, then press it until dry under a heavy weight. This should remove the crease. (3) You can enlarge by means of a mechanical instrument called the pantograph. (4) A silver frame is somewhat elaborate for a pencil drawing. A simple oak Oxford frame would be more suitable. (5) You can drape the frame with soft silk or fix a ribbon bow on one corner. (6) The Winsor and Newton make is reliable, both in oils and water-colors. The prices are reasonable. (7) It depends on the pressure in any particular department. I cannot guarantee an answer in any special issue; correspondents must, in fairness to all, take their turn.

LITERARY QUERIES

BY THE LITERARY EDITOR

Under this heading the Literary Editor will endeavor to answer any possible question of general interest concerning Literary matters. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

GLENOLDEN—Robert Louis Stevenson died in December, 1894.

ARTHUR K.—John Habberton was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1842.

A. C. P.—"Effie Brower" was the *nom de plume* of Miss Euphemie Halsey.

WELLAND—"Ralph Iron" is the *nom de plume* of Olive Schreiner (Cronwright).

ELINOR K.—Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis is the mother of Richard Harding Davis.

DENMAN—Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1836.

GOSHEN—"Mrs. Gummidge" was a character in Dickens' "David Copperfield"; she was a "lone, lorn creetur."

LOCUST GROVE—De Maupassant is buried in the cemetery of Montparnasse, Paris. He was born in 1850, and died in 1893.

CLINEDET—The New York "Observer" is the oldest religious newspaper in the United States. It was established in 1823.

GARRY—It was the late P. B. Shillahar (Mrs. Partington) who said, "I believe in woman's suffrage, let 'em suffer. We men have to."

A. D. P.—"Rita" is the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Desmond Humphries, an English woman. (2) Hall Caine is married and has children.

FOSTORIA—Mr. Robert Putnam, a son of the founder of the firm G. P. Putnam's Sons, is the librarian of Boston's new Public Library.

G.—It is said that a drop or two of oil of lavender placed occasionally on the shelves of a bookcase will prevent the books from becoming mouldy.

LAWRENCE—Professor Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's remains are interred in Kensico Cemetery, about fifteen miles from the limits of New York City.

NORFOLK—A sketch of Miss Julia Magruder appeared in the JOURNAL of October, 1893. A copy of that issue may be ordered through the JOURNAL.

J. M.—The editor of the "Bachelor of Arts," the college magazine, is Mr. John Seymour Wood. Mr. Edward S. Martin and Mr. Walter Camp are his associates.

ANNA—General William Haynes Lytle wrote the poem, "I am Dying, Egypt, Dying." (2) The first number of "Scribner's Monthly" appeared in November, 1870. Dr. J. G. Holland was its editor.

HARTFORD—

"Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need,"

are two lines from a poem of Rudyard Kipling's.

STATION A.—Celia Thaxter died at the Isle of Shoals and is buried there. (2) In Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women" the passage beginning, "At length I saw a lady within call," refers to Helen of Troy.

SALEM—Alice Carey died in February, 1871, and her sister Phœbe in July, 1871. (2) Miss Jeannette Gilder, the editor of "The Critic," is a sister of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of "The Century Magazine."

E. M. R.—Mrs. Susan Marr Spalding is the author of the poem "Fate," beginning,

"Two shall be born the whole wide world apart
And speak in different tongues and have no thought."

GRANTHAM—Albert Vandam is the author of "My Paris Note-Book." (2) Mr. I. M. Gregory is editor of "Judge." Mr. Gregory was born in New York State. (3) Mr. J. A. Mitchell, the editor of "Life," was born in New York City.

SING-SING—

"There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know,"

are the first two lines of a little poem by James Whitcomb Riley, called "A Life Lesson."

GENEVIEVE—"Mrs. Jellyby," a character in Dickens' novel, "Bleak House," was a sham philanthropist, who spent her time and energy on foreign missions, to the neglect of her home and family. She was constantly overwhelmed with correspondence relating to the heathen of Borrioboola Gha in Africa, hence the reference.

M. S. N.—"Peter Parley" was the *nom de plume* of Samuel G. Goodrich, an American, whose books for children had at one time a very large circulation. (2) "Old Mortality" is generally conceded the best of Sir Walter Scott's novels. (3) "Miss Pinkerton," a very majestic lady, who kept an academy for young ladies, was a character in Thackeray's novel, "Vanity Fair."

GARTH—The verse you quote,

"Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on.
I sometimes wonder which is best;
The answer comes when life is gone,"

is from a poem by "Father Ryan" (Abram Joseph Ryan), of Virginia.

CAROLINE—"Anna Katherine Green" is the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Rohlfs. (2) The Grolier Club in New York City has for its object the encouragement and promotion of book-making as an art. It takes its name from a noted French bibliophile who lived in the sixteenth century and whose passion was for fine books, their paper, printing, binding, etc.

ALLENTOWN—Captain Charles King was graduated from West Point in 1866. He served in both the cavalry and artillery, but was compelled to retire in 1879 on account of a wound received in the Apache campaign. (2) I do not think that he is the hero of any one of his novels. (3) Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay in 1864. He married a sister of the late Mr. Wolcott Balestier, his friend and collaborateur.

GABRIELLE—The "Westminster Gazette" prints the following statement, which is answer to your many questions concerning the Carlyle house: "Though the Carlyle house, in Cheyne Row, was not formally opened until December 4, 1895, the centenary of the historian's birth, hundreds of persons paid for admission prior to that time, a considerable portion of that number hailing from the United States, the localities chiefly represented being Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia. With every detail in the history of 24 Cheyne Row—which now becomes the property of the nation in perpetuity—the American visitors are familiar, and as a rule they manifest a livelier interest in the genius loci than do the majority of old-country pilgrims to Chelsea. None of the Carlyle relics have been removed, it should be stated, from the house in Ecclefechan."

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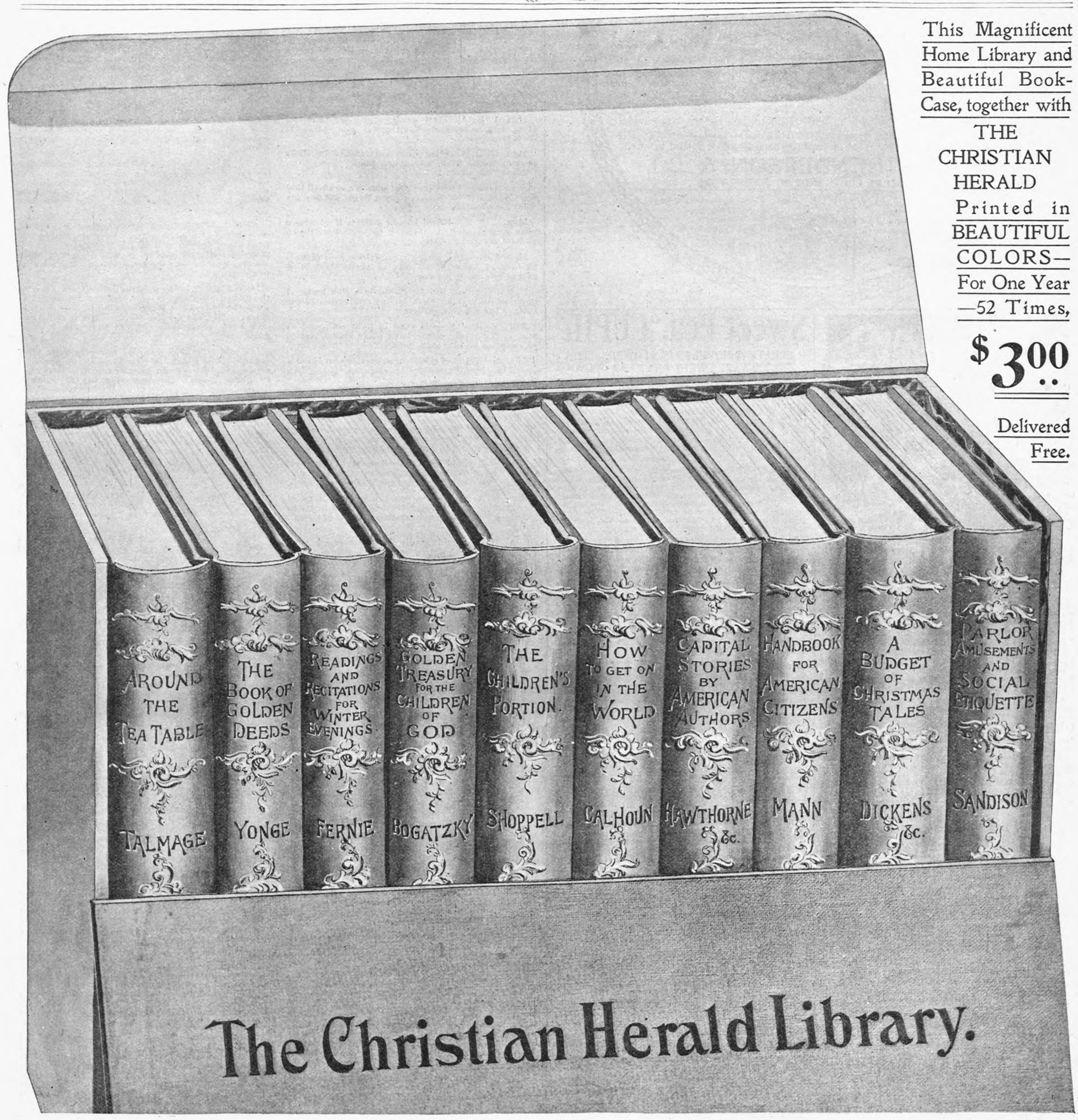

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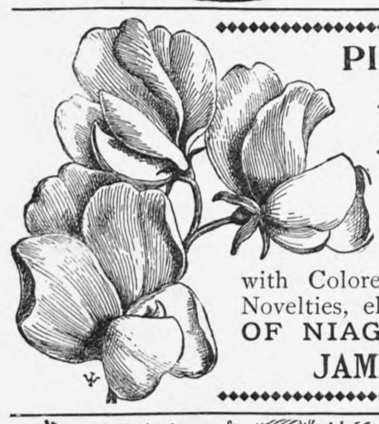

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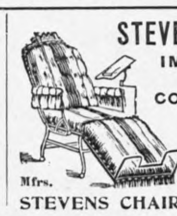

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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

C. A. C.—Pilea—not a Fern.

A. M. G.—Specimen sent, Hypericum.

D. E. H.—Am not familiar with the plant of which you send specimen.

MRS. C. E. H.—Century Plants would be better off in the cellar during winter than in the living-room.

MRS. G. C.—Daisies would be very pretty and appropriate for the decoration of rooms for a child's party.

MRS. J. E. A.—Start cuttings in clear sand—no other soil necessary. Keep moist and warm till roots form.

MRS. N. D. B.—Plant Chrysanthemums precisely as you would plant any other plant; there is no "knack" about it.

SUBSCRIBER—I presume your pots are so small that the Callas are root-bound. Try a larger pot and see what the effect will be.

MRS. C. F. E.—It will hasten matters if you have your Lemon grafted. Take it to some florist who understands his business.

MISS A. G.—The parasitic growth on your plant is Dodder. I know of no way of getting rid of it except by cutting it away.

E. B.—The best soil for Palms is a rich loam. I know of no popular work on the cultivation of the Palm in the window garden.

A. C. S.—Sow Freesia seed in light soil, and as soon as the young plants have made second set of leaves prick off into small pots.

READER—Plant of which specimen is sent is not a Camellia, but Euonymus *variegata.* It seldom blooms. Is grown for its foliage.

MRS. G.—If your Rubra Begonia is growing healthily and blooming well why should you want to cut it back? Let well enough alone.

L. M. P.—If Sansievera *zeylanica* suckers, cut those which you have no use for away. In this way it is an easy matter to "prevent" them from growing.

A. E. J.—I would keep the soil moist, but not wet. I would repot while the growth was being made, that the plant might get the benefit of the fresh soil.

MRS. E. A. M.—Unless you can give cuttings of Ficus bottom heat I would not advise you to try to root them. It will be more satisfactory to buy small plants.

I. A. H.—I would gladly have answered your questions by mail if you had sent a stamp. Only questions of general interest can be answered in this department.

H.—I am told that bran soaked in water containing strychnine or arsenic will attract cut-worms, and, of course, kill them if they eat it. Try it and report to me.

MRS. C. G.—Do not separate the roots of your Calla if there are but two crowns. If it is growing healthily wait in patience for flowers, which will come in time.

T. F. T.—I know of nothing that can be applied to flowers that will enable them to retain their original color after being dried. I do not think there is anything of the kind.

A. C.—Steam heat is very injurious to plants unless it can be modified by moisture. Keep water evaporating on the register or radiator, and shower your plants frequently.

N. F. D.—The specimen you send is Cactus specimen—Optunia. Not knowing what treatment you have given the plant I cannot answer your other questions regarding it.

M. M. C.—Specimen sent is Achania *malvaviscus.* This plant blooms almost constantly after attaining some age, but is never a profuse bloomer. The flowers are a bright red.

G. E. T.—Sow seed of Begonia Vernon in spring; repot when the roots fill the pot it is in. (2) Cleome is not a house plant. (3) Dry off Oxalis when its foliage begins to turn yellow.

M. P. McM.—The vine of which you send leaf is Ampelopsis *vietchii.* It is not hardy at the North—at least, it cannot be depended on to come through the winter well in most localities.

MRS. W. F. P.—The Aspidistra blooms quite freely. Its flowers are strange-looking things, being produced in the soil about the roots, and not on stems thrown above the surface.

MRS. M. F. M.—If the Orange is growing well let it alone. It should bear fruit at all seasons. (2) Shift the Rubber Plant at once. This can be done without disturbing the roots if you are careful.

MRS. H. A. B.—Your Amaryllis has failed to bloom because of your method of caring for it doubtless. It should never be given hot water, and the water should be applied to the soil—not poured into a saucer.

MRS. J. C. S.—Remove your Rose in fall as soon as its leaves ripen. (2) I think *Latania Borbonica* the best Palm for house culture, all things considered. (3) The English Ivy is more desirable than any other variety.

D. R.—Questions are never answered by mail unless a stamped envelope is sent with them. (2) The Ivy Geranium can be cut back from time to time with as much freedom as one prunes the ordinary sort.

MRS. R. H. H.—Cape Jasmines require a light, sandy soil of moderate richness. Give considerable water while growth is being made. Keep in sun. (2) The Otaheite Orange requires about the same treatment.

MRS. Y.—Bulbs formed about bulbs which have been forced cannot be any stronger than the parent plant. I would not like to depend on them for flowers, even if they were old enough, which one-year-old bulbs are not.

M. A. B.—Not being familiar with the winter climate of Washington I am unable to advise you as to what care to give your Roses. Consult some local gardener. (2) Canna roots can be preserved in the cellar like the tubers of the Dahlia.

MRS. C. E. L.—Cut off the tree and saturate the stump with kerosene. (2) I consider fall the best time to transplant Lilies and Peonies. (3) Scale on Palms and other hard-wooded plants can be destroyed by washing the foliage with Tobacco soap.

M. L. W.—I presume that the browning of the tips of the young leaves of Cyperus *alternifolius* is due to defective drainage. While this plant likes a great deal of water at its roots it does not like to stand in mud. Possibly the pot may be too small for it.

ROSE LOVER—Your Rose is not a climber, but the variety called Harrison's Yellow. Scatter powdered borax about the roots of the plant in such a manner that ants will have to cross it in reaching the stalk. I think you will find that this will keep them away.

MRS. W. T. M.—Shift your Rubber Plant to a larger pot when the roots fill the old one. If the leaves put forth are small and the growth is weak you may safely infer that the nutriment has been exhausted from the soil, and a richer one should be given.

C. T. H.—All varieties of Cosmos are very tender. This plant—which would be one of our most popular ones were it not for its inability to stand even a slight degree of cold—must be started very early in the season in order to bring it into bloom before frost comes.

A. F. S.—Unless your Rubber Plant is growing well do not give much water. Keep the foliage free from dust, and give fresh air frequently. Do not place in full sunshine, but do not keep it in much shade. Aim to have the temperature about seventy degrees.

MRS. E. H. O.—There is no difficulty in growing the Cotton Plant in pots, provided you are careful to keep the red spider from injuring it. To do this, shower daily, all over its foliage. Plant in rich loam, and keep moderately warm. Give all the sun possible.

J. C. M.—Perhaps you did not give your plant enough water; perhaps you gave it too much. I cannot tell, because you give me no particulars as to treatment given. The excessive use of water is harmful, and so is the use of too little. Aim to strike the happy medium.

MRS. A. M. L.—Specimen sent is Grevillea *robusta.* The leaves may fall from too warm or too dry an atmosphere. Possibly it requires a larger pot, or the red spider may be at work on it. (2) You can buy Fir Tree Oil soap of your local florist, or your druggist can order it for you.

SHIRLEY—I cannot feel at all certain about the "bug" of which you complain, as your description is rather vague, but I am inclined to think that it is the mealy bug. If it has a white, cottony look you may be sure that it is this pest. Apply a decoction of Sulpho-Tobacco soap.

MRS. C. C. A.—You can get large-sized flowers from your Pansies by making the soil quite rich. When buds show apply some sort of liquid fertilizer. In this way you will succeed in getting some large flowers, but your plants will not be benefited by the forcing resulting from this treatment.

MRS. J. S. H.—The only varieties of Anemone with which I am familiar are the Japanese sorts—fall-blooming—and those grown from dry, stick-like roots, blooming during summer. The latter are planted in fall, at the bulb-planting season. They cover quite a range of colors. Some are double, some single.

H. E. B.—Your Rose evidently needs a different soil. I think you would do well to transplant it this fall or next spring, making the soil in which you put it very rich. When the buds fail to open it is generally an indication of lack of vitality, and better food often overcomes this trouble. Cut the plant back well when you reset it.

MRS. L. D. O.—Coleus cannot be kept through the winter outside of a greenhouse or a very warm room. It is not worth your while to attempt to take it through the season. It is never satisfactory in the house, except in summer. (2) Sansievera *zeylanica* can be wintered in a cool cellar, but a pit would probably be too cold and damp for it.

MRS. R. R. B.—The Fern, if properly cared for, would be useful for a long time as a table decoration, while cut flowers would have to be renewed almost daily, at considerable expense. The flowers would brighten up the table more than the Fern, but the plant would always give the table a dainty charm that many would consider more enjoyable.

H. P. J.—Princeps and Orange Phœnix will doubtless give you the best satisfaction. (2) Rosa *rugosa* looks best when allowed to take care of itself. It is never ungraceful, but much pruning might make it look prim and stiff. (3) The bulb about which you inquire is the Fairy or Atamasco Lily, catalogued by such dealers as keep it in stock as L. *Treatii.*

MRS. G. W. S.—The young plants which form about Callas can be removed or allowed to grow along with the old plant, as you prefer. I always encourage the growth of several plants in the same pot, because of the greater quantity of foliage which is thus secured. If taken off set the young plants in small pots, and treat precisely as you do the old plants.

TOM R.—If you will consult the catalogues of the leading dealers in seeds and garden requisites you will find that most of them have a fertilizer which is prepared for lawn use. Applied according to directions which accompany it, it will make your lawn rich enough to produce a fine sward, without any interference with it as it now stands. (2) Write to the editor of some agricultural paper concerning sub-irrigation.

B. M. S.—One of the best small trees for cemetery use is the Cut-Leaved Birch. (2) Geraniums never "mix" from the roots. Seedlings from white and scarlet varieties might give you new shades. But plants propagated from roots of the old ones will reproduce the parent variety in all respects. (3) If the stems of the leaves of your Palm are too short to please you give it a strong fertilizer and encourage a more vigorous development.

L. F. M.—Some persons start Rubber Plants by making a cut about half-way through a woody branch. About this bind Sphagnum moss, which should be kept wet. Roots will be thrown out in it, and after a time the branch can be severed and planted in a pot. You will hardly be successful in rooting cuttings in sand unless you can give them bottom heat. It is much more satisfactory to purchase young plants of the florist.

MRS. S.—Palms do better in partial shade than in strong sunshine. I do not know of any variety better able to stand full exposure to sunshine than the Washington Palm from California. (2) The India Rubber Plant is likely to have its foliage scorched by strong sunshine. (3) The best two varieties of Palms for living-rooms are *Areca lutescens* and *Phœnix reclinata. Latania Borbonica* is a very popular sort, and, when well grown, is very attractive.

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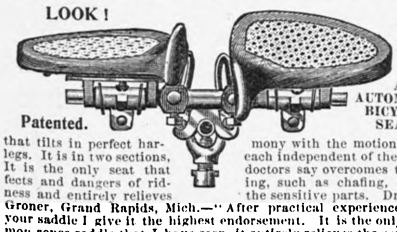

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THE HOME DRESSMAKER

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

BRIDE—You should wear a veil with a white wedding toilette.

L. D.—Make the opening at one of the narrow sides, which I call the top.

CLARA B—Nothing will remove the scorched stain from the blue serge except dyeing.

R. A. B.—Wear a silver-gray costume trimmed with steel and silver passementerie.

WAIST MAKER—The box-plait on the front of waist is made separate from the garment and stiffly interlined.

MRS. W. C. C.—Have new sleeves of a good quality of velveteen the shade of the plush. Three yards will be needed.

JUARA JONES—Addresses are not given in this department. Send a stamp and I will forward the address of a practical dressmaking school.

MRS. T. G.—A black velvet Tam o'Shanter held up by a tuft of three small ostrich tips and a bunch of pink roses would be a dressy hat for a girl of sixteen.

MRS. BETTY M.—Read answer to "L. G. L." and use black ribbon. (2) Add a black chiffon plastron to your red silk waist, black collar and belt, using ribbon four inches in width.

MRS. K. O.—Mohair will be the chief dress fabric of the spring in all colors, but more especially black, blue, gray and golden brown. (2) Dark shades can only be dyed black nicely.

MISS ALICE G. D.—Black and brown furs have the preference this season. (2) Cloaks and furs are always cheaper after the holidays, when all winter goods are reduced in price.

MRS. JULIA L.—Light gray, white, cream, pale and dark blue and tan shades are used for infants' first short cloaks, worn with a silk cap to match in cool weather and a lace cap when it is warmer.

MRS. G. W. L.—The navy blue duck will be correct with short round jacket of the same. Then use white lawn blouse rather than light blue, letting collar turn over on right side of the blue jacket.

GLADYS—Line your sleeves with the same material as the waist is lined with. (2) On an alpaca skirt put three bias, gathered ruffles of black taffeta silk. (3) Addresses are never given in this column.

MRS. DAN D. K.—Trim the child's dress with a plaid woolen yoke and sleeves and make a Tam o'Shanter cap of the same. All of the pattern houses issue a pattern of this cap, which costs ten cents.

MARIE S.—The blouse effects in waists require a tight-fitting lining underneath. Bone the lining on the sides, front, centre back and darts. Sew the inside belt an inch above the bottom of the waist-line.

SPRING CAPE—Capes will be worn as long as large sleeves prevail. (2) I cannot recommend any special article in this column. (3) Brown, gray, green and bright ue will probably prove the chief spring colors.

BABY MINE—Hood shawls of flannel are used for small babies. They have a three-cornered shawl piece, with hood attached and are embroidered all around. They are worn in place of the usual folded square shawl of white flannel.

MRS. S. R. S.—Fur capes worn fully three inches below the waist-line are fashionable and effective, but are, of course, more expensive than those of black cloth. (2) With a brown costume you can wear tan, lighter or darker brown or black.

MAMIE D.—You will be perfectly safe in having a separate silk waist for the early spring. (2) Large sleeves are still worn and will be if all signs are to be believed. (3) Have a cloth cape for a Florida winter in black, tan, golden brown or blue.

LOTTIE—The newest cambric lining for skirts is moiréd and stiffened. (2) Use haircloth on the bottom of the skirt as an interlining twelve inches deep. Bind the joined edges of haircloth with a strip of the lining and turn up the bottom edge to prevent its cutting through.

FLOY—Your questions are too indefinite. How can I send a design that is becoming when you make no mention of your age, size, figure or complexion? (2) I do not shop for any one, neither can I send sketches of any certain style of costume. (3) Gray promises to be very popular in the spring.

MRS. CHARLES J.—Read answer to "Mrs. S. H." (2) Taffeta silk waists are the prettiest, as such a garment needs a certain stiffness, which surah does not possess. Get a striped, plaid or changeable figured design in medium bright shades at seventy-five cents to a dollar and twenty-five cents a yard, using six yards.

CONSTANT READER—Eiderdown will dye as well as any other woolen fabric and also shrink. (2) I am sorry that you did not send your address. (3) The new coat should have a large full-length shape, with deep cape, little turn-over collar and large sleeves. If short of goods the circular cape could be of velveteen.

A SUBSCRIBER—You can buy the pattern of a nightingale for ten cents; it is an awkward garment to describe, though very simple to make. Use Henrietta, fine flannel or ladies' cloth; feather-stitch the edges and tie in front with a bow of ribbon. The nightingale consists of a long, straight piece of goods, with folded ends making sleeves and another fold shaping the neck.

BERTHA M.—Wear a veil if you are considered a young lady, but not if a schoolgirl. (2) Select any blue, white, dark or pale green, violet, gray and dark reds. (3) A godet skirt five yards wide, large sleeves and round waist having a box-plait in front and dropping over belt like a blouse. Large sailor collar of the goods, with crush belt and collar of velvet or changeable silk.

FLOSS—Add a crush belt, short, puffed sleeves and a fichu drapery around the neck, caught in front with two large Rhinestone buttons of turquoise, bright pink or pale green velvet. (2) Slippers, hose and gloves, as well as fan, to be white. (3) If slender have an Empire belt fitted with bones, a little pointed at lower edge of the front and straight across top, five to seven inches deep.

MRS. S. H.—An unusually tall girl of twelve years should wear her skirts according to her height rather than to age. Make them within two inches of her shoe tops, as girls of fourteen years wear them. (2) Dress a well-grown boy of three years in short, round jackets and kilt skirts until the fall, when knee trousers may be worn. The latter garment may be donned now if you wish him to be very boyish.

GLADYS—Some persons undress in a sleeping car and wear a nightgown; others wear a simple flannel wrapper over the body clothes, removing the shoes, dress, corsets and petticoat. (2) Japanese silk, surah, cashmere, crépon, eiderdown, striped and printed flannels make pretty house sacques, with ribbons at the neck and waist and lace ruffles at wrists, shoulders, etc., if the material admits of lace. Any light becoming color will answer.

LOTTIE—It is impossible to say what the styles will be in a year's time. (2) Satin never dyes so as to retain its gloss. (3) Peacock blue is not too bright for the evening, home or visiting. (4) Have a five-yard godet skirt, short, pointed basque and leg-of-mutton sleeves. Interline skirt and sleeves according to directions given in the JOURNAL. Wear a large sailor collar and fold on basque edge of black velvet edged with narrow jet-spangled gimp. Crush collar of satin. A box-plait down centre of waist would have a fashionable effect.

OPALINE—You should have two traveling dresses: one of heavy mixed tweed or cheviot in blue and brown with a fur or heavy golf cape and soft felt hat; then for milder weather have a jaunty blazer suit of navy, golden-brown or gray alpaca, with cotton shirt-waists and a straw sailor hat. You will find a black silk or crépon skirt and a couple of fancy silk waists convenient, one being low-necked. Take heavy and light flannels and three sets of underwear, as you can always have washing done. Have a steamer cap, rug, and flannel wrapper to sleep in, all of which you will need only on the vessel.

D. A.—It is impossible to say what one should possess for fall and winter wear, as it depends entirely upon what money may be devoted to this purpose. As a rule you should have two dresses for business, one for church and visiting, and a black skirt with a couple of theatre and evening bodices. An evening bonnet, if you need it, otherwise a large feather-trimmed hat and one for every-day wear. A heavy coat and a pretty wrap for nice wear completes a list that is only guesswork under the circumstances. (2) Black, navy and dark green are colors said to reduce the apparent size.

MRS. FLOSSIE M. D.—For all occasions have a jet and velvet toque, with black tips and colored flowers at the back. (2) Wear tan or pearl gray gloves. (3) Have a heavy serge, mohair or crépon; if you cannot make it yourself as a skirt it will be as cheap to get it ready made. (4) Make a velvet waist for a stout figure with a short, pointed front and godet back; large leg-of-mutton sleeves, large revers ending in long points to lap at waist-line, with a steel or jet button in each as well as one in the top point extending toward the sleeves. Trim with a jet corsage garniture of beads and fringe from one shoulder to the other. Wear a black or colored velvet crush collar.

L. M. B.—Get a small satin brocade, all black, to put with your worn gown. Make it up all black and then wear velvet and ribbon collars of becoming colors. Use the new goods for a front or panels on the skirt and large puffed sleeves. Have a pointed or round waist, the latter being more girlish, and add a wide, double box-plait down the centre front of the brocade. Crush belt of black satin ribbon four inches wide tied in a butterfly bow at the back or fastened on the side with two fancy buttons, gold, jet, Rhinestones, etc. You can have epaulettes or a large square-cut sailor collar of the brocade edged with the jet and gold passementerie, and then use the same on the wrists if there is sufficient.

A. B. C.—If you could not have the sleeves enlarged, which would mean about thirty dollars, try new ones of a nice quality of velveteen of the same color. (2) Wear the green cloth skirt and make waist after those described in the November and December JOURNALS. Use the fur to border the box-plait down the centre, the wrists and collar. (3) Coats are worn short, half and tight fitting, single and double breasted, in black, tan, blue, brown and dark green. (4) Black crépon or silk would be more dressy than mohair, unless you get a figured mohair crépon. The silk waists will be correct. (5) Have a golden-brown, dark green or damson-colored ladies' cloth for best with velvet and black fur (astrakhan) trimmings.

L. G. L.—Have a fitted lining well boned. Over this arrange the back in one piece, with shirring at the centre of the waist-line. The fronts shirr on each side to form five small puffs and thus make a yoke, with a wide box-plait down the middle. Allow the front to drop like a blouse over the belt. Large sleeves, consisting of a puff of two widths and a half of the silk and sufficiently long to drop over the elbow, with the close-fitting part separate to the wrist. Have three large steel buttons on the box-plait and a crush collar and belt of black or blue satin ribbon, four inches wide, tied in a butterfly bow at the back of two short ends and two short, wide loops. For evening wear you might have a second collar of yellow velvet or ribbon to match the small figure in the silk.

N. L.—Brides of that age do wear a veil and white gown, so why not you? If expense is not an object a satin is preferred, then figured taffeta skirt and waist, with chiffon fichu and sleeves. (2) Smoke gray is not a fashionable color and old rose is rather *passé*. (3) If a calling gown is worn have a figured changeable taffeta silk in blue and green or beige; golden brown and green, etc., with velvet and lace trimmings and a dress bonnet of velvet, flowers and jet or pearl embroidery; white gloves. (4) You can wear a woolen traveling suit, a white wedding gown or a calling costume for a church wedding, but not a dinner dress. (5) Certainly you can have a maid of honor and a flower-girl with any of these toilettes. (6) If the wedding is after six o'clock the groom must wear a full-dress suit. At any time before that hour he can wear gray trousers, black coat, gray gloves and gray or white tie and a black vest. (7) The maid of honor dresses in a similar style to the bride.

ANXIOUS ONE—Dressmakers take perfectly ignorant hands for a year for nothing and then commence paying a small sum, which is increased yearly. As you already know something of the work you ought to get some money from the beginning, but it is much to your advantage to know a system or to be able to say that you have been with a good dressmaker. For this reason I would advise you to go with one if only for a season, even if you are not paid. (2) It is a sad misfortune to read of, and your deafness will always prove a drawback, as it does require hearing to understand directions and to consult with patrons. (3) You should also learn something of skirt-making as you would be required to do both in family sewing or even if it were brought to your home. Why not apply to one of the dressmakers in your town and in the meantime learn a system? You could not procure work unless people saw specimens of your dressmaking or you had a dressmaker to recommend you, unless some one would employ you and then recommend you. Try in your own home, as under the circumstances I would not advise you to go among strangers.

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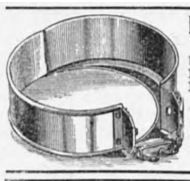

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EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE

The Domestic Editor will be glad to answer, on this page, questions of a general domestic nature. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

GARDNER—Gelatine will not dissolve in cold water.

ELISE—An average-sized tumbler holds half a pint.

WALTHAM—Apple sauce is usually served with roast pork.

NORWICH—Ice cream may be eaten with either a fork or a spoon.

MARJORIE—Boiled salmon is usually served with a rich egg sauce.

GORHAM—Chafing dishes are made in other materials than silver.

GRACE T.—People in mourning are exempt from all social obligations.

TARRYTOWN—An afternoon tea is the most informal of all social entertainments.

LESTER—A large cupful of ground coffee should make sufficient coffee for four persons.

GLINK—Invitations to dinner-parties are sent out in the united names of both hostess and host.

A. T. S.—When waiting upon the table the waitress should hand the plates on the left side and remove them on the right.

GEORGETOWN—Special gridirons for broiling oysters upon are sold at all the house-furnishing stores. Broiled oysters are usually served on toast.

PICKERING—The nicest sideboard covers are those made from fine linen. They may be hemstitched and trimmed with lace or embroidery if desired.

LA SALLE—Hard-shell clams are in season all the year round. (2) The best test for fish is that it be firm to the touch. (3) Veal is in season in December.

NEWBURYPORT—With canvas-back ducks serve currant jelly and fried hominy, or a celery salad. (2) Cultivated mushrooms are in season all the year round.

SALLY G.—Stains of iron rust may be removed from linen by placing salt well saturated with lemon juice upon the stained places and exposing them to the sun.

ELLISTOWN—An article on the value of the potato as an article of daily diet appeared in the JOURNAL of November, 1895, a copy of which will be mailed you for ten cents.

BLOSSOM—In working a set of doilies and a centre-piece for a bride named Margaret it would be a pretty idea to have the flowers Marguerites and forget-me-nots.

LEAMINGTON—The department of domestic science in Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, includes courses in household science, emergencies, home nursing and hygiene, cooking, laundry and food economics.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—Any well-bred setter, preferably the Irish setter, makes a valuable dog to have about the house. They are cleanly in their habits, affectionate in their natures, and as a rule make valuable watch-dogs.

MRS. S. R.—There should be a doily under each finger-bowl even though it does hide the pretty plate. (2) Serve your coffee after dinner in the room where the gentlemen smoke, or in the parlor for all of the guests.

J. L. AND KATE—The safest way to clean bronze is to rub it with a soft cloth slightly moistened with sweet oil, polishing afterward with an oil chamois. You must, of course, be careful to remove all dust before beginning the operation.

P. R.—When oysters are served upon the half shell as the first course for a dinner, they are usually placed upon the table before the meal is announced. They are served with lemon, thin slices of brown bread and butter or dinner rolls.

MILDRED—At a dinner-party the host should be seated with his face to the entrance of the dining-room. (2) When bread-and-butter-plates are used they are placed to the left of each guest beside the forks; the goblet or tumbler is placed to the right.

SELINE—China silk, if carefully treated, will look as well after it is washed as it did when new; it should be shaken thoroughly to remove dust and then carefully washed in a strong suds made from a good laundry soap, and ironed while still very damp.

OWENSBURG—The waitress should not remove the dishes between courses until all the guests shall have finished eating. (2) An average-sized beefsteak would require from eight to ten minutes in broiling. (3) Broiling is the most wholesome method of cooking meat.

HOUSEKEEPER—Remove fresh tea and coffee stains by holding the tablecloth over a tub and pour boiling water through the stains. (2) Ammonia will remove iodine stains when fresh. Soak the article for an hour in warm water strongly impregnated with ammonia.

AGATHA—Table-napkins are no longer folded in fancy shapes; they are usually folded square and laid either between the knife and fork or to the right. At dinner the dinner rolls or pieces of bread are generally laid between their folds. If a bread-and-butter-plate is used the napkin and roll are sometimes placed upon it.

C. L. M.—When rice is to be served as a vegetable it should be carefully picked over, thoroughly washed and then thrown into briskly-boiling salted water, and kept boiling for twenty-five minutes, then drained through a colander and set in the oven for a few minutes until thoroughly dry, when it may be sent to the table in an uncovered dish. It is very nutritious when served with meat or poultry and much more digestible than the potato.

CELESTINE—Make out your menu a day or two before your dinner-party and discuss it with your cook. No matter how good a cook may be she has her limitations and it is never well to test those limitations on one's guests. See that your cook understands your orders, that she has everything that she needs to carry them out, and then trust her. But do not try her with things she does not understand and do not expect her to turn out an elaborate dinner without giving her all that she needs to do it with.

MANY INQUIRERS—P. P. C. cards should be left on the occasion of a long absence of over three months, on leaving town at the close of the season, on leaving a neighborhood where you have resided for years, or where you have resided for months and sometimes only for weeks, but not when changing houses in the same neighborhood, not even when about to be married, unless your future home is to be in another city. The words, *pour prendre congé*, signify to take leave, and when good-by is not intended, and future meetings are anticipated, there is no ostensible motive for leaving P. P. C. cards.

ZAIDEE—To prepare salted almonds, blanch them by pouring boiling water over them and rubbing the brown skin off with a rough cloth. When they are blanched and quite dry measure them, and over each cupful of nuts pour a tablespoonful of the best olive oil. Let them stand for an hour, and then sprinkle a tablespoonful of salt over each cupful, mixing it thoroughly. Spread them out on a flat tin pan, put them in a not too hot oven for about ten minutes, or until they have become a delicate brown. Salted almonds remain on the dinner-table from the beginning until the end of the meal. Peanuts may be prepared in the same way.

LUCETTE—Hem all your table-linen by hand and mark it in as unobtrusive a manner as possible. (2) The following is an excellent receipt for cranberry jelly: Wash carefully a quart of selected cranberries, put them in a porcelain-lined saucepan with half a pint of water and half a pound of good white sugar; boil for twenty minutes, and press through a fruit-strainer or jelly-bag into a mould which has previously been rinsed with cold water. Cranberry sauce may be cooked in the same manner, but every effort should be made to keep the berries perfect in shape by stirring them as little as possible, and, of course, no straining is necessary.

MANY INQUIRERS—White goatskin rugs may be cleansed in the following manner after the lining has been removed: Allow about half a pint of good household ammonia to four gallons of luke-warm water. Shake the rug about in this at intervals for half an hour; then rinse thoroughly several times in warm water, and hang on the line in the shade. The day selected for the washing should be clear and cool. When dry the rug will be hard and stiff, but a vigorous rubbing will soften it. White rugs may also be cleansed by sponging with naphtha, but as the vapor from this fluid is inflammable great care must be observed as to allowing a fire or light in the room for hours after the cleaning has been done.

LOIS—After the collars and cuffs are starched they should be rolled in a clean white cloth for a few hours, to get rid of superfluous moisture, after which they should be laid singly on a clean cloth on the ironing-board and pulled into shape, and then ironed on each side alternately until thoroughly dry, when the polishing iron may be used. The iron should be used both across and lengthwise of the articles, rolling each collar or cuff into a circular form of wear, and pinning or otherwise fastening the ends together. As the patterns of collars vary so much it follows that each pattern must be folded or otherwise shaped according to its kind. At the same time all collars "set" better when rolled into a circle, and unless they have to be packed for traveling they should never be finished flat.

SEVERAL SUBSCRIBERS—Margaret Safford gives the following directions for making a little fancy cover for a tumbler or cup for use in a sick-room: Cut from cardboard a circle large enough to project half an inch over the top of an ordinary tumbler or cup; cover with white linen which has been embroidered with some dainty design in colored filo silks, of small flowers, or, if one has not skill for this work, embroider with heavy white silk in either stars, crosses or crossed lines, which can be done by ruling the linen first up and down, then across, making squares, in the centre of which a dot can be embroidered. Fasten in the centre a ring covered with crocheted stitches for a handle. Cover a second piece of cardboard the same size with white linen and sew both circles together with "over and over" stitch, and your cover will be complete.

SEABURY—In preparing a small saddle of venison it should first be thoroughly trimmed, the outside sinews removed, the meat finely larded, then tied firmly two or three times around. Slice into the pan in which it is to be baked one onion and one carrot; rub half an ounce of butter over the venison, adding a pinch of salt, and place it in the pan. About forty minutes will be required to roast a saddle weighing about five pounds. It should be basted frequently with its own gravy, and untied before being placed on the dish in which it is to be served. Add to the gravy in the pan about a gill of white broth, letting it come to a boil. When the fat has been skimmed from this pour the remainder over the saddle. Any hot jelly sauce may be served with venison. (2) A baked Indian meal pudding may be made in the following manner: Scald one quart of rich milk, and pour it over five tablespoonfuls of cornmeal; add to this one cup of molasses. Pour this into a pudding-dish in which you have melted a piece of butter the size of a large egg. If whey is liked, add, just after the pudding begins to cook, a cup of cold milk. Bake in a moderately hot oven. A cupful of stoned raisins and some spices may be added. This pudding should be served and eaten while hot.

ALICE AND MRS. K.—Pick and seed very carefully one pound and a quarter of the best layer raisins, which put in a large bowl with one pound of currants, well washed, dried and picked; one pound of kidney suet, chopped not too fine; two ounces each of candied lemon, orange and citron peel, six ounces of the best flour, half a pound of fine breadcrumbs, half a pound of brown sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, a saltspoonful of salt and a grated nutmeg. Moisten the whole with eight eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, and enough milk to form a very stiff batter. When all these ingredients have been thoroughly mixed, pour into a cloth which should be well buttered and floured. The best pudding cloths are those made out of thin unbleached muslin; they should always be scalded with boiling water and wrung dry as possible before using. It is always well to lay the cloth, after it has been prepared, in a large bowl, and pouring the pudding batter into the cloth, and, holding the corners tightly together, tie firmly with a piece of strong white cord. If desired, the pudding may be boiled in a plain or ornamental pudding mould; well butter the interior, pour the mixture into it, cover with a sheet of good white note paper, tie the mould in a cloth, plunge it in a kettle of boiling water and let it boil quite fast for four hours and a half. Of course, some allowance must be made for the pudding to swell. If boiled in a cloth have on the range a large pot, three-quarters full of briskly-boiling water, into which put your pudding; move it about in the water for a second or two; this may easily be done by keeping the four corners of the cloth free of the boiling water for the time required, then cover the pot closely, and allow your pudding to boil steadily for four or five hours, being careful not to allow it to stop boiling even for a moment, else will your labor have been in vain. It is well to keep the tea-kettle boiling, that you may have water to add to the pot in which the pudding is boiling, as under no consideration must it be allowed to boil dry. When you are ready to serve the pudding, remove it carefully into a large colander, untie the cloth, and turn the pudding out on a hot dish. It should be perfect in shape, and rich and dark in color. Sprinkle with a little powdered sugar, stick a sprig of holly in the centre, and send to the table with either a hard or a sauce.

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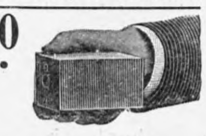

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