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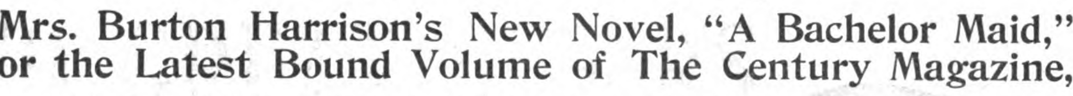

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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"You will excuse me, perhaps, if I do not rise," he said briefly

A MINISTER OF THE WORLD

By Caroline Atwater Mason

[With Illustrations by W. T. Smedley]

I

THERE is a row of locust trees in front of the parsonage at Thornton, on the outer edge of the sidewalk, and it seemed on this particular June afternoon as if all the upper spaces of the air were occupied by the fragrance of their pale, wind-blown blossoms. Below, on our own level, was the spicy breath of the garden roses and the honest, heavy sweetness of the syringa. But the fragrance of the locust blossoms has a peculiarly aërial, elusive quality, in fact, a certain loftiness, as if it knew that its family had seen better days and was not held in the high regard of an earlier time, and hence it would not descend to delight the sense of the sordid folk with free bestowal. Still more delicate and more elusive was the scent of the grape-vine blossom; but this was shyness without the assumption of superiority. It was forever coming to you from around a corner, but if you went to the corner to catch it, it would have escaped you. All of these precious odors, and I dare not say how many more, were making the air around the parsonage intoxicating that early afternoon.

The house was a white cottage with a wide front and a small veranda on which the house door stood open directly into the sitting-room. There was a cleanly-swept, home-woven carpet on the floor of this room, a table with a red cotton cover, and on a white painted shelf, between two vases filled with garden flowers, a clock ticked with sharp emphasis from its Gothic wooden case. The emptiness and orderliness of the room, the open door, the very silence itself, seemed to impart a sense of expectancy, but no one was to be seen. Outside the bees hummed drowsily in the yellow roses which were dazzlingly bright in the broad sunshine; a light breeze passed now and then over the grass; it grew as high as the palings of the fence on either side of the walk, and it was already ripe for the scythe. It had been an early spring in Thornton. Fairly swamped in the tall timothy stood deep red peonies, their petals dropping and drifting heedlessly around them in the sea-green depths of the grass. Standing on the walk between the clumps of peonies one could look down across the clover-fields which adjoined the parsonage acre and see the lovely Thornton valley, with its smooth green meadows, its graceful elm trees dotted along the river's bank, and the wooded slopes of the inclosing hills. Beyond the parsonage, as one looked up the village street, stood the white church with its square, ungraceful tower, and its uncompromising austerity of outline. A row of maple trees grew before it, concealing the village from view. But there was not much to conceal. Thornton was only a cluster of houses, each a farmhouse in its way, with a church, a post-office, a store and a blacksmith's shop, to supply the actual needs of the surrounding neighborhood. For those who confessed to complex and ambitious demands there was Pembroke, the county-seat, only seven miles away, where were to be found all the refinements and luxuries of life. But Pembroke with its noise of locomotives and factories was well out of sight and hearing, and Thornton dozed on in its dreamy stillness, undisturbed thus far, even by the advent of the "summer boarder," an unconscious, unspoiled, country village.

Down the street a light open wagon containing two women, one of whom was driving the somewhat spiritless horse, could now be seen approaching the parsonage. The clock on the white shelf had just drawn up all its vibrations into a single distinct effort and clanged out two resonant strokes. A slender gray-haired woman in a checked cotton gown and white apron came out to the door just as the clock struck, and stood watching the horse and wagon as they drew near.

"It's Lecty and Aunt Elizy, I declare!" she exclaimed in a shrill but gentle voice. "They've got here first of all!"

There was silence in the house as before, and after a moment's pause the woman stepped back within the room, and addressing herself toward a door which stood open on the left, she cried:

"Stephen, don't you hear what I say? Lecty Sanborn's bringing Aunt Elizy; they've turned in already, and you must hurry and help her to get out of the wagon."

In the room beyond, at an oblong table covered with green enameled cloth, a young man was sitting in his shirt sleeves with his back to the door, writing. The room was not a large one and its walls were nearly lined with bookshelves, rising two-thirds of the distance to the low ceiling. Above the books facing the door, hung a photograph of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World."

On being thus appealed to, the young man rose from the table, stretched one long arm up behind the door and produced a coat which he drew on as he crossed the sitting-room with a few strides and followed the woman, who was his mother, out through the clean, sunny kitchen, to the horse block at the side of the house. He was a tall, athletic fellow, this Stephen Castle, looking less than his eight and twenty years, with light hair close cropped, a finely-browned skin and a pair of good gray eyes. There was about him in rare degree that indefinable personal attraction which gives charm to every word and motion of some men and women. His face wore the stamp of thought and study, and indeed there was upon it a suggestion of spiritual purity and earnestness, which united with the boyish freedom of his movements and his thoroughgoing manliness, to make a peculiarly winning personality, even to one who saw him only for a moment. He was the pastor of the church in Thornton, and had been for four years, coming thither direct from the divinity school. With him came his mother, a widow, who, having no other child, followed him wherever he went, making a home for him and devoting herself to him and his interests absolutely. Mrs. Castle had been country born and bred herself, and Stephen had pursued his studies in the humbler and more rural schools of New England, so that neither of them felt anything of deprivation or sacrifice in settling in a little village like Thornton and adapting themselves to the ways of a farming parish. Indeed, Stephen Castle would not have believed that he could have been in his element in a city church. He doubted whether he was man enough to preach to this handful of country folk; he had not learned his own powers yet; his weaknesses he thought he clearly understood.

Four years were not needed, even with the slow and unenthusiastic habit of New England country people, to win for the young pastor the almost adoring love of his parishioners. They petted and praised him; boasted of him wherever they went; treasured and repeated the things he said, as men do the sayings of a darling child; gloried in his physical and intellectual strength, and yet more in his obvious weaknesses; and in fine, idolized him and spoiled him as far as this kind of devotion could. Stephen was of too fine a nature to become vain or assuming; if he grew somewhat imperious, it was in so fine a degree that it merely served to attract men and women more irresistibly to him.

He stood now on the rough stone block before the kitchen door and lifted the little old lady whom his mother called "Aunt Elizy" from the wagon as easily as if she had been a child, then holding her withered, chilly little hands in his, which were warm and steady, he looked with a deference which sat well upon him into her face and said:

"It was very good of you to come, Aunt Eliza; you don't know how glad and proud you make us."

The old lady was dressed in a black silk gown and an old-fashioned fringed mantilla. She wore a large black bonnet, under which appeared the snow-white crinkled frill of her cap, and some soft gray hair. Her face was fairly tiny and much wrinkled, but sensitive and refined in its expression, and the hazel eyes had almost the brightness of young eyes, as she looked up with a certain archness, which in some women lasts a lifetime, and said:

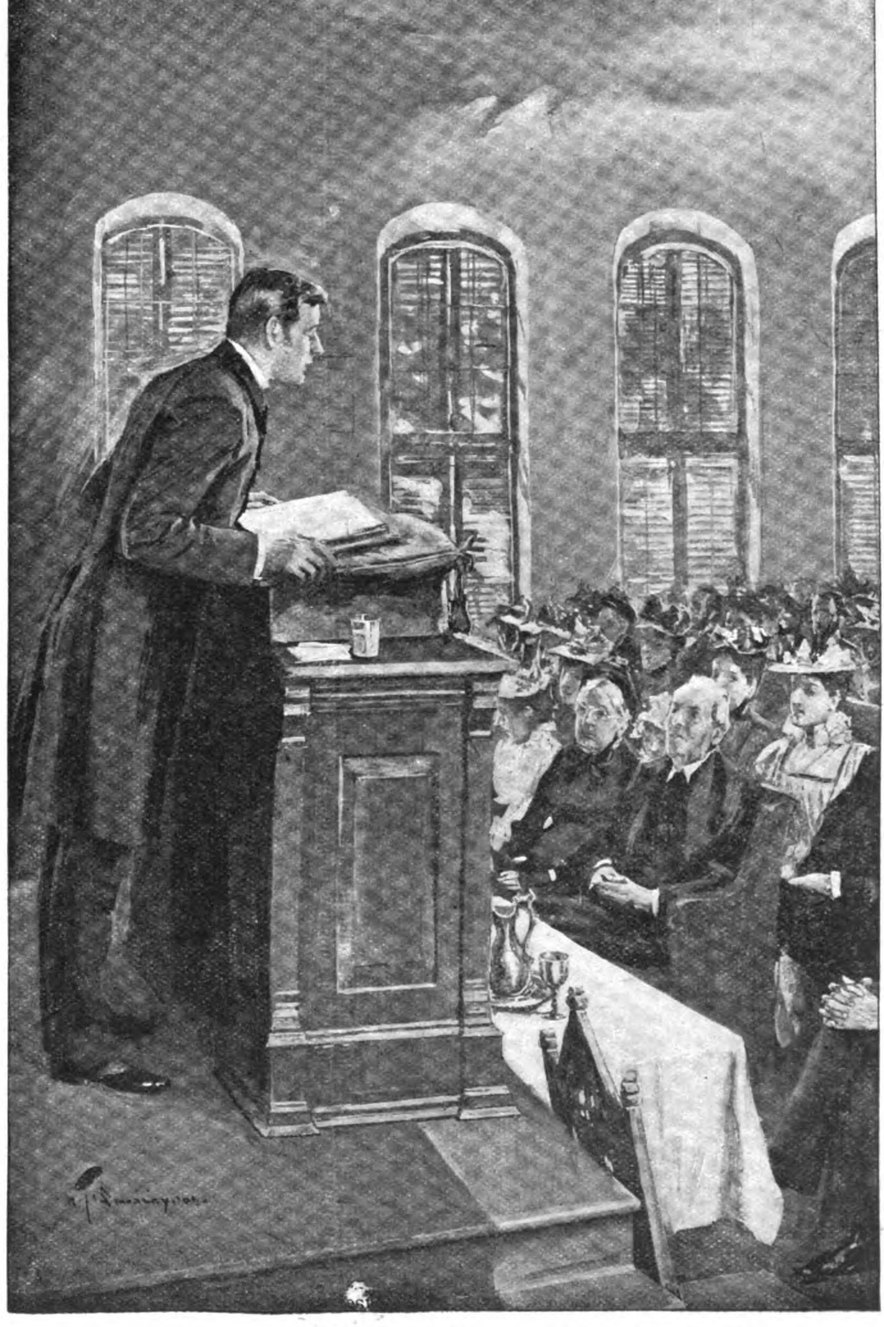
"Then why don't you kiss me, Stephen?"

At this the middle-aged woman who still sat in the wagon, threw back her head and laughed.

"If you don't beat all, Aunt Elizy," she exclaimed. "I'd never have brought you down here if I'd s'posed you were goin' to perform like this. Mis' Castle, I shouldn't think you'd stand there and allow such goin's on!"

Quite regardless of her noisy banter, Stephen bent and gravely kissed the little lady, and then drawing her hand into his arm he carefully led her up the steps and into the house. It was only the door of a very humble country parsonage, but the young man's chivalrous courtesy, and the old lady's quiet grace and fine manner would have been in place at the entrance to a royal house.

One after another, at longer or shorter intervals, half a dozen carriages were now driven into the parsonage yard, and their owners were received by Mrs. Castle and



"Wherever he turned his eyes that morning he saw the one face"

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conducted to her own bedroom. Having laid aside their bonnets and frowned for an instant at their front hair in the looking-glass, they crossed the large and rather empty sitting-room and entered the parlor, where chairs and tables had been pushed to the wall to leave all the middle space free for the quilting-frame, on which was stretched a marvelous piece of Mrs. Castle's handiwork constructed of small cotton squares of nearly every color united by bands of white.

"Ain't it a beauty?"

"There don't anything beat Irish chain, does there, Mis' Castle?"

"What if we should spoil it in the quiltin'? I'm most afraid to touch it, it is so handsome."

These and many kindred exclamations were made as the guests entered the cool parlor and took the places assigned them by Mrs. Castle around the quilting-frame. Aunt Eliza alone did not join the party, but sat in state in a high-backed, haircloth-covered easy-chair, with a little white knitting work in her hands. More gently born and bred than her neighbors, being a fine illustration of the "old school" type of woman, Aunt Eliza's presence was greatly desired in the Thornton gatherings as imparting something of distinction. Her advanced age and increasing feebleness, however, generally served as sufficient reason for refusing all invitations, hence Mrs. Castle's "quilting" was held to be highly favored, and many admiring remarks were made to the effect that "Aunt Elizy was just as smart as ever," and that "she wouldn't have come anywhere else only to the parsonage, but of course she knew it would please Mr. Castle, and wa'n't it a sight to see how attentive he was to her? And to hear her call him Stephen!" The story of the kiss at the kitchen door was speedily set in circulation and awakened a vast amount of subdued hilarity, of the form considered suitable to a party at the parsonage. As "Lecty," or Mrs. Wescott, the niece of Aunt Eliza who had accompanied her, confided to her right-hand neighbor at the quilt:

"It ain't goin' to do to 'train' too hard when you come to the minister's house."

The disposition to "train," however, was not to be wholly suppressed, and presently Mrs. Wescott remarked, with a peculiarly mischievous glance at a fair-haired girl in a white gown who had come with her mother and was quilting demurely at her side:

"I don't know what the rest thinks, and I don't hardly dare to say anything before Mis' Castle, but after all it does strike me that there's something awful suspicious about this quilt." Then looking over her shoulder she cried in mock consternation: "Oh, my gracious, the Elder ain't nowheres about, is he?"

"Why, Lecty, what do you mean?" asked one of the women.

"Don't ask me, I don't dare to say another word; Mis' Castle looks so sober I'm scared, and if the Elder heard me he might turn me out of meetin'. But there's one thing about it," she cried, the sense of fun flashing from her black eyes, "if he does, I'll just tell the deacons I saw him kissin' Aunt Elizy outside the kitchen door, right under them old locust trees, with my own eyes!" And at this she burst out into a hearty fit of laughter in which everybody joined—everybody, that is, except Aunt Eliza. She was not known to have laughed aloud since her husband died, twenty years ago.

"But what is it you mean, Lec, about this quilt being suspicious?" asked the hostess when the laughter had subsided. "I am sure I don't understand."

"Oh, now, Mis' Castle, don't you be too innocent. You know I always speak right out and say what all the rest thinks. It ain't to be supposed that our minister is goin' to live single all his days, when every girl between Thornton Four Corners and Pembroke is makin' eyes at him, and I don't know's I wonder any; I'd make eyes at him myself if 'twould be any use—that is, if Hiram hadn't any objections," she added, with a quaint wit which made her the leader of conversation in all the Thornton gatherings. "When folks go to makin' quilts," she went on soberly, "when it's very well known that they have a whole shelf full put away already, why it begins to look as if—— " here she paused in pretended embarrassment.

"Looks as if what, Lec? Go on!" was the general cry.

"Well," she said, with a toss of her head, "I ain't sure myself that it's proper for Liny Barry to be workin' on this quilt. I've noticed the Elder likes her singin' pretty well lately, haven't you, Mis' Sanford?"

A shriek of laughter greeted this sally, and the young girl thus alluded to blushed rosy red and bent lower over her needle, her mother, a dignified, matronly woman, seeming not at all displeased at this form of attack, which she judged it best, however, not to prolong too far. Turning to Mrs. Castle she said:

"I put a basket of doughnuts under the seat of our buggy when we came away. I don't know whether Mr. Castle took them out, but I meant him to."

While Mrs. Castle was expressing her gratitude, the company at the quilt were joining in a chorus of praise of Mrs. Barry's doughnuts, which it appeared were famous throughout Thornton, and the despair of all the other housewives, who lamented that they "couldn't give them just the twist, and turn them out just so light and soft and yellow as Drusilly could."

Meanwhile, Stephen Castle, whose doings and sayings and preferences were directly or indirectly the subject of most of the conversation in the parlor, had again laid aside his coat, borrowed a scythe of his nearest neighbor, and was now hard at work mowing the tall timothy in the front yard. Of the women gathered around the quilt, Lina Barry alone had discovered this fact, and through the half-closed shutters of one parlor window she was enjoying all to herself the sight of the athletic grace of motion with which the young minister performed this labor, which to her seemed so far beneath him.

Down on his knees, Stephen was pulling out the grass close to the crimson peonies which he could not cut with the scythe without beheading the flowers, when a clear voice behind him said:

"I should think you would get a lawn mower, and try to make it look nice here, Mr. Castle. It has been dreadful the way you have let that grass grow."

Turning his head slightly the young man greeted the speaker by waving a handful of grass toward her.

"You will excuse me, perhaps, if I do not rise," he said briefly. "I am crushed by your severity, Emily."

"Oh, no, you are not!" the girl retorted gayly. "You are only trying to gain time to defend yourself."

Upon this Stephen sprang to his feet and turned full upon her.

"What an absurd idea," he exclaimed, "that I should try to make a fashionable, sheared lawn of my old dooryard! I should hate it if it tried to look like something it could never be. I love this tall, waving timothy, and besides, I am too good a farmer to waste so much good hay with 'Doll' there in the barn to eat it."

The girl before him laughed merrily at the energy of his defense.

"You got out of it better than I expected," she returned; then holding out her hands which were full of books, "See," she said, "I have brought your books back. Where shall I leave them?"

"Oh, yes; why in the study if you will, for my mother has cleared out the sitting-room for the company tea, you know."

"I will find their places on the bookshelves, if you like. I think I know where they belong."

"Thanks. Do so."

And Stephen again lifted his scythe, while Emily Merle passed, light of foot and heart, into the parsonage. She was a slender girl, with dark hair and eyes, not strikingly pretty, but noticeable for her bright and joyous look, and the frank, spirited self-reliance which was conveyed in her voice and expression. There was no meek adoring in her eyes as they met Stephen Castle's, but rather a challenge which, although playful, was sufficient to put him on his mettle. Plainly it did not suit him to have this clear-eyed young woman suspect him of laziness.

Entering the study alone, Emily hesitated a moment, yielding to an unconquerable shyness. In spite of herself this room seemed a kind of shrine into which she scarcely dared to enter without its master. On the writing-table lay several broad sheets of manuscript written in a bold handwriting which she recognized. She was afraid she might read the very words of the next Sabbath sermon, and that would have seemed to her like an almost profane intrusion upon holy things.

She crossed quickly to the bookshelves, and stood before them trying to see the spaces where the books belonged which she had brought. The room was almost dusky, the grapevines grew so closely about the open windows, with their thick, green shade, and the air was strangely sweet. As she stood, intently looking, she was aware of the vine being pushed aside, and Stephen Castle's face appeared outside the window.

Emily could not control the quick color which rose in her cheeks, but without turning her head she said quietly:

"I see where the 'Saint Augustine' belongs—on the upper shelf, and the 'D'Aubigné,' here, of course," and then she hesitated.

"Put the 'Natural Law' down on my desk, if you will, I shall want it to refer to. Did you like it?" Stephen asked.

"Yes, although I am afraid it is not all true. But, do you know, I think you have marked it so oddly? Some of the parts which I call weak you have marked for especial power."

"Show me one, please."

"I can't now. I am going in the other room to quilt. That is what I came for, you know."

"Never mind the quilting. I want you to bring the book over here and let me see what you mean."

Stephen Castle said these words in a tone which Emily found it hard to resist, although she had an instinctive feeling that she ought not to be lingering in the study, but in a moment their heads were bending together over the book which lay on the window-sill between them, and the sunlight sifted down through the leaves upon its pages, etching sharp shadows which darted in endless motion beneath their eyes. Emily's questionings were clear-cut and bright as the glancing lights and shadows, and Stephen found keen enjoyment in defending and explaining to her quick perception his own and his favorite author's positions, while needle and scythe were alike forgotten.

In the parlor, where the work seemed now to grow tiresome, and the conversation dull, Lina Barry looked in vain from the window and wondered why the mower had so suddenly vanished, and whether he would not return. She had not seen Emily Merle when she came up the walk, nor heard her voice. Emily Merle was the daughter of a clergyman who had been pastor of the Thornton Church for years, and who had now retired from the active work of the ministry by reason of bodily infirmity. They lived in a brick mansion, rich with ivy, on an estate just out of the village which had been Mrs. Merle's inheritance. As Emily was the only child her education had been the constant study of her parents, and she had, under her father's teaching, become a fine scholar in classic as well as modern studies. Her vigorous intellect and comprehension, however, were united to a peculiarly sympathetic nature, and thus her culture and position never became a barrier between her and the people among whom she lived. She mingled freely with them with no sense of superiority; in every home, however humble, in Thornton she was a welcome guest.

Stephen Castle, coming to the place as a stranger, had found in Emily Merle an invaluable ally. Clear and impartial in her perceptions, she was able to give the young pastor a coöperation which he could find nowhere else. They had become close friends and fellow-workers, but the relation between them was of frank comradeship, untouched, apparently, by sentiment.

II

"I GUESS there's goin' to be a good turn-out to-day." It was Mrs. Wescott, better known in Thornton as "Lecty," who spoke in a loud whisper, turning at right angles in her pew to speak to Mrs. Barry in the seat behind her.

It was the first Sunday in July, a few weeks after Mrs. Castle's quilting party, and nearly time for the morning service to begin. The interior of the little church was bare and dull, but it was scrupulously clean, and the dark green blinds, closed behind the tall, uncolored windows, softened the light, while they permitted spots and bars of sunshine to strike through here and there. Behind the pulpit on the gray wall a group of fluted pillars was painted in fresco, the painter intending to convey to the congregation the illusion that an alcove extended backward at that point; but the perspective was such that no child was ever known to be deceived. Counting and comparing those painted pillars, however, was the prime employment of the Thornton children of tender years during the hours of service, and they thus served a purpose, if not that entertained by their designer. There was a black haircloth sofa in front of the pillars; behind the mahogany pulpit and at one side stood a small unsteady table, on which this morning had been placed a painted glass vase of "hundred-leaf" roses. At the opposite end of the church, in a high gallery, behind a railing and a green curtain, were the singers' seats and the organ.

The congregation did not increase rapidly, nor even very perceptibly, but one after another small groups of women and children and young girls came quietly in and took their seats, while at intervals, after each group, a sunburned man or boy would slip into the end of the pew beside his "women folks," having disposed of his horses, and had his Sunday morning chat with his neighbors under the meeting-house sheds.

The young girls were in most cases dressed in white, with a liberal use of blue and pink ribbons. Their faces wore a look of shyness, amounting nearly to an absence of expression. The older women occasionally smiled and nodded to those who sat near them, and a few were chatting in whispers, but there was, on the whole, a sober silence throughout the room. On the table below the pulpit a bar of sunlight touched to an almost mystic splendor the silver vessels and the snow-white linen of the communion feast which was this morning spread before the people. Seeing this, a more impressible person here and there sat with head slightly bent, but the greater part abstained from even this degree of expression. Emily Merle, in a shaded corner, had sat since taking her seat, with her forehead dropped upon her hand. Her father, a white-haired, venerable man, sat beside her with closed eyes and with a devout expression upon his face.

Meanwhile, as the congregation gradually increased, Lecty continued her whispered observations, saying now:

"Hayin's over and harvestin' hain't begun yet, and there isn't anything to keep folks from comin' to meetin' if they wanted to."

"That's so," returned Mrs. Barry; "by next Sunday the men 'll say the horses have got to rest. The wheat's ripe already down in our south lot, and Amasa says he shall begin cuttin' there to-morrow mornin', and after that, you know, there won't be much let-up, not till the wheat's all in." Then, suddenly interrupting herself, she touched Lecty's hand, which hung over the back of the seat, and which held a sprig of fennel, and whispered with lively interest, "Say, Lec, who's that?"

Both women were looking now at a small company of people who were passing up the central aisle—a man and two ladies, one of whom was leading a child.

"Why, that's Lorenzo Deering," whispered Lecty promptly, "and that's his wife, her with the young one. She's a second wife; his first wife was a Cutter, don't you remember? They live in that big brown house on the pike, most to Pembroke, and they don't very often go anywheres to meetin', I guess, but I've seen him here once or twice evenin's this spring. Guess he likes to hear Elder Castle preach."

"But who is with them, that other one?" questioned Mrs. Barry.

"I don't know," Lecty confessed reluctantly, adding, "Hush! there's the minister!"

The small organ was piping shrilly as Stephen Castle walked up the aisle, ascended the platform and seated himself behind the pulpit. Every eye was upon him, and a sudden hush seemed to fall upon the people as he bowed his head and so sat before them in silent prayer. However boyish and merry he might be in his every-day mood, however free and accessible in his ministrations to the Thornton people as their pastor, Stephen Castle was always regarded by them with reverence, as one distinctly above and beyond themselves. To hold ordinary conversation with him on the Sabbath day was never thought of. It was his habit to spend those early hours alone in his study, from which he came into the pulpit with a high and solemn aspect, as of one who had seen that which is invisible. Most marked was his rapt and self-forgetting look at the communion season, when he seemed in a peculiar degree to feel the weight of desire for the souls intrusted to him, and all the people, seeing him, felt, if they did not speak it, "He has been praying for us."

The choir now led the people in the Doxology, Lina Barry's sweet, almost childish voice, floating clear and high above them all from her place in the gallery. Standing thus, with Stephen Castle across the church in his place in the pulpit, Lina's blue eyes were fixed on him, and she was suddenly aware of a slight change, a shade of surprise which quickly passed over his face, leaving it quiet as before, but which made Lina look where he had looked—into the pew where the strangers sat, whose coming had been a matter of curiosity and interest to all the congregation, as well as to Lecty and Mrs. Barry.

The service proceeded with prayer and reading, and the whole-souled, honest attempt to sing unto the Lord, which makes the music in a country church often half pathetic. Not a second time did Stephen Castle's glance linger in the spot where the Deerings sat, but wherever he turned his eyes that morning he saw the one face, whose look haunted him against his will. Among all those honest, homely faces, with their inflexible reticence, their brief range of expression, their honest but unresponsive attentiveness, his consciousness was thrilled and stirred by the sight of a face so subtly, so marvelously different. He did not know that the face was very beautiful, he only knew the strange, new sense of harmony that it gave him, like a perfect chord of music; neither did he understand the complexities and refinements of feeling and perception which gave that face its play of radiant expression, its swift changes and flashes of light and shade. He only knew that every other face before him suddenly became hard and immobile, as if of wood or stone. Even Emily Merle's seemed strangely dull to him, and Lina Barry's blue eyes were as expressionless as the eyes of a statue.

All this Stephen felt rather than thought, in a succession of impressions which in persons of susceptible imagination make much of the stuff of the mental life. Unconsciously to himself he was stimulated by the presence of that face before him as by new wine, and even those who were most ardent in their admiration of their pastor confessed to each other at the end of the service that they "never saw Elder Castle so much engaged as he was this morning."

When the congregation broke up Stephen, contrary to his custom, remained for a few minutes in the pulpit. He knew if he mingled, as usual, with the people that he must greet Mr. Deering, whom he had met before, and must meet the face of that stranger; and this, for some reason, he feared to do.

(*Continuation in December* JOURNAL)

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WHEN IS A WOMAN AT HER BEST?

A Consensus of Opinion

By JULIA WARD HOWE
AMELIA E. BARR
"OCTAVE THANET"
MARY MAPES DODGE
REBECCA HARDING DAVIS
MRS. EDWARD EVERETT HALE
MARY E. WILKINS
ELIZABETH B. CUSTER
MRS. BURTON HARRISON
"GAIL HAMILTON"
ELLEN OLNEY KIRK
MADELEINE VINTON DAHLGREN

THE question has often been asked, "At what period in her life is a woman supposed to be really at her best, mentally and physically?" The query, despite its repetition, has never been satisfactorily answered. For this reason the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL recently caused the question to be submitted to a number of women of judgment, and their replies are herewith appended. Whether the question can be said to have been brought nearer to a conclusion through these contributions to the literature of the subject, is for each reader to decide for herself. One fact is certain, however: the question has never received a more adequate and thoroughly representative treatment.

THE question as to the mental and physical ripeness of womanhood is not one that can in its physical aspect be answered arbitrarily, and I prefer to consider the physical side first, for the sake of its antithesis. Climate, heredity, constitutional tendencies, the influences of home, of nurses, of teachers, localities and associations are all important factors, and exert influences on maturity so variable as to be beyond estimating. But it is quite safe to say that in temperate climates and under ordinarily favorable circumstances, a woman is physically at her highest point of perfection from the age of twenty-five to thirty-five.

Not earlier than twenty-five has the figure attained its noblest developments, and though the face of a girl at sweet seventeen is a pretty sketch, the face of a woman at twenty-seven ought to be delicately finished by the graving tools of such masters as Love, Sorrow and Human Sympathy. It is at this period Nature designs her for motherhood, for then all her natural instincts are strong and perfect, and she is likely to have a reasonableness which will fit her not only to give perfect vitality to her offspring, but also to train them up with that patience and wisdom which is not characteristic of extreme youth. Delaying motherhood until this physical perfection is reached is not only the best surety for a fine progeny, but it is likewise the best preserver of the mother's physical health and beauty. English women, who as a rule do not marry until their twenty-fifth year, are often very handsome at fifty. But though this is satisfactory there is no salvation for mere physical beauty; sooner or later it must vanish, and the charm of youth pass into the dignity of middle life.

Let us be thankful that there is no such compulsion entailed on a woman's mental nature. Physically after twenty-five there will be no further growth, but mentally there ought to be a constant ripening and mellowing. The trend of the time is toward the glorification of youth, and physically the reasons are obvious, though mentally they will not bear the slightest examination. Can youth indeed be both the seed-time and the harvest-time of life? No; intellectually and physically, it is first the leaf, then the blossom, then the fruit.

This is the compensation God has given to woman for the evanescent character of her physical beauty; just at the time that it begins to decline her mental powers begin to assert themselves. For the gradual development of intellect is sure to come to every character that has any original fertility, though the patience which ripens the mind is no inactive waiting for something that will come of itself. It is rather a condition of never-ceasing fermentation, in which everything that touches the life experience is assimilated and transformed. It is only they who have lived long enough—and long enough in the right way—who can be vigorous on every side; it is only they who have kept their minds open all round, that will attain unto that deep knowledge of their own strong places, which will enable them to make the best of themselves. And the age of this mental ripeness it is difficult to fix, though it is seldom evident before the fortieth year. Thenceforward it has no definite limit; its manifest destiny is to go on from strength unto strength, if physical conditions are favorable. For it is the body that fails the mind, and not the mind that fails the body.

In the prologue to "Faust" the poet looks back on the days of his youth when he was "still forming," when he was dealing with foes, and making love to maidens, as a time when he "had nothing and yet enough, when he longed after truth, and yet had pleasure in delusion." But his friend reminds him that "to strike the familiar lyre with spirit and grace, to sweep along with happy wanderings toward a self-appointed aim—such is the task your ripened age imposes."

This is the task also imposed by every noble woman upon herself. Even while she stands radiant in the physical beauty of her early youth, or clasps to her breast the children of her perfected physical womanhood, she is encouraging with a climbing patience the nobler mental graces which ripen only on the western slope of life.

AMELIA E. BARR.

THE most attractive age of a woman's life is the period when she is still young enough to be pretty and old enough to be sympathetic. For as grace is a woman's greatest beauty so sympathy is her greatest charm. A graceful and sympathetic woman is bound to be attractive to the end of her days. If she adds a taste in dress and some sense to her equipment for pleasing, and does not grow deaf, I see no reason why she should not be fascinating in her old age. Since the question, however, concerns itself only with the most attractive age of woman I must give the answer in my first sentence. What that age as measured by years may be, ought to vary with the individual. Youth is not sympathetic; it is admiring, adoring, enthusiastic, a dreamer of dreams, a seer of visions; but it is neither wise enough nor tolerant enough to be sympathetic. Perhaps that is why young girls contrive so often to fall in love with the wrong man. Worth is not always brilliant, and manliness is often shy, and a girl under twenty is inclined to admire handsome, pretty-mannered, well-clad people, and to pass by all the cardinal virtues should they wear rusty boots or a frock coat instead of a swallow-tail. It takes four or five or ten years to teach a girl that commonplace, tedious people have a right to live; indeed, often are living heroic and saintly lives. From twenty to twenty-five a girl is likely to be so absorbed in the novelty and romance of her own emotions that she has not any place for a point of view. She thinks of herself, of her lovers and her amusements, of her husband and her children, of the beauty or the pathos of life and the marvelous wonder of love. She does not think of other people. How can she? Her heart and mind are too full! But from twenty-five to thirty she is seeing the world from another point of view. She has a wider vision. She has learned to be interested in human nature. It is an immense gift, this interest in human nature, in men and women as men and women, not as our friends or our enemies. Whoever has it will not be dull, though she be plain and quiet and obscure. It is a magic talisman to good will.

During this same period a woman acquires another treasure; that is, if it is written in the book that she shall ever acquire it, namely, sense.

She also learns how to use her own gifts; she learns the invisible power of tact. At the same time at thirty a woman should not have lost the beauty of youth, only its freshness. Therefore, though with hesitation, simply as an individual opinion, I venture to say that a woman's most attractive years are between thirty and forty, or perhaps I shall be wiser to adopt the world's fair phraseology and say between thirty and upward!

OCTAVE THANET.

SOMEWHAT in despair at my own dullness on this question, I recently propounded it before a luncheon party where young girls predominated, and at a dinner illuminated by the witty presence of certain men and women of advanced experience in society. The voice of the young girls was almost unanimous in fixing a limit not greatly to surpass the age of twenty-six. That of their elders graciously extended the perfection line for women to between the ages of thirty and forty. But almost every one had some instance to quote of feminine charm so outliving the actual sum of years that its fortunate possessor remained as indifferent to fleeting time as the fly in amber. A famous (but apocryphal) instance of this is the story of Theodore de Banville—of a young provincial, who meets at a fête of the great world in Paris a charmer who sings and dances his heart out of his keeping. At supper he sees the same lady presiding with their host over the table of honor, where, in the act of giving a toast with unequaled vivacity, she is stricken with sudden illness and carried out of the room. Next day, when all Paris is mourning the death of the charming duchess, the young man asks the cause. "But, my dear fellow, do you not know?" was the wondering reply. "It was nothing more than old age."

CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.

I SHOULD say that the age in which a woman is at her best mentally and physically depends very much upon the woman. Some women are older at thirty than others are at sixty. Heredity and environment have much to do in determining the matter. But the more I think about it the more convinced I become that it is not a question of years after all.

Not time, but circumstance; not intention, but character and experience, make a woman at her best either mentally or physically.

As to time, it undoubtedly is true that if she has been designed through heredity for a Juno she will require more years for a satisfactory completion of the plan than if she were of the Psyche type. Medea requires time; Norah Crena does not. Venus de Milo is eternally an older lady than Venus de Medici. Queen Elizabeth was "at her best" probably when she stood for that picture of Her Majesty "at eighteen," which so delights and holds visitors at Hampton Court to-day, but

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history has paid very little attention to her at that extremely pretty and pleasing stage of her career. I have known *blasé* girls of twenty, and joyous, eager, wide-awake women near the seventies. Looking back upon a number of years, one of the finest women, the most intelligent, most hearty and beautiful I can recall, was a girl of eighteen, whose life, closing two years afterward, is vivid in my memory as heroic and noble beyond the creations of romance. Another picture in my mind is that of a grand old woman of eighty—yes, eighty years. Physically, she still was beautiful; like Sydney's sister, charms which youth had concealed shone revealed in her countenance, and enhanced her true grace of action. Though undoubtedly she had been physically "at her best" half a century before, mentally and spiritually she was at her zenith at eighty. In all her life she never had been more keenly alive to public and private interests around her, more clear-sighted, more liberal, more witty. Those who had known her well in her bright and earnest middle-life, have assured me she was still brighter, still more earnest, in what was technically called her old age. The two instances I have given are extremes, I admit; but there is a long range between—a Midway Plaisance, as it were—wherein one may find instances of all nations, all conditions, to meet their own special theories in this matter. I purposely have not referred to biographical dictionaries, or to "noted females" past or present; but have preferred to take a survey from personal experience; and the outcome of it is I must give a woman's answer:

A woman is "at her best," mentally and physically, when she is "at her best"—and that is all there is about it.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

IN the view of the materialist the great objects of life are most fully attained during its greatest period of physical vigor and activity. Without claiming to be an expert in these theories I may say that this period would usually extend from the twentieth to the fortieth, and in some cases to the fiftieth year. The third and fourth decades of a woman's life are those upon which she can but rely for active and energetic service in any direction. She will naturally be at her prettiest between the age of sixteen and thirty. Her imaginative productivity, if she have any, will probably reach its highest turn by or before her fortieth year. After this period the exuberance of animal spirits and the extravagance of fancy will be apt to decline. From this point of view a woman who has outlived both her good looks and her active worth is to be respected for what she may have been and for what she may have done. What she is adds little to the sum of social values.

To the moralist there are deeper considerations which considerably modify those just presented. The intellectual plan of a life has very much to do with the growth and duration of its value.

The development of character does not correspond with the period of physical growth and maturity. The bond of heredity is most felt in and after middle age. The good or evil traits inherited from either parent, and not eradicated by education, often fail to appear in youth, but create surprise by cropping out in later years, thus justifying the assertion that "man is made up of contradictions."

The studies which nowadays so largely retard the participation of young women in general society are calculated, I think, to prolong all that is best in the period of youth. The great pleasure of learning what is best worth learning tends to give the mind a cheerful and even joyous tone and habit. The college-bred girl cannot be pardoned for indulging any thoughts of "the uselessness and outer disappointment of life." She knows better, having had delivered to her the keys which will open to her a thousand sources of satisfaction, arts, sciences and good works of every kind, for the pursuit of which human life is only too short.

The woman who keeps the simplicity of her girlhood, its generous impulses and quick sympathies, and who adds to her natural gifts the enlargement of study and the crown of experience, is always at her best and never past it. When the exterior attractions of form and color diminish and depart, as they mostly do, the radiance of our inner illumination will more than compensate their departure. But, in order that this should be so, her moral must equal her intellectual gain. She must be willing to learn, not only her own powers, but her own defects also, and to court the good influences which can help her to escape from the delusions of sense and the fatal tyranny of self-consciousness. She must discard the petty measures of vanity and self-seeking, and learn to love her race, her country, and the humanity which she should help to adorn. In this way the fading charm of her early bloom will seem poor in comparison with the beauty of her maturing womanhood. She will be glad to live while she can serve, and she will continue to serve with dignity and grace until the final, sweet dismissal.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

IT seems doubtful to me whether the mental and physical heights are coexistent, and I scarcely see how the periods of attainment can be fixed, separately or otherwise. So much depends in this matter upon environment and individual temperament. It might be easier to strike an average were the question limited to the women of different climates. It is probably true that the average woman of the torrid zone reaches her prime under twenty; it may be approximately true that the average woman of the temperate reaches hers between thirty and forty. Still there are so many exceptions that it would be difficult to proclaim a rule even with this limitation. We all are acquainted with many notable cases in which women have done their best mental work and also attained their highest measure of physical strength earlier and later than the periods named.

The question can probably be resolved into the one of nutrition and assimilation. Upon the measure of the former depends the possibility of growth and maturity, but even given the same measure of nutrition, the power of assimilation varies in individual cases. Plants may produce their flowers at earlier and later periods because of unequal provisions of sun and rain and fertile soil, but even plants in the same bed do not always flower simultaneously. We cannot establish an unswerving rule for their times, since they depend upon the capability of individual plants for grasping and making use of the conditions of growth.

MARY E. WILKINS.

IT is curious to watch the concentration of brain that this question considered causes. If I ask an old woman she looks back to the time when she enjoyed life best and when she was most admired and liked.

A courageous young woman—setting aside the vanity which is apt to give our own age, whatever it may chance to be, as the desirable one in all points of view—thinks forty the age for women physically and mentally. She partially concedes though to a physician's idea that at the termination of the fourth decade of the seven years' changes in the body, twenty-eight, is a desirable time of life if considered purely in a physical light.

Balzac has gained the gratitude of many a woman who had resigned herself to being ancient history as far as looking upon herself or being considered by others still mentally or physically attractive. His heroines at forty are enough to reconcile any one to that doubtful age. But the truth is he is simply fearless enough to present his characters at their real time of life. The novelist who caters entirely to the public—that public which refuses to submit to anything but eighteen-year-old heroines—pictures to us, girls all bloom, innocence and simplicity. Then he endows these young creatures with attributes which reveal depth of character, talent and the subtle charm which come of worldly wisdom.

We are compelled to believe in the doctrine of transmigration, for the heroine of extreme youth must have had a previous existence to have attained to that experience and judgment and rich mental endowment that years alone can give.

When Mrs. John Sherwood entertained in her own house artists, authors, society devotees, our own and foreign celebrities, she used to say, in giving informal invitations, that she could not impress her address on any one's mind more indelibly than by telling them that it represented the two ages when women are most attractive: No. 18 West Thirty-second.

I cannot enthuse over eighteen though. It is too much like a still-life landscape where we find ourselves searching the horizon for even a figure in outline. In a girl of eighteen we seldom find the expression in the face that is the real beauty.

I have long thought that at thirty-five a woman was most attractive, for she is still young, though her bloom may have gone somewhat.

We will take it for granted that by that time she has come into that best dowry that a woman can have, marriage and maternity. One awakens, transforms, elevates. The other teaches all lessons and renders unnecessary the daily battle we must all make against selfishness. St. Peter, you know, asks no questions of mothers and soldiers, he flings wide the door.

Some man says, "Give me a woman without a history," and yet what character is perfected without the suffering and self-denial that so frequently come before thirty-five?

A woman at thirty-five has enthusiasm without gush; she discriminates and is quite sure what she likes. The abruptness of youth has given way to the softening and subduing grace of maturity. She has still passionate intensity of heart and great capability of devotion, but she has reserve, and draws do not peck at her sleeve.

Versatility and animation are hers, but underneath all is repose that makes you wish to remain in such an atmosphere.

In short, there is that poise, mental and physical, which comes of looking life and its capabilities, its duties, its delights, square in the face.

ELIZABETH B. CUSTER.

AS regards intellect one would be inclined to say off-hand that a woman is at her best from the age of thirty to fifty, in some cases of marked power and decision of character and talent for administration, the limit extending to sixty years. Then, if by the term "physically" in the question before us, beauty is referred to, of course, the loveliness of early youth, with its rose-leaf texture and coloring and its roundness of contour, touches the head, the heart, the sense as no later charm of person can do. If physical strength, instead of beauty, be meant, then its fullest development must lie between the ages of twenty-five and forty.

But it is not possible to insist upon the absolute when the absolute does not exist. It might be said that women are like flowers in a garden, and find their blossoming time according to their aptitudes anywhere from April to November. Yet even this general rule may not be accepted without hesitation, for we have all known happily-endowed women who from youth to age were gifted with perennial beauty and talents, which at each stage when they were obliged to yield something to time, gained in its place some added attraction or capacity.

And if for the average woman it is no easy matter to prescribe fixed limitations, what can be said of the woman of genius? The Brontës accomplished immortal work in early youth, while George Eliot was thirty-eight when she began writing her novels, and as a further contrast Miss Austin took up authorship as an alternative to needlework all through her mellowing girlhood, and died when forty-two.

What the modern woman, the college-bred woman, is to do in the way of extending the period of feminine power and charm must be measured by the next generation. But women are women, and no doubt centuries hence, as now, most of them, after reaching forty years of age, will confess to a half-tender, half-ironical, it might be said an almost æsthetic envy of youth and its advantages. And this feeling has been embalmed in a hundred aphorisms and paradoxes which show with what a glamour of beliefs mankind and womankind alike look back to that period when they were forming—when all life beckoned to them. "If youth knew, if old age could!" "That beautiful time when I was so young and so unhappy." "Write," said George Sand to Flaubert, "while you are young and while the gods and not memory dictate to you."

ELLEN OLNEY KIRK.

"AT what age, in your opinion, is a woman at her best, mentally and physically?"

At her marri-age, especially if that involve, as is not uncommon, her dot-age.

GAIL HAMILTON.

IT would be as impossible for me to find a rule applicable to the development of all women as one which would regulate all of their digestions. Human plants differ in their flowering and seed times quite as much as do plants in the garden.

Remember the many infantile poets whose verses at ten won plaudits from both critics and the public, and who at thirty had sunk into dull, unable drudges. Or, on the other hand, look back at those marvelous old women born in the last century, who, developing late, carried into extreme old age a bodily strength and mental force unknown to the modern, nervous and weaker woman. I have known one or two of these women, forced out of the world at ninety, fight death inch by inch with all the vigor of their tough, old bodies, and with all the shrewdness, the wit and the fierce fire of youth.

Then who does not know women—gray, old grandmothers perhaps—whose brains stopped growing when they were sixteen? They are not responsible for the folly and kittenish tricks which annoy us. Arrested development is an actual cerebral disease, and not rare among us.

These are but a few things which prove how impossible it is to name an age at which every woman is at her best.

If you examine, indeed, into the effect of a forced mental growth upon her body, you may write tomes.

A witty French woman, who was here last winter, saw one side of that subject. "Ah, no!" she sighed. "We women in Paris do not grapple with such grave studies as you in Philadelphia. We do not coöperate; we have no public virtues. But," with a shrug, "neither have we nerve prostration!"

The only general assertion which one can safely make is that every woman is at her best in body and mind at the age when she is most fully occupied with her true work in the world, whether that be art, cookery, lecturing or child-bearing, provided that she goes to it simply and humbly. It is not their work that prostrates the nerves of women or vulgarizes their natures. It is the incessant squabbling and posing and boasting about their work. No body or mind at any age can be in healthy condition which is perpetually busied with examining and exhibiting itself before the public.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

DR. JAMES JACKSON, who was for many years the great medical authority of Boston, put the period of the perfection of manhood much later than most people would be inclined to admit. He said that physical strength began to decline long before experience and acquisition were at their height, so that our lives touched the other at a time decidedly past the middle of life. The matter is more difficult to settle in the case of woman, because physical beauty counts for so much with her, though the wise Doctor left it out entirely in speaking of men. Therefore these things are to be considered in settling what cannot possibly be settled without constant exceptions, at what age a woman is at her best, physically and mentally—the age at which beauty is at its perfection, the age of greatest physical vigor, and the age when the mental powers are at their best, and, also, when experience and accumulated knowledge help on most thoroughly the matured powers of mind.

If one considered only beauty there would be no difficulty, for youth is generally, no doubt, absolutely essential to the perfect charm of beauty. We must feel it an evasion when one quotes the well-worn instances, mostly French, where peoples' lovers continued through their lives, even including unknown grandsons. And even the comforting saying that it is every woman's own fault if she is not a beauty at sixty fails to persuade us that the beauty of middle age or age is the real thing, when compared with the charm that takes everybody off their feet, and even upsets respectable middle-aged gentlemen, and devout elderly spinsters, if an undeniable charmer, a raving, tearing beauty appears in the next pew! If beauty only were in question we must reckon a woman's best days to be from eighteen to twenty-eight or so, but with us other considerations must come in. For physical vigor, if we were the healthy animals we were meant to be, from twenty-five to thirty-five, or even forty, may certainly be called the prime of our powers, but in our age of constant employment and excitement deep conscientiousness as to woman's sphere, and, for the more frivolous, wonderful possibilities as to charming clothes and house decoration, only limited by the limits of human strength, nervous prostration steps in and often makes that very period of life utter weakness, instead of triumphant strength.

To some extent the same may be said of a woman's mental powers, but here we have the experience of actual fact to fall back upon. For certainly most of the best work of women belongs to middle life, and often has reached beyond it. George Eliot, George Sand and Mrs. Stowe certainly did not do their best work before forty, and though "Jane Eyre" was written earlier, who can tell what might have been written but for Miss Brontë's early death? With so many considerations, all pointing to different conclusions, we can only say that from twenty-five to forty seems to embrace the best possibilities of a woman's life, and that if it is necessary to limit it further, from thirty to forty must be given, while if THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL demands its pound of flesh, and will have a fixed date, thirty years of age comes nearest to combining all.

EMILY HALE.

"SHE shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man."

Whether we accept as legend or revealed truth, the scriptural account of the formation of woman, this wisdom is to be gleaned from its application: that woman is at her best when she fulfills the law of her being.

She will thus be harmonious yet diverse. To be harmonious she must be in unison with that plan of her creation which makes her the symmetrical complement of virile vigor. She thus becomes the crowning glory of the world's progress. As a rule, creative effort belongs to man, and directive and assimilative power to woman. Out of this perfect primal law comes her wonderful privilege of maternity, which is her resplendent gift and her chiefest grace as well. Modern society is pagan and not Christian, whenever it looks upon motherhood as a misfortune.

No nation can safely ignore that this position is woman's highest prerogative.

I once knew a lovely woman, the mother of seven children, who prepared her sons for college, and taught sons and daughters the classics and various accomplishments. She was vivacious and had a society training that might have led her to prefer social triumphs to her severe occupations. In her rounded life, notwithstanding heavy crosses, womanhood was at its best.

Out of this logic comes woman's adaptations, which are arbitrations and pacifications. Men fight the world's battles, but the mothers of men are the neutral force that harmonizes differences and allays irritations.

Evolved from this principle, too, arises the necessity of woman refraining from participation in the fierce excitements of public life.

Of course, I do not mean to say that woman must marry, but I do reassert that when woman is an enlightened and Christian mother she is at her best.

MADELEINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

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INTRODUCING A GIRL TO SOCIETY

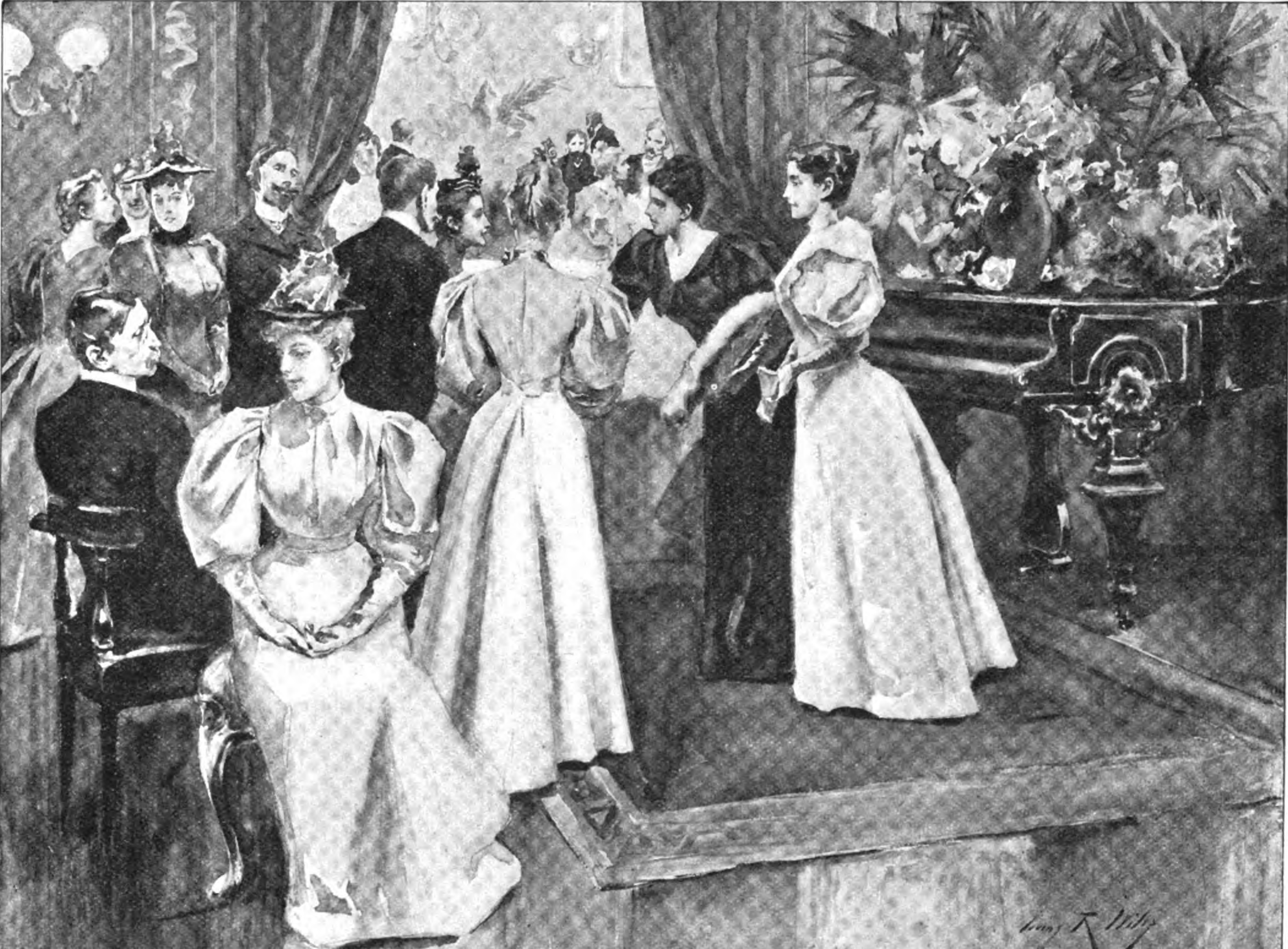
By Mrs. Burton Kingsland

[With Illustration by Irving R. Wiles]

"Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossoms under her feet!"

THIS is the language of the mother's heart as she leads her young daughter forth from the obscurity of home life to present her to the social world of her own acquaintance. It is usually a somewhat trying ordeal for both parent and child. The mother cannot but feel some misgivings lest her carefully-nurtured darling be contaminated by her intercourse with Vanity Fair. To the daughter the novel position brings a certain awkward self-consciousness, as she feels directed toward her the lenses of a critical inspection.

Fortunately, however, the kindliness that lies at the heart of humanity is usually warmed into life at sight of a young girl making her first independent step into that world of which she is to become a part—a sharer in its weal and woe.



"The young girl stands at her mother's side near the principal entrance to the drawing-room"

THE formal presentation of a girl to society generally takes place at an afternoon reception or "tea," to which all her friends and those of her parents are bidden, as well as such acquaintances as they care to include.

The drawing-rooms on the afternoon of the reception are decorated with palms and flowers as lavishly as the taste or purse of the host may dictate. It is the custom in New York for friends to celebrate such an occasion by gifts of flowers to the *débutante*, usually in the form of bouquets tied with ribbons matching the blossoms. As an expression of kindly welcome to her new place in society the custom is a pretty one, and few attentions in after life will meet with more delighted appreciation. These bouquets—sometimes there are dozens of them—are arranged upon the mantels, piano and tables about the rooms. The young girl stands at her mother's side near the principal entrance to the drawing-room. The names of the guests are announced as they enter the room, and, after welcoming them, the mother presents her daughter to each. Though apparently a trifling distinction of form, and one little observed, it is in better taste that the girl should be the one introduced to her mother's friends, rather than that her elders should be presented to her.

THE form of invitation for this occasion is as follows:

MRS. IRVING KNICKERBOCKER
MISS KNICKERBOCKER
At Home
On Saturday, December the Tenth
From Four until Seven o'Clock
883 Fifth Avenue

"It is the first step that costs," and if our young maiden can prevent her smile from becoming fixed and her manner mechanical she will make an impression that will predispose many in her favor.

A *débutante's* presentation dress at a London Drawing-Room is always white, be the material what it may, but with us the color is chosen with reference to its becomingness to the wearer. It should be cut high at the throat, and be light in texture as in color, and in its dainty simplicity and "girlishness" make a contrast to the elegance and richness of the mother's attire.

Three or four girl friends, gowned in colors that harmonize with each other, are usually stationed about the rooms to assist in receiving the guests, while two others represent the hostess in the dining-room.

HERE the table is tastefully arranged with flowers and other pretty decorations; one color predominating is thought to be more effective than a variety, however harmonious. Two or three men-servants offer tea, chocolate, bouillon, salads, sandwiches, ices, cakes and bonbons to the guests. The time of the reception being from three until six, or from four until seven, a heavy meal at this hour would be out of place, for it is presumed that every one will dine soon. The scene, gay with flowers, lights, bright, happy faces and pretty toilettes, has a festal air, a gala effect that needs but the accompaniment of music to make complete. An orchestra composed only of stringed instruments is usually concealed under the stairway, and the selection of the pieces made up of the musical favorites of the day.

THE entertainment often concludes with a little dinner given to the particular friends of the young queen of the feast. She is now fairly "out," as the current cant phrase has it, and invitations probably follow. If she has been a member of one or more of the popular "dancing-classes" she will already have formed a little coterie of friends with whom she is on pleasant terms of intimacy. If not, I should advise her joining such a class or classes, as an agreeable initiation into the mysteries of polite society. The membership is controlled by a set of lady patronesses, who exercise a careful censorship in the matter of invitations, and if the mother of the *débutante* count one or more of these ladies among her friends they will act as chaperons, and take pleasure in presenting the girl to such members of the class as will be most likely to further her enjoyment. It will be appreciated by the young men if she suggest seeking her chaperon's side when, perhaps, her partner is embarrassed to know how to free himself for his next engagement.

AS a young girl's circle of friends is presumably not a large one her first year in society is the time to take advantage of the fact to entertain in small numbers. The pleasures of hospitality often seem to decrease in proportion as they are made to cover much ground, and the spirit of many fashionable functions is not so much enjoyment as competition.

Little dinners, followed by some merry games with prizes; dainty luncheons; small germans of not more than twenty couples; theatre parties, properly chaperoned—these are some of the ways in which a young woman can make merry with her friends, before the proportions of her visiting list shall impose other obligations.

I SOMETIMES ask myself why that time should of necessity ever come—why should society, which is surely fulfilling its purpose when it brings us recreation and satisfies our instinct for friendly companionship, ever become to a girl a life—almost a profession? Why need our daughters ever come in contact with the hard, self-seeking spirit of those who use their friends as rounds in the social ladder, to reach some coveted position or acquaintanceship? Had we recently arrived from the moon we might think that society mothers were more intent upon advertising their daughters than in fitting them for happiness and usefulness.

The programme laid out for a *débutante* by such a mother includes a box at the opera for the season, that the girl may be seen; invitations to the fashionable public balls preceded by fine dinners, to which are invited the eligible young men, thus laying them under obligations which it is hoped will be discharged by dancing with the daughter. A month or two at Newport, a few weeks at Lenox in the autumn, Tuxedo at Christmas, and a London season in the springtime—a showy career, to which wealth is the passport and a conspicuous marriage the aim. If the marriage be delayed comment is rife, public attention having been so drawn to the girl, and feeling that it is due to society to do what is expected of her she sometimes marries for no better reason.

A great effort is often made to be seen at any function of which the world is talking—the horse show, the intercollegiate ball game, anything and everything that has received the crowning title of "fashionable," even by those who have not the purse of Fortunatus.

We would not deprive our daughters, who are the light of our eyes and the joy of our hearts, of any sources of pleasure that we can give them, which shall not be enfeebling or deteriorating in their moral influence. In youth it is instinctive to seek pleasure, and it is an unacknowledged but very real regret with some mature women that they never had "good times, like other girls."

BY all means let the young folk "freight the passing hours with flying happiness," but mothers should encourage counterbalancing interests.

In the struggle for supremacy the coarser elements are always ready to encroach upon the finer, the earthly upon the heavenly. The young girl making her entrance into society usually brings with her a fresh, keen sense of enjoyment, that tempts her to make pleasure her chief aim. A corrective of this spirit will be found in the principle of accepting no enjoyment without trying to give pleasure to some one else, to pass it on in some form. Happy people owe a debt to God to make others happy.

Bishop Wilson used to pray to be delivered from "the vices of the age and place we live in." I wish that every girl would make that prayer her own.

IT is difficult to picture a happier life or one of greater freedom than that enjoyed by the girls of the present day. It is replete with varied interests, but is apt to become overcrowded. Social pleasure often involves social pressure, and health is sacrificed in the pursuit of happiness. To insist upon moderation should be the mother's responsibility.

In making their calls together a woman who has enjoyed the reputation of being socially attractive or an interesting talker must remember not to overshadow her daughter, but leave room for the girl's individuality to express itself, leading the conversation to subjects that she can talk about with interest.

The question often arises in the parents' minds whether or not to take advantage of opportunities that present themselves to introduce their daughters into wealthier or more fashionable circles than those, perhaps, to which they have been accustomed. Fashionable women often have hearts as tender and souls as noble as any in the land, and many of the richest think less of money than others, because they know how little it is worth, after all. It is always, however, at a little risk to happiness to throw a young girl among those whose lives are a perpetual pageant. It is apt to induce false and exaggerated ideas of the importance of money, and those whose light purse must not open for unnecessary luxuries sometimes grow discontented, and lose the joy of gratitude. I should rather lead her to compare her lot with those less privileged, when I think of how men struggle and work and plan and—sin to get the money to gratify the ambition of the women they love.

THE art of pleasing is one that every girl would study as siduously were there a definite curriculum. Many of its essentials, however, are an open secret. The great majority of American girls are fair enough to be pleasant to look upon. Regular bathing and outdoor exercise, horseback riding and tennis playing, make many of them superb specimens of good health, and give them an air of wholesome vigor that is, if not beauty, an agreeable substitute for it.

A ready retention of the names and faces of people presented always wins favor. "The outward observance of mere conventional rules can never be thoroughly learned unless the heart is well-bred." A *débutante* of this season said to me that what she most dreaded in society was "the ordeal of the dressing-room"—that girls whom she did not know looked her over from head to foot as though appraising her toilette. It is indisputable that to be well dressed gives a girl a feeling of confidence and puts her at her ease, but once dressed she should forget all about it. To outshine her companions is to provoke their envy, and sometimes malice and uncharitableness follow. A pretty but inconspicuous gown is in the best taste. The ability to dance well is always a passport to popularity, and the art of conversation well rewards the pains of acquiring it.

A girl should keep herself informed of the current news of the day, know, at least, the names and authors of the new books, and be able to say something about those she has read.

She is expected to understand what is good in music, and to hear, when possible, the singers and musicians talked about. An intelligent, sympathetic listener, who gives one his legitimate half share in the conversation, and whose manner is responsive, is always an agreeable companion. In replying to a compliment the resources of fancy seem to be singularly at fault among the present generation. "It is awfully sweet of you to say so" seems to exhaust all modern requirements.

A sense of the humorous and a facility for good-natured drollery are worth cultivating, but are only permanently pleasing when innocent and kindly in spirit.

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A FRIENDLY LETTER TO GIRL FRIENDS

*IV—*By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney*

DEAR Girl Friends: In these brief letters I can say so very little, and the subjects of them are so many! When I have filled my page, and must needs stop, I look over what I have written, and it seems to me the merest skeleton of what I want to write. A hint here, a point touched there, like narrow glints of light upon forest leaves, only the outside edges catching, and the great interior depths all unrevealed; that is what it seems like. But that suggestion stimulates thinking, and a small showing may set you to finding for yourselves, I should feel my work very weak and little worth indeed.

I HAVE something to say to you about poetry, and I must simply say it upon this principle, of trying to indicate to you what it is, and how to look for it, rather than to give you any adequate presentation of poetical work, in which the thing itself, the preëxistent poetry, has been put in shape. Poetry is not a thing written; words only formulate it, or rather touch it indicatively. The poetry is far within the poem, if it is there at all; indeed, language is never anything but vehicle. Poetry is not even first language. First language is creation—that which God makes for signs. Poetry is behind creation; it is what God has in Himself, and tells us something of by things. The poet is the child of God who can read his Father's word; who can feel in his spirit what God means when He says—light, a star, a flower, a tree, a mountain, a river; when He makes the blue of the sky, and the space of it, the shining, and the cloud and the rain, and all sounds and motions that are in air and earth. Poetry is the soul behind sense. It is the living reality. The word comes from the Greek which means "to make."

Set among these signs, man, who cannot create, desires to express, to join together and convey his impressions formed from first language. He has only sound and gesture for elements of speech; he uses both; they get to be reflective and interchangeable. Sound suggests movement; movement accompanies, replaces sound. Certain syllables take attitude and action; they affect us as with touch.

Language is at first monosyllabic: the root words are the significant ones, the first utterance of mere perception. From these radiate and amplify our vocabulary; our shadings of meaning, our qualifications, our discriminative, connected illustration of inner fact. From a thing we get a noun, from an impression an adjective, from an act a verb; and all external feeling, and all natural doing and bearing work together into a system of expression, a marvelous telegraphy of that which cannot be seen, touched or handled, and we call the communication speech.

Words themselves become poetic; something adheres to, inheres in them. The very syllables get to have life in them, and awaken mood and feeling. But words are never poetry, except as their significances are so grouped and woven together as to convey a thought which did not exist alone in any of them. Then they become vital; the mere collocation has its "live wire"; the bare technicalities obtain reason and influence from the essential relations of language. There is versifying, which is merely mosaic of pretty words; and there is poetry hidden and lost in misfitting, inadequate expression.

SOMETIMES in a very poor bit of rhyming and measuring there hides a meaning of true nobility. It is the prince disguised in the mean, incongruous apparel of the pauper. These relations of thought and word are what I wish now to make clear to you, that they may give you the key to the discovery and understanding of this great and beautiful thing which is the deepest reality, though so commonly judged by its debasement into mere fantasy. There is the same difference between poetry and fantasy that there is between imagination—the clear imaging of the true—and unsubstantial vagary.

To give an example of this inherence in language of elementary impression becoming expressive in repeated use, notice how certain juxtapositions of letters or sounds carry always with them the same or similar ideas. Take "fr" at the beginning of a word. First make the sound which the letters indicate. The very lip and tongue action, as well as the utterance produced, gives the feeling of a scattering, a separating, a dispersion, a release from closeness and bond, a shivering apart of particles or threads. The movement is like that of the fingers when thrown apart as in a scattering or sprinkling, and the sound is of the same character. Now consider what words are so begun, and what they mean. Take "fringe"; the thing gets its very name from this separating, throwing out of filaments; take "fright," the startling of terror or horrified surprise, which shakes the nerves "into fiddle-strings," which separates the very hairs of the head so that they "stand on end." What a force of association such words carry into every other word of like orthographic construction! The lovely adjective "fresh"; what is it but the shaking out from close, old, dense conditions into lightness and rarity and fineness of atmosphere, fabric, feeling itself? I give you this example for the sake of one instance of the poetic use of a word where mere orthography and pronunciation set forth, by suggestion, an instant, entire representation such as labored description, in unrelated phrase, would never accomplish. In one of Mr. Howells' stories he has to mention the commonplace circumstance of the dispersion of a crowd from a train arrival; he says it "frayed" out from the railway station into the streets. Does not that picture it, like the "fringing" out of vapor from the edges of a cloud? The happy, exact use of terms—the use of original meanings—is the poetical use.

Now what I want is that you should read and judge and find out poetry, by its own two rules or requirements, and then you will need no one to tell you what is and what is not, and you will make small waste of time over the spurious or inadequate.

THE poet is the perceiver of meanings in the things that are made; hence, also, in our own experience and relation with things made; the process of our own making. The poet expresses and presents his perception in word-signs that are of birth and kin with all these meanings. He must have soul insight and speech instinct. If either of these is wanting he fails of his name and work. Where these are found together we find and acknowledge the poem. And here we have our two rules or tests. There must be some clear, inward discernment; there must be expression of it in phrase fitted to it, tone to tone, as in a chord of music. But we cannot discover or judge mechanically by any rule of analysis or dissection. The answering—or the same, perception and instinct—must be in the reader, or there is no recognition. The "ears to hear" are of the same organization as the "lips to utter." There must be a poet at either end of the line for the electric thrill to pass. There are souls to receive and souls to impart, and they are complements one to the other. First feel, then read. You may find many a thing in poetry that you never knew before; but you know it when you come to it, by that which was yours already. The discovery and the recognition are your delight in it.

Poetry, pure and simple, just reveals and illuminates the natural world. It makes a flower breathe into our hearts, as well as into our nostrils. It lifts us into calm mountain heights and atmospheres. We may have seen nothing but a sandbank all our lives, but the poet makes us feel the presence and majesty of great, sky-filling peaks; we may know nothing of vast waters, but from our little images of lake expanse, or river ripple, the depth of dark pool or well, and the horizon reach, springs at his touch upon our thought the infinity of ocean outstretch, the glory of great waves, the awfulness of unfathomable profundities.

A DEAR old lady who I imagine knew little of books but who must have had that large, fine sense which from the small things makes deduction of a limitless hope and claim of more, whose daily living had been narrow, and its limits chafing to her spirit, made a lovely poem in a little more than a dozen words, when she was first shown the sea. Looking out upon it with reverent, astonished, luminous eyes, drawing a deep breath of heart-full awe, she folded her hands in a meek rapture, and said slowly, "I thank the dear Lord that at last He has let me see *enough* of something!" The sea said the same great word to her that came to the ancient prophets when they wrote, in the name of the Lord, "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." And, "My people shall be satisfied with My goodness"; they shall have enough at last! Ah, if you want really to know poetry, and first language, and interpretations of all signs of earth and Heaven, go to the old Holy Bible for them!

PERHAPS as true a definition of poetry as can be is the feeling of things. Perhaps "the Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters" was His urgent feeling of the possible beauty and sweetness and wonderfulness that out of Himself might stir in the unformed matter of the worlds and blossom infinitely into these signs that His creatures, whom He would give life to on purpose, might feel back to Him by! Perhaps—yet it is no perhaps, but a certainty—what we call poetry is the touch of God upon our souls, whether it come through objective nature or the personal experience which opens to us the secret harmonies and mysteries of peace and pain. To all these the poet is sensitive, and of these he makes us conscious. There is another depth profounder yet. It is prophecy. That is the immediate touch of God upon man's spirit. The poet who utters it fulfills his highest office; he is the teller of a truth direct from God; he is the "messenger before His face."

Wordsworth is, perhaps, preëminently the poet of pure feeling. When he tells us

> "My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky,"

it is as if the great color-arch were flashed before us for that first-remembered time in the misty Heaven; and we feel the bound within us which sprang to greet its glory then, and know it to be in us still; so that the next lines are instant with us, whether he had written them or not:

> "So was it when my life began;
> So is it now I am a man;
> So be it when I shall grow old,
> Or let me die!"

And again in his verses to the cuckoo:

> "No bird, but an invisible thing,
> A voice, a mystery,"

he makes of the reader a child once more, as he does of himself, lying in the grass and listening,

> " . . till he does beget
> That golden time again."

And oh, the daffodils! the "crowd, the host of golden daffodils!"

> "Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
> Tossing their heads in sprightly dance."

The picture, and the memory for after hours of loneliness, when he tells us,

> "They flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude,
> And then my heart with rapture fills,
> And dances with the daffodils."

Who ever gave such picture to the inward eye as Wordsworth gives it? It is more than picture, it is re-living; we almost laugh out with pleasure and gladheartedness as the child laughs. You cannot read the verse aloud without a lilt in your voice; and the joy of your heart constrains you to read it aloud,

> "And dances with the daffodils."

BUT if we get to dipping into Wordsworth we shall want all the room there is, and "all the time there is." Dip for yourselves; explore with him; you will find him and the world full. Search the "Excursion." I say "search" because you may encounter some hindrance in the mere thread and frame of the narrative vehicle which is here and there dry and prosaic; you may find, perhaps, as in much other poetry, a good deal that does not appeal to you; you will pass over much indifferently, yet seize, at certain points, the keenest pleasure; the thing is simply to know what you look for, and your own when you see it. You will discover in the "Excursion" just this secret of revelation in things which I have been trying to tell you about; the poem is the very philosophy of poetry. The Boy of Athol, "tending cattle on the hills," upon whom

> " . . deep feelings had impressed
> So vividly great objects that they lay
> Upon his mind like substances,"

"had received the precious gift," so that even

> " . . . . in caves forlorn
> And 'mid the hollow depth of naked crags.
> . . . .
> Even in their fixed and steady lineaments
> He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,
> Expression ever varying."

But when from a mountain headland he sees one day "the sun rise up and bathe the world in light"; when ocean and earth and clouds are transfigured to him, palpitating with the glad touch, till

> " . . . . his spirit drank
> The spectacle; sensation, soul and form,
> All melted into him."

He recognized that

> "By them did he live; they were his life";

and that "such high power" was

> "Visitation from the living God."

THE Boy of Athol is the Wanderer of the poem, discoursing all the way and from all suggestions,

> "Of truth and grandeur, beauty, love and hope."

He tells us that

> " . . . . the man
> Who, in this spirit communes with the forms
> Of Nature, who, with understanding heart,
> Both knows and loves such objects,
> . . . .
> In the relations which they bear to man,
> He shall discern how, through the various means
> Which silently they yield, are multiplied
> The spiritual presences of absent things."

Away on further, after the Poet, the Wanderer and the Pastor have kept long company and converse together, when they all three stand upon a mountain-side in the glory of the setting sun, what beautiful antiphon is put into the Pastor's mouth, to the long ago unvoiced breath of the boy's soul, that had had its "high hour of visitation" in a mountain dawn! How grandly, reverently does the good man speak back to God, "in holy transport," His own great Word, with thanksgiving!

> "Eternal Spirit! Universal God!
> Power inaccessible to human thought
> Save by degrees and steps which Thou hast deigned
> To furnish; for this effluence of Thyself
> To the infirmity of mortal sense
> Vouchsafed, this local transitory type
> Of Thy paternal splendors,
> . . . accept the thanks
> Which we . . .
> Presume to offer; we who from the breast
> Of the frail earth, permitted to behold
> The faint reflections only of Thy face—
> Are yet exalted, and in soul adore!"

JUST here I thought to stop in what threatened to become a disproportionate indulgence in Wordsworth; but just here, also, I went back and reckoned lines and spaces, and finding it hopeless to touch with even passing reference upon others, without transgressing limits, I said joyfully, as we say of a remnant of a day in which no new thing can be begun, "I will do as I please with my last thousand words; I will go on with——," but reverence restrains me from a play upon his name, though its thought befell me in simple, serious fitness.

I should have been sorry not to indicate more of Wordsworth, because I think he so directly teaches and demonstrates the prime, interior life and law of which we speak. He is the very evangelist of poesy; the preacher of the divinity incarnated in things. He not only feels but knows and shows the eternal reason why he feels. Having this eternal reason we discover fresh joy in every poet and poem that puts us into this close, exquisite rapport with natural meanings.

Wordsworth goes back in his great representative Ode—the "Intimations of Immortality"—to the intuitions of the child, utterly at one with Nature, not outgrown from the Heavenly instincts which lay hold upon her heart, and asserts, in strong, sweet phrasing, like the swinging chime of bells, this true, poetic relation between the soul and things; this original clairvoyance into the Creating Mind by the young, created spirit. It is but a paraphrase of the Master's utterance, "I say unto you that their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven."

How lovely a little touch this is; lovely and little, yet setting forth in its scarce two lines the clear grandeur of a wide Heaven with one great, golden light in it, as only such simple wording could:

> "The moon doth with delight
> Look round her when the Heaven is bare!"

The whole argument and inspiration of the Ode are in the paragraph whose beauty has familiarized it, beginning

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting
> And cometh from afar."

Do you see that Wordsworth does not trouble himself about the immortality that is to come? He asserts the immortality that has been, and that a star setting is only a certainty of a star rising. It is the "Ever and Ever" of the Lord's Prayer. The Ever that has been is the power and assurance of the Ever that shall be. And for the little *now*, in which we spell the earth syllables of the Eternal Word, how gladly, triumphantly he links the outmost sign with the inmost revelation:

> "Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
> Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears;
> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

WORDSWORTH'S perceptions are so real, so indisputable that he is not afraid to repeat a thought; indeed, the recurrence comes as it comes in Nature, linking itself with fresh time and circumstance. For instance, in the Ode he reminds us that

> " . . those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things,
> Fallings from us, vanishings,
> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized,
> . . . . . .
> . . those first affections,
> Those shadowy recollections,
> . . . . . .
> . . . have power to make
> *Our noisy years seem moments in the being*
> *Of the eternal silence.*"

And then, when in his other noble song of "Sound" he questions Silence, declaring the everlasting speech of "day unto day," and that there shall be a Voice always, of which all lesser voices are the concurrent breathings, he rounds and complements the same great thought:

> "A voice to light gave being;
> To time, and man his earth-born chronicler;
> A voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
> And sweep away life's visionary stir.
>
> *O, Silence! are man's noisy years*
> *No more than moments of thy life?*
> Is Harmony
> Thy destined bondslave? No! though earth be dust,
> And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay
> Is in the Word, that shall not pass away!"

Believe me, in all best
sympathy and fellowship,
Yours thoroughly,
Adeline D. T. Whitney.

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*Mrs. Whitney's former letters appeared in the JOURNAL for December, 1893, March and August, 1894. Copies of any of these issues may be ordered through the JOURNAL at ten cents each.

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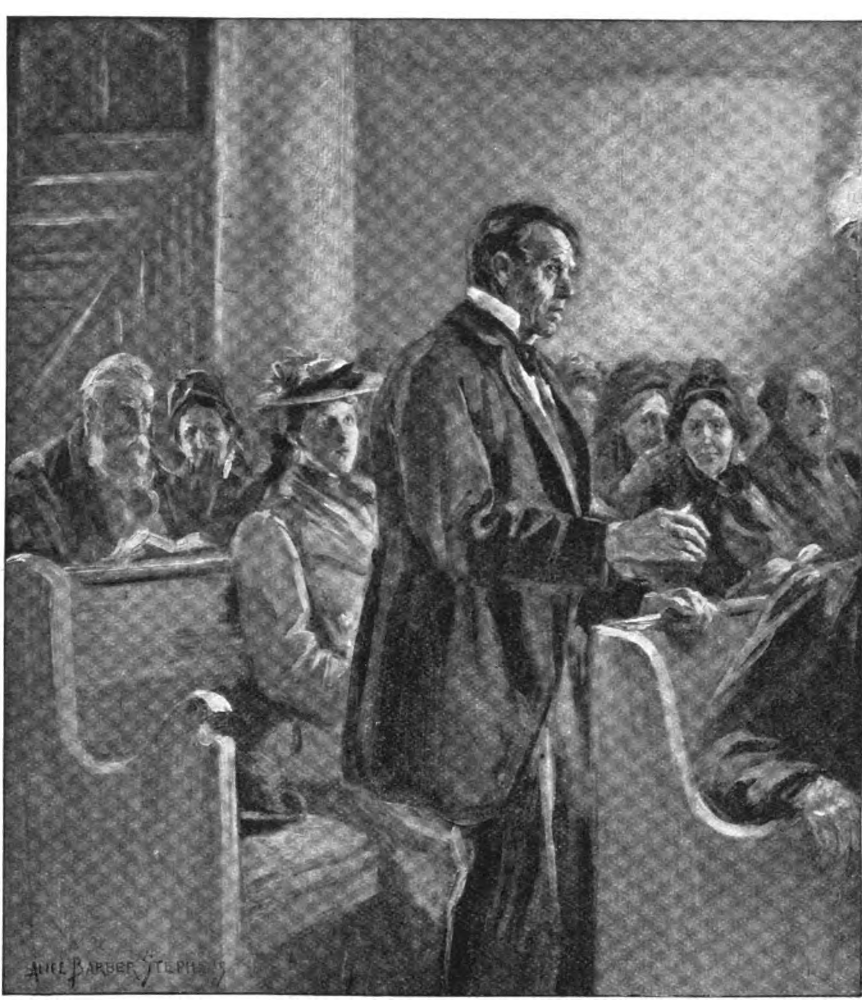


"I could hear them all a-whisperin' when I got up, and I knew they was awful surprised"

THE "SOCIABLE" AT BARNES' CORNERS

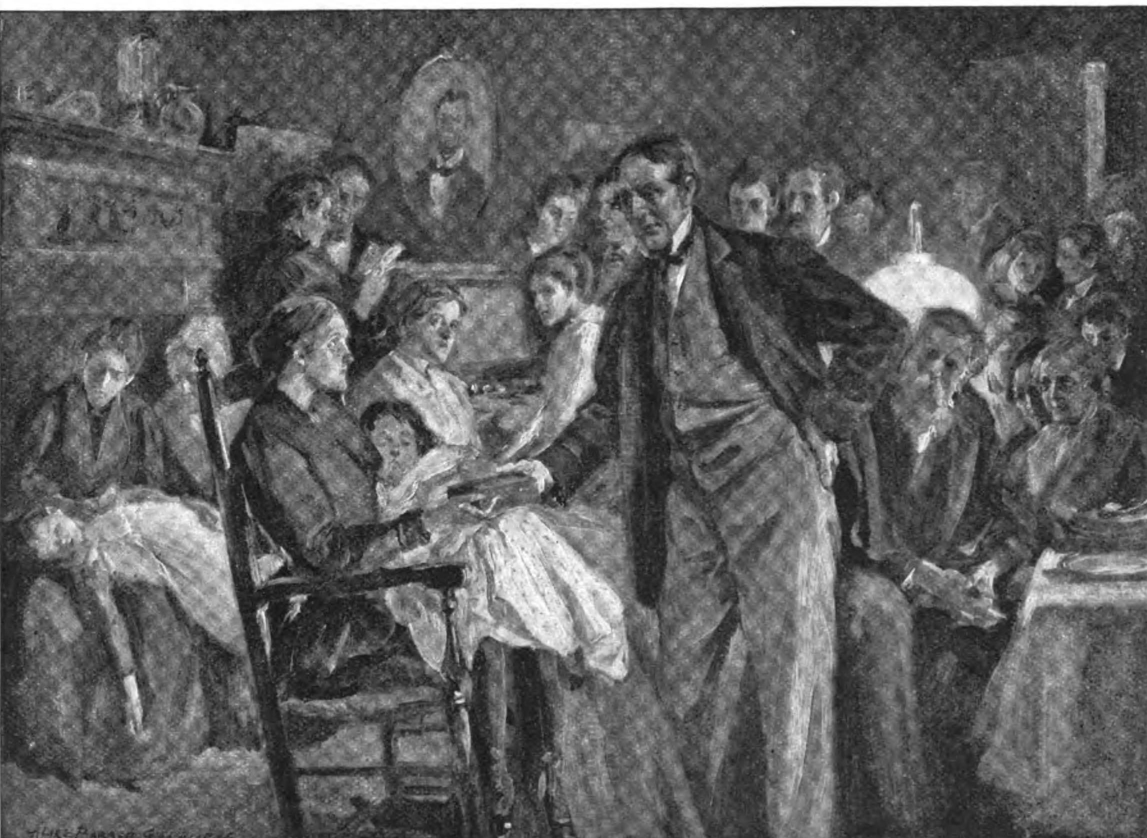
By Mary Chahoon

[With Illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens]

HE breakfast dishes were not yet washed, and it was time to get the potatoes ready for dinner. The wind—November wind at that—howled drearily around the house, rattling the windows that long ago should have had their winter supply of cotton stuffed between the sashes. The snow had been blown up to the front steps, and snow drifts filled the yard. Inside, the scene was hardly less gloomy: the fire in the kitchen stove absolutely refused to burn in spite of various and repeated invitations, in the shape of shavings, the advertising page of the "Barnes' Corners Herald," and even a few drops of kerosene, cautiously poured out from the little tin can on the pantry shelf, a remedy never used except in most extreme cases. At each cruel deception the tea-kettle was hopefully set in, only to be taken out again when the blaze died away.

Mrs. Brown's faded old calico looked no more faded and old than did the wearer, as she went on with her work this morning, something in the same way that a squirrel turns the wheel in his cage—wasting force and accomplishing nothing. There was a hopelessness in her very manner of putting the dishes away. Usually she could look beyond and see the beginning of the end; to-day she was only trying not to think of anything. It was last Thanksgiving time that her husband had died, and although the salary he received as minister in the little white Methodist Church at Barnes' Corners was very small—half, perhaps, in actual money, the rest in buckwheat and promises—they had managed to live, and happily, too, in spite of the fact that they were material creatures, and often longed for something besides "griddle cakes" and sermons. Every Sunday for nearly fifteen years had the members of his congregation listened to this true "Kingdom of Heavenite," as he preached to them, and few were the Sundays when his patient little wife had not sat in her seat at the right of the pulpit, wearing the same tired look, and faded checked shawl. Long ago the red and green checks had, like the little old woman on the king's highway, lost their identity, and the yellow boundary lines between them had ceased struggling for existence. But it was drawn closer each winter, and she loved it for "old sake's sake," and then, too, she had no other.

For the last year Mrs. Brown and the four little Browns had had a hard time; but the neighbors were kind, bringing them offerings which they had set aside as tithes of what they possessed. Then Mrs. Brown helped Mrs. Green with her fall sewing, gladly taking cast-off clothing in payment, and several of the Methodist sisters had sent for her in preserving time, as they had an unusual amount of fruit to "put down." In this way she had managed to live until now, when there was wood to buy, and clothes for the children, whose thin, white faces and peaked chins saddened her continually.



"There were a great many people at the 'sociable'"

The clock on the shelf above her head had struck eleven, and while she was wondering whether it would not be well to leave the tin things until the potatoes were peeled, she heard a loud knock and the stamping of feet at the front door, the latter a characteristic of Barnes' Corners visitors, that plainly showed the careful home-training. Mrs. Brown wiped her hands upon her gingham apron, and hung that beloved article on its own particular nail behind the pantry door, secretly wishing her white one were clean. With an apologetic brush to her neatly-combed hair she opened the door, and then 'Squire Wilson walked in, shaking the snow from his well-worn buffalo coat and woolen cap.

"Mis' Brown, good-mornin'," he said in his hearty, good-natured voice, "remarkably heavy snow-storm for November; but it's goin' to make sleighin', and folks say that Thanksgivin's not Thanksgivin' 'thought sleighin'. What I come over for," he went on, as he took the chair that Mrs. Brown offered to him, "is to tell you 'bout what was 'greed upon last night at the Prayer-Meetin'. You wa'n't out—too squally, I s'pose. Well, you know, we had a real excitin' time; 'twas a sort o' missionary meetin', at least that's what the parson's notice said in the mornin', and when I heard of it I thought I'd better go. It turned out a good deal nicer than most missionary meetin's does, though." Here a look of embarrassment showed itself very plainly on the rough, weather-beaten face, and the 'Squire fumbled with his cap, as though he were sadly at a loss to know just how to say what was in his mind. But with a determined "ahem," and final twist to the cap, he went on. "You see, Mis' Brown, I hain't much of a church goer, and sence the girl's mother died I hain't been hardly any. It's a great place to get to thinkin', church is, so I ginerally stays to home, and Letty goes. There's plenty of men to fill up the front seats, and pass the plate 'thought me. Speakin' of passin' the plate, do you know I think it's a mighty convenient way of gittin' out of puttin' anything in!

"Now, Mis' Brown, missionary meetin's and missionary business is probably all right for sich as likes 'em, but I've alers been a trifle skeery of 'em. Once I read somewheres, and it struck me pretty square, that the woman who makes flannel shirts for the Hottentots, very often has Hottentots in her own family, that has shirts as needs mendin'. Probably I hain't got it quite right, but the idee's the same, and I'd like to shake hands with the fellow as said it.

"But this hain't a-tellin' you what happened last night, and it's what I come for. Dinner time 'll be here before I even git started," and a colossal old-fashioned watch came out from the depths of his pocket and was carefully studied. "After the sermon and collection was over," he continued, "and they was on the last verse of 'Greenland's Icy Mountains,' I kept a-gittin' more and more uneasy, till at last I whispered to Letty and told her that when the singin' was over I was a-goin' to git up and say something. She looked kinder surprised and kinder skeered, but she thought I had been converted by the meetin' so she looked kinder glad, too.

"Well, when they had got through their geography hymn, and had talked 'bout all the country 'from Atlanta to the sea'" (the 'Squire's quotations were perhaps crude, but to the point, nevertheless), "the music stopped, and then there was an awful quiet stretch, when I knew that even the minister 'way up on the platform must have heard my heart goin' thumpty-thump, as I was a-wonderin' what to say when I got up. But as soon as I was fairly landed on my feet, and braced against the kneelin' stool I didn't have no trouble a-findin' out what to say; the worst trouble was the thoughts come a-tumblin' on top of each other, and I had to keep a-stoppin' for breathin' spells. I could hear them all a-whisperin' when I got up, and I knew they was awful surprised, but I says to myself, 'they ain't half as surprised as you be, so go right along and show 'em you know what you're doin'.' So, Mis' Brown, I did talk; and I says—can't put it in just the same words, perhaps—'Sisters and brothers, I have been a-listenin' very careful and heedful to all you've been a-sayin' 'bout India and China and sich places; and 'bout sendin' ministers to preach the word of God to them heathen. Now it may be all right to be a-takin' care of them people, even if they don't need the things you send to them, or want them, either; but in my mind it's anuff sight—I come near sayin' a dern sight, but stopped awful quick and coughed—it's anuff sight better, I say, to send your dry goods and your money to folks that does need them, folks that is almost a-starvin' for 'em, and has little children to look arter, and wood to buy for winter; folks that would thank God on their knees for jist what you're goin' to give them heathen, who probably won't care anything about them; who want to live like savages, and are goin' to live like savages as soon as they git the missionary eaten up. I guess you've all forgot a missionary that come to you once, who worked among you as faithfully as any man could work, and yet didn't git as much as a Testament that on a pinch he might have swapped for potatoes. He never complained when his quarter's salary wasn't paid, and his children had to be took out of school because they didn't have no shoes to wear; he didn't say a single word, and you can't say that about your other missionaries. Then what happened to him? Caught cold and died from walkin' and wadin' through snow to visit one of you who was sick, and no wood for a fire when he got home.'"

Here Mrs. Brown started, and a new light dawned upon her. With her face growing whiter and whiter, and her lip quivering she finally put her head down on the table and sobbed like a child. All day she had tried to keep up, now it was a blessed relief just to have it all out.

"Yes," went on the 'Squire, swallowing quickly and looking hard at a cardboard motto on the wall in front of him, "I told them what I thought, and that the best way for them to make it up to him now was by givin' his fam'ly a lift for the winter. Lots of them was a-cryin' when I sat down, and they didn't git on very well with the Doxology—it sounded kinder like frogs in the summer time. After meetin' was over we got together, and when we had done a considerable amount of talkin' 'twas finally agreed to give a 'sociable' Thanksgivin' night, and see if we can't raise a little money for you and the babies."

Here 'Squire Wilson rose to go, and as he put on his cap, drawing it close over his ears, regardless of conventionality, he looked at the poor little woman beside him, trying so hard to sob out the gratitude that was in her heart. Then all the loving tenderness in this rough, unpolished soul came to the surface, and laying a hand on her shoulder as gently as a woman might have done, he said in a choky voice:

"There now, Mis' Brown, you jist brace up; you're a plucky little woman, and have got some good friends a-backin' you. Come over and see Letty; it's awful hard for the little girl this Thanksgivin' 'thout her mother, but she's goin' right to work to have a Thanksgivin', jist as we used to; 'cause she says she can't bear to have things seem so different." Real tears stood in the man's eyes now—tears that no amount of hiding could keep Mrs. Brown from seeing, and as she reached out her hand and he took it in both of his—each understood the other. Then the 'Squire went out, and Mrs. Brown found that the fire in the kitchen stove had started up, while she was gone, so once more the tea-kettle was set in, and with a light heart she followed him to the door.

"Letty's comin' over this very afternoon," called out the 'Squire, as he unblanketed his horse, and brushed the snow from the seat of his sleigh. "She told me to tell you, and I 'most forgot. She wants

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to talk over the 'sociable' with you, and, by-the-way, here's a turkey for your Thanksgivin' dinner," and a veritable mastodon of the turkey type, all ready for the oven, was hauled out from under the seat. One of the little Browns was dispatched for it, and a smile broke all over Mrs. Brown's face, as visions of the dinner ahead floated in upon her. There were several packages, too, which afterward proved to be the orthodox articles for Thanksgivings; and the youthful Brown was obliged to make several trips out to the sleigh, much to the happiness of that worthy personage, who shone forth as a hero in the eyes of the other Browns, who were shoeless and could only look at the fascinating snow through the windows.

In the afternoon Letty Wilson came over, and she and Mrs. Brown sat down and talked together for a long time. There was a very deep, tender friendship between these two, strengthened by a common bond of sorrow, that sometimes brings human hearts so near to, and so in touch with, one another. Letty had in Mrs. Brown the helper for which she had longed after her mother's death. She had been left strangely alone, for although her father dearly loved his child, yet it seems to take a woman to feel and understand what a woman wants most; and Letty had found a heart ready and eager to comfort her, when she so needed comforting. Mrs. Brown grew to love her more and more as the days went on. She knew that Letty leaned upon her now, and is it not blessedly true that very seldom does the human heart fail to respond to a call like this?

It was as 'Squire Wilson had told Mrs. Brown, that a "sociable" had been decided upon, as a means to get money for the winter supplies she needed. After ways and means had been thoroughly discussed, it was at last declared wisest to have the "sociable" at Deacon Jones'. It was unanimously agreed that his was the "handiest" house; and then, too, a great many people would certainly come just to see the new carpet in the parlor. There had not been a funeral or any other public gathering there for so long that everybody was anxious to see whether they had moved the sofa around, and if the carpet were "boughten or rag."

Now a "sociable" in Barnes' Corners vernacular simply means that everybody sends something to eat, and then comes and pays for the exquisite privilege of eating it. The proceeds from this entertainment were to go to Mrs. Brown, and for the next three days the entire village, usually in the midst of a "Rip Van Winkle" nap, was plunged into a state of wild excitement, such as it had not known since the last Presidential election. In fact, the very oxygen and nitrogen one breathed seemed to be full of mysterious little microbes—most wonderfully contagious.

And especially did the Jones place fairly teem with life. The large, old-fashioned parlor, one of the "amphibious" sort that Aldrich talks about, was swept and garnished; a roaring fire was started early in the voluminous wood stove; fresh tidies put upon the backs of the stiff, uncompromising old chairs, and the red plush photograph album taken out of the lower drawer in the "spare room," and safely deposited by Mrs. Jones and three other Deacons' wives who had volunteered their services, upon a brass standard on the centre-table. Three small representatives of the tribe of Jones also assisted at the operation. It was a great event in the lives of these "olive branches," as may be imagined. All day had they wandered around from room to room, with eyes and mouths in an habitually elongated shape, constantly wondering what new excitement the next moment might bring forth. During the entire day the most wonderful baskets were left at the house, each containing the culinary peculiarities of the different Methodist sisters. As seven o'clock drew near the dining-table was stretched to its utmost capacity, and strongly resembled a dime museum, or a five-cent restaurant counter. Mrs. Harris' cake had the place of honor in the centre, because, as Mrs. Wild said, "She's the oldest and the touchiest." What an architectural triumph it was, too, looking strangely like the Eiffel Tower or the Washington Monument, as one wished to regard it. As it went up and up into space, growing smaller and smaller in the distance, somehow you remembered reading "Jack and the bean-stalk" once, and the thought came to you that if you ever could rise to its unexplored heights, perhaps the inoffensive, insectivorous little walnut that crowned the summit might become some vast treasure of the fairy-land type. Mrs. White sent a jar of "sweet pickles," whose fame, like that of a lyric friend of ours, had "spread abroad through the nations." There never were any other pickles quite like them, for which fact didn't Mrs. Green say she was devoutly thankful, although everybody knew, and she "knew that they knew," she made regular annual attempts at them, and always failed. Then came Mrs. Smith's "sponge-cake," the sort that invariably "fell" whenever any one else made it. Mrs. Jenkins' basket had sandwiches, made of ham of their "own killin' and curin'," she told the people. Mrs. Blake sent some "elderberry wine," with an explanatory note saying it was "strictly temperate," so they needn't be afraid to pass it around, even if it was at a "sociable" where the minister would be.

By this time the people had begun to come, the Brown family being the first. One had but to gaze just once upon them to realize the importance of this event. Mrs. Brown's eyes did not look nearly as tired as usual, although she had been the rounds of four very sticky little faces on an average of every half hour all day. The old merino she wore to-night had been brushed and sponged until it fairly shone when the lamplight fell upon it; and perhaps it was the thought of beefsteak and coffee for the children next Sunday that made the sad face brighter than it had looked for a long time. And the four little Browns! Who could possibly mistake the fact that this had been a "red letter day" in their lives, in spite of the hopelessly clean condition to which they were reduced? And the joy in their poor little hearts reached the very highest pitch, when, after supper, and that event came off early, in the hope that some one might be tempted to eat twice, they were sent out to the dining-room and told they might eat all they wanted to! Quickly they took possession of what they could find, even in one or two cases clearing up a plate or two, upon which had been left a supply of good things most wonderful to the little Browns, who could not understand any mortal so depraved as not to eat all he could get. At last they went back to their mother's protecting care, and for, I doubt not, the first time since they had reached sufficient years of discretion to appreciate the charm of "ice cream," there was no longing for "another plate" of the beloved article.

The most important feature at all country gatherings is the minister, and young Mr. Winters strutted around among his people, in all the dignity of his calling, and faded "Prince Albert."

Many were the timid glances cast in his direction by the female portion of his congregation, but he was stoically indifferent to all advances, feeling, perhaps, his imminent danger in a town where "unsuited maidens," as some one charitably calls them, were in the majority.

All you who have by a cruel fate been denied the pleasure of a "sociable" can never appreciate its "infinite variety." For where else in the whole world could one play "string" in the sitting-room, "drop the handkerchief" in the "wing," and "twenty questions" in the hall, at the same time? Where, let me repeat the question, could one have a better visit with one's neighbors, who are busy all through the day, than right here in Mrs. Jones' "parlor-bedroom," away from the noisy ones of the company? Everybody is feeling so comfortable and happy to-night—the world looks bright at "sociables." To-morrow it will be cold, the children will probably be tired and cross, but no one thinks of that now.

In the parlor the squeaky old organ—everything is old at Barnes' Corners—is doing its best to be entertaining through the medium of Miss Amanda Jenkins. The "Mocking Bird, with variations," is finished, and somebody has asked for "Old Folks at Home."

Blessed old tune—you may be called antiquated and out of date; well, perhaps you are, but, nevertheless, your power is felt, even by those who ridicule you. To-night, as the first note was struck, it seemed like a signal for the uniting of the clans. The younger ones stopped their games, and gathered in stiff awkwardness around the organ, while the older generation sat where they might catch a word here and there, or at least follow the tune with quivering, uncertain voices.

Hard faces grew softer; tired ones less tired; discouraged ones more hopeful as the memory of "one little hut among the bushes" floated away into the heart of each one that listened.

It was late when 'Squire Wilson came into the room and walked over to the corner where Mrs. Brown sat, a little Brown asleep in her arms and the rest reposing comfortably in different parts of the room. A box was handed to her, and in a choky voice the 'Squire announced that nearly three hundred dollars had been taken in that night.

There were a great many people at the "sociable" who looked "teary" around the lashes, as, at the end of the simple, homely little speech they rose to go home. As for Mrs. Brown she tried to thank them but couldn't, possibly. She had never seen so much money before.

This commonplace little story is nearly finished, but there is one thing more I want to tell you who are interested in the poor little woman, whose brave heart might speak to a good many of us. Going home something happened, something just as commonplace most of you will think as is this little story, and yet the most severe critic would hesitate before calling "commonplace" the happiness in two faces.

The buckwheat diet is given up now; and the next Sunday the entire tribe of Browns marched into church, only, instead of sitting at the right of the pulpit, Mrs. Brown hesitatingly took her place in 'Squire Wilson's pew, near the door.

YET, AM I OLD

By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop

I NEVER knew that I was old—
  Like truth in dreams that truth yet seemed—
Until the honest "photo" told
Me I was *old!*

As children turn from ghostly dark,
  As our hearts chill at barbarous tales,
We will not look, we will not hark,
Our age to mark!

We know our hope has broken wing,
  We know we shall not miss the world
But all is nothing to the sting
The old lines bring!

Yet, after all, when once we bow
  Submissive to the iron fact,
We find that life *can*, even now,
Enthrall, somehow!

Eyes that are kind o'erlook the gray
  That shimmers on our whitening head·
Kisses from lips we love delay
Joys but a day!

ANTHONY: A SKETCH

By Alice M. Lovett

WE had just moved, and we wanted a man to shake carpets, clean the cellar and do one or two other things that we needed done.

"Do you want a black man?"

"I don't care what color he is."

"Well, why don't you get Anthony?"

"Anthony?"

"That colored man you had once for the garden."

"I would if I knew where he lived now. But I'm not sure of his last name. I think it was Thompson."

"Oh, these colored people always live around that settlement, and they all know one another. Ask Adeline if she knows him."

Adeline was asked the next day when she came for some cleaning. She was small and slight and genteel. There was noticeable in her that faint plaintiveness of voice and mournfulness of eye often found in her race, always, to me, combining in a conscious, unuttered reminder that we once held it in slavery.

"Anthony Thompson? No, ma'am, I don't know the name."

"I'm not sure it's Thompson, but I know his first name is Anthony. He's a colored man. I thought it was possible you might know him."

"Well, ma'am, you know there are a great many in the city now." Her manner expressed a delicate resentment against the supposition that she was acquainted with every person of her own color. "Perhaps I can find him for you, though. I'll ask my husband if he knows him."

"What is your husband's name?"

"Van Dorn. James Van Dorn. He belongs to an old New York family."

Not to depend entirely upon Mrs. Van Dorn's investigations we asked one or two black boys if they knew Anthony Thompson, and asked them to send him to the house if they found him. We were both indefatigable, and were ever spurred to fresh efforts by indefinite reports of Anthony's whereabouts. We fell into the habit of inquiring about him of every "black brother" we met.

We asked another woman, Julia, upon whom we depended when Adeline sent us word that her baby had fallen down-stairs, or her mother had come to visit her, or her second boy had broken his arm. Such accidents occurred in her family frequently.

Julia was of a different physique, and we judged of a different social order in her community. She was a big, slowly-moving body. One of her eyelids drooped permanently, the other with sympathetic frequency. Her features were flattened, and her voice trailed lazily with a suggestion of Southern lingo.

"Don't b'lieve I know him, but I'll ask 'round. What does he look like?"

We instinctively strike upon color as the keynote of a personal description. Now I hesitated. There might be sensitiveness on the subject of complexion.

"He's about your color, I should think; pretty tall; about twenty-three or four years old."

"'Pears to me I know a man that knows him. I guess I can find him for you."

The cellar could not wait. We had it cleaned by a chance white boy.

One day I met an old colored acquaintance of long standing, conveying a barrel, by a series of leisurely revolutions, from an area gate to the sidewalk edge.

"Good-morning, Joseph. You couldn't manage to give me half a day this week, could you?"

I had found this negatively-worded mode of soliciting service most likely to prove effectual. Any eagerness seemed to produce a proportionate opposition.

"Well, ma'am, I don't see how I can. The folks all want their cellars and yards and windows cleaned all at once. I'm just about as busy as I can be all the time."

He removed his hat and ran his ash-whitened hand over his ash-powdered brow and hair, as if to convey the impression that he was worthily killing himself with honest labor.

"I guess, perhaps, I could send you some one."

"Do you know Anthony? He's a young man; his business is whitewashing." We had remembered this in a mental search after identifying facts. "He does other work very well, and I want to find him."

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I know him; he lives up our way. What's his last name?"

"I think it's Thompson."

"This man's name is Whiles, Anthony Whiles."

"It does seem as if that was his name, now I think of it. Is he a whitewasher?"

"Yes, ma'am. I guess it's the same one. You were thinking of my name. That's Thompson. Anthony's tall and thinnish, isn't he?"

"Yes. Send him to me just as soon as you can."

"Yes, ma'am, I'll send him down right off."

The Yankee and African views of the phrase "right off" differ considerably. More than a week passed and no Anthony. Julia, in the meantime, brought reports of her investigations. At last she announced definitely that she had seen the gentleman she knew that knew Anthony.

Next day she lumberingly mounted the stairs to announce that Anthony was below.

"I've never seen him myself, of course, but the way my friend and you described him was that he didn't have any beard. I don't see how he growed such a one in two weeks."

How, indeed, could Anthony have produced not only a beard and an immense crop of woolly locks, but a pronounced air of vagabondism?

"I'm Anthony Whiles," he said.

"Who sent you?"

"Joseph Thompson. He said you wanted a man named Anthony that did whitewashing."

"I am looking for a man of that name who used to work for me, but he was a younger man than you and had no beard."

"I've only just had a beard a little while. Joseph said you wanted a man by the name of Anthony who did whitewashing."

He seemed unable to form any conception of the coincidental, and evidently considered that I had mentioned the name and occupation as essentials. His sense of justice seemed troubled at my refusal to engage him. He went out of the gate slowly, with backward, pondering glances.

Julia appeared triumphantly next day and announced that she had seen Anthony himself.

"He's nothing like that one that was here yesterday. This is him, sure enough. He remembered you. He'll be here to-morrow."

"Are you certain you gave him the address?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am; I wouldn't omit that. 652 Long Avenue."

"But it's 265."

Her placidity was undisturbed.

"That so? Well, he knows the street, and if he's got good sense he can find it. I've often gone out to work in the morning when I just knew the number—didn't know the name of the people or the street—and found it easy enough."

It did not seem possible that such remarkable mental powers could be possessed by every one. We gave Anthony up at last.

One morning the bell was rung by a sedate young colored man, who removed his hat with grave politeness.

"I was told a few days ago that you were looking for me. I'm Anthony Wells. I worked for you two years ago."

"Anthony! So your name is Wells? It is not so strange that I didn't find you. We have asked a great many people."

"Yes, ma'am. I've heard from a pretty considerable number. I guess they all happened to find me at once. I've moved further out than when I worked for you."

"Where do you live now?"

"In Green Street."

"That's where our washerwoman lives—Adeline Van Dorn."

"Yes, ma'am; I live next door to her."

"Next door! I inquired of her the first one."

"Well, you see, my middle name is Williams, and that's the name I go by there. And I believe you thought first my name was Thompson. What work was it you wanted done, ma'am?"

What had we wanted him for?

"They are all shaken," we murmured vaguely.

"The carpets? Yes, ma'am, but there was some other work, I think."

"It was so long ago that we have had it done. If you will leave your number I will send when I want other work done."

He did so. We stood watching him down the street.

"What was it Goethe said about something like this?"

"Goethe! Something about Anthony!"

"Oh, no. Something abstract, of course, but applicable."

"I know what you mean: 'The wished-for comes too late.'"

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To which, as the best original anthem, was given the award of $100 in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL'S recent series of prizes for original musical compositions

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Andantino pastorale quasi allegretto.

SOPRANO. ALTO. TENOR. BASSO.

p

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the

All seat-ed

Andantino pastorale quasi allegretto.

Organ. *p* *mp* Sw. Oboe. *p*

ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - ry, and glo - - ry, and glo - ry shone a - round,...... And glo - - ry, and

ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - ry, and glo - - ry, and glo - ry shone a - round, ... And glo - - ry, and

f

glo - - ry, and glo - ry shone a - round.

glo - - ry, and glo - ry shone a - round.

SOLO.

mp "Fear not," said he, for migh - ty dread Had

dolce. *p* *p*

N. B.—This Anthem, if sung in the time intended by the composer, will occupy not more than five minutes.

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FIFTH PAPER—LOOKING TOWARD A WIFE

By Mrs. Lyman Abbott

THE boy brought up in an atmosphere where the thought of home is refuge, peace, sympathy and joy, will look with eagerness to the time when he can be the strong, wise, protecting head of a home of his own. He imagines one where there will be none of the errors he has seen in the management of his childhood's home, and where all the virtues he has known there will be enhanced. There will be at once liberty and order, hospitality and economy; the children will be happy and obedient, always charming and never in the way. He believes he can reach his ideal—what that ideal is, and what his capabilities for achieving it are very largely determined while he is still a boy, and therefore his parents are much concerned in it, and have a great deal to do with his choice of the one who is to share in his making of a home.

It has been well said in different ways that we must look far into the past to find the sources of success. We must go back a century or two, at least, to seek the roots of the fine turf which is one of England's greatest charms. It was Holmes, was it not, who said that a child's education must begin two or three hundred years before he is born? and Dr. Franklin's counsel to a young man to "marry the daughter of a good mother" is but an echo of the same thought. Because we cannot go into the distant past and change the influences which would help or hinder the young man in his outlook toward a wife and a home, it is of the greater consequence what attitude his parents take and how they feel and act in this vital matter.

NOTHING but sin can ruin a home. No misfortune, if it has not sin for an ally, is powerful enough to wreck it. There may be emptiness in the larder, the house may be in ashes, sickness may lay its hand on one and another of its members, even death may assail it, but the true home lives in glorious triumph over all. A part of the family may be on the other side of the mystic veil, children may be scattered over the globe, but home remains a blessed fact. Rich, indeed, are they whose treasury is filled with the wealth of three homes, those of their childhood, their manhood and their old age; the first with their parents, the last with their children.

Unconsciously, then, parents are influencing their children toward a right or wrong marriage. Not for an instant must it be felt by them that "children are a necessary evil," that household cares are only a burden, that life would have been better and happier for them if they had never married. This root of selfishness will send its poison not only through the home of to-day, but into the homes of the next generations. Too often the vow taken to cleave to one another "for better or for worse" is forgotten as the months and years develop faults which did not appear in the days of courtship, and morbid criticism and unwillingness to recognize self-failures breed ill-temper which turns love into hate. It is probable that in the majority of households one may be sure that for every fault discovered or imagined in another, there is one to mate it in the self-satisfied critic. An early recognition of this truth, and a consequent humility and forbearance, would preserve happiness and give abundant harvest of blessing. But leaving general and unconscious influences, there are direct and definite questions which occur to wise, earnest and devoted parents in respect to the marriage of their children. Perhaps the daughter seems more easily guided, and the duties of a parent toward a son more difficult to understand and to perform, but the obligation to faithful care is as inexorable in dealing with one child as with another.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The series of papers "Before He is Twenty," designed to give in five articles the wisest suggestions on the five phases of a boy's life most perplexing to parents of boys before the age of twenty, of which already have been given:

The Father and His Boy, Robert J. Burdette, April
When He Decides, Frances Hodgson Burnett, June
The Boy in the Office, . Edward W. Bok, August
A Boy's Evenings and Amusements,
Mrs. Burton Harrison, October

is concluded in this issue.

Copies of any one of these issues will be forwarded, postage paid, on receipt of ten cents.

I BELIEVE in early marriages. A young man and a young woman, ardent and earnest, will find it easier as well as happier to build their home on a small foundation than they could be by waiting for a large one. Restrictions do not trouble them, expectation takes the place of possession, and hope makes effort joyful. There must, of course, be some foundation. The story of the young Irish couple whose raiment was old and scant, and whose wedding journey was to a station-house for a lodging, may be romantic but it is not worthy of imitation. There must be ability to earn simple food, comfortable shelter and raiment, and a definite plan for doing it; but to wait till a fortune has been made is to wait till habits have been formed, tastes settled, and opinions fixed, which will inevitably make friction in a married life. A man who has fixed a sum to be acquired before marriage rarely finds that sum sufficient for his fancied needs when it is acquired; while he has been doing it his list of essentials has grown longer and is more elaborate. Unless he is taken unawares and conquered by a shaft from Cupid's quiver, he will prolong his bachelor days till the joyance of youth has gone. Some one has said that the first year of marriage is the hardest. Life should grow happier and better every year, but not necessarily easier, and youth, with its courage and hope and flexibility, ought to save that first year of joint living from most of its hardness.

RUSKIN, in one of his letters, gives some laws "which a prudent nation would institute respecting its marriages. Permission to marry should be the reward held in sight of its youth during the entire latter part of the course of their education; and it should be granted as the national attestation that the first portion of their lives had been rightfully fulfilled. It should not be attainable without earnest and consistent effort, though put within the reach of all who were willing to make such an effort; and the granting of it should be a public testimony to the fact that the youth or maid to whom it was to be given had lived within their proper sphere, a modest and virtuous life, and attained such skill in their proper handicraft, and in arts of household economy, as might give well-founded expectations of their being able honorably to maintain and teach their children. No girl should receive her permission to marry before her seventeenth birthday, nor any youth before his twenty-first; and it should be a point of somewhat distinguished honor with both sexes to gain their permission of marriage in the eighteenth and twenty-second year, and a recognized disgrace not to have gained it at least before the close of their twenty-first and twenty-fourth."

THIS imaginative writer pictures a feast for the crowning of these *rosières* and bachelors, and suggests a provision from the state of a fixed income for seven years from the day of their marriage, if their condition in life made such appropriation advantageous, and what is quite as important, suggests that rich young people should be restricted during the seven years following their permission to marry—unless they marry within that time—to the expenditure of a sum considered suitable, the remainder of their income to accumulate in the hands of the state and be paid them at the time of marriage.

Early marriage is to be commended if there has been good preparation for it. We would not wish the state to assume such jurisdiction over the love affairs of our youth, but we do wish the spirit of this impracticable plan of Ruskin's prevailed in our modern society, and that our young men and maidens were instructed to honor marriage and were trained in preparation for it.

Whom shall your boy marry? Shall it be left for chance to place him where he will choose, or shall his parents control a choice? They will do so in a measure, whether they think so or not, by their selection of their own friends, by their church relations, by the school to which they send their son, and by the neighborhood in which they live. Neither wealth nor social prominence, but integrity, purity and nobility of purpose should be the standard of judgment in choosing the circle in which the comrades of your children are to be found.

A WATCHFUL eye will discern whether a son is becoming intimate with comrades whose general influence is not helpful, though there may be no definite misconduct discovered in them, and gentle measures can be taken to change his associations and environment before undesirable intimacies have been formed. It has been said that a man does not marry his wife's relations, but in a certain sense he does. Unless he flees with his bride to the other side of the globe he will certainly have something to do with his wife's family. For her sweet sake a man may be willing to endure much disagreeable association, but he must be sure, if he marries a woman from a vulgar or inferior family, that his love is strong enough to bear severe strain upon it. If she is so superior to her connections that her worth will overbalance their unworthiness, life may prove the marriage wise, but it is not likely to be altogether peaceful. You cannot tell at what inopportune moment the skeleton very well covered with flesh may appear at the feast. I think there is no greater test of a man's generosity and love than his endurance of those of his wife's kindred who are low and evil. The general ridicule cast upon a mother-in-law is absurd and cruel. In multitudes of homes she holds an honored place and is more than worthy of it, and it is not from her the most serious annoyance will be likely to come, but from the wayward brothers and the foolish sisters, who in vigorous attack or languid dependence make unwarranted use of a generous brother-in-law, to the intense mortification and grief of their sister. Keep your boy, therefore, from forming friendships which bring him into degrading associations.

WITH all the pressure upon a loving parent to do everything he can for his son's advancement and happiness he may be in danger of assuming too much responsibility, and of interfering unwisely in his son's "love affairs." One must be confident of his own infallibility if he attempt to choose a wife for another, and even the relation of a parent does not give one a right to intrude upon the sacredness of love secrets. One may not jest nor speak contemptuously of a young man's wooing. Nor may a father or mother say this is the maiden you must win. However lovely in character and person she may be in older eyes, unless she find favor in the eyes of the young man one must not seek to marry her to him. Nor may the parents decide against his choice because they cannot see the charms which he has discovered. After all their endeavor to surround the youth with all that is good, and all their care to hedge him about from all evil attractions, he must work out his own deepest life problems himself.

MANY a life has been ruined by the unrighteous domination of parents. Train your son for the exercise of his own judgment and the assertion of his own well-developed will. Give him your sympathy and treat his opinions with respect. Are they not the outgrowth of your education? It is probably seldom that a parent is entirely satisfied, in the secret of his heart, with the choice his son or daughter makes. He would have perfection, and values his child's deserts too highly. Remembering this you should be most careful not to wound a sensitive spirit by lack of the cordial and affectionate welcome, for which she has a right to look, who has given her heart and life into the keeping of the son, well-prepared or ill-prepared by you for the sacred task.

But suppose all your preventive measures have failed, and the choice has been made which seems mistaken and disastrous, will you shut your heart to your son and turn his heart from you in the time of his peril? A thousand times no! Your love must not fail him then, but with desperate eagerness strive to win the confidence of his wife and save him and his home. I know a home, which, though it promised little good, is growing better and better because the parents of a wayward son have been gentle, and patient, and loving toward him and his wife, although she was far from their ideal. "He made his bed, let him lie in it," is an un-Christian proverb. If his bed is ill-made help him to rise and make it better. Love—patient, pure, self-denying, pervading, enfolding love—may redeem a child even from his own mistakes.

A true son comes closer to a parent's heart when he is a true lover and a true husband. The love which, when it has other outlets, fails in filial devotion is very shallow. The heart by loving gains power to love, and a man's devotion to his father and mother will increase in proportion to his devotion to his wife. It is a poor proverb, at least in its first statement, which says:

"A son is a son till he get him a wife,
A daughter's a daughter to the end of her life."

Many a wife will testify that she has found her husband's love for her deepening year by year as his heart turned with increasing tenderness and solicitous affection to his parents, and many a mother has realized that she and her son have been growing nearer and dearer to each other since he became a husband.

A CHRYSANTHEMUM FÊTE

By LOUISE ROYLE

SOME of the prettiest autumn bazaars or festivals are those in which the chrysanthemum appears, either as the main attraction or as an accessory. In some communities successful chrysanthemum shows are held for the benefit of some local charity, the plants being purchased in the spring and distributed among various workers, who grow them during the summer, joining forces in the autumn, thus securing a very creditable display. But a flower show, pure and simple, cannot always be managed, and again, in most localities festivals where the inner man may be regaled appeal to a larger class than one arranged on æsthetic grounds alone.

A *café chantant*, designed after its Parisian namesake, has proved to be a very successful entertainment. The *café chantant* must have a hall with an abundance of small tables, from which refreshments may be served; plenty of chairs, and room enough to walk about, so that people may either sit and chat, or walk around, as at a promenade concert. There should be a little stage or platform, with a piano. No set programme nor continuous entertainment would be necessary, but there should be music, both vocal and instrumental, of a light or inspiriting order, an occasional reading or recitation, with intermissions, during which people may converse with freedom. The informality of the affair will prove its greatest charm; people may come or go at any time without feeling that they disturb either entertainers or entertained. A small admission fee should be charged, profit being made over and above this on the refreshments.

It will be seen that this *café chantant* idea may be either simple or pretentious, as may be desired, and it may be altered to suit time and place to an unlimited degree, and there is where the chrysanthemum idea may be utilized.

Every available chrysanthemum plant should be secured for the decoration of the hall. Garden plants may be lifted and potted into boxes without detriment, being taken up while the ground is dry, their soil being moistened thoroughly after they are potted, and the plants stood in a sheltered place. In many places where there are old gardens an abundance of the old-fashioned yellow or white hardy chrysanthemums may be secured; these look well in the mass. Where it can be managed it will pay to hire some really fine plants from a nurseryman or florist. Many people have no idea of the chrysanthemum beyond the little artemisia, as we used to call it, and the nine-inch blooms of the present day are a revelation to them. The plants should form a grouping about the platform and along the walls, and some cut flowers should appear on the tables. Garlands of autumn leaves should be disposed on the wall, and the same may be used on the tables.

For decorating the tables the chrysanthemums should be loosely arranged in bowls or flaring vases. They should have no other foliage than their own. A flat garland of autumn leaves laid on the tablecloth may form a ring around the vase.

Some very ornamental tables may be arranged without a great deal of trouble, if one can secure the aid of a handy carpenter. A very pretty table seen at the Mi-Carême fête, arranged by a famous New York caterer, was in the shape of a fan. The table itself was like the upper part of the fan—the segment of a circle, three feet wide and perhaps twelve to fifteen feet in length along the outer or rounded edge. The table-cover of white damask fitted it smoothly, just as a slip cover would be fitted over a chair. From the inner curve a number of wide ribbons fastened with puffy bows to the edge of the table were drawn tightly across to a meeting point, just like the sticks of a fan; where they met there was an upright support, just the height of the table, which was hidden by a many-looped bow.

The waitresses at the *café chantant* should wear some simple uniform costume; that of La Belle Chocolatière is quaint and becoming, but with the chrysanthemum motive Japanese costumes would be quite in keeping.

As for the entertainment remember that it must be informal and apparently spontaneous—selections for the banjo, guitar, mandolin, violin or whatever instrument may be secured, having the songs gay or sentimental. If there are recitations let us have scraps of Eugene Field or James Whitcomb Reilly, or others of the little known army who sing for the people, but do not let an elocutionary young woman saw the air while she harrows the muses nine with "Searching for the Slain" or "How He Saved St. Michael's"; and somehow, I think, since we hear so much about cultivating patriotism, that it would not hurt good Americans to wind up their entertainments with a rousing National anthem, just as our English cousins finish everything, from a political meeting to a village penny reading, with a vigorous rendering of "God Save the Queen."

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THE BROWNIES PLAY FOOT-BALL

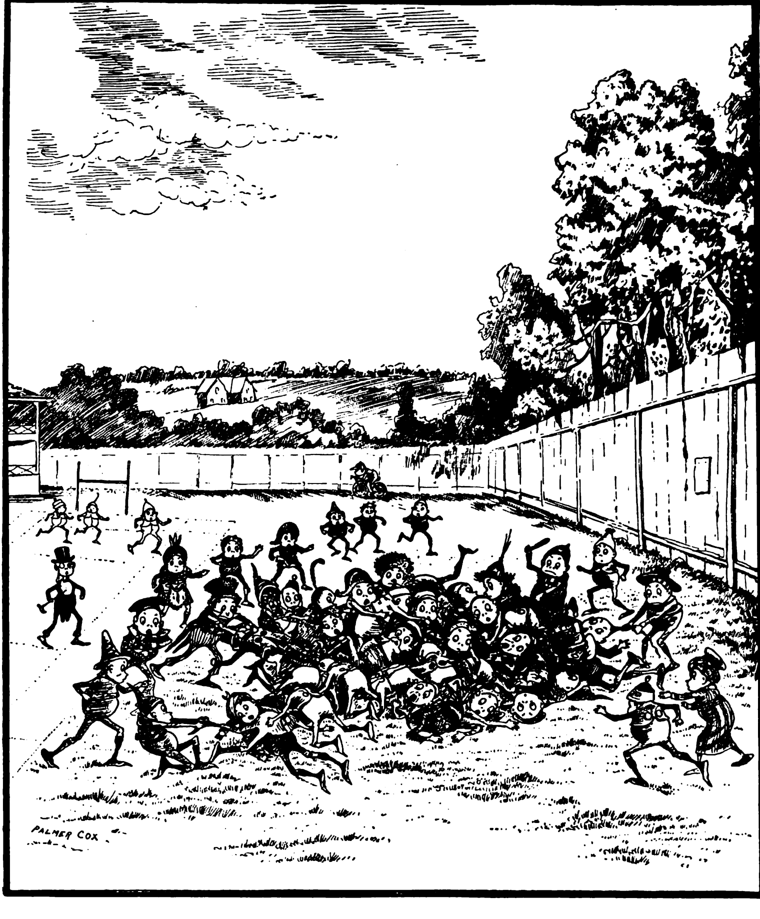
By Palmer Cox

While near a college roaming round,
Well noted for the doctrines sound
With which the student must engage,
Assisted by professors, sage,
No less than for the prizes rare
The students win in open air,
When musty books are laid aside
And skill at stirring games is tried,
The Brownies paused, as oft they do,
To talk about some subject new.
It doesn't take a massive pile
Or buildings of the grandest style
To wake ideas in their brain;
A grazing horse upon the plain,
A book, a boat upon the beach,
Or pair of skates will waken speech
That ends in sport to last a night
And yield the Brownies great delight.

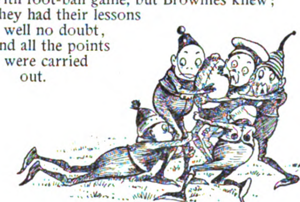
Poor mortals seeking something strange
Or far beyond the common range

Ere they can hope to pleasure find,
Are thus by Brownies left behind,
Who from all things can pleasure draw
And nature find without a flaw.
Said one, as he peeped o'er the wall
To view the walks and trees so tall:
"The students here have won great fame
By playing well the foot-ball game,
And as I have the place in mind
Where we the leather ball can find,
This night a fitting place we'll seek
And play the game of which I speak."

Ere long the Brownies found their way
To grounds where they could safely play.
Dividing then in numbers fair
The band at once for sport prepare,
Each side selecting such as seem
Best suited to compose a team,
Those quick of foot, and strong of hand
Who could the roughest treatment stand.



They rushed, they tackled, tripped and fell
And trampled on each other well.
They piled in heaps till scarce a leg
Or hand or head could move a peg,
While here and there a reddened face
Was peeping from some open space,
But he who lay upon the ball
Was under out of sight of all.
It looked as if each Brownie there
Would surely need a surgeon's care.
They dragged each other round and round,
And back and forth upon the ground;
You'd wonder what that had to do
With foot-ball game, but Brownies knew;
They had their lessons well no doubt,
And all the points were carried out.



In spite of all the teams could say
That none except themselves should play,
Sometimes excitement ruled the band
Till every Brownie took a hand,
And pulled and pushed about and ran
To interfere with some one's plan.
A few who stood outside the press
Were interested none the less,
Now tugging at a head with vim
And now at some projecting limb,
Still keeping this in mind the while,
The ball was somewhere in the pile.
Left-guard, left-end, half-back and all
The tackle crowd were in the fall.
The centre, "quarter-back" as well
And "right-end" in the "touch-down" fell.
Some necks were twisted in a way
'Twas hard to reconcile with play,
And more believed the sport had cost
Too much perhaps, if teeth were lost.
But others would as freely claim
'Twas all in keeping with the game,
And none, however bruised or bent,
Should show the slightest discontent.

Sometimes they'd all commence anew
And give the ball a kick or two,
When some one seizing it would make
From all the rest a sudden break.
In shape of V some rushed together
And managed to advance the leather,
But opposition would set in
Ere they a rod of space could win,

And every one upon the ground
In half a minute would be "downed."
At times "touch-downs" would follow fast,
And hard-earned goals be reached at last.
Then some would "fumble" and impair
Their chances of a victory there.
Some by a drop kick won applause
And took success from failure's jaws,
While others by a "punt" would raise
From every throat unstinted praise.
Thus Brownies played both fast and free
An even match as one could see,

Until the light of morning came
Across the sky and stopped the game.
Then those who had not strength to go
Except on crutches bending low,
Or else on stretchers quickly made,
Received at once some friendly aid
From others mindful of distress
Who in the game had suffered less.

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AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR

ANY of us will sit down at Thanksgiving time this year and wonder what we ought to be thankful for. The spirit of complaint is undoubtedly more general than is the spirit of gratitude. Every home in the land has been affected by the period of stagnation of commercial interests of which we are now, happily, reaching the end. While absolute suffering has come to many, keen privation has come to others. All have suffered, only in a greater or lesser degree. Not an interest has escaped. The younger generation has learned, perhaps for the first time, the true meaning of the oft-used phrase of "hard times." Economy has been the watchword of the American home, and thousands of women have lived years during these past few months. The poor always feel that during a national depression they suffer either alone or in a keener degree than others whom they esteem as more fortunate. Just so does the salaried clerk feel that the blow comes harder upon him than it does upon his employer. "He can stand it," says the clerk, "he has plenty. But what have I? Nothing but my salary, and that must be reduced." But he forgets that his employer has often not even that. Again and again during the crisis of this year have I known of the employees of business houses receiving their salaries, while only an empty cash drawer has confronted the employer. Things in this world are not always what they seem. But it is very difficult for us to realize this.

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THE fact of the matter is, when we look back upon what has happened, that things have not been so bad but they might easily have been worse, and much worse. If we have passed through two years of financial straits, we have had, as a counter-acting blessing, two of the healthiest years in the history of our land. Not a plague, not an epidemic has come to us. The health rate for 1894, thus far, is nearly 30 per cent. higher than was that of 1893, and 1893 was, by medical experts, considered to have reached a phenomenal average. It is far easier to do without money than it is without health. If money had flooded this land, and national health been denied us, we would have been much worse off than we are. For the most part of the American people, it hasn't hurt them one particle to economize a little. As a people we need severe lessons sometimes, and it is well that we are asked every once in a while to appreciate our blessings a little more than we are apt to do. The tendency of the American character is toward extravagance. More people live up to their incomes in America than in any other nation. It isn't right, but we won't believe it until we are brought face to face with the possibility of our income being taken from us. Then we sit down and think.

LESSONS are good for all of us, and we never grow too old or too important for them either. As a magazine, we evidently needed one, and we got it, too. Up to within a year ago our readers had been accumulating in such exhilarating numbers that we began to believe that we were an indispensable part of the American body-politic. We patted ourselves and said, people simply cannot do without us. But one morning we awoke in great surprise: people were doing without us. It was very strange, but it was likewise very true. We had the best evidence of the truth of it. And when the first score of temporary deserters were multiplied by five, and then by ten and so on, we began to lose some of our importance in our own eyes. We found, much to our dismay, that there were some people who could keep house without us. We were cheered somewhat by their assurance that they didn't like to do so, but they did it just the same. And conducting an expensive magazine, costing hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars each year, on a diminished revenue isn't a bit easier, I can assure you, than it is to conduct a household on a reduced income. And so the JOURNAL has come in for its share of what was meted out to us as a nation. But we are not going to sit down and mope. Not a bit of it! The lesson has done us good. We are going to do better than before. And that is what every man and woman in this country must do. This, of all times, is the last when any of us should sit down and cry for spilt milk, particularly so when we stop and think that the spilling wasn't of our doing. This is a time for action. If we had not brighter times ahead things might be different. But with an unquestioned revival of good times and unlimited prosperity ahead of us, such as can come only to a nation of unlimited resources, our future lies in our own hands. Our past history is the best proof of the fact that the year after a panic is always one of marvelous prosperity. Hence, we have everything to look forward to, and what percentage of the prosperity ahead will belong to us depends entirely upon ourselves. Deserving something is one thing, working for it is another.

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THE most unfortunate trait which these hard times has developed in thousands of people is the spirit of intolerance on the part of the humbler class of our country toward those of wealth and position. Every respectable man and woman despises the spirit of anarchy, of which we hear so much nowadays, and yet, in a small way, too many of us are nothing more or less than anarchists in an amateurish way. The spirit of discontent is rampant. And what, after all, is anarchy but the poisonous product of discontent? We are too intolerant of people who happen to have a little more than we have. We harp on the old string of an unequal division of things in this world, forgetting each time that we thus complain that we are smiting an all-wise Creator in the face. Things are not unequally divided in this world; they never were, and they never will be. Because I happen to have a little less money than you, is it right for me to cavil at Fate, to throw imputation after imputation at you, to say that with your larger possessions has also come a larger degree of selfishness; that you hold everything you get and give nothing? How do I know that you do this? I don't for a fact; I choose to suppose it. I think we are apt to forget that so far as money is concerned in this world it comes, as a general rule, to those who work for it and earn it, and that different men have different ways of earning it. But they earn it just the same. Now, because I work harder and spend more hours of a day at my desk than you do, it does not necessarily follow that I should earn more money. We are not paid for the quantity of work we do in this world. There is something in quality as well—a fact which a great many people seem to overlook. If I break stones all day and am paid two dollars, I work harder, apparently, than does the overseer who is paid five dollars a day. But to see that other people work is just as great an art as to work yourself, as many a one has found out. A man need not always look busy in order to be busy. I remember driving out once with a business man, whom the laborers along the road looked at and envied because of his enjoyment of a leisure which they knew not. And yet six months after, I found out that, during the drive, this man had evolved a plan which to-day gives employment to over eight thousand people, and has brought happiness and prosperity into thousands of homes. People work differently, but they work just as hard. I can look back and recall how, when I was an office boy, I would see my employer close his desk at three o'clock and go to his country house. I would stay until six o'clock and not go to my country house. I envied him then. I don't now. I know why a man in a responsible, active position sometimes closes his desk at three o'clock. If I were given to envying people I would envy the office boy, who remains until six, and then stops for the day.

IT is very hard to make people believe that absolute tranquillity of mind and body is found only in the quiet, shady nooks of life. People of small means are really the happiest people in the world, only they don't know it. They see a family on the next block who have a little more than they, and immediately the spirit of discontent arises. "If I could only earn $2000 a year I would be happy!" I heard a young fellow say once. Well, he does now: he earns $20,000 per year, and only last week he said to me, "Do you know I was far happier when I earned $1200 per year, and had my little home with six rooms, than now when I earn what I choose, and have this big house? I didn't know when I was really happy: that's all. My wife said the very same thing to me only a fortnight since." Perfect happiness is impossible in this world, but people come closest to it when a modest income knits their interests closely together. The possession of a fortune is often more of a burden than a pleasure. I recall the remark made by William H. Vanderbilt, three years after his father's death when he had come into his vast estate: "Since my father's death I cannot remember more than a dozen times when I could truthfully say, upon rising in the morning, that I had what I call a good night's rest spent in refreshing sleep."

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WRITING of the Vanderbilt family reminds me of a tirade against its members in general, and Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt in particular, which I read in a labor newspaper not long ago. It was but another illustration to me of how senseless is this feeling of intolerance on the part of some toward our rich men. I have no desire to make our millionaires better than they are, but, if Mr. Vanderbilt will pardon me for laying open some portions of his private life, I would like to take him as an example and show my readers how groundless and how unjust can be this promiscuous criticism. The points in Mr. Vanderbilt's life here given are from an authoritative source; they underestimate rather than exaggerate the facts.

When the present Cornelius Vanderbilt passed into his enormous inheritance it seemed to him as though the mere giving of money was the smallest of the duties entailed upon him because of his wealth. It seemed to him that his duty to the community not only required him to listen to appeals that were justified, but also to take a personal part in undertakings which make for the moral and social advantage of a community. He determined that not only his wealth, but his time, his comfort, his abilities, his convenience, should yield something for the benefit of others. From the moment when the inheritance passed into his hands he gave himself up, not only to the great business interests which his responsibility to those associated with him compelled him closely to watch, but also to church and social interests.

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THE time which Mr. Vanderbilt gives to assist those who are directing important religious undertakings is fully equal to that which many business men bestow upon their recreations and personal pleasures. For instance, he is a trustee of the General Theological Seminary in New York, and is always present at the meetings of the trustees when he is in town and not unavoidably kept away. He is likewise one of the managers of the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He is the Vice-President of the Young Men's Christian Association, giving every year many hours of thought and of careful counsel to that non-sectarian organization. He is one of the trustees of the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and beyond his splendid personal contribution to that project it is safe to say that the time and attention, the patient study of details and ways and means which have characterized his connection with that undertaking are almost a greater contribution. He is chairman of the Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, scrutinizing the accounts, and giving close attention to the details of its management. Even more of his time does he devote to St. Bartholomew's Parish Home, an institution which many believe is doing more to solve some of the social and economic problems of those who labor for scanty wages than any other present organized effort. To the solution of these problems Mr. Vanderbilt has given earnest study. He is a vestryman of St. Bartholomew's Parish, which is engaged in some of the noblest labors in New York City ever undertaken in the name of the church. The rector of that parish declares that Mr. Vanderbilt is never too busy, never too wearied, to bestow time for consultation and assistance. In addition to these, mention might be made of over thirty other humane and philanthropic institutions, with which Mr. Vanderbilt is not merely connected, but to many of which he gives his time and attention. Nor is Mr. Vanderbilt alone in his family in these tendencies, as any one acquainted with the Vanderbilts knows. Few, in fact, can really estimate the power for good which the Vanderbilt fortune is doing for the betterment of the world.

IT is high time that we in this country should cease pointing the finger of criticism at those whose worldly means are greater than ours, and heap upon them the spirit of malicious envy. We have reached that point where we even seek to criticise our millionaires when they buy yachts or give large social functions. During these depressing times I have constantly heard people complaining because Mr. Gould paid $25,000 for a yacht; because Mr. Vanderbilt built two palaces costing him over five millions of dollars, or that Mrs. Astor gave a ball at a cost of $10,000. Pray, why should they not? What helps the country-at-large more than these very expenditures? If these people hoarded up their money we should be far more justified in criticising them. The more money that is put into circulation in this country the better it is for us all. Indirectly some of it comes to each of us. I remember being at a social function, the cost of which, I was told, exceeded $20,000. Where did that money go? To the dressmakers, the caterers, the florists, the musicians, to the very people it should go. The wealthy hostess had the enjoyment of her money, but her tradespeople reaped the real benefit from it. The fact that Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has built two magnificent palaces at New York and Newport, and Mr. George Vanderbilt is building another in North Carolina, should be a matter of congratulation rather than of envy. If our millionaires keep their money we criticise them; if they spend it we criticise them, too. What in the world do we want them to do? If we will look at the matter from a common-sense standpoint it will at once be apparent that millionaires become public benefactors just in proportion as they spend their millions.

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I REMEMBER once listening to a sermon preached by Dr. Talmage. It is now twelve years ago, but I never forgot one little sentence in it: "Stay where you're happy." It sounds trite to say that a contented mind is a man's or a woman's greatest possession, but it is as true now as the day it was first uttered. And we would all be happier if we believed it more than we do. We always show our own incapacity when we envy the capacities of others, and this is true of other people's possessions. Let others have what they choose and can earn; let us be content with what we have or can have. The things we want most in this world are always those beyond our reach. If we had them we wouldn't be a particle happier: we only think we would be. No matter how little we have, we always have plenty to be thankful for. And because this passing year has not been as pleasant and profitable as we might wish for, is no reason why our Thanksgiving Day should be less festive or indicative of our gratitude. The worst part of our national depression is gone and has passed into history. Let us be content to leave it there. If we cannot be exactly as thankful as we might wish for the past year, let us be grateful for the year before us. That looks unmistakably bright and full of promise. We have ridden the storm, and the way we have done it is but another evidence of our greatness as a people. Few nations could have overcome the depression as we have done. While it staggered us it did not fell us to the earth. It has made some of our men older, and many of our women sadder. But happiness is a great rejuvenator of age for man and a lightener up of spirits for woman. And with man determined in the outer world and woman cheerful in the home, we can forget in an incredibly short time what we have passed through.

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IN the meantime some of us are much wiser for the experience. To some has come a more correct idea of money. To others, luxuries, which so easily become necessities when we have the means, have found their right place. To some a clearer meaning of economy has been imparted. To others the valuable lesson has been learned that everything, in a material sense, is not absolutely essential to our real happiness. We were shown extravagances which we never knew were such. We have found out that we can do without a great many things in this world if we must, and be just as happy. Years of studies in economics failed to teach us what we have learned from a few months of experience. Thousands of girls have found out "where the money comes from" which keeps them in comfort—a knowledge they never had before. Young men, reared in idleness, have been compelled to take up the struggle for themselves, and the chance forced upon them to make men of themselves. And so we have all learned something; we have had our eyes opened to things we never knew or saw before. We may not have relished the *modus operandi*, but we have the knowledge, and that is much. It will help us in the future, especially those of us who are to be the husbands and wives and fathers and mothers of the future. It hasn't injured us to go through what we have; it has made us saner men and wiser women, and that is something for which we can well be thankful.

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MY LITERARY PASSIONS

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

I BORROWED from my friend the bookbinder a German novel, which had for me a message of lasting cheer. It was the Afraja of Theodore Mügge, a story of life in Norway during the last century, and I remember it as a very lovely story indeed, with honest studies of character among the Norwegians, and a tender pathos in the fate of the little Lap heroine Gula, who was perhaps sufficiently romanced. The hero was a young Dane, who was going up among the fiords to seek his fortune in the northern fisheries; and by a process inevitable in youth I became identified with him, so that I adventured, and enjoyed, and suffered in his person throughout. There was a supreme moment when he was sailing through the fiords, and finding himself apparently locked in by their mountain walls without sign or hope of escape, but somehow always escaping by some unimagined channel, and keeping on. The lesson for him was one of trust and courage; and I, who seemed to be then shut in upon a mountain-walled fiord without inlet or outlet, took the lesson home and promised myself not to lose heart again. It seems a little odd that this passage of a book, by no means of the greatest, should have had such an effect with me at a time when I was no longer so young as to be unduly impressed by what I read; but it is true that I have never since found myself in circumstances where there seemed to be no getting forward or going back, without a vision of that fiord scenery, and then a rise of faith, that if I kept on I should, somehow, come out of my prisoning environment.

I GOT back health enough to be of use in the printing-office that autumn, and I was quietly at work there with no visible break in my surroundings when suddenly the whole world opened to me through what had seemed an impenetrable wall. The Republican newspaper at the capital had been bought by a new management, and the editorial force reorganized upon a footing of what we then thought metropolitan enterprise; and to my great joy and astonishment I was asked to come and take a place in it. The place offered me was not of a lordly distinction; in fact, it was partly of the character of that I had already rejected in Cincinnati, but I hoped that in the smaller city its duties would not be so odious; and by the time I came to fill it, a change had taken place in the arrangements so that I was given charge of the news department. This included the literary notices and the book reviews, and I am afraid that I at once gave my prime attention to these.

It was an evening paper and I had nearly as much time for reading and study as I had at home. But now society began to claim a share of this leisure, which I by no means begrudged it. Society was very charming in Columbus then, with a pretty constant round of dances and suppers, and an easy cordiality, which I dare say young people still find in it everywhere. I met a great many cultivated people, chiefly young ladies, and there were several houses where we young fellows went and came almost as freely as if they were our own. There we had music and cards, and talk about books, and life appeared to me richly worth living; if any one had said this was not the best planet in the universe I should have called him a pessimist, or at least thought him so, for we had not the word in those days. A world in which all those pretty and gracious women dwelt, among the figures of the waltz and the lancers, with chat between about the last installment of The Newcomes, was good enough world for me; I was only afraid it was too good. There were, of course, some girls who did not read, but few openly professed indifference to literature, and there was a great lending of books back and forth, and much debate of them. That was the day when Adam Bede was a new book, and in this I had my first knowledge of that great intellect for which I had no passion, indeed, but always the deepest respect, the highest honor; and which has from time to time profoundly influenced me by its ethics.

I state these things simply and somewhat baldly; I might easily refine upon them, and study that subtle effect for good and for evil which young people are always receiving from the fiction they read; but this is not the time or place for the inquiry, and I only wish to own that so far as I understand it, the chief part of my ethical experience has been from novels. The life and character I have found portrayed there have appealed always to the consciousness of right and wrong implanted in me; and from no one has this appeal been stronger than from George Eliot. Her influence continued through many years, and I can question it now only in the undue burden she seems to throw upon the individual, and her failure to account for motive from the social environment. There her work seems to me unphilosophical.

It shares whatever error there is in its perspective with that of Hawthorne, whose Marble Faun was a new book at the same time that Adam Bede was new, and whose books now came into my life and gave it their tinge. He was always dealing with the problem of evil, too, and I found a more potent charm in his more artistic handling of it than I found in George Eliot. Of course, I then preferred the region of pure romance where he liked to place his action; but I did not find his instances the less veritable because they shone out in

"The light that never was on sea or land."

I READ the Marble Faun first, and then the Scarlet Letter, and then the House of Seven Gables, and then the Blithedale Romance; but I always liked best the last, which is more nearly a novel, and more realistic than the others. They all moved me with a sort of effect such as I had not felt before. They were so far from time and place that, although most of them related to our country and epoch, I could not imagine anything approximate from them; and Hawthorne himself seemed a remote and impalpable agency, rather than a person whom one might actually meet, as not long afterward happened with me. I did not hold the sort of fancied converse with him that I held with other authors, and I cannot pretend that I had the affection for him that attracted me to them. But he held me by his potent spell, and for a time he dominated me as completely as any author I have read. More truly than any other American author he has been a passion with me, and lately I heard with a kind of pang a young man saying that he did not believe I should find the Scarlet Letter bear reading now. I did not assent to the possibility, but the notion gave me a shiver of dismay. I thought how much that book had been to me, how much all of Hawthorne's books had been, and to have parted with my faith in their perfection would have been something I would not willingly have risked doing. Of course there is always something fatally weak in the scheme of the pure romance, which after the color of the contemporary mood dies out of it, leaves it in danger of tumbling into the dust of allegory; and perhaps this inherent weakness was what that bold critic felt in the Scarlet Letter. But none of Hawthorne's fables are without a profound and distant reach into the recesses of nature and of being. He came back from his researches with no solution of the question, with no message, indeed, but the awful warning, "Be true, be true," which is the burden of the Scarlet Letter, yet in all his books there is the hue of thoughts that we think only in the presence of the mysteries of life and death. It is not his fault that this is not intelligence, that it knots the brow in sorer doubt rather than shapes the lips to utterance of the things that can never be said. Some of his shorter stories I have found thin and cold to my later reading, and I have never cared much for the House of Seven Gables, but the other day I was reading the Blithedale Romance again, and I found it as potent, as significant, as sadly and strangely true, as when it first enthralled my soul. In those days when I tried to kindle my heart at the cold altar of Goethe, I did read a great deal of his prose and somewhat of his poetry, but it was to be ten years yet before I went faithfully through with his Faust and came to know its power. For the present, I read Wilhelm Meister and the Wahlverwandschaften, and worshiped him much at second-hand through Heine. In the meantime I invested such Germans as I met with the halo of their national poetry, and there was one lady of whom I heard with awe because I was told that she had once known my Heine. When I came to meet her, over a glass of the mild egg-nog which she served at her house on Sunday nights, and she told me about Heine, and how he looked, and some few things he said, I suffered an indescribable disappointment, and if I could have been frank with myself I should have owned to a fear that it might have been something like that if I had myself met the poet in the flesh and tried to hold the intimate converse with him that I held in the spirit. But I shut my heart to all such misgivings and went on reading him much more than I read any other German author. I went on writing him too, just as I went on reading and writing Tennyson. Heine was always a personal interest with me, and every word of his made me long to have had him say it to me, and tell me why he said it. In a poet of alien race and language and religion I found a greater sympathy than I ever experienced with any other. Perhaps the Jews are still the chosen people, but now they bear the message of humanity, while once they bore the message of divinity. I knew the ugliness of Heine's nature: his revengefulness, and malice, and cruelty, and treachery, and uncleanness, and yet he was supremely charming among the poets I have read. The tenderness I still feel for him is not a reasoned love, I must own; but, as I am always asking, when was love ever reasoned?

I HAD a room-mate that winter in Columbus who was already a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, and who read Browning as devotedly as I read Heine. I will not say that he wrote him as constantly, but if that had been so, I should not have cared for it. What I could not endure without pangs of secret jealousy was that he should like Heine, too, and should read him, though it was but at arm's length in an English version. He had found the origins of those tricks and turns of Heine's in Tristram Shandy and the Sentimental Journey; and this galled me, as if he had shown that some mistress of my soul had studied her graces from another girl, and that it was not all her own hair that she wore. I hid my rancor as well as I could, and took what revenge lay in my power by insinuating that he might have a very different view if he read Heine in the original. I also made haste to try my own fate with the Atlantic, and I sent off to Mr. Lowell that poem which he kept so long in order to make sure that Heine had not written it, as well as authorized it.

THIS was the winter when my friend Piatt and I made our first literary venture together in those Poems of Two Friends, which hardly passed the circle of our amity; and it was altogether a time of high literary exaltation with me. I walked the streets of the friendly little city by day and by night with my head so full of rhymes and poetic phrases that it seemed as if their buzzing might have been heard several yards away; and I do not yet see quite how I contrived to keep their music out of my newspaper paragraphs. Out of the newspaper I could not keep it, and from time to time I broke into verse in its columns, to the great amusement of the leading editor, who knew me for a young man with a very sharp tooth for such self-betrayals in others. He wanted to print a burlesque review he wrote of the Poems of Two Friends in our paper, but I would not suffer it. I must allow that it was very funny, and that he was always a generous friend, whose wounds would have been as faithful as any that could have been dealt me then. He did not indeed care much for any poetry but that of Shakespeare and the Ingoldsby Legends; and when one morning a State Senator came into the office with a volume of Tennyson, and began to read,

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love,"

he hitched his chair about, and started in on his leader for the day.

HE might have been more patient if he had known that this State Senator was to be President Garfield. But who could know anything of the tragical history that was so soon to follow that winter of 1859-60? Not I; at least I listened rapt by the poet and the reader, and it seemed to me as if the making and the reading of poetry were to go on forever, and that was to be all there was of it. To be sure I had my hard little newspaper misgivings that it was not quite the thing for a State Senator to come round reading Tennyson at ten o'clock in the morning, and I dare say I felt myself superior in my point of view, though I could not resist the charm of the verse. I myself did not bring Tennyson to the office. I brought Thackeray, and I remember that one day when I had read half an hour or so in the Book of Snobs, the leading editor said frankly, Well, now, he guessed we had had enough of that. He apologized afterward as if he were to blame, and not I, but I dare say I was a nuisance with my different literary passions, and must have made many of my acquaintances very tired of my favorite authors. I had some consciousness of the fact, but I could not help it. I ought not to omit from the list of these favorites an author who was then beginning to have his greatest vogue, and who somehow just missed of being a very great one. We were all reading his jaunty, nervy, knowing books, and some of us were questioning whether we ought not to set him above Thackeray and Dickens and George Eliot, *tutti quanti*, so great was the effect that Charles Reade had with our generation. He was a man who stood at the parting of the ways between realism and romanticism, and if he had been somewhat more of a man he might have been the master of a great school of English realism; but, as it was, he remained content to use the materials of realism and produce the effect of romanticism. He saw that life itself infinitely outvalued anything that could be feigned about it, but its richness seemed to corrupt him, and he had not the clear, ethical conscience which forced George Eliot to be realistic when probably her artistic prepossessions were romantic. As yet, however, there was no reasoning of the matter, and Charles Reade was writing books of tremendous adventure and exaggerated character, which he prided himself on deriving from the facts of the world around him. He was intoxicated with the discovery he had made that the truth was beyond invention, but he did not know what to do with the truth in art after he had found it in life, and to this day the English mostly do not. We young people were easily taken with his glittering error, and we read him with much the same fury that he wrote. Never too late to Mend, Love me little Love me long, Christie Johnstone, Peg Woffington, and then later, Hard Cash, The Cloister and the Hearth, Foul Play, Put yourself in his Place—how much they all meant once, or seemed to mean!

The first of them, and the other poems and fictions I was reading, meant more to me than the rumors of war that were then filling the air, and that so soon became its awful actualities. To us who have our lives so largely in books the material world is always the fable, and the ideal the fact. I walked with my feet on the ground, but my head was in the clouds, as light as any of them. I neither praise nor blame this fact; but I feel bound to own it, for that time, and for every time in my life, since the witchery of literature began with me.

THOSE two happy winters in Columbus, when I was finding opportunity and recognition, were the heyday of life for me. There has been no time like them since, though there have been smiling and prosperous times a plenty; for then I was in the blossom of my youth, and what I had not I could hope for without unreason, for I had so much of that which I had most desired. These times passed, and there came other times, long years of abeyance, and waiting and defeat, which I thought would never end, but they passed, too.

I got my appointment of Consul at Venice, and I went home to wait for my passport and to spend the last days, so full of civic trouble, before I should set out for my post. If I hoped to serve my country there and sweep the Confederate cruisers from the Adriatic, I am afraid my prime intent was to add to her literature and to my own credit. I intended, while keeping a sleepless eye out for privateers, to write poems concerning American life which should eclipse anything yet done in that kind, and in the meantime I read voraciously and perpetually, to make the days go swiftly which I should have been so glad to have linger. In this month I devoured all the Waverly novels, but I must have been devouring a great many others, for Charles Reade's Christie Johnstone is associated with the last moment of those last days. A few months ago I was at the old home, and I read that book again, after not looking at it for more than thirty years, and I read it with amazement at its prevailing artistic vulgarity, its prevailing æsthetic error shot here and there with gleams of light, and of the truth that Reade himself was always dimly groping for. The book is written throughout on the verge of realism, with divinations and conjectures across its border, and with lapses into the fool's paradise of romanticism, and an apparent content with its inanity and impossibility. But then it was brilliantly new and surprising; it seemed to be the last word that could be said for the truth in fiction; and it had a spell that held us like an anæsthetic above the ache of parting, and the anxiety for the years that must pass with all their redoubled chances, before our home circle could be made whole again. I read on and the rest listened, till the wheels of the old stage made themselves heard in their approach through the absolute silence of the village street. Then we shut the book and all went down to the gate together, and parted under the pale sky of the October night. There was one of the home group whom I was not to see again: the young brother who died in the blossom of his years before I returned from my far and strange sojourn. He was too young then to share our reading of the novel, but when I ran up to his room to bid him good-by I found him awake, and, with aching hearts, we bade each other good-by forever!

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HEAT AND LIGHT IN FRANCE

By Maria Parloa

A FRENCH lady said to me: "The French are a conservative people. They do not like progress. They do not care for heat, comfort or luxury, indeed they think it is very bad for a nation to be too comfortable. They firmly believe that the decline of nations always comes through luxurious living." This statement was made in explanation of the lack of some of the most common conveniences, such as bathrooms, gas fixtures, etc., even in houses of the best class. What in this sense are to the French luxuries are only the common necessities of life in America. Fire and light are luxuries in France, and it is fortunate that the people, as a whole, are satisfied with so little in this line.

THE FUEL OF FRANCE

IN all civilized countries the question of the fuel supply is one of the most important. Aside from the constant drain for domestic purposes there is the need of a supply for manufactories and locomotion. If the country does not yield sufficient fuel for these purposes the people must learn how to increase and protect their resources, and above all they must learn how to use their supply in the most scientific and economical manner.

When France lost Alsace-Lorraine she lost one of her forest and coal-bearing territories. To a country with such limited fuel-producing regions such a loss is particularly hard. The French mines cannot be worked without authority from the Government. About twenty million tons of coal are taken each year from the mines. This is not nearly enough for the consumption of the nation, and a great deal is imported from England, Germany and Belgium. France has about twenty-two million acres of forests. One million of this belongs to the State. All the forests are under the surveillance of the Commissioners of Forestry. Formerly the forests were cut down in the most reckless manner. The mountains of the Alps and Pyrenees were stripped, with the result that the rainfall decreased, the streams dried up, and that part of the country became a barren waste. The Government took the matter in hand, planted trees and grass, and made laws regulating the cutting of forest trees. There is also a Government school of forestry. Even with all this care France is obliged to import large quantities of wood, much of it, it is true, for manufacturing and building purposes, but still a good deal for fuel. There is not a particle of any combustible material wasted. When the wood-chopper cuts down a tree even the smallest twigs are saved. After the trees are felled they are carefully trimmed, the small branches being piled by themselves, to be arranged later in bundles of *margotins*. The small limbs are piled by themselves, and are sold as round wood, or are used to make charcoal. The large limbs and the trunks bring the highest price.

THE SUPPLY AS IT COMES TO PARIS

WHENEVER possible the Seine is utilized for the transportation of fuel to Paris. Nearly all the great wholesale firms have their yards in the neighborhood of the river. The railroads, also, bring a great deal of wood and coal to the city. As the trains move slowly through the yards of some of the lines of railroad the passengers can see inclosures filled with cord-wood, storehouses of sacks of fuel, also cars loaded with these sacks, which all seem to be of the same size. The opening of the sacks is secured by lacings of cord, and the cords fastened by leads. Here, also, may be seen, stored and on cars, large unperforated *briquettes* for use in engines and manufactories. Along the embankment of the Seine may be seen hundreds of cords of wood piled in such regular order that one could well believe that the spacings were measured off with a rule. In the great coal and wood yards one finds the fuel in the most perfect order, each kind of coal neatly sectioned off, and the wood piled artistically.

The coal is from English, French and Belgium mines. Sometimes the three kinds are mixed for use in the kitchen ranges.

The shops for the sale of fuel by retail are almost as numerous as the bakeries. They are always neat, and the wood, coal and kindlings are arranged in a most artistic manner. The wood is piled so as to show the evenly-sawed ends; the samples of coal are arranged in glass dishes, and in some of the shops, where orders are taken for the wholesale places, wood is arranged in the windows and decorated with growing moss and ferns.

FUEL USED IN PARIS

NEARLY all kinds of fuel are sold by weight. The wood, coke, coal and *boulets* are brought to you in sacks, which are fastened with leads. *Briquettes* are sold in packages of fifty, one hundred or more. The usual kindlings are *fagots* and *fagotins blancs*, but there are many other kinds of kindlings which are sold in small quantities. One kind, Écosse (Scotch), is made of fine husks and pitch or resin. This composition is made into tiny blocks. We have something like it in America. Little balls of some resinous substance are sold in small packages. Pine cones are frequently found in the shops. Everything is in compact form, and generally in small quantities. Space counts for a great deal in a French apartment. Very little soft coal is burned in Paris. To give the American housekeeper some idea of the cost of fuel here I will quote from a card which I have before me. It must be remembered that these are the current prices for fuel when bought in bulk. Wood is sold by weight, and the price depends upon the kind of wood and how long it has been cut. The better seasoned it is the higher the price. In this climate it takes three years to thoroughly season wood that is to be used as fuel. Oak and beech that have been cut three years cost ten dollars a thousand kilograms (about twenty-two hundred pounds). Elm costs twelve dollars a thousand kilograms. *Boulets*, which are burned in the grates, and also in some of the stoves, are nine dollars a thousand kilograms. These *boulets* are a composition of coal and coke-dust and some other substance. This is pressed into egg-shape pieces, but two or three times as large as an egg. *Briquettes* for the fireplace are made of the same material as the *boulets*, but they are pressed into the form of large, flat bricks, which are perforated. There are eight holes as large as a twenty-five-cent-piece in each *briquette*. These *briquettes* sell for one dollar and twenty cents a hundred.

Coke is sold by measure. One hectolitre (nearly three bushels) costs from twenty-two to twenty-five cents. Charcoal is sold by weight.

THE KINDLING USED

THE kindling most generally used comes in small bundles called *margotins*, and they sell for two or three cents a bundle. In my younger days, when I read French stories, it was a constant source of wonder to me why the poor women and children, whom one met in the forests, were always gathering *fagots*. If one lives in France for any length of time the mystery is solved, for one sees them in constant use. A few of these *fagots* are placed over a little paper, and some wood or charcoal is arranged on top of this, the paper is lighted and in a few minutes you have a good fire. The bundles of *margotins* are prepared in the following manner: The small branches and twigs are arranged in a machine in bundles, the fine twigs being in the centre of the bundle; these bundles are compressed by the machine, and then tied with strong willow bands.

The bakers burn pine wood in their ovens to heat them. When the oven is sufficiently heated water is sprinkled over the live coals, and they are then withdrawn from the oven. These dead embers are freed from ashes, and are then separated into two grades, coarse and fine. This charcoal is sold to the housekeepers who live in a small way. The coarse kind is called *braise*, and is employed for cooking purposes in the many little arrangements which one finds in France, in which a small amount of this coal can be burned when a large fire is not required. Some of these appliances have no means of carrying off smoke or gas, but owing to the nature of the wood and the mode in which the charcoal is formed it gives off but little smoke or gas, and so can be used with comfort.

The finer cinders called *braisette* are employed to sprinkle over the little fire in the kitchen to cause it to burn slowly. They are also used for a "back" in the open wood fire. A fire thus arranged will throw out double the heat and burn twice as long as when no *braisette* are used. In the room in which I am writing I have such a fire. At first I used only wood, and it burned out rapidly without giving out the proper amount of heat. Mme. R. suggested the *braisette*, and then showed me the two kinds of charcoal, telling me why she used it in her kitchen, and how it is produced. For example, she sometimes roasts a piece of meat in a tin kitchen, having the fire of *braise* in what looks like an extremely shallow grate. This arrangement can be placed in any part of the kitchen as a chimney is not required.

MODES OF LIGHTING THE HOUSES

IT seems almost incredible that a people as intelligent and capable as the French should submit to such poor lighting arrangements as they have for their homes. On the fine avenues and squares, in concert-gardens and for great *fêtes* they obtain the most brilliant and charming effects, but for the home life of the masses the lighting is exceedingly poor. In the cities all the better class houses are piped for gas, and many are wired for electricity, but except in the halls and kitchens gas is not commonly used. Lamps and candles satisfy the masses. Candles are found everywhere. Many of the chandeliers in the parlors are arranged for candles. Candelabra are everywhere in the room. Each chamber is provided with several candlesticks. Nearly all the upright pianos have an attachment in which are placed candelabra that come for that purpose. Pretty lamps are to be found everywhere. The French are so fond of the beautiful and artistic that utility is often a secondary consideration.

There are several kinds of oil in use in France. Petroleum is largely used. It is imported from America and is quite expensive—nearly twenty cents a quart when bought in small quantities, but if purchased in five-quart cans the cost is less. No matter how you purchase oil it is an expensive item. In old times they burned olive oil here, but that has been replaced by another vegetable oil. This oil and the special lamp in which it is burned are so peculiar that they require some explanation.

THE COLZA OIL AND THE MODERATÉUR

THE colza oil is produced largely in the northern part of France. It is extracted from the seeds of the colza (wild cabbage, or rape). This plant is found wild, but is cultivated for the seed. The blossom is a bright yellow, and a field of the plant in bloom resembles a field of wild mustard. Indeed, cabbage and mustard belong to the same family. The seeds form in long pods. After the oil is expressed from the seeds the residue is pressed into oil cakes which are fed to the cattle. The production of colza oil is quite an industry.

The lamp in which this oil is burned is quite unlike anything we have in America. The wick is round, like that in a student lamp, and it is raised and lowered by the turning of a little wheel, as in our lamps. There is a kind of clockwork inside the lamp, with a key, like the key of a clock, attached to the lamp. When the mechanism is working it raises the oil to the wick, but when it runs down the wick begins to burn dimly, giving out a disagreeable odor. In the long winter evenings it is necessary to wind up the lamp two or three times. Each time the clock is wound the wick must be raised. The greatest care is required to keep these lamps in order, and so far as my observation goes, neither these nor petroleum lamps receive proper care, and the result is the greatest discomfort to one accustomed to good lights. There is another and better lamp than the *modérateur*, but it is very little used. The works are much more delicate, the spring being like that of a watch. The key is at the base, instead of at the top of the lamp, and when once wound it will burn, without further trouble, for many hours. This lamp is very expensive, and in careless hands the delicate mechanism gets out of order, so that it is frequently in the hands of the repairer; therefore it is being abandoned, notwithstanding all it has in its favor.

There is another oil that is used a good deal in the south of France. It is made from the pine tree, and is burned in a lamp much like that used for petroleum, and is said to be almost absolutely safe.

LAMPS AND SHADES

IN the shops one finds beautiful lamps and shades adapted to the use of gas and electricity. Some of the globes for use with the incandescent lights resemble jewels in coloring and brilliancy. Tall lamps for halls and corners of rooms usually have flaring, colored glass globes, which are put on the lamps concave side up, and for this reason the term shade seems hardly appropriate. There are pretty candlestick lamps with clear glass globes, through which the candle-light comes. These are often further embellished by a side screen, the usual thing being a jeweled butterfly or a dainty cupid. Of course, there are all sorts of lovely candle shades, both in silk and lace and in paper. For lamps almost everything is used for shades: dainty creations in silk and lace; pretty and ugly things in paper—for the French use a great many paper shades, not the elaborate and exquisite kinds that are made from soft, crinkled paper, but stiff paper fluted and of all colors.

One lampshade that seems to be a fad at present is of pasteboard. It resembles a bandbox, a little narrower at the top than at the bottom. It is hand-painted and expensive, costing six dollars and upward. It makes a good shade for the library as it throws a soft light over a large surface. I suppose it appeals to the sense of beauty in some, else it would not exist.

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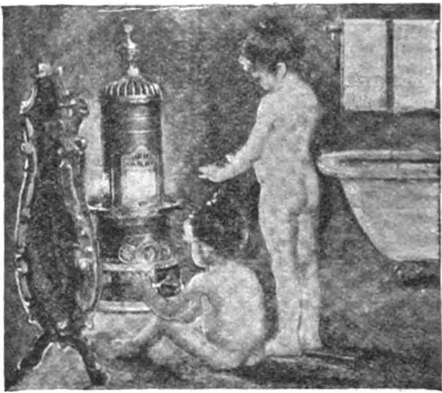

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Eben E. Rexford.

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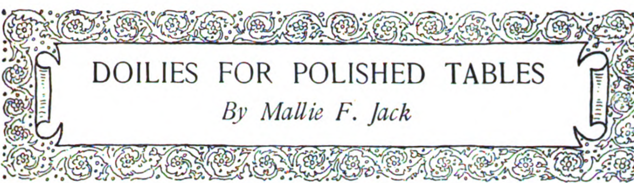
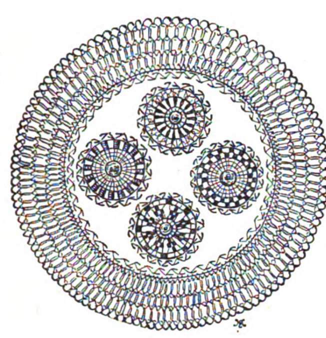


DOILIES FOR POLISHED TABLES

By Mallie F. Jack

It must be conceded by those who have studied the question that modern drawn-work far exceeds in beauty the specimens handed down to us from previous generations. The reason is not far to seek; it is mainly owing to the introduction of delicate lace stitches, such as *point de Vénise*, Brussels, *point d'esprit* and others intermingled with drawn-work proper that has so greatly enhanced its charm and gone far toward the revival of its popularity. The materials required for working are needles, thread, a pair of sharp embroidery scissors and a hand embroidery frame, for small pieces. Besides these materials it is necessary only to provide the linen forming the foundation of the work. This, for such purposes as are represented in the illustrations, must be of good quality. Hand-made round thread linen is the proper and only satisfactory fabric for table use for work to be carried out in the manner under consideration. It is folly to enter on such an undertaking with a cheap linen, as the threads are not always absolutely even, and it will frequently be found that when the same number of threads have been drawn both ways, that is, the warp way of the material and the woof, that a perfect square is not the result. Therefore, to insure accuracy I would suggest that in laying out each design the spaces be carefully measured in their exact proportions, then cut where necessary before withdrawing the threads. Old-fashioned workers may be scandalized at this advice, for they have doubtless been taught to space their patterns by means of counting only, but modern elaborate designs call for mathematical precision in laying out the dimensions.



A CARAFE DOILY

WORKING THE DESIGNS

These designs are worked in nun's thread of a deep cream color. This greatly enhances the effect of the work, giving it a richness that it lacks if worked in white thread. The contrast on the white linen likewise serves to accentuate the pattern.

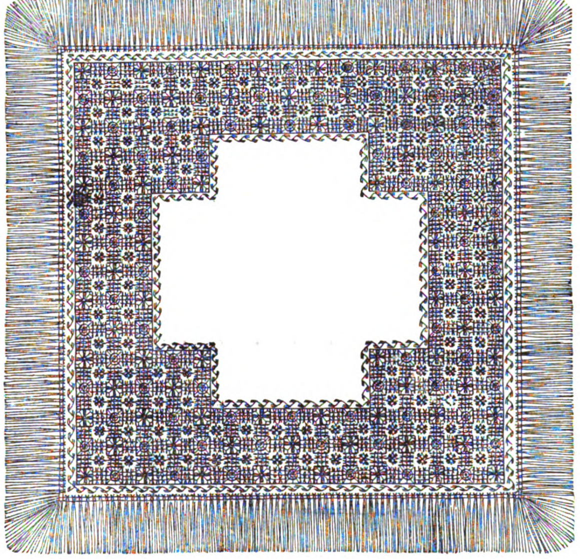
The centrepiece is square, and measures in the original, when finished, twenty-two inches, including the two-inch fringe. The carafe or plate mat is ten and a half inches square completed, the fringe being one inch and a quarter in depth, while the dessert doilies measure seven and a quarter inches with their one-inch fringe.

If the materials become soiled in working, though this should not be, so that the articles need to be laundered before using, it will be better not to ravel the fringe until after the cleansing and pressing are done. Should the completed pieces be sufficiently clean, place them between two damp cloths and iron them until the cloths are perfectly dry.

THE CIRCULAR DOILIES

With regard to the circular doilies, intended respectively for plate or carafe and dessert, the edge is finished with a simple netted border, but fringe may be substituted if desired. Fringing a circular form is not so difficult as might at first sight appear. To insure strength work around the mat with buttonhole stitch, then ravel out the four sides first, afterward pick out the corners in between them thread by thread with a fine pin. A full and even fringe will be the result. It may here be noted that for the square doilies the corners must be filled in with extra threads drawn from a spare piece of linen. They will then require trimming with the scissors to make them even.

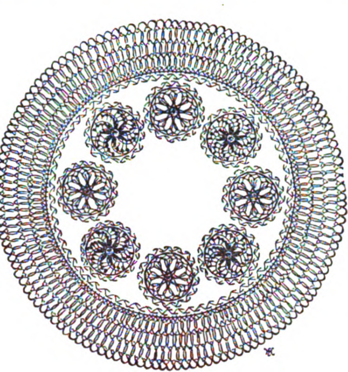
The centrepiece is finished with buttonhole stitch on either side of the drawn-work, that is, inside of the feather-stitching. This greatly strengthens the fabric. The doilies are treated in like manner. The fringe is headed by a double row of pin-stitching. The designs given form suggestions for two complete table sets of a very elaborate character, and call for the skill of a practiced worker, as well as good linen, good thread and exact measurements.



DRAWN-WORK CENTREPIECE

THE SQUARE DESSERT DOILIES

Two of the square dessert doilies show a marked departure from ordinary drawn-work, while retaining most of its distinctive features. One of them, given in its entirety, is especially original, quaint and rich in its design. All the various forms are buttonholed previous to the execution of the work, with the exception of the border forming a half square. This is buttonholed at either end, and likewise at the corner as far as the openwork extends on either side next the feather-stitching. The rest is edged on both sides with close over-hand work, beneath which one or two threads are laid down, after the manner of couching, to give a cord-like appearance. The circles on the round doilies are also secured with buttonhole stitch before being cut out. Nothing but thread should be used for drawn-work destined for table use; though many persons prefer embroidery silk, and attain most exquisite results with it, I do not think that it is as effective or as durable.



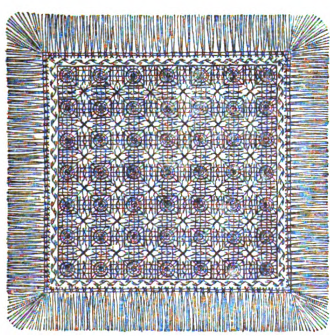
DAINTY DESSERT DOILY

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS

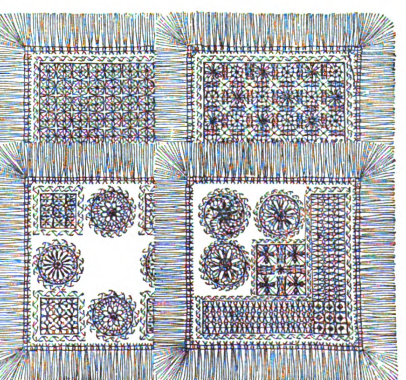
It will readily be seen that an entire set of circular form can be easily manufactured from the suggestions given. It is merely a question of the number of discs required within the circle. For a centrepiece it is not advisable to increase the size of the discs, but it will be necessary to introduce a second row of them inside of the first row, alternating them in the spaces between the outer ones and making them a little smaller, so as to fit into the reduced circumference. There need be no monotony in filling the circles, for endless devices can be introduced to suit the taste and tax the skill of the individual worker.

I have not attempted to enter into details as to the methods employed for each particular stitch, since the experienced worker will understand at a glance what is required of her by means of the illustrations given.

It would seem that in view of the increasing favor in which drawn-work is held, and its adaptability to all kinds of artistic needlework decoration, the few suggestions given on this page may be acceptable.



SQUARE DESSERT DOILY



FOUR DESSERT DOILIES

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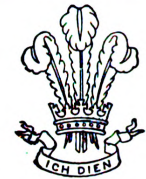

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THE YOUNG WIFE'S FIRST YEAR

By Ruth Ashmore

VERY many of my girls were last June's brides, and yet they have been loving and kind enough to ask that they may still be on the list to which they belonged before the title of "mistress" was put before their names. Be sure that it gives me great pleasure to count my married girls, and I shall enjoy having a little talk with them.

As the days go by it dawns on the mind of the young wife that the man she loves is regarding her no longer as an angel, no longer as a bit of Dresden china, and, just at first, she is surprised. Nobody has told her that the first year of her married life would be the most difficult one. During that time she must learn what it is to be a companion to her husband. She must remember that she has entered into his life, that she must be his comrade through good fortune and through bad, and encourage him to look at the best side of life and to hope for better in the future. The years or months of courtship have not made these two people acquainted with each other. The little bit of temper that was so carefully concealed, the habit of saying some hasty little word that was subdued, and the undesirable method of being unpunctual and a bit careless that was hidden—all these are gradually discovered during the first year of one's married life. And no matter how much a wife may suffer (and she certainly will) she must learn to control herself, and to bear as much as possible with her husband's weaknesses. The advanced woman may think that this sounds very weak and not at all progressive. Perhaps it is not, but very certainly it is the only way that one can become a good wife, and a happy one.

HIS LITTLE WAYS

PERHAPS the husband you so much love is inclined to be untidy; to throw a scarf there and a piece of soiled linen here; to lay a book down where it does not belong, and to leave a pile of photographs in disorder, so that it really requires some trouble to arrange them. Now the wisest thing to do is to say nothing about the careless ways, but after the lord and master has departed to take a little time to put everything back in its place. It is much better to give that time and that little extra work than it would be to find fault, for while the first words of fault-finding might be listened to with a certain amount of grace, the next might be met with frowns and the next with disagreeable words. And then just as certain will come the first quarrel.

And when two people who love each other quarrel they can say more bitter words to each other than any people in the world. Your husband will go away feeling that you do not care for him; you will cry until your head aches, and all because you refused to take a little bit of trouble. Think of the trouble that he takes for you; think of the many hours when the business cares are upon his shoulders about which you know nothing; and thinking of this remember that all he asks of you is to be a good housewife.

THE FIRST QUARREL

IT will surely come. Two healthy people are bound to differ about something, and all that I can advise you to do when it does appear is to say that you are sorry and you hope that it will never happen again. No matter if you are in the right, do this. You are in the wrong for quarreling, and you can apologize for that. Be sure that your husband will find out where he was wrong, and after your little request for forgiveness he will make his. Then, when you feel inclined to quarrel the next time, don't do it. Don't set your teeth and close your lips and make up your mind that you will hold your tongue, but speak. A sullen silence is as bad as a quarrel.

If Jack has found fault with you about something you have left undone tell him you are sorry and you will do better in future. Say this with a laugh, and give a loving kiss after it, and to your surprise no quarrel will follow. If you disagree tell him with a smile to find out, when he is down town, which of you is right, but that you don't intend to have any ugly words about it. If things have gone wrong in the household, and he sees the effect without knowing the cause, tell him the reason why. Don't be afraid of your husband. Don't practice any small deceits with him, and then the kind words and the loving words will take the place of those that lead to unhappiness.

YOUR HUSBAND'S MOTHER

I WILL not call her your mother-in-law. I like to think that she is your mother in love. She is your husband's mother, and therefore yours, for his people have become your people. There have been vulgar jests, ridiculous songs and coarse puns about the husband's mother ever since any of us can remember, but in how many households is the husband's mother an angel, not in disguise, but appreciated and loved? Now, will you take my advice and call her what your husband does? Will you treat her just as you do your own mother, not being afraid to tell her of your little affairs, receiving her as one of your own, and making her feel happy in the fact that she has not lost a son but has gained a daughter, and a loving, considerate daughter? Will you remember this, too—that before you came your husband was all in all to his mother? And sometimes when she comes to see you, won't you leave these two alone, and let them talk together as they did before the two became a trio? Don't make it evident that you are doing this, but go off for a little while and attend to some of your household duties. You will be loved all the better for it, and be sure that if anything is said about you the words will only be words of appreciation and love.

Don't make your husband's mother an utter stranger, receiving her in the drawing-room, and changing all your arrangements so that she may be treated exactly as if she were a formal visitor. You do not do it with your own mother. When she pays you a visit she comes up-stairs where you are busy working, and if she feels like giving a helping hand you take it; if not, she chatters and gossips while you are sewing, and both of you have a pleasant morning. If she stays to dine or lunch with you, you may make a little change, putting some special delicacy on the table. Still you do not treat her as you would a visitor from far off whom you know slightly. And you must not, if you wish to retain her love and sympathy, receive your husband's mother in any other way. Listen to her words of advice, think them over, and if you do not believe it is wise to follow them give her your reasons for this. Don't ignore the wisdom that she has gained by experience. Somebody asks, "Shall she be a slave to her husband's people?" Certainly not. No good, loving woman ever was a slave when she did what was right. But no good, loving woman ever treated the mother that she has gained by marriage in the way that I have seen some mothers treated—mothers who wished to give to their sons' wives exactly the same love and sympathy, to show the same kindness and give the same active help that they have always given to their own daughters.

TO KEEP QUIET

REMEMBER that what you learn about your husband's family is to be kept to yourself; that when you married him and took his name you became one of the family, and the little trouble, the little skeleton, is not to be discussed with the members of the family in which you were born. To your sister it may mean nothing that some trouble has come to your husband's brother. You may tell it to her in secrecy, and it may seem of so little importance that she will repeat it to her sister-in-law, and gradually what was meant to be kept quiet is told all round the neighborhood. The art of keeping to yourself what you hear on each side of the house is one that you must cultivate, for it means the keeping of peace. Surely you would not wish to hurt your husband, and yet you will do it if you cannot keep quiet.

When you enter his mother's house anything that is told to you in confidence must be forgotten when you leave it, unless, indeed, it is discussed with your husband, and the same rule will apply to your own family. Don't imagine that every little frown, every little disagreeable word is meant for you, and do not retail to your husband anything unpleasant that may have happened when you were visiting at his mother's house. Think that she is your mother, too, and give her the privilege of speaking to you as your mother does. I know it isn't always easy to have fault found with one when one is trying to do one's best, but think over what is said, if there is anything helpful in it, and let the rest go. Respect your husband's mother as you do your own, and the respect will beget love and confidence as well as happiness for you both, in the new life and the new home.

THE VICE OF CURIOSITY

IT is very ignoble, and before you were married you would have been inclined to scorn any one who told you that you would have been curious about the secrets in your husband's family; that you would have been eager to have learned of the trouble that came to one, of the wrong deed that another did, or of the mortification to which another member of the family had to submit. Now, my dear girl, crush this desire to know unpleasant things. Make up your mind that you are going to know about each one that which is best, and refuse to let outsiders give you any information about the family into which you have just entered. If some low-minded person (for that is what such a one would be) should offer to do this, decline to listen, and if, against your will, an effort is made to tell you, leave the room. At such a time rudeness becomes right. If your husband wishes you to know any of these things be sure he will tell you.

Put yourself in his place. You haven't told him about the young man who first made love to your sister and then left her; about the uncle who did something that was not quite honest, or whatever else it may be that is one of the family horrors, and why should you expect him to tell you? And is it not inconsiderate in you to make an effort to find out those things? My dear girl, don't soil your mind with a knowledge of such things, and don't lower yourself morally by cultivating and encouraging a vile curiosity. Be eager to know the best about them all. See the best and tell of it, and when they do—these people who bear your husband's name—some kind act, don't forget to tell those from whom you came about it, and never, no matter what may happen, carry a story about your husband's mother to the mother who bore you. If she be wise she will not listen. But sometimes extreme love makes people unwise, and she will forget to reprimand her daughter for talking about things that it would be wiser to forget. Learn to control your ears as well as your tongue; be only eager to hear words of praise rather than words of blame.

A LITTLE THING

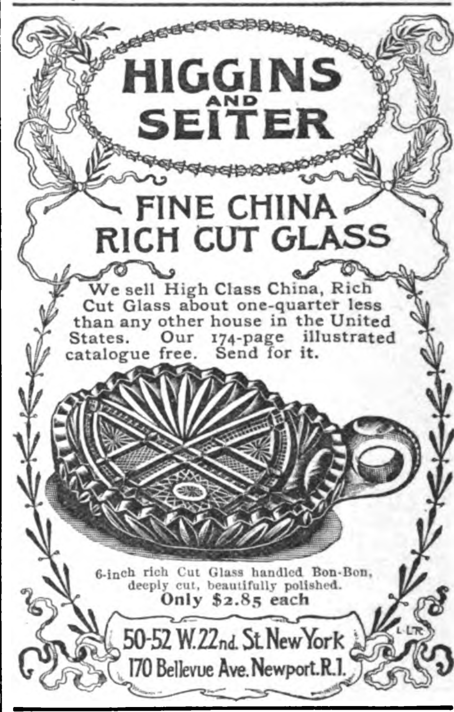
SOME morning, when Jack goes down town, there is a perplexed look on his face, and when he kisses you, you think he does it rather as a matter of habit than desire, and like the loving little goose that you are, you go up-stairs and have a hard cry, concluding that your husband has ceased to love you. Now that is all nonsense. If you have been a wise little woman your husband loves you to-day a thousand times better than he did during the honeymoon. But while he was putting on his coat he remembered some business perplexities, and when he said good-by he was thinking of them. Instead of crying you ought to be glad that he thinks it worth while, in these days when many men are thoughtless, to care to earn comforts and luxuries for you. The kiss does become a habit, but none the less is it a loving habit.

Forget all about the perplexed look on his face, be ready and full of good cheer to meet him when he returns, and in your society let him find such companionship that the down-town troubles will be forgotten, and the worries will be worries no longer, because, after all, the surmounting them means making a home which is a nest of blissful refuge. Don't be afraid to let your husband be familiar with the home. Dress yourself as prettily as you like for dinner, but let him lay aside the business suit and put on a loose jacket, let him don soft slippers, and be as comfortable as he can while he is enjoying his dinner. Let home and you mean rest. I don't mean that he shall forget the word politeness, but I do mean that after the long, toilsome day he shall be permitted to have rest of body and mind. Perhaps he may want to take you out to some place of amusement, perhaps not. If he does, go with good will and enjoy it, this pleasure that he has provided for you. If not, make yourself happy in your home, and make that home a pleasant place for his friends to come. If you do this he will not seek his friends outside.

Most women forget the value of making friends of their husbands' friends. Possibly there may be one or two whom you dislike with good reason. Don't show this dislike, but after a while tell your husband of the faults or the weaknesses that you have noticed, and you two may either form a band to help the man, or if he thinks it wise, gradually drop his acquaintance. No man wishes his wife to be surrounded by men who are not desirable.

It seems to me that your motto for this first year should be that very old-fashioned one, "Be patient." Be always patient, and in time the fruits of your patience will be a happy home, a loving husband, respect from your friends, and respect and love from all who are united to you by the ties of law and love.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 27 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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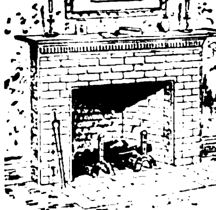

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GRACEFUL DINNER GOWNS

By Isabel A. Mallon

As the late dinner is the rule, rather than the exception, almost every woman assumes a dinner dress which, no matter how simple it may be, bears the mark of being intended for that special hour. Then the cares of the day are over, everybody is at his brightest or best, and rest comes to the brain and body alike. The hostess is queen of the feast, and her dress may be as elaborate as she desires. The dainty bud with her bright beauty may reign supreme at the dance or the afternoon affair, but it is the older woman, the woman who understands the art of entertaining and the art of dinner giving, who reigns supreme at the dinner table in her exquisitely-fashioned dinner gown.

SOME OF THE MATERIALS

No material is too fine for the dinner gown. The rich brocade, the soft velvet, the lustrous silk, the heavy cloth, the glossy satin, each is dedicated to this toilette. The fashionable color may be chosen, or one may wear some becoming shade that it has been elected shall always be in style. All of one's jewels are in good taste at this time, and the hair may be as elaborately arranged as is desired. By preference, a short train should be given to a dinner dress, for it tends to make the wearer look more dignified. Young girls wear soft-clinging fabrics, noticeably silk, crêpe or muslin, but as a well-known writer said, the young girl has too few interests and she has not seen enough of life, consequently she has not gained the experience that makes her a desirable member of a dinner party.

Many combinations of brocade and velvet, of brocade with silk, and of silk with cloth are liked for this purpose, while lace is used in large quantities upon the glossy black satin which is given so much vogue just now. The Magenta color, and the tints that shade off from it, are liked upon either black or gray, while the peculiar green that is between an emerald and a moss is fancied as the decoration upon lavender, black, pale blue or golden brown. Spangles of all the flashing beads, jackets, belts and collars of golden embroidery, indeed, every decoration that is familiar to us, is liberally used upon the dinner gown. When flounces of chiffon are noticed upon the skirt a positive contrast is given by a narrow piping of dark fur on the extreme edge of the skirt.

GOWN OF LAVENDER BROCADE (Illus. No. 2)

A PINK AND BROWN GOWN

The dainty gown shown in Illustration No. 1 is made of pink silk; the shade chosen is rather faint, although it would never suggest one of the faded shades. The skirt, which is plain and made with a short train, has for its decoration three flounces of pink chiffon, the lower one being sufficiently far from the edge of the skirt to permit a band of mink fur to show from under it. The bodice is made of the chiffon laid in very fine plaits over a thin silk. The high folded collar is of brown velvet exactly of the color of the fur. The sleeves are of plaited chiffon, drawn in at the elbows under bands of fur, and permitting full ruffles of chiffon to fall from under them so that the rounded white wrist is visible. The belt is of brown velvet, folded after the fashion of the collar. The stockings are of brown silk and the slippers brown satin, while the gloves are of the same dark shade. The hair is parted and arranged high on the head, with a single pink rose fastened just at one side. On almost every gown intended for dinner or evening wear is seen a belt or sash of velvet, and then, of course, the collar corresponds. The effect of velvet against the skin is so softening and whitening that its use cannot but be approved.

A combination much fancied, and which, while it is as old as the violet that rests its head against its green leaves, is still counted new, is seen in Illustration No. 2. Lavender brocade is used for making the dress; the only other shade shown is in the design, which is that of a small flower of a purple hue, the effect of darkness against the light background making it seem almost like silver. The skirt, which has a slight train, is quite plain and absolutely untrimmed. The bodice is a plain round one of the brocade with a high folded collar of green velvet, over which is laid coarse white lace. A high belt of folded velvet comes far up on the corsage; from under it, at one side, is a sash made of green velvet having two long ends and one loop. Each sleeve has the upper part of the brocade in full puffs, while the lower part is of velvet.

DINNER GOWN OF SILK AND CHIFFON (Illus. No. 1)

HOW BLACK IS USED

The black dinner gown, whether it be plain velvet or some of the richly-figured materials, is always in good taste, and the woman wearing a well-made black gown of suitable material is properly dressed for the most elaborate function. Elderly ladies have long ago concluded that nothing is so becoming or so suitable as black velvet, made to look even more elegant by the use of fine lace; and so, very many of them adhere strictly to gowns of it, and very often to one style of making—the princesse. Dame Fashion has ordered that black satin is suitable to all ages and conditions for a dinner dress, and so combined with lace or made harmonious with color it is very generally seen. Jackets richly embroidered with gold are liked for wear over a black satin gown, and one will tend to make it look very rich. A woman who goes out a great deal and always looks well has had five different bodices made to wear with her black satin skirt, and she expects to be considered a well-dressed woman at every dinner party which she attends during the season.

A typical black gown is that shown in Illustration No. 3. The material is very heavy, lustrous black satin, which quite fulfills the idea of our grandmothers, and is able to stand alone. The skirt is made with the usual demi-train, and it shows, across the front, a deep, flat, jet trimming in points, which reaches far up on the skirt. Where this terminates at each side is an enormous bow of black velvet arranged in appliqué fashion. The bodice is a plain one, having a deep square cut out at the back and front, the vacancy being filled by a square bib of coarse écru lace heavily spangled with black jet. The collar, which is very high, is of the lace, and has set into it what seem to be cameos of jet. The sleeves have enormous puffs of satin for the upper part, and the white lace, with its glistening jet decoration, forms the cuffs. About the waist is a folded belt of black velvet. In the hair is a comb set with white pearls. The stockings are of black silk and the slippers of black satin, having upon them white satin bows made decorative with jet clasps. The gloves are white undressed kid.

A BLACK SATIN GOWN (Illus. No. 3)

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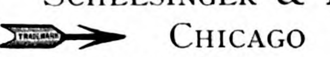

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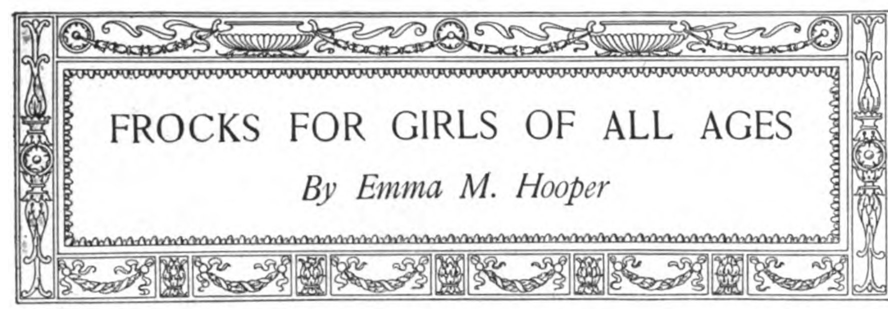
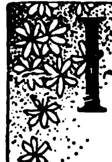


FROCKS FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES

By Emma M. Hooper

IT seems to me a great mistake to provide growing girls so liberally that their frocks must constantly be made over or handed down to a younger sister. This latter process no child enjoys, and the former means putting as much time on an old dress as would suffice to make a new one without half the reward. It is a far better plan to have just enough, and to allow them to be worn out from year to year. But this does not mean to curtail the changes until the child is not neat, for a clean frock possesses many attractions on even a plain-looking girl. It is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule as to the number of frocks required. The parents' circumstances and child's associations must govern this point.

MATERIALS FOR FALL

FRENCH cashmere, Fayetta, Henrietta, crépon, serge, cheviot, sacking, Lansdowne, camels'-hair, covert and ladies' cloths are among the all-wool and silk-and-wool fabrics worn by children. These are all double-width and cost from thirty-nine cents to one dollar and a half per yard. Many of the goods are sold under the general name of mixed suitings, but it will be found that the weave is a sacking, cheviot or serge. Dress materials are of a lighter weight this season, so neither mothers nor girls will have to carry useless ounces of clothes. Narrow stripes, small figures, shot and changeable effects are in as good taste for girls over five years as for "grown-ups," but under that age plain crépons and cashmeres are preferred. Japanese silk, surah and bengaline may trim a child's frock, but the less silk there is about it the better; a slight touch of velvet is also admissible, but for rich fabrics to predominate is not good taste in dressing little girls. The silk-dotted woolen goods are very pretty for best dresses, with a *guimpe* of surah the color of the dot.

In colors, brown ranks first, with tan, navy and bluet blue, old rose, cherry, pivoine, mignonette, moss-green, yellow, cream, pink and pale blue swelling the list. The very fashionable black touch is given to many frocks, while for others only bright colors are seen, with any and all ready to be worn with a white nainsook *guimpe* if the ruling power so decides. Other mothers dress girls only in white until they are five years old, and while this is charming when properly carried out, it entails many changes and a vast amount of washing, which all cannot afford.

FOR THE WEE ONES

FROM birth to two years of age white lawns, dimities, nainsooks and cambrics hold sway, though after eighteen months light-colored ginghams, striped and figured flannels and Henriettas are sometimes worn. The white *guimpe* is of tucked or feather-stitched nainsook, and is sufficiently warm for midwinter if all-wool undergarments are worn. Every mother should know by this time the importance of clothing children in pure wool underwear, and herself, too, for that matter. As soon as the children begin to wear drawers let them have one of the many underwaists in vogue to button the drawers and stocking supporters upon, and later on the skirts. Black stockings can be worn with all colored frocks and are in general use after the first year. The white cotton frocks are the long ones shortened, but by the time the baby is eighteen months old a new and larger supply is necessary. These will still be made with a gathered skirt of two breadths of yard-wide nainsook and a three-inch hem; a full baby waist with a round or square yoke of embroidery and a little bertha frill edging it; full coat sleeves gathered in to the armhole. Others are in the loose Mother Hubbard style, falling from a square or round yoke of embroidery. A tiny band of edging on the neck and wrists finishes off the frock. If woolen frocks are worn they have two widths of cashmere in the gathered and hemmed skirt, which is sewed to a belt or corded edge of the round baby waist, having full coat sleeves and a separate white *guimpe*. Light blue, gray, tan and old rose are pretty, and will wash if ordinary care is used. A bertha ruffle of the material is edged with a feather-stitching done with mediæval silk or with several rows of No. 1 satin ribbon, finishing the belt and wrists to correspond. White cashmere, having blue satin ribbon and a yoke of Japanese silk, is a frock for two-year-olds.

FROM TWO TO SIX YEARS

AT two the skirts begin to shorten, which up to this time have been worn to the instep. At three they come to the bend of the knees, or earlier if the child is taller than usual. Then they are let down an inch or so for each year until at sixteen they are at the shoe-tops, or longer if the miss has "run up like a weed." Skirts are full—two breadths at eighteen months, three at three years—and untrimmed. Sleeves are preferred in the leg-of-mutton shape, and waists are low, to be worn with a *guimpe*, or high-necked, with a plain or full effect. Belts and corded waists are seen, also yokes round and square, bertha ruffles, revers, jacket fronts and full vests.

A best dress for a girl of five is of tan crépon having small dots of blue in silk; yoke of blue surah and revers of blue velvet around the low baby waist; rosettes of the velvet at the waist-line, back and front, two inches from the centre. One of four years has her frock of pivoine-colored Henrietta; high waist, leg-of-mutton sleeves, immense revers back and front of shoulders, of the goods. Black velvet ribbon No. 1 nearly covers the belt, with rosettes back and front, and trims the standing collar, revers and wrists in three rows. A serviceable golden-brown cashmere has a high waist, tiny jacket fronts and a finish of several rows of No. 1 satin ribbon of a darker brown on all edges. An old rose Fayetta has the usual full sleeves and skirt, with a yoke in puffs of old rose surah; circular bertha ruffle of stem-green velvet faced with the surah; belt of green velvet ribbon tied in long loops and ends toward each side of the front. Cream Henrietta has a bertha of cream guipure lace headed with insertion, through which white satin No. 1 ribbons are run and tied in clustered loops here and there; yoke of white Japanese silk feather-stitched with mediæval silk; wrists and belt finished with the insertion and ribbon.

FROM SEVEN TO FOURTEEN

THE mixed goods now come into play and afford a wide range for the family dressmaker. Changeable serges, cheviots and sacking weaves wear well, and Scotch plaids are always pretty on children. Crush collars and belts of velveteen and velvet, and rows of mohair braid trim the plain and figured goods. Black velvet and satin ribbon trim bright colors, especially cherry and bluet shades. Ladies' cloth, vigogne and camel's hair in brown, tan and blue are handsome for best dresses, with large revers open at the top of the shoulders, crush collars and belts of cherry, green, blue, black or brown velvet. If a child is awkwardly thin the skirt will be gathered all around with less fullness in front, or the front seams may be slightly gored. Others wear the flaring circular skirt which requires a lining. It is now an exception to find a trimmed skirt on a miss or child, unless it has been lengthened by piecing and the joining hidden by rows of braid, velvet or satin ribbon. The sleeves are leg-of-mutton or with a puff at the top and a close-fitting cuff. Frocks all open in the back.

A FEW DESIGNS

PLAID, blue and green, for girls of ten. Circular skirt, bringing the plaid bias in the back and three yards wide. Round waist, small, round jacket fronts, leg-of-mutton sleeves. Crush collar and belt, each ending with a frill at the back, of cherry-colored velveteen. For the same age there is a school dress of golden-brown storm serge having a high plain waist, trimming of inch-wide mohair braid having a thread of gilt in it, which is put around the belt, collar, wrists, and as a yoke in crosswise rows back and front. A changeable red and black mixture for a girl of fourteen has a soft vest of red surah with crush collar, belt and revers of black velvet. With this she wears a black reefer and a large red hat loaded with black ostrich tips. Being a brunette of very brilliant coloring she can carry this amount of black, otherwise I would advise a reefer of red cloth with black collar and buttons. Mixed sacking in green, having a touch of red and brown, has a gathered skirt scantily gored, leg-of-mutton sleeves, and a high waist plaited to the centre of the belt back and front. Revers of the goods outlining the shoulders and thus simulating a round yoke. Three rows of velvet ribbon on revers, wrists, belt and collar in green. A made-over frock of navy blue has sleeve puffs, crush collar, and large revers opened on the shoulder, of blue velveteen.

THE MISS OF SIXTEEN

THE most difficult age to dress is the one of sixteen, when a girl is either too tall and thin, or hopelessly short and stout. At this time a taste for becoming and correct dressing may be inculcated without turning the yet unbalanced head with vanity. Never overdress her, as her youth will more than atone for a plain effect. Commence at her underwear; see that she wears a comfortable corset waist, and buttons all skirts, stocking suspenders, etc., upon it. Do not give a girl heavy skirts to wear. Odd silk, cashmere and flannel waists can be used with half-worn skirts. Accustom a girl to remove her school dress when reaching home for one worn only in the house, and both will wear longer for it. When a crush collar is worn no other neck finish is necessary, otherwise use a narrow plaiting of lace, folds of silk, tiny ruffle of silk, etc., which sell from ten cents a yard and even cheaper if made of lawn.

THE BEST WINTER FROCK

IT may be brown, tan, green, cherry, bluet or navy blue; of any of the materials previously mentioned, or of some startling novelty without a name. In any case it will be trimmed with velvet or velveteen of a darker or contrasting color. Cherry on brown, green or bluet on tan, and cherry on bluet are some of the French combinations met with. Ladies' and covert cloths form a circular skirt for girls of sixteen, four yards wide, leg-of-mutton sleeves and a round waist, having only side and shoulder seams, with the fullness in tiny overlapping plaits at the centre of the waist-line back and front. Epaulettes, crush belt and ditto collar of velvet. If of a very slender figure, have short revers ending in epaulettes or pointed revers over the shoulders, and a full vest of taffeta showing the two colors seen in the trimming and woolen fabric. A pretty dancing-school frock of old rose Henrietta, crépon or albatross has a baby waist, gored skirt and elbow sleeves; epaulettes and yoke of white guipure lace; crush collar and belt, ending in two rosettes at the back with an end from each to the skirt edge, of old rose, stem-green or black satin ribbon. Plain-colored or dotted Japanese silk or crépon dresses have an accordion-plaited skirt and round waist, with full elbow sleeves and a trimming of satin ribbon; as a belt having ends, collar ending in a square bow, bretelles from the belt having shoulder knots, etc. Sometimes velvet ribbons are used to give a darker shade to the costume. The plaiting should be done on the regular machines, of which there are many agents in the large cities.

ODD WAISTS OR BLOUSES

A WAIST of cherry Henrietta to be worn with brown, gray or navy skirts, has a shirring at the centre fronts, leg-of-mutton sleeves, crush belt and collar, and circular epaulettes. All edges are finished with three rows of No. 1 black satin ribbon. One of striped blue and beige flannel has a pointed yoke stitched on the one-piece back, leg-of-mutton sleeves having deep cuffs, turn-over collar and three box-plaits in front. This is worn with a blue ribbon belting belt, such as sells from thirty-nine cents at this season. For nicer wear an old rose surah has a round yoke of three puffs, leg-of-mutton sleeves, crush collar and belt. All edges are finished with an inch-wide edging of white guipure lace sewed under the silk edge. For all kinds of wear changeable brown and blue or green taffeta is made with the inevitable leg-of-mutton sleeves, crush collar and belt, epaulettes ending as revers, or a shirred yoke without any revers. These waists are worn to school, church, at home, girls' parties and to dancing-school.

MISSES' PLAIN DRESSES

FOR a short girl of full figure have a narrow-striped cheviot of dark shade; make a gored or circular skirt, round, plain waist, long, tapering revers forming a point at the waist-line, high collar and leg-of-mutton sleeves. Rows of half-inch braid on the collar and wrists, and a girdle belt of the braid sharply pointed back and front, and narrow on the sides. The tall, slender sister has a dress of changeable brown and red serge, with a gored skirt, leg-of-mutton sleeves, round waist full in front, and short jacket fronts. Crush collar and belt ending in a rosette at the back of brown velveteen. A sixteen-year-old girl, mature for her age, wears a godet skirt of green and blue suiting; slightly pointed bodice and leg-of-mutton sleeves. Circular basque piece ten inches deep sewed to edge of bodice and turned over on the right side; short, wide revers of the goods, and a crush collar of cherry, green or blue velvet. House dress of dark cherry-colored Henrietta trimmed with crush collar, ditto belt and epaulettes of black velveteen. Circular skirt, mutton-leg sleeves and a round waist. Rough cheviots and storm serges remain unsurpassed for general wear. The genuine sackings of a firm weave are also durable, and the real tartan plaids can hardly be worn out.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Hints on Home Dressmaking," will be found on page 29 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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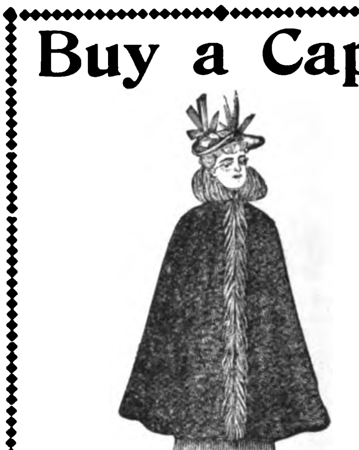

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THE CHILDREN'S THANKSGIVING

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil

THANKSGIVING, unlike Christmas, is not especially the children's day. It is a time for the reunion of families, in which, of course, the children are included, but they do not occupy the chief place as at their own festival. But we all desire to make the special holidays bright spots in the lives of the children. The peculiar features of each should be emphasized so that as they come round in after years they will bring with them something of the old childish joyousness, which no lapse of time can wholly deprive them of if they have been surcharged with it in early life.

GRATITUDE is not a virtue of childhood. It has been defined as a lively sense of favors to come, and children seldom trouble themselves to look far into the future. They accept what is done for them or given to them as a right, a natural consequence of their relations to those about them. Accustomed to be almost absolutely dependent the thought of making a return in any way for what they receive does not readily occur to them. It may be suggested to them, and Thanksgiving, with all its associations, seems to be a peculiarly fitting occasion for the attempt.

"What shall I render to the Lord for all His gifts to me?" best expresses the spirit of the day. It is this that we wish to infuse into the minds of the children, teaching them that all good gifts are intrusted to us as stewards, to be used for the benefit of others and not for our own selfish pleasure alone. It is difficult to overestimate the value of symbols in the education of children. Anything that is presented to them in a concrete form, as it were, makes a far deeper impression than if it is merely talked about in the abstract.

NOR is this susceptibility to the influence of symbols wholly lost with youth. The sight of the National flag floating in the air stirs the most sluggish soul with a thrill of patriotism. Yet what is it? Nothing but a strip of bunting, which, if it were not for all that it represents, would leave us as unmoved as the curtains hanging in an upholsterer's window. It is because it is the outward and visible sign of our country itself, endeared to us by a thousand associations, recalling the glories of past struggles, suggesting the triumphs of the future, that we love it. When we see it in a foreign land it is like a glimpse of home. Our thoughts turn there involuntarily, and we feel as if for the moment we were under its very shadow. No man may insult it with impunity; we hold it as precious as our National honor. It is not its intrinsic value that endears it to us. It is nothing more tangible than a sentiment which happens to have been associated with it, but might as easily have been attached to some other symbol which then would have been equally beloved. It is this association of ideas with outward things, times and seasons, or material objects, that we want to make use of in training children.

THE older ones should know something of the origin and history of the day. The Plymouth colony and the stern endurance of its founders is a fascinating subject. In these days of ease and luxury we who have entered into their labors should at least be willing to recall their hardships, and to tell to a younger generation the story of their sufferings. It seems to us as if those brave men and women had scanty cause for thankfulness. Death had been busy among them. While the Mayflower was lying at Cape Cod six persons died, one of them, Mrs. Bradford, being drowned. In two or three months half the company had been carried off by disease brought about by the exposure and privation of the voyage and of the life they were forced to lead. The six or seven stronger ones who escaped illness "spared no pains night nor day." As William Bradford, afterward Governor, quaintly says: "With abundance of toil and hazard of their own health, fetched them wood, made them fires, dressed them meat, made them beds," and performed all the other humble and often disagreeable offices that are necessary in nursing the sick. "All this willingly and cheerfully, without any grudging in the least, shewing herein their true love to their friends and brethren." The loving service that thinks first of others and last of self.

WHEN the winter had worn itself away and the warm spring days came, the active members of the little colony began to dig the ground and prepare for planting. "Some English seed they sowed, as wheat and pease, but it came not to good, either by the badness of the seed, or the lateness of the season, or both, or by some other defect." The native grain, which they obtained from the Indians, did better. Squanto, one of their Indian friends, taught them how to plant the corn in hills, and to care for it until the young plants flourished. It was on a hot day during the planting that the Governor, John Carver, was overcome by the fierceness of the sun's rays, became unconscious and died of sunstroke. He was greatly honored and beloved, and must have been a sad loss to the infant colony that could ill spare its head. The grief of his wife was so great that in five or six weeks she followed him to the grave.

When the harvest was gathered there was "a good increase of Indian corn, indifferent good barley," but the peas, though they had promised well, were not worth the picking. The Pilgrims had wild ducks, wild turkeys and venison, so now there was no lack of food.

A letter written by Winslow and quoted by Dr. Leonard Bacon in his "Genesis of the New England Churches," says: "Our Governor sent four men on fowling, so that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowl as with a little help besides, served the company almost a week, at which time, among other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming among us, and among the rest Massasoit with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted."

This first Thanksgiving, this rejoicing "together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors," must have cheered the sad hearts of the Pilgrim band and given them strength to endure the rigors of the winter on which they were entering. The turkey, without which no Thanksgiving dinner is complete, was not absent from this feast, the forerunner of so many thousand others. If the meal was not served with all the daintiness of modern appointments, no doubt the appetites of the feasters compensated for any defect in service.

IT is in the country, on the farm, that Thanksgiving is seen in its full glory. A city celebration is only a pale reflection of it. When the farmer and the farmer's wife can think complacently and thankfully that it is their own store which "is safely gathered in ere the winter storms begin," it stirs them to a depth of gratitude that must find expression in acts of hospitality to all their kith and kin.

What glorious times the cousins have when they gather at the old homestead—the elder children proud to show their familiarity with their grandfather's possessions, the younger gazing with admiring eyes and striving with all their might to explore every hay mow and barn nook that is accessible to their adventurous selves. No one who has not tasted the grandmother's chicken pie and pumpkin pie, celery and cranberry can have any just idea of the lusciousness that resides in a Thanksgiving dinner. The last meal of the day is a mere formality after this, and yet who can resist the doughnuts—the brown, fragrant balls that would tempt the most dyspeptic individual to forget the consequences of indiscretion? If their mothers do not interpose the children certainly will brave them all. The boy who has not cut a Jack-o'-lantern from a pumpkin, and arranged the candle artfully to light it to the best advantage, and the girl who has not felt a momentary shock of alarm at sight of the fiery mouth and blazing eyes, have missed one of the legitimate delights of Thanksgiving.

The increasing observance of Christmas Day has, perhaps, detracted a little from the glory of the New England feast. Coming so near another festival there is not the same lavish expenditure of festal feeling as when it was the one great family holiday of the year. The children do not object to a double measure of enjoyment. While we, as well as our English cousins across the sea, take our pleasures sadly, it is well to multiply the holidays and relax the strain of every-day business until we learn to throw it aside completely when the time for recreation comes, and enter into the celebration with more joyousness of spirit than we can muster now. We know how to work with restless, unceasing energy; we have to learn how to play.

THE Pilgrim colonists shared the first Thanksgiving feast with Massasoit and his ninety Indians. We should invite to ours not only those near and dear to us, but some of those others who would eat it in solitude if we did not remember them. To many minds this will seem an almost unjustifiable sacrifice of the coziness of the family party. The blessedness of giving, and of giving something more than of our material substance, will compensate for it.

Those who have never known what it is to be alone in the world, or even temporarily divided from their own kindred, cannot conceive what it is to the solitary ones to be welcomed into a home. A far more substantial benefit would not give a tithe of the pleasure that is felt when its doors unclose to them.

As at Christmas we offer gifts in commemoration of the great Gift of God to man, so at Thanksgiving we should teach the children that true thankfulness prompts us to share our blessings with others. There need be few, or no formal lessons, example is enough.

THE children should be encouraged to help in the preparations for the great occasion. They dearly love to be busy, and if work can be made interesting to them they will do it cheerfully. If the idea is suggested to them they will feel a proud satisfaction in the knowledge that they pared the apples for the pies, or stoned the raisins for the cake. It gives them a sense of proprietorship in the result, which is wholesome for them, if rather comical to the elders. There are many little ways in which even the younger ones can be of use, and they can all be turned to account in teaching them to exert themselves in the service of others.

As Thanksgiving is the formal expression of gratitude for the harvest of the "kindly fruits of the earth," so the bountiful feast is the central point of the day—a tangible evidence that man appreciates the bounty of Nature and can turn it to good account. Fruit is a most appropriate decoration for the table, grapes, when they can be had, being easily arranged and most effective. Rosy-cheeked apples give color and are always extremely satisfactory to the children.

An old-fashioned Thanksgiving demands a midday dinner. Whatever fashion may dictate on other days she should not be listened to on this one, particularly when there are children to be considered.

After dinner there should be time for games and the "recreations" which the Pilgrim fathers themselves did not disdain. Foot-ball is the time-honored game that has delighted many generations of boys. Before it attained to its present height of scientific generalship, when flying wedges were unknown, it was as fiercely contested as on the modern battlefield, and perhaps even more fun was extracted from it.

Thanksgiving must not be only an occasion for feasting and merriment. The deeper lessons that the day should teach must not be forgotten. Even the very little ones can be told its meaning in simple language and with familiar illustrations that will make it plain to them.

WHEN the November twilight closes in is the hour to draw nearer to the open fire and listen to the stories of past Thanksgivings. The children will never forget some of the tales which they hear then. These should be more than merely personal reminiscences and family recollections.

It is an unequaled opportunity to fix in their minds some of the details of those early days of struggle and suffering, steadfast endurance and heroic patience that helped to make New England and her people what they are to-day. Their memory is a priceless inheritance, and American children should not be deprived of it.

If material for the recital is needed it can be found in abundance in the "Chronicles of the Pilgrims" and "Chronicles of Massachusetts," by Dr. Alexander Young. The "History of Plymouth Plantation," by Governor Bradford, tells the story in his own quaint style. It was copied and published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, with notes. Dr. Bacon says that the original was stolen from the Prince Library when the Old South Meeting House, Boston, was occupied by British soldiers, and was found many years afterward in the library of Fulham Palace, London. Mrs. Heman's poem, "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," always pleases the children. Bolton's fine picture, "The Return of the Mayflower," showing the Puritan youth and maiden, perhaps John Alden and Priscilla, in the foreground, will touch their hearts. Two or three pathetic groups are indicated, all gazing at the fast-vanishing ship returning to the old home and leaving them in the new land of hope and promise, yet of hard toil, privation and tribulation.

Thanksgiving Day should close with fun and merry-making. It should be filled with heartfelt gratitude for the good gifts of the year, and, above all, for the power to appreciate and enjoy them, without which the gifts themselves are useless.

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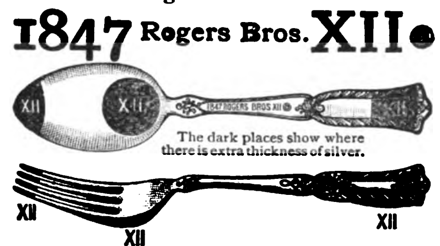

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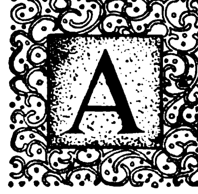
THE WORK OF A FARMER'S WIFE

II—*By Helen Jay*



As a general thing farmers' wives grow old more quickly than any other class of women. At thirty years of age they have lost all semblance of youth, and at forty they are classed among the old people. At the very time when their sisters in the city are at their physical and mental best, life is practically over for them, save as they live again in their children. Hard work is the reason assigned for this state of affairs. We believe, however, that good hard work never injures any one, provided, of course, that the body is properly nourished and the mind intelligently cared for. Physicians say that the insane asylums of our Eastern States are largely recruited from the neighboring farms, and that farmers' wives are more subject to certain mental diseases than any other class of the community. The scientific explanation of this fact is the monotony, not only of their lives, but of their surroundings. We have seen country parlors, upon the carpets of which the rocking-chairs have worn grooves, and where you could tell the lifelong position of the other articles of furniture by the faded and bright patches on the floor. We have also known housewives in the country, who, when they were first married, hung their pictures and arranged their furniture, and never touched them afterward, excepting to clean and replace them at exactly the same angles.

WHILE the women of the city or large towns generally move at least twice during their married lives, and in those movings completely revolutionize the arrangement and appearance of their homes, the farmer's wife is apt to be buried from the same house to which she came as a bride. We are so constituted that change is almost an essential to our physical well-being. Goethe defined rest as changing work. The continual repetition of sights and sounds, no matter how beautiful they may be in themselves, is injurious to the nervous system. To hear new voices and see new faces, and to go into houses we have never entered before act as tonics to the mind.

While the farmer's wife may not be able to travel she can do a great deal for herself within the four walls of her home. To begin with, she should change the arrangement of her household furnishings at least once a year. To quote Mrs. Stowe's "Dinah," she should have "a clarin'-up time." Even the sight of a table in a different position is restful, and one never knows the possibilities of her chairs until she has seen them in every light and at every angle. There are also certain customs peculiar to women living in the country that are disastrous to the cheerfulness of the home. Too many parlors are like miniature cemeteries, they are so filled with memorials of the dead. It is not an uncommon thing to see two or more coffin plates, inscribed with the names of the deceased members of the household, together with their ages and the dates of their deaths, placed conspicuously on the mantelpiece or hanging on the wall. On the table there are apt to be several memorial cards with funereal-looking devices and verses dwelling more or less vigorously upon the horrors of the grave, and wreaths, composed of flowers which are made of the woven hair of the dead relatives and friends, are among the other ornaments of the room. No woman with any degree of sensitiveness can habitually surround herself with the constant reminders of pain and sorrow without injury to her physical well-being. The effect of such a room upon children is especially depressing and often lays the foundation for serious nervous troubles. Many cases of insanity and melancholia may be traced to surroundings that are morbidly suggestive of the dark and painful side of life. The farmer's wife needs to cultivate persistent cheerfulness as one of the cardinal graces. It is no disloyalty to the dead to intelligently serve the best interests of the living, and the entire teaching of religion is dishonored by the custom of darkening and ruining the home on earth because one has gone from it to the brightness and joy of Heaven. An occasional change from one sleeping room to another, especially to one situated in an entirely different part of the house, is also beneficial.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles, in which the physical, mental and social life of a farmer's wife will be discussed, was begun in the JOURNAL of September last. The article therein printed treated of "The Farmer's Wife and Her Boys."

WHILE farmers' wives work very hard in summer it is also true that they take less exercise than any other class of women. In winter they are apt to go to the other extreme and sit in a hot room from morning to night, and when they do go out it is to drive. A brisk walk is almost an unheard of thing, and yet we know that no woman can be really strong who does not exercise regularly in the open air. When the roads are bad the farmer's wife will stay for weeks in a poorly-ventilated house, and as a consequence her complexion grows coarse and sallow. It is a question which ages a woman more quickly, the season of hard work over the washtub and stove or the winter spent in an almost comatose condition of eating and sleeping. Even if the roads are impassable for horses and heavy wagons the farmer's wife should conscientiously take her daily tramp. She can wear rubber boots or high-buttoned arctics, and if well wrapped up will come home from her walk warm and rosy, feeling like another being. Some women have asked, "How can we take a walk without an object? There are no shop windows for us to look at, no people to study on the way." But objects can be made; for instance, one day the farmer's wife can walk to school and come home with the children. They will be delighted, and the little visit to the school and a chat with the teacher will do wonders for the woman who really does not know how the place looks in which her little ones spend most of their time. The interest shown by the mother in the school and teacher will have a gracious reflex influence upon the boys and girls. Neighborhood calls can be made also, and if nothing else presents itself she can go with her husband on his daily inspection of the farm. There is nothing in the world that so binds husband and wife together as the expression of interest in the more personal pursuits of one another. The ordinary man likes to have an interested listener go with him as he walks about his domain, to whom he can point out needed repairs or intended improvements. In this way the wife acquires an influence in the conduct of affairs she would not otherwise gain.

THERE is another respect in which country-women do not do themselves justice, and that is in the matter of dress. They are generally unduly wedded to tradition and utility. Like Mrs. Hackit in "Amos Barton" they are given to regulating their costumes by the calendar instead of the temperature. They dress as their grandmothers did without regard to the changes of climate even that have taken place since those early days. Expense is often urged as a reason why farmers' wives cannot more closely follow the fashions; but it often happens that they spend more money in adhering to traditions than would be required to moderately keep pace with the times. A woman living in the country will generally insist upon buying the most expensive of materials, relying upon their wearing qualities as a kind of investment. She will get a black silk and have it made in the most voluminous fashion, requiring yards of unnecessary goods. This heavy, unbecoming costume will be worn to church under a burning July sun, and no matter how uncomfortable the poor, burdened woman may feel she is sustained by the knowledge that her mother always did the same. A China or India silk, or a light-weight challie would not only be more comfortable, but more stylish and would cost about one-fourth of the amount. This sum devoted to gloves and other accessories of the toilette would do much to make the farmer's wife younger and more attractive in her personal appearance. Almost any close observer can detect country people in the city during summer weather by their utter disregard, not of style, but of comfort. While the citizens of the town are disregarding conventionalities and reveling in low shoes and collars and all manner of easily-laundered cotton goods, the conservative farmer's wife is wearily dragging about a warm silk or cloth gown and an altogether unnecessary wrap heavy with jet and lace. Of course she looks older than the woman who is cool and comfortable and who has reduced her clothing to the minimum of weight. While there are no laundry bills to frighten them, and while they have the sweetest of air and the greenest of grass for bleaching, and no city dust to quickly soil them, still women in the country, as a rule, do not half avail themselves of the delightful possibilities of inexpensive cotton fabrics, which always carry with them a suggestion of youth.

AS far as complexions go there is no reason in the world why women whose lives are spent in the fresh, pure air of the country, untainted by smoke and dust, should not have the finest skins. By exercise in the open air violent enough to produce perspiration, and by regular bathing, the proper ventilation of the home, combined with good nutritious food, they can obtain this crowning glory of womanhood. There is no cosmetic equal to a flower garden. The woman who cultivates roses is apt to have them reflected in her glowing cheeks, and there is nothing so good for a nervous, low-spirited nature as a genuine love for growing things. No woman's life can be monotonous when she is anxiously waiting to see the coloring of her new pansies and is not quite sure whether those lilies will be pink or white. She will dream of her flowers, and her first impulse in the morning will be to run out and see what marvels of opening buds the night has brought forth. The labor of the entire day will seem easier because of these few moments among her flowers, and the desire to get back to her treasures will prove a wholesome incentive to a rapid and vigorous doing of her household tasks. Some women complain, however, and say that it always gives them a headache to work in the garden. This is generally the case because they rush into the hot sun in the very hottest part of the day, often either without anything on their heads or with some hat the weight of which is enough to cause pain in itself. If every woman living on a farm would wear nothing upon her head during the time spent by her in working around her domain but the old-time sun-bonnet of her grandmother's day she would be able to enjoy outdoor exercise without pain. There is no better shield for the eyes and complexion, and the back of the neck, where a delicate woman feels the heat particularly, is shaded by the cape. This bonnet should be made of dark green gingham or some other easily-laundered material; white or lighter colors are dazzling for the eyes, and so induce headaches. For the children these little sun-bonnets are excellent. As a rule, women in the country wear the heaviest of headgear, especially for their best attire, and by that practice lay the foundation of at least some of their nervous troubles.

AS a general thing women living in the country have more beautiful hair than those living in town, but they do not arrange it to any advantage. In this, too, they are very conservative, and never think of such a thing as even trying to follow the fashions afar off. They brush the hair back tightly from the face with a brush dipped repeatedly in water, and twist it into a compact knot at the back of the head, just as their mothers did before them. If they ever curl it at all the curling is apt to be done over a heated pipestem or button-hook, so that the most unbecoming and unnatural kind of kinkiness is the result. Like Pleasant Riderhood, "they never seem able to enter upon any domestic undertaking without first twisting the hair into knots and tightly winding it with both hands, while in the hurry of the operation they carry their backcombs in their mouths." By taking a little care of the hair and studying becoming ways of dressing it, ten years, at least, would be taken from the apparent age of the farmer's wife.

A CLEVER physician once prescribed a new and becoming dress as the best remedy he knew of for a nervous, care-worn woman. History says that a cure was effected. At any rate, we know that there is much truth in the saying of the French, "a woman is just as old as she appears to be," and the woman who would keep young and strong must look young and strong. There is another way in which the farmer's wife injures herself physically, and that is by drinking so much cold water when doing her work. She becomes overheated in the hot kitchen, baking, ironing or washing, and goes from that warm room into her cold dairy, where the temperature is several degrees lower, to cool off for a few minutes, as she says. While resting there she drinks a glass of cold water and then goes back again to her work. She goes from the stove to the cellar without a thought of the risk she is running. This criminal carelessness on her part causes many of the rheumatic fevers so prevalent upon our farms, and if it does nothing else it ruins the finest skin. No surface can be exposed to such extremes without injury, and a face that is first almost blistered with heat and then chilled with a current of cold air is apt to grow wrinkled and coarse, if it is not disfigured by eruptions. Instead of doing so much work in the hot kitchen, the wide, cool piazzas, which, as a general thing, run around one side of the farmhouse, should be utilized for domestic purposes. The ironing and part of the baking can be done here very easily by using a small oil stove; and the vegetables will be quite as thoroughly prepared for cooking if the housewife sits comfortably in the coolest corner, instead of wearily bending over a table in a close room.

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AND MAKES THEM SOFT AND PLIABLE.

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wouldn't count for much if they didn't wear well—but when we tell you they are the

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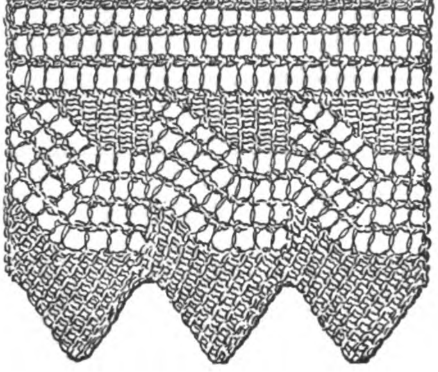
USEFUL DESIGNS FOR KNITTING

Edited by Margaret Sims

JUDGING by letters received from some of our oldest subscribers the page of knitted patterns offered to our readers this month will be very acceptable. The patterns are of an essentially useful and durable type, the more so on account of the heavy edge to each



A USEFUL PATTERN (Illus. No. 4)

border. The heavy edge may be noticed as a rather uncommon feature.

PRETTY BORDER FOR CURTAIN

IN Illustration No. 1 may be seen a very pretty curtain border; it can be worked in any desired width.

Cast on 25 stitches and knit across plain. For the 1st row—knit 2, over, narrow 9 times, knit 4, over, knit 2.

2nd row—knit 7, over, narrow 9 times, knit 12.

3rd row—knit 2, over, narrow 9 times, knit 3, over, knit 2.

4th row—knit 8, over, narrow 9 times, knit 12.

5th row—knit 2, over, narrow 9 times, knit 6, over, knit 2.

6th row—knit 9, over, narrow 9 times, knit 2.

7th row—bind off 6 stitches and knit 25.

DESIGN FOR LACE EDGE

THE design in Illustration No. 2 is a little more complicated; it can be made wide or narrow at pleasure.

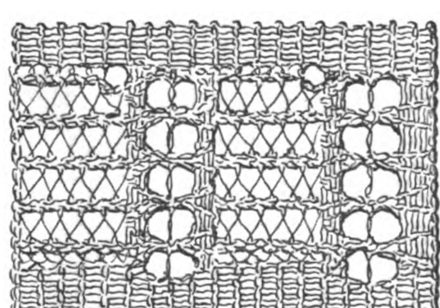
Cast on 25 stitches, knit across plain. For the 1st row—knit 5, over, narrow 7 times, knit 4, over, knit 2.

2nd row—knit 8, over, narrow 7 times, knit 5.

3rd row—knit 5, over, narrow 7 times, knit 5, over, knit 2.

4th row—knit 9, over, narrow 7 times, knit 5.

5th row—knit 5, over, narrow 7 times, knit 6, over, knit 2.



A DAINTY INSERTION (Illus. No. 6)

6th row—knit 10, over, narrow 7 times, knit 5.

7th row—knit 5, over, narrow 7 times, knit 7, over, knit 2.

8th row—knit 11, over, narrow 7 times, knit 5.

9th row—knit 5, over, narrow 7 times, knit 8, over, knit 2.

10th row—knit 12, over, narrow 7 times, knit 15.

11th row—knit 5, over, narrow 7 times, knit 9, over, knit 2.

12th row—knit 5, purl 14, knit 4, over, knit 2.

13th row—knit 26.

14th row—knit 5, purl 14, knit 5, over, knit 2.

15th row—knit 27.

16th row—knit 5, over, narrow 7 times, knit 6, over, knit 2.

17th row—knit 28 (make one stitch of over twice).

18th row—knit 5, over twice, narrow 7 times, knit 7, over, knit 2.

19th row—knit 29.

20th row—knit 5, purl 14, knit 8, over, knit 2.

21st row—knit 30.

22nd row—knit 5, purl 14, knit 9, over, knit 2.

23rd row—bind off 6 stitches, knit 25.

EDGING FOR SKIRT

ILLUSTRATION No. 3 shows a handsome edging for white skirts; it will certainly wear as long, if not longer, than the garment itself on account of the solid Vandyked border.

Cast on 22 stitches, knit across plain.

1st row—knit 3, over, narrow 7 times, knit 3, over, knit 2.

2nd row—knit 4, purl 15, knit 4.

3rd row—knit 3, over, narrow, knit 16, over, knit 2.

4th row—knit 3, purl 17, knit 4.

5th row—knit 3, over, narrow 7 times, knit 5, over, knit 2.

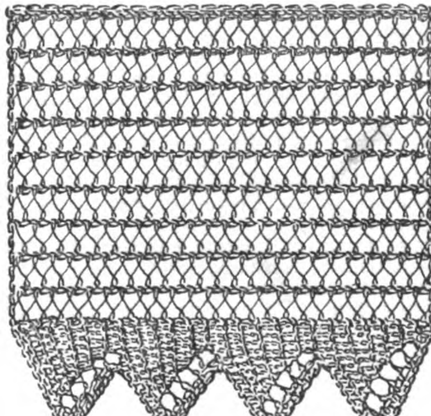
6th row—knit 25.

7th row—knit 3, over, narrow, purl 18, over, knit 2.

8th row—knit 26.

9th row—knit 3, over, narrow, purl 19, over, knit 2.

10th row—knit 27.



PRETTY CURTAIN BORDER (Illus. No. 1)

11th row—knit 3, over, narrow 7 times, knit 10, over, knit 2.

12th row—knit 3, purl 21, knit 4.

13th row—knit 3, over, narrow, knit 22, over, knit 2.

14th row—knit 3, purl 22, knit 4.

15th row—knit 3, over, narrow 7 times, knit 10, over, knit 2.

16th row—knit 30.

17th row—knit 3, over, narrow, knit 23, over, knit 2.

18th row—bind off 9 stitches, knit 22.

This completes one point.

A USEFUL PATTERN

A VERY useful pattern serving almost any purpose is given in Illustration No. 4. It can be worked in fine or coarse cotton, or in wool or silk.

Cast on 22 stitches, knit across plain.

1st row—knit 2, over, narrow 6 times, over, knit 8.

2nd row—knit 23.

3rd row—knit 2, over, narrow 3 times, knit 1, over, narrow 3 times, over, knit 8.

4th row—knit 24.

5th row—knit 2, over, narrow 3 times, knit 2, over, narrow 3 times, over, knit 8.

6th row—knit 25.

7th row—knit 2, over, narrow 3 times, knit 3, over, narrow 3 times, over, knit 8.

8th row—knit 26.

9th row—knit 2, over, narrow 3 times, knit 4, over, narrow 3 times, over, knit 8.

10th row—knit 9, over, narrow 3 times, knit 12.

11th row—knit 2, over, narrow 3 times, knit 22.

12th row—knit 10, over, narrow 3 times, over, knit 12.

13th row—knit 2, over, narrow 3 times, knit 21.

14th row—knit 11, over, narrow 3 times, over, knit 12.

INSERTION AND EDGING (Illus. No. 5)

15th row—knit 2, over, narrow 3 times, knit 20.

16th row—knit 12, over, narrow 3 times, over, knit 10.

17th row—knit 2, over, narrow 3 times, knit 21.

18th row—knit 13, over, narrow 3 times, over, knit 10.

19th row—knit 2, over, narrow 3 times, knit 22. Bind off 9 stitches.

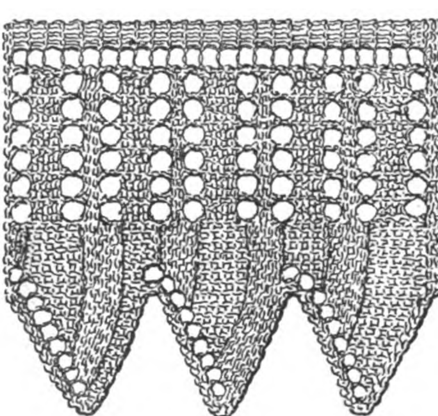
INSERTION AND EDGING

A PRETTY lace of insertion and edging combined is given in Illustration No. 5. Cast on 18 stitches, knit across plain.

1st row—knit 3, over twice, narrow, knit 3, over twice, narrow, knit 3, over twice, narrow, knit 5.

2nd row—purl 16, knit 3 (make one stitch of over twice).

3rd row—knit 3, over twice, narrow,



EDGING FOR WHITE SKIRT (Illus. No. 3)

over twice, narrow, knit 2, over twice, knit 6.

4th row—purl 17, knit 3.

5th row—knit 3, over twice, narrow, knit 2, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 1, over twice, knit 7.

6th row—purl 18, knit 3.

7th row—knit 3, over twice, narrow, knit 3, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, knit 8.

8th row—purl 19, knit 3.

9th row—knit 3, over twice, narrow, knit 3, over twice, narrow, knit 2, over twice, knit 9.

10th row—purl 20, knit 3.

11th row—knit 3, over twice, narrow, knit 7, over twice, knit 10.

12th row—purl 21, knit 3.

13th row—bind off 6 stitches, purl 9, knit 3. Repeat for each point.

A DAINTY INSERTION

AN insertion suitable for using with either of the first three edgings described is shown in Illustration No. 6. It looks very pretty inserted into the goods about three inches from the border for hangings made of scrim. It may be noted that it exactly matches Illustration No. 2. Cast on 18 stitches, knit across plain.

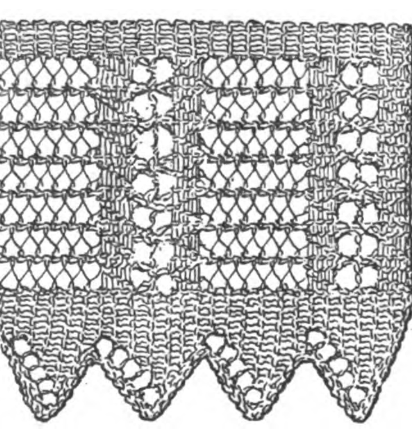
1st row—knit 4, over, narrow 5 times, knit 4.

The next 6 rows are the same as the 1st row.

8th row—knit 18.

9th row—knit 4, purl 10, knit 4.

10th row—knit 18.



DESIGN FOR LACE EDGE (Illus. No. 2)

11th row—knit 4, purl 10, knit 4.

12th row—knit 4, over twice, narrow 5 times, knit 4.

13th row—knit 18.

14th row—knit 4, over twice, narrow 5 times, knit 4.

15th row—18, make one stitch of over twice.

16th row—knit 4, purl 16, knit 4.

17th row—knit 4, purl 10, knit 4.

18th row—knit 4, purl 10, knit 4.

19th row—knit 18.

Some of these patterns work out charmingly in silk, either in cream or white. No. 1 or No. 2 would fall very softly as full neck trimmings for children's dresses. There are several beautiful makes of knitting silk with a soft glossy finish; any one of them may be utilized in knitting the designs given on this page.

B. & B.

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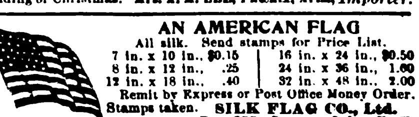

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A Department devoted to a social interchange of ideas among JOURNAL readers. Address all letters to MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 421–427 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

THE falling of the nuts on the crisp leaves and the merry voices of children gathering them are among the most cheerful sounds of this gay season of the year. And what a gay time it is! Nature exhausts herself to make our ingathering joyous, but we ungratefully fail to accept her gifts of beauty, and leave out of our cup of harvest-time toil the sweetening bit of pleasure which she urges upon us. Are not the huskings, the apple-bees and the like frolics, which were the old-time accompaniment of harvest, and followed in its train, going too much out of fashion, without leaving adequate festivities to take their place? Reading circles and study classes are good in their way, and are making the country a much happier place in the winter, but these good things ought not to be put in the place of pure fun.

It is said that more than sixty millions of bushels of nuts are annually gathered in France and Italy, half of these being the large chestnuts which we import in considerable quantities. We have, I think, very much neglected our own nut-bearing trees, which might furnish us a very valuable element of food, as well as afford ornamental shade. Why should they not line our country roads and form pleasant groves near our country homes? Fortunately there is arising a new interest in forestry in this much-abused country; why not at this time inaugurate the pretty German custom of planting a tree—best of all a nut-bearing tree—on the occasion of the birth of a child, on each recurring birthday adding another to his lot? One need not have a large estate to do this, and by the time the child is of age he would have a property of no small value. As each tree becomes "ripe" for timber its place can be filled by a young tree, and so a succession established, furnishing substantial food and useful building material or fuel.

* * *

ANOTHER much-neglected "wild food" is the mushroom and other edible fungi. Mr. William Hamilton Gibson, who knows so much about the fields and woods, says that "a plenteous, spontaneous harvest of delicious feasting annually goes begging there," and in a recent issue of "Harper's Magazine" he illustrates and describes many varieties of the wholesome and the poisonous sorts of so-called toad-stool and mushroom. It is not to be wondered at that the uninitiated should fear to taste these strange growths lest a deadly poison should lurk in them. If one could only be sure which are safe there would be abundant reward for a search for them. Thinking I had in Mr. Gibson's article a sure guide, I eagerly seized a number of these delicate "umbrella-blooms," and took my basketful home to compare them with his illustrations. A few of them rising out of a cup at their roots, I quickly discarded, but others seemed so nearly to correspond with what he assures us are toothsome dainties that I think they were safe to eat. But I was not sure enough to take any risk, and regretfully added my harvest to the flames of an open fire. I shall not be satisfied now until I am personally conducted to the haunts of the more common of our edible mushrooms, and have learned to know them face to face.

* * *

"DO not marry a poor, struggling man. No man in this age has a right to ask a woman to share the ugly limitations of poverty." So says a writer on the marriage question. Would not this almost stop marriage? The great majority are "struggling" if not absolutely "poor" in youth. Do not such men need companionship and help, and does not the strongest love develop under such circumstances? The love of a good woman has strengthened many a man to climb the Hill Difficulty. Would we lose the old song,

"John Anderson, my Jo, John.
We clamb the hill the gither
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither"?

M. B.

It would be sad indeed to blot out of life the experience which is so tenderly expressed by Burns. The happiness of the aged husband and wife who look back upon a youth spent together in industry and thrift, who enjoy comforts which their own hands have brought, and can give to those who are in need a share of their acquisitions, is quite sufficient recompense for early struggles. God forbid that any such evil counsel as you quote should be followed by our daughters.

MY thanks are due to the numerous friends who have answered "D. L.'s" question about "cotton classing." A "Telegraph Operator" in New Orleans thinks that the "land of cotton" offers a fine field for women, but she says that "long time and experience are required" for success, and who has patience or bread and butter in hand for that? The majority of those who want to find work must have a living wage at once.

"L. E. C." from South Carolina writes that in deciding the quality of cotton lint

"One must have a quick eye and keen judgment, and make good use of his eyesight, assisted by his sense of touch. There are thirty-five grades of cotton. One can best learn the business at a factory or cotton port in the North or in a cotton centre in the South, by becoming a bookkeeper for a buyer. It has been suggested that young ladies could make excellent bookkeepers in a cotton buyer's office."

A friend from Georgia writes:

"One may become a good cotton classer by serving an apprenticeship as in any other business. It seems quite simple but it takes years to become an expert. By examining samples of the cotton offered for sale one classifies them according to the stains, trash, fibre, length of staple, whether 'ginned' wet or dry, picked wet or green, etc., etc. There is but little pay in it these times, one thousand dollars being good wages for a season, few getting so much. It is very trying to the lungs on account of the dust and the exposure to all weathers. The best way to study the business is to begin as a sort of general-utility boy and work your way up. You will then find it a hard struggle to make both ends meet. Better learn how to be a first-class cook or housekeeper if you are a woman, or a first-class farmer if you are a man.

"SOUTHERN."

This does not seem very encouraging, but it is written by one who is familiar with the business.

A cotton dealer in the North writes:

"I beg leave to tell you what I know about cotton classing. There are about five grades of cotton and about as many more half grades. In New York, New Orleans and Liverpool are kept the standard types of all the grades and half grades. In nearly all cases cotton is of the same grade all through the bale, so by pulling a sample of about a pound from each bale one can tell what grade of cotton is in the bale. Cotton classing is really grading it, and a good classer must be able to tell at a glance, without any reference to the standard types, just what grade the cotton is. It is a very important position in the cotton business, so a good classer can command a good salary. I have never heard of any but men doing that kind of work, as it is anything but easy, as sometimes it is necessary to climb over a good many tiers of cotton in a warehouse or on a plantation, which, of course, only a man can do. It is almost wholly confined to the South. A. C. A."

Finally one who claims "to be posted on everything from pins to St. Peter," contributes several additional facts and much valuable information.

"The inspectors, who examine and classify the raw cotton that is bought and sold at the large markets, or graders, as they are generally called, like tea tasters and wine graders, become marvelously expert. The work is not laborious, but the occupation only furnishes employment for a limited number, probably not more than a half dozen or so in each of the large cities where the product is bought and sold. It has been reported that some of the most expert receive fifteen dollars per day. One firm employs a negro as head grader. He has several assistants or apprentices under him who are learning the business. A few pieces selected at random from each bale are held up to the light and examined and graded by him, and the bale marked accordingly, and the sample pieces put away for future reference in case of a protest from the mills, but it never comes. His judgment has always held good. After being inspected the cotton is compressed again into smaller bales, so that more can be put in a ship. This is done by a huge machine like a big steam hammer that comes down on the bale with a bang, reducing it from three feet to thirteen inches in thickness. The only way to learn grading is to get a position as apprentice and try. But few succeed, and each year generally finds an old grader with a new lot of apprentices. D. V. E."

From these various sources we have learned that this occupation so highly commended to women is neither easy to find, very remunerative, nor especially adapted to women. But we shall have a new interest in our "cotton batting" and the great bales of cotton we see piled up on the wharves since we know a little more of the labor it costs, even after it is all done, so to speak. Our seamstress sometimes quaintly gives vent to her impatience at the prolonged task of completing a gown. "The finishing is more than the making," she says. There are many things that seem to require a deal of work after they appear to be done before they can really serve their purpose. The moral of this budget of correspondence is: Bread can only be earned by hard and constant work; we cannot expect to have it tossed to us, and have it cake at that.

Mrs. Livermore thus catalogues some of the qualities needed by a successful woman: "Intelligence, system, economy, industry, patience, good nature, firmness, good health, a fine moral sense." There is no better place to exercise and cultivate these gifts than in the home. A daughter thus well-trained is ready for any duty and any emergency.

I HAVE a number of young men friends all from twenty to twenty-five years of age, some of us belonging to a singing club, and in different ways being on very friendly terms. They are all quite moral and good companions, and, to keep up the friendship between us and draw them nearer together, I desire to have them come to my home for an evening, and would like to ask of you how we shall entertain them that we may all get some permanent benefit therefrom, if possible. We have had nothing new for entertainment here for some time. There will be about twenty young men of the middle class in life, and I thought possibly they might pass an evening freer without ladies present, as our home is not very large. Can you suggest any form of entertainment that would be suitable? We are great home folks, and not so good at entertaining a company, being accustomed to simple country life, but we are hospitable at heart and can provide the refreshments, and as you ladies have such a faculty for suggesting entertainment I address you as above. There are so many young men in this city for their health, and away from home, we wish to make them feel free and at home—that they are not strangers in a strange land. I have in mind a few elderly men and their wives—good entertainers, that I thought of having at the same time—who, after getting acquainted with the young men, may invite them to their homes after a time, and thus form permanent acquaintances, and not be on the order of formal receptions, where the parties never expect to meet again. H. C. H.

It seems easier to entertain gentlemen when ladies are present, but there are serious difficulties involved in inviting young ladies to meet gentlemen whose character and antecedents are unknown. One does not care to take the responsibility of the introduction which seems necessary in a mixed company of strangers. And yet it is just these unknown young men to whom you wish to extend a kindly greeting. Perhaps, if the elderly ladies you speak of have young hearts and bright faces, the plan of asking them with their husbands might be successful.

A company of young people to which I was recently graciously admitted spent a merry evening in the following way: As each person entered the room a paper with a name distinctly printed on it was pinned upon the back. Thus every one else but the wearer could see the name, and all conversation was addressed to the person as if he or she were the person named on the paper. The faces were a curious study as each one strove to guess his own name, while he plied his companions with such questions about himself as could be answered by yes or no. Puzzled to know himself he enjoyed his opportunity to puzzle others, and glibly talked to one and another of scenes and events connected with the name which grew heavier and heavier on their backs as time went on without revealing the secret. There were about a hundred persons present, and the characters selected for them were from the past as well as the present—Adam, Abraham, Shakespeare, Milton, Cromwell, Lowell, Tennyson, Dickens, Grant, Cleveland, and others of more local fame. In order to "pair off" the company each name was given both to a gentleman and lady, and it added to the amusement that one could not look for his companion while he was in ignorance of his own appellation. After the guessing was finished the company was seated in pairs, and a new quest was started. A cent was handed to each couple, and they were required to find upon the coin certain things described upon a blackboard, which was placed within the sight of all in the room. Thus the things to be looked for on the face of the cent were: a Jewish tabernacle, the edge of a hill, emblem of royalty, bulbous plants, company of musicians, another name for matrimony, what the Puritans sought, narrow tract of land, instruments of punishment, two sides of a vote, youth and age, first to greet Columbus, geographical division, small animal, tropical fruit. On the back: a messenger, symbol of victory, mode of punishment, a weapon, piece of armor, part of a book, devoted young man, one division of a log line, what children dislike to learn.

Simple prizes were given to the first who discovered the entire list and also to those who failed most completely.

* * *

IS city life, on the whole, more agreeable than country life? By country life I do not mean as it is on the farm, but town or village life.

Although born in a village, from infancy to the age of sixteen I lived and was educated in an Eastern town of seventy-five thousand inhabitants. I have a good education, and am ambitious to advance intellectually. I am very fond of literature and the theatre, and enjoy social intercourse, yet do not care for "society." When sixteen years old I came West with my parents, and we made our home in a little mountain town with a population of five hundred people. There I married, and my husband (who is a professional man with tastes similar to my own) and I, after living there a couple of years, removed to a large Western city. That was nearly three years ago, and still I have a vague, unsatisfied longing for the country. Not even the amusements and attractions offered by a large and busy city are adequate to restore to me the contentment I then enjoyed. I feel quite certain that I am not better developed mentally than I should be had I remained in the little town, for, of course, I made occasional short expeditions to the adjoining city, and did not allow myself to become "rusty." Do you not think one can lead a broad, intellectual and thoroughly satisfying life in the country? COUNTRY WOMAN.

Your early life in the city gave you opportunities for education which you could not have had in the country, and you cannot judge how much of your later happy life out of the town was the result of the quickening influences about you in your girlhood. For the largest development I think we need both the stimulus of the city and the repose of the country.

A. F. H. Abbott.

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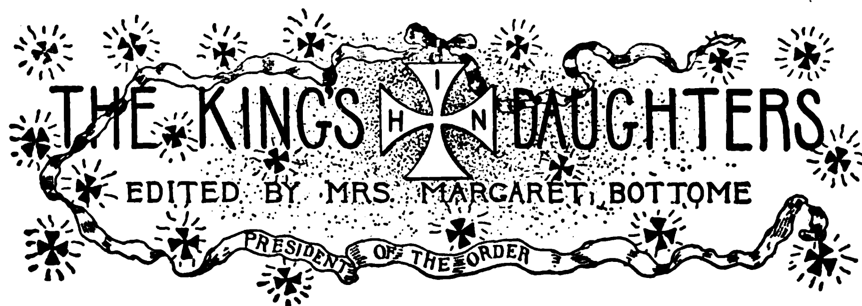
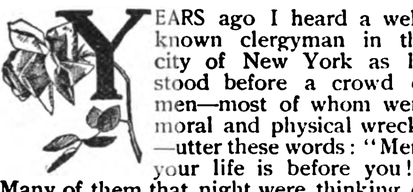


The purpose of this Department is to bring the members of the Order of the King's Daughters and its President into closer relations by personal and familiar "Talks" and "Chats." All letters from the "Daughters" bearing upon this one and special purpose *only*, should be addressed to MRS. BOTTOME, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and she will be glad to receive them. Please do not, however, send letters to MRS. BOTTOME concerning membership in the Order, or business communications of any nature. All such should be addressed direct to the headquarters of the Order, 158 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, and prompt attention will be given.

HEART TO HEART TALKS



YEARS ago I heard a well-known clergyman in the city of New York as he stood before a crowd of men—most of whom were moral and physical wrecks—utter these words: "Men, your life is before you!" Many of them that night were thinking of all they had lost, and they certainly had lost about everything, and it was like the bursting out of the sunlight from a black cloud to hear that rich, manly voice full of hope exclaim, "Men, your life is before you!"

Since I last wrote to those who read this page one has gone from my side who has walked the largest part of life's pathway with me, and during these weeks of a new experience living in a new world, the words I heard in the mission that night, and that startled me with their truthfulness as I took them in, have come back to me, and on the strength of what they mean I live. Of course, in order to see what they mean one must believe that life and immortality were brought to light by the Gospel of Jesus Christ; but to one that apprehends this truth life is always ahead of us—eternal life! If really believed it changes the whole aspect of death. That it is not really believed is never more clear to me than in the way we act when our friends pass on to richer life. That a sense of loss sweeps over one as the form (not the life) passes out of sight is most natural, but we are not left to the natural if we truly believe in Him who says, "I am the resurrection and the life." There is a spirit that comes to teach us and He is called the Comforter. As I write about Him at this time, and think of the many who read this page who mourn, I really feel that I have received a commission—a new commission to comfort all who mourn.

✠

TO COMFORT OTHERS

NOT long ago I received a letter from one who belongs to our JOURNAL Circle and she said: "I think your mission is to comfort women." I thought then what a lovely mission! I did not think that the time was so near when I might enter into a larger mission of comfort, for there were those who could say, "You may be able to comfort some, but you cannot really comfort others until you have passed through the same experience." And now to-day I have a new sorrow that I have taken as a door of comfort for those to whom I may be able to minister, and I want to bring this word to you—"Your life is before you!" You have been looking, at least some of you, the wrong way, and you cannot look two ways at the same time. You cannot look up while you are looking down; you cannot look forward while you are looking back. And you have been thinking of your loss—of all that has gone—of all that might have been. Now the only way is to think of all some one else has gained, of all that is to come, of all you can be to others, at least, in the way of sympathy. If you do not do this you will lose the priceless thing, your own best self! Experiences are the materials for character, and experiences must be used to make the character. Some one says: "It is a great loss to lose an affliction." Don't lose your affliction—don't lose yourself. How few take the view that one took when he said, "Few mercies call for more thankfulness than a friend safe in Heaven, for it is not every one that overcometh." We sing

> "Oh, Paradise! oh, Paradise!
> Where loyal hearts and true
> Stand ever in the light,
> All rapture through and through,
> In God's most holy sight."

But are we unselfish enough to be glad for them? Do we think of them as they are—our living friends that we call dead? And yet we are the dying ones. I remember once getting a postal card from a friend that I had not written to in quite a time, and all that was on the card was, "Are you still in the land of the dying, or have you gone to the land of the living?" My friend was correct. "The land of the living is yonder."

IT IS NOT DEATH

NOT very long ago one near to me told me of a circumstance that interested me at the time, but I cannot tell you what it has been to me in these few weeks past. My friend's little boy of six summers, and who idolizes his mother, came running to her one morning exclaiming, "Oh, mother, you will promise me, won't you? Oh, mother, say yes." She said, "What do you want me to promise, my dear G—?" But he was so nervous he could only almost scream, "You must promise!" Seeing his real suffering, she said, "Well, I promise." "Oh," said he, "I want you to promise to lie close by me in the grave." She looked at him and calling him by name said, "I shall never lie in a grave." He gazed up into her face as she continued, "You know, G—, that at night you take your clothes off and *you* get into bed; of course, your clothes are laid aside. Now, there will come a time when my clothes will be laid in a grave, but *I* shall never go into a grave." And then looking into the little face from which the look of suffering was passing, she said to him, "Do you not know what Jesus said?—'He that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.' G—, I shall never die, and you will never die, and you will never go into a grave!" With a bound of joy the little fellow went off to his play. Do *we* believe? Do we now believe? Do we think of our friends as in the grave? Then we are not New Testament Christians. But there is another side of bereavement that I think much about. We wish we had done things that we did not do, and we wish we had left undone things we did. Now, in the first place, as soon as we see these things we must immediately take in God's forgiveness and theirs. If they could speak to us they would say, "Oh, I do not think of it, do not remember it, I am so filled with love for you." But if we have failed toward those who are gone we must not fail toward those who are left. I know of a woman who talks so much of the perfect child that is in Paradise that it makes anything but an earthly Paradise for those who are left; she really shadows all the other children.

✠

SELFISHNESS IN GRIEF

WE have no more right to be selfish in our grief, in our bereavement, than in anything else. We show our true love for those who are not in our sight (I do not say that we are not in their sight) by being more tender, more considerate, more thoughtful for those who remain. It is only a question of time, and of very short time at that, when we shall go as those around us; we are surely going, and many of us are half-way across the ocean of life. Our friends have only reached the harbor a little ahead of us; their ship is in; we are making for the port; might it not be well to see that we have nothing we would not like to declare? Oh, to have clean papers—to be willing the trunks should be opened!

Now, my dear friends, my comfortless friends, may I speak a few plain words to you that have come to me in these new days? After all, the real question is: Am I ready to depart to be with Christ? Have I the Christly character? Have I done for His suffering humanity all that was in my power to do? Should I not take then this loss, and turning to this sad, suffering world say to myself:

> "There are lonely hearts to cherish
> As the days are going by,
> There are weary souls who perish
> As the days are going by,"

and then taking our sorrow as a sacred trust to be used for Him, go forth weeping if it may be, but sowing? And you will reap; you will have a joy the world can neither give nor take away. Or you may take another road and may nurse your grief until the grief becomes selfish. Did you ever see a mother that could only see her child, and would talk of her child, of her children, and maybe talk to mothers who had children, only they did not talk so much about them? I think we are in danger, at times, of forgetting that others have their sorrows, and their sorrows may be much deeper than ours.

LIVE AND BELIEVE

THERE are worse things than death; what we call death is not the only kind of death. When purity and love and honor die out, that is death. I heard not long ago of a cultivated woman saying, "I make no profession of faith in Jesus as the Saviour, but I have noticed that when death comes my friends, who do profess what I do not profess, take death harder than I take it, for I somehow feel that it must be a merciful change for those who are gone, and I really seem to have more fortitude than my friends have."

Oh, my Christian friend, what an opportunity you have lost if you have not compelled those to say who do not know the One who said, "I am the resurrection and the life," that you have a joy they do not know. We have no right to speak of our loved ones who knew Jesus as if they were dead. He said, "He that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

> "I cannot say, and I will not say
> That he is dead—he is just away!
>
> With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
> He has wandered into an unknown land,
>
> And left us dreaming how very fair
> It needs must be since he lingers there.
>
> And you—oh you, who the wildest yearn
> For the old-time step and the glad return—
>
> Think of him faring on, as dear
> In the love of There as the love of Here;
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> Think of him still as the same, I say;
> He is not dead, he is just away!"

✠

"NEVER FAILETH"

"WE cannot urge others to accept a friend who fails us when we most need the comfort and power of a friend to sustain us."

I was never in my life so equipped to comfort others as at this time—to comfort with the comfort wherewith I have been comforted of God, and largely through human friends. By the way of the JOURNAL came a letter to me from a well-known woman with the sentence I have quoted above, and I said to myself, "Well, I can recommend the Friend above all others as never before."

But this serious thought has come to me: All that this Friend is to me to-day He could not have been if I had not been acquainted with Him, had not cultivated His friendship for years, had not led a spiritual life. I have a "concern," as the Friends say, have something on my mind, and I do not see why I should not say it just here: The reason why so many people take so hard the removal from their sight of their loved ones (that is just the word, for in so many cases it makes them hard—hard toward God, though, perhaps, they do not say it) is that they have not lived in the spirit. What you make everything of will be everything to you. If you make everything of the body, of that which you see with your mortal eyes, why when that is taken away everything is gone. And all this is in the face of, and in direct opposition to, what God has told us. He has in every possible way told us that the things that are seen are temporal, the things that are not seen are eternal. When I read such words as are most common to write under the circumstance of a friend leaving for Paradise, "Your loss is his gain," I smile and say to myself, "His gain is my gain." Why, if anything came to him that made him happy it made me happy; of course his gain was my gain. So if God has given your dear ones the greatest joy He could give—the painless land, the sight of the face that makes Paradise—is there no joy for their joy? "But," you say, "I have lost the human presence." Will you let me tell you that I think you need the spiritual presence?

✠

THE GREAT BEYOND

AND I think there is a sense in which we can say that of our spiritual friends that have gone from our human sight, but unless they were good and true, and unless there were spiritual affinities between us, we need not expect to have this peculiar joy. And just here is where my concern comes in for many who are professedly Christians; husbands and wives who live on year after year and do not become more spiritually minded, do not make the most of the enduring, the eternal, do not talk together of the Great Beyond, do not say to one another, "We shall be separated in presence but a little while," and really cultivate the things that remain, that cannot be moved. Why, it is no wonder to me when one or the other leaves for the unknown (unknown only to faith) the one that's left is desolate. And I want to put my seal just here to the word we have so often read, "They that trust in the Lord shall not be desolate." There can be no desolation to one who knows Jesus Christ. He holds our treasures; they are safe in Him.

Margaret Bottome

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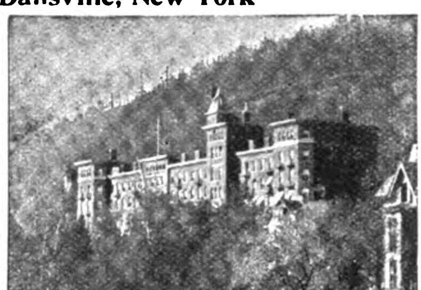

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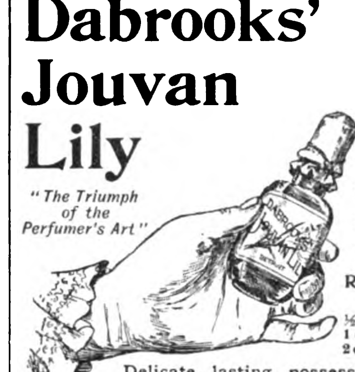

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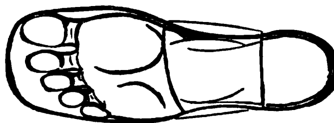

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WITH this issue of the JOURNAL, no advertisements couched in the form of reading matter, or made to resemble such, will be found within its pages, and the special rate of eight dollars per line for such advertising has been withdrawn. All advertising hereafter found in the JOURNAL will be of the regular display nature, in the regular places assigned it, and no artifice will be allowed to deceive the reader that it is anything else. This rule has been made by the JOURNAL entirely for the protection of its readers, who may hereafter feel assured that whatever resembles an advertisement is such, and what appears as letter-press is that and that only.

A FRANK WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS

THIS magazine is unlike all others in the fact that it constantly carries the names of over 500,000 subscribers in type. To handle expeditiously such an army is by no means an easy task. It requires hundreds of hands. We say this, just now and here, to impress upon our readers the service which they can render themselves and us by an early renewal of their subscription when they receive a notice of its expiration. A renewal sent immediately to us means a continuance of a subscription without interruption to the subscriber. Where time is allowed to go by, however, and then the renewal is sent to us, it needs to pass through a certain machinery to look over back lists. This takes time, prevents us from giving prompt service, and often irritates the subscriber. Where the subscriber delays she causes a similar delay with us. Where she is prompt in sending her renewal we can be prompt.

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AT each Christmas season many readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL order subscriptions for this magazine to be sent to friends as holiday gifts, thus continuing through the year twelve pleasant reminders of the friendship of the giver. This year the JOURNAL has prepared an artistic card of appropriate design, which will be sent in a sealed envelope to each person for whom a subscription is thus ordered, giving the name of the donor.

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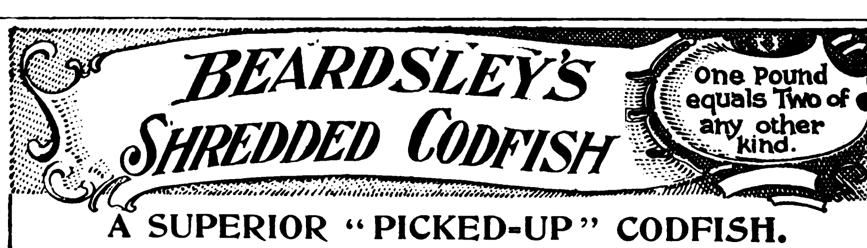

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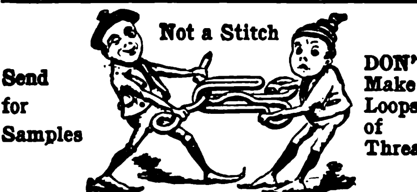

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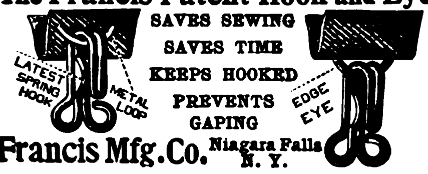

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E. M. D.—A first call should be returned within two weeks.

TWINKLE—I do not think that chiffon can be washed.

E. B. R.—White canvas shoes are worn with cotton or linen gowns.

DOROTHY E.—A letter addressed to me, care of the JOURNAL, will reach me.

LORRAINE—In going down, as in going up stairs, a lady precedes a gentleman.

R. L.—If a stranger opens a door for you it would, of course, be polite to bow and say "thank you."

CLOVER—A well-bred girl would certainly not address a mere acquaintance by his Christian name.

ANNIE—A gentleman does not offer his arm in the daytime unless it should be to an invalid or a very old lady.

Z.—It is not necessary to give a present to a young girl simply because you are invited to her birthday party.

EVY—It would be very improper, while your father and mother are absent, for you to ask a young man to dine with you.

A CURIO—I certainly cannot advise the marriage of two people whose religions are so different as the Catholic and Protestant.

Q. C.—It is certainly very wrong in you to meet, at the house of a friend, the young man to whom your father and mother object.

M. A.—When some one is introduced to you a simple bow is sufficient. (2) One does not fold the napkin before leaving the table.

SYLVIA—I do not know why you should suppose that I am a man, for I can assure you very positively that I am very much of a woman.

H. M. RICHMOND—Indeed, I should be glad to be counted on your list of friends, and thank you very much for your kind words to me.

DOROTHY A.—I do think it is very difficult to stop using slang, but I am also quite certain that if you determine to do it you will succeed.

S. S. S.—A girl of eighteen should not have dark rings under her eyes, and if she has I would advise her consulting her family physician.

P. A. B.—It is not good form to use colored letter paper; clear white, with a cipher, an initial or a monogram, is considered in best taste.

LEILA—If it is in the evening, and a married man of your acquaintance is walking home with you, it is quite proper for him to offer you his arm.

C. W. H.—It is in very bad taste for a young man to take a young woman's picture without her permission, even if he thinks she sees him doing it.

LADY JANE—As you only know the young man from seeing him at Sunday-school and at his place of business I should not advise your speaking to him.

ESTHER—As the gentleman is coming to the city in which you live, not by your invitation, it is not necessary for you to ask him to make your house his home.

X. Y. Z.—The cold cream which I have advised at different times for the skin is that which is sold at the drug shops and of which one can buy any quantity desired.

M. F.—There is no impropriety in your Sunday-school teacher giving you his photograph, but I should not, if I were in your place, make a secret of possessing it.

GLADYS—A very simple silk evening dress might be worn by a girl of sixteen. (2) Orange blossoms are supposed to represent maidenhood, and are only worn by a bride.

A. C.—The dresses of a girl of thirteen should be just above her ankles, and her hair should be arranged in a single plait, looped and tied with a narrow black ribbon.

HAWTHORNE—If your sister-in-law is illiterate and rude all that you need do is to be polite to and considerate of her. It is not necessary to affect a love that you do not feel.

W. H.—I doubt, my dear boy, if at twenty you can control a willful girl of eighteen, and I would suggest your waiting a little while before you make a proposal of marriage to her.

FANNY D.—In bidding your hostess good-by, say that you hope you will have the pleasure of seeing her soon; this is the usual way of suggesting your desire for a visit from her.

GOOD HOPE—In writing to a gentleman who has done some kindness for you, begin the letter "My Dear Mr. Brown"; in writing to a doctor, address him as "My Dear Doctor Smith."

DOROTHY—It is not necessary when a gentleman is kind enough to act as your escort to do anything more than thank him for his kindness. If he wishes to visit you he will ask permission.

I. W. H.—It is never good taste to wear white slippers and white stockings on the street. (2) An article on the arrangement of the hair appeared in the August number of the JOURNAL.

A PERPLEXING QUESTION—I think I should stop all acquaintance with the young man who told me one week that he loved me, and within a short time announced that he had changed his mind.

D. S. S.—It is proper for the mother of your betrothed to call upon you and your mother, and it is usual for her to give some entertainment in honor of the woman her son has chosen for his wife.

AMELIA—When it is not raining an umbrella should be strapped. (2) The bridegroom's mother, even if she does not fancy the bride, should, for her son's sake, pay her a visit before the marriage.

K.—If, after you have met a gentleman, he asks permission to call, it will be wisest under the circumstances to tell him the truth, that is, that your parents do not allow you to receive men visitors.

ZEE—It is very improper for a man to smoke in the presence of a woman, and certainly no gentleman would do this when walking on the street with a woman, even if he were engaged or married to her.

ROSE LEAF—I should advise your going to a dentist in regard to the black spots on your teeth. (2) A letter to a friend should begin "My Dear Mary," and end "Yours affectionately" or "Yours cordially."

A. C. H.—As the woman who is your maid has been with you so long, it would be quite proper for your entire family to go to her wedding, and then go to the supper-table and remain only for a few minutes.

B. P. M.—I do not think it in good taste for different members of a party to go off in pairs and spend the evening alone on the seashore. (2) Ask your mother to write to the young man requesting that he return your pin.

E. K.—Surely I do not disapprove of true, honest friendship between two girls, but what I do dislike is the silly, gushing imitation of friendship that seems at present so prevalent, like a disease of some sort, among very young women.

BUTTERCUP—Small talk simply means the light discussion of the topics of the day, and the exclusion of all personalities. (2) The fact that you see different young men in a business way every day does not necessitate your bowing to them.

M. B. J.—The leaving of cards at the time of a tea or reception is done so that the hostess may know that you were present, for seeing so many people she is apt to forget exactly who were there. After a large affair party calls should be made.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER—When a gentleman offers to act as your escort accept his offer with thanks and start for home, bidding him good-by at the door and not stopping to talk outside. (2) In crossing the street a gentleman walks just beside a lady.

AN IGNORANT GIRL—I cannot advise you to marry a man who is a drunkard and addicted to other vices, expecting him to reform after his marriage. Be sure if he will not do what is right for right's sake, he would never do it for a woman's sake.

ADMIRER—I think that it is very unwise for a young married woman to have any intimate man friend except her husband. I do believe in innocent friendships, but such a one as you describe is decidedly dangerous, even if it only gives rise to silly and untrue talk.

ANXIETY—When a man asks a girl to be his wife it is usually supposed that he knows what he is talking about and means it. Under the circumstances I should think you would be the one to decide whether, after such a short acquaintance, it would be wise to accept his offer.

CYNTHIA—I think you are doing very wrong in engaging yourself to one man while you are still betrothed to another. If you feel that you do not care for the first then tell him so; dissolve the engagement, and after that you will be free to unite yourself to the man you really love.

ANITA—My dear girl, what can I say when you tell me that although an invalid you have fallen in love with your physician, who is a married man? The wisest thing for you to do is to pray to God to turn this love into a simple friendship, and be sure you will then be very much happier in it.

KING'S DAUGHTER—It would be perfectly proper for you to send wedding invitations to your employers and their wives. (2) I do not think it would be necessary for you to leave a remembrance of yourself in the office, as that would be apt to suggest that you expected some such courtesy from the people themselves.

SWEET SIXTEEN—I think you do not quite understand what a chaperon is. When a young girl is not chaperoned by her own mother her chaperon is some married friend who is kind enough to undertake this tiresome office, and, of course, the young girl walks beside her when they are out together.

TRULY RURAL—As you are anxious to do what is right I would advise your acting toward each young woman as you would like a man to act to your own sister. Personally, I think the best way to show your sincere love for the young woman is to ask her to be your wife. Then you will discover exactly what she thinks.

GARDA—I think you can travel all over the United States alone, and if you conduct yourself quietly, and as a lady would, you will receive all due respect. At the same time it is, perhaps, a little wiser to have a friend with you, or even, if that is not possible, to be put in the care of some one who is making the same journey that you are.

L. M.—It is customary to send announcement cards to all those friends whose acquaintance you wish to retain after you are married. At a home wedding the bridesmaid and groomsman would precede the bride in entering the parlor. It is quite proper, if they wish, for the bridesmaids to wear light pink or blue when the bride is gowned in white.

F. J. R.—As the gentleman is an old friend there will be no impropriety in corresponding with him. (2) If, after a correspondence extending over three years, a young woman should ask that her letters either be burned or returned to her, the natural conclusion would be that she wished the correspondence to stop; and, if I were the young man, I should return the letters to her.

S. A. H.—Even if the sister of the bridegroom did call after the reception and say that it had been intended for you to receive an invitation but that you had been "overlooked," I should not advise you to continue the acquaintance or to call on the people. Women of good breeding do not permit themselves to "overlook" those to whom courtesies are due. (2) After an evening party pay a call within two weeks, leaving two of your husband's and one of your own cards.

DOROTHY G.—In introducing your cousin, a young lady, it is not necessary to mention the relationship in using the formal mode of presentation, but instead say, "Miss Jones, will you allow me to present Mr. Smith," and then looking at Mr. Smith add, "Miss Jones is my cousin." (2) As your mother is an invalid, it is proper for you to leave her cards when returning the visits made to her and to you. (3) It is proper for a hostess to shake hands with a man visitor on his arrival and at his departure.

TO MY GIRLS—I am so rich in gratitude, and so poor in words that I do not know how to say "thank you" to my girls. When I asked that they might say a prayer for my good health, I thought that one or two might remember me, but God in His goodness seemed to make each one understand all that their prayers meant to me, and so they have gone up night and morning from the lips of many hundreds, until in response to their requests I have felt health coming back to me. I wonder if you all know how difficult it is to say just what one wishes? When the heart is full of happiness and the eyes of glad tears, the lips have no power and can only silently say the prayer, "God bless every one of you and help you as you have helped me."

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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.

R. G. H.—I cannot tell you where you can get patterns for making paper flowers.

MRS. W. I.—Your Begonia is a slender-growing variety, and no kind of culture will make it sturdier.

MRS. A. P.—Specimen sent, Cactus *optunia*. Color of flowers, pale yellow. Some plants bloom when small, others are without flowers for years. Much depends on treatment.

MRS. T.—Parsley is grown from seed, but you would not be likely to succeed with it in the house. (2) Your Begonia probably gets too much water. It should not be given a sunny window.

O. B.—Flowers are pressed by placing them between absorbent paper—like that of which blotters are made—and putting heavy weights on them. Do not disturb them until the moisture is well taken out.

MRS. C. B. G.—If your Fuchsia insists on sending up shoots from its roots remove them. That is easily done, and it is all that can be done, as you would have seen if you had given the matter a little thought.

A. D. I. S.—Smilax does not require strong sunshine. It should not be watered while resting. It should be allowed to rest for at least two months. The roots should be separated. The soil should be a rich, sandy loam.

IGNORANCE—Your flowering Almond can be pruned as necessary. There is no danger of damaging it. It can be propagated by division of the roots or by layering. Generally shoots can be taken away from the old plant with good roots adhering.

A. M. G.—If but one of your Roses fails to perfect its flowers it is quite probable that the trouble is defective vitality, peculiar to that variety. I would give it a specially good treatment as to soil and protection during the winter, pruning it in sharply in spring.

NEW BRUNSWICKER—There is a very wide difference between paraffine and kerosene. An emulsion of the latter can be bought, but it is cheaper to manufacture it at home, as needed, when only small quantities are required. There is very little trouble in making it if you have a florist's syringe.

L. H. C.—The very best fertilizer for Roses is old cow-manure. Hog-manure is not to their liking. They do finely in thoroughly-rolled chip-yard soil. Add about one-third cow-manure to the loam where you plant your Roses, and take pains to have the soil firm about their roots. After they get well to growing you can give more fertilizer by top dressing. Use no sand nor gravel, unless the soil is a very heavy clay.

MRS. A. E. B.—Lime-water will surely kill worms if applied as advised repeatedly in these columns. Some tell me that "parlor" matches will kill white worms. Others say they will kill the plants also. If you try them do so cautiously, and experiment on one or two plants before using them on others. Some tell me that copperas water is excellent. I find that I have very little trouble from them if I do not use cow-manure.

G.—The fruits you name are pretty things to experiment with, but I don't think you would come to depend on them. (2) Mahonia is an excellent shrub, where hardy. (3) Olea *fragrans* is a good plant for greenhouse culture, but not desirable for the living-room. (4) Crape Myrtle is well worth growing. Being a summer bloomer it can be wintered in the cellar. (5) Genista would probably disappoint you in a room where gas is used.

M. A. S.—You say, "If you advise kerosene emulsion" (as I do), "you'll have to tell me how to make it." I have repeatedly given the formula for its preparation in this department, as you will find if you take the trouble to refer to back numbers. I have nearly a dozen inquiries about this emulsion from parties who say they have long been subscribers to this paper. Had they been new subscribers I would gladly have given the formula again, for their benefit, but I do not care to do so for those who dislike to take the trouble to look over their old papers.

M. C. R.—Plants in the cellar in winter should be kept in a comparatively dark place, and given very little water. They should be kept cool, but free from frost. Heat, light and water are all excitants of growth, and we aim to keep the plant as nearly dormant as possible. Bulbs can be taken from pots after ripening, the same as from the ground. (2) Probably your Cactus wants a rest. Put it in the cellar. (3) A four-inch pot is very much too small for an Easter Lily to grow in. (4) The Brugmansia should be given a rich soil and considerable water.

R. H. A.—I can't give you any information about your Geraniums, because you really give me no information about them. If a plant needs turning turn it. If any one tells you you will injure it by so doing laugh at them. (2) The "secondary" flower of the Calla is generally somewhat smaller than the first one. Its size can be increased by feeding the plant liberally with liquid manure. (3) Palms are always most satisfactory if grown in shade. Some varieties grow more rapidly than others. It takes several years to grow them into fine specimens, though young plants are very pretty.

MABEL—The brown leaves on your Orange may come from an insect. Examine the plant. If it is growing and flowering its roots must be in good condition. If you find scale apply the kerosene emulsion frequently spoken of in this department. If red spider, syringe the foliage—especially on the underside—daily. (2) Your Heliotrope, if healthy, will bloom in good time. (3) The Verbena is not a good house plant. (4) Several persons have written me that moles will leave the garden if Castor Beans are scattered in their runway, or if the plant is grown near them. The Castor Bean is the Ricinus of the catalogues, and is extremely ornamental. Try it, and if the moles don't leave you will have a very charming plant.

A. M. S.—The Azalea must be given a soil of peat and sand, in order to be able to do its best. It should have a comparatively low temperature—60° or 65°. It should be watered well. Its roots are very fine, and there are thousands of them, and they form a dense mass which water fails to penetrate unless great care is taken to see that there are little channels through them. These can be made by running a wire through and through the mass. The plant forms its buds in the fall, but does not perfect its flowers until the following season. In summer it should be put out-of-doors in a sheltered place, and showered daily. Then is the time when especial care should be taken to see that it has all the water it needs, as plants out-of-doors dry out rapidly. Do not disturb the roots, and do not repot often. Your second question can only be answered by mail.

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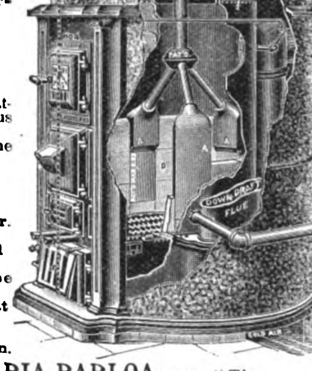

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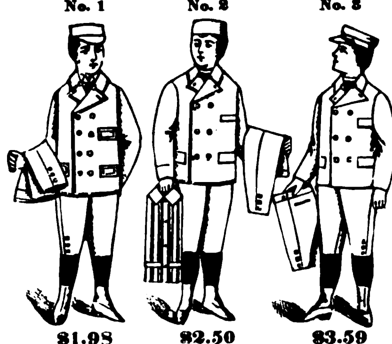

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HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

EMMA M. HOOPER.

FANNY—Black could be made up with a pink China silk, chiffon or crêpe vest and crush collar. (2) The summer styles, already described, comprised the godet skirt, leg-of-mutton sleeves and coat, godet or round waist.

MARY J.—Lemon and glycerine. (2) Dresses to instep. (3) You are too young to have your mind dwelling upon young men. (4) Wear navy blue, stem and dark greens, brown, cream, "baby" blue and lavender.

A WESTERNER—I am not conversant with the art of reading character. (2) Your writing is not very legible. (3) Black silk waists can be worn with colored skirts, but whether in good taste or not is a mooted question.

HESTER A.—For a young lady trim a black silk with a white chiffon vest, banded with narrow jet spangled gimp and short, wide revers and epaulette ruffles of white *point de Vênise* lace. (3) Omit the lace overdrapery.

PEN ARGYL—You are safe in getting a brown mixed tweed, Scotch cheviot or sacking for the traveling gown. (2) At one dollar a yard you can get for the white silk a taffeta having a tiny dot or dash like satin in it.

M. E. S.—The name you wish is a purchasing agent. (2) The information you seek cannot be given in this column. Unless you have a circle of friends to assist you this avenue of employment can hardly be recommended.

MISS GEORGETTE—Wear all black for a year if you adopt mourning at all. (2) Velvet is not mourning. (3) A thin, black, woolen-like crépon, with accessories of dull black silk. (4) The brothers wear "strict black" for the year.

MRS. C. E. K., MISS M. B., MISS CLARA B., MISS SADIE M. H., MRS. LUCY W. I.—Personal letters to these addresses have been returned as "unclaimed." This usually happens if correspondents are careless about sending their full addresses.

MISS G. D.—If the inner seam of your sleeves will twist around, it shows that you have not cut the two parts of the sleeve exactly with the grain of the cloth, or that you have not joined the seam perfectly even. You must be exact in these little things.

FOND MOTHER—Girls often wear a long braid until seventeen; the bang may be parted or not, or simply curled. (2) Skirt of dark Galatea, Holland linen, navy chambrey or indigo gingham. (3) Gloves should be worn in preference to mitts for full dress.

MRS. K. I.—If you buy the inferior quality of velveteen bindings I am not surprised that they do not give satisfactory wear. The cheapest of dress linings and finishings are not worth using. A fast black soft cambric for skirt lining costs eight cents a yard.

MARTHA H.—Your velvet trimming is out of style, but you could have crush collar, sleeve puffs and short, wide revers of black moiré. Cut the dress with a four-yard godet skirt and short, pointed waist; then add a circular basque piece, five inches deep, of either goods.

PERCIVAL—Gray is combined with black, white, brown or green. (2) For the old rose have a full yoke, crush belt and sleeve puffs of the satin; low baby waist, leg-of-mutton sleeves and godet skirt of the woolen goods, and a bertha ruffle of net top *point de Vênise* lace.

LOU—Either thin the bang out or have a barber do it, unless you have too much hair combed forward. (2) Braid the back hair, tie the ends with ribbon or turn the braid up in a loop, though girls even of fourteen wear the flowing hair. (3) A veiling, crépon, plain challie or albatross.

SUE M. W.—Space for your letter has not been found until now. Use grenadine for the dress as leg-of-mutton sleeves, round waist or a godet basque and godet skirt. Have lace epaulette ruffles and short, wide revers; rows of moiré ribbon on the skirt and moiré belt and collar.

A. T. B.—Chiffon, crêpe or silk muslin are the prettiest for such a fichu. A large square is selected, folded like a handkerchief to form one diagonal edge, with the double point at the back rounded off. A ruffle of the goods or of the lace is then put entirely around the four sides.

IRENE H.—Your skirts should come to your shoetops. (2) Wear either tan or gray gloves as well as cream. (3) A cream veiling should be made with a round waist, leg-of-mutton sleeves and godet skirt. Lace bertha ruffle; ribbon belt and collar. If you trim the skirt use rows of ribbon.

M. B. P.—If for street wear combine darker green velvet or black moiré with the satin; if for the house use a small-figured changeable green satin and cream lace. (2) For general wear have a brown mixed cheviot, sacking, serge or tweed; the nicer dress to be of silk-warp Henrietta, fine serge, diagonal or woolen Henrietta.

M. CECELIA—Narrow-striped effect in tweed, serge or basket cloth in brown or navy blue shades. Pointed front godet basque, leg-of-mutton sleeves and untrimmed godet skirt; trim with crush collar, wrist folds and short, wide revers of satin. (2) If you do not object to expense have a black silk made according to the description in article which appeared in the May issue.

ECLIPTIC—Use black moiré and black bourdon lace or a changeable satin, and cream guipure lace with your silk. (2) Eton jackets and pink shirt waists will be worn. (3) Passementerie jackets are *passé*. (4) The yellow would not be suitable for street wear, but would for carriage use at a summer resort. This is a universally becoming shade and trims well with "yellow butter" lace.

TRIXIE—It is very difficult for me to state what colors you should wear. A stranger can only give a general idea; this I have done several times in the JOURNAL. (2) It is unnecessary to send me samples of hair. (3) You are a blonde. (4) A person of your size cannot dress as girlishly as a smaller figure could. A godet skirt and pointed godet basque, having lace epaulettes and yoke, would be pretty.

STAR B.—Your silk is dark for evening wear, and by the time you make a four-yard godet skirt, pointed front godet basque and immense leg-of-mutton sleeves, will there be any left? (2) Trim with sleeve epaulette ruffles and short, wide revers of deep cream guipure lace. (3) The chiné-striped silk can be made over moiréd percaline; trim with satin ribbon the color of the stripe, and with white lace. (4) There is a dress shield that will wash, but names cannot be given in this column. (5) You can add a black moiré belt to your red, and trim skirt with bands of black moiré ribbon; shoulder bows also of the same.

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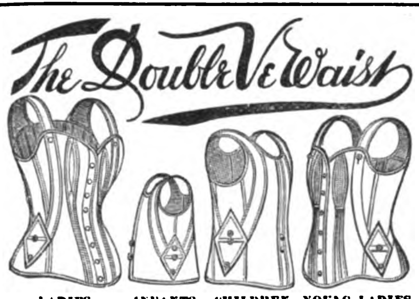

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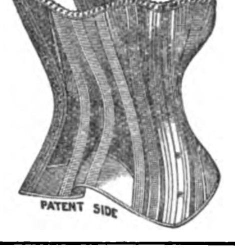

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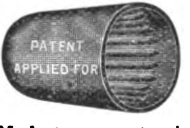

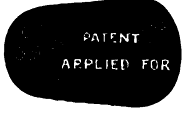

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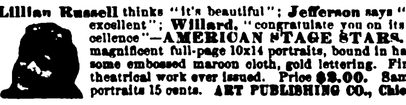

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Under this heading the EDITOR will endeavor to answer any possible question of general interest concerning literary matters.

E. M.—Phillips Brooks was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in December 1835.

LOTTIE—It was Ruskin who said, "I think America is a United States of probation."

EXETER—It is said that there are two hundred and fifty thousand words in the Century Dictionary.

E. H.—James Montgomery Bailey, the "Danbury News Man," died at his home in Danbury, Connecticut, in February of this year.

LANSING—The term stilted as applied to literary matters signifies that the article in question is written in a pompous, high-flown style.

DARLINGTON—An "*edition de luxe*" is a specially fine edition, prepared upon special paper and bound in some particularly special way.

B. M. C. N.—Letters addressed to Mr. William Dean Howells, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge or Kate Douglass Wiggin in care of the JOURNAL will be forwarded.

M. R. H.—The colors of Lake Forest University are red and black. (2) A sketch of Richard Harding Davis appeared in the August issue of the JOURNAL.

MALDEN—A sketch of Miss Julia Magruder, the author of "A Beautiful Alien," appeared in the JOURNAL of October, 1893, a copy of which will be sent you for ten cents.

JOURNAL READER—Milton was not born blind. His sight began to be defective when he was in his thirty-fourth year, and although he was warned by his physician that he must not use his eyes his work was so important that it did not seem possible for him to rest. He became totally blind in his forty-fourth year.

SEARLE B.—Never ask an editor to read your manuscript "at once." You have no right to do it. Remember that in the submission of a manuscript to an editor you ask a favor of him in its reading, and favors should never be sought by commands. The reading of manuscripts is only a part, a very small part, of an editor's work.

RUBY—It was Madame de Staël who said that "if the founder of Christianity had done no more than to say, 'Our Father which art in Heaven' he would have conferred an inestimable boon upon the children of men." (2) Walter Besant is an Englishman; his name is pronounced as though spelled Be-sant with the accent on the last syllable.

GALVESTON—"A Roland for an Oliver" is the phrase. These were two of the most famous of Charlemagne's knights whose exploits were rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by old romancers that from thence arose the saying of giving one "a Roland for an Oliver," to signify the matching of one incredible lie with another.

EASTHAMPTON—The Mr. Hardy who is editor of "The Cosmopolitan" magazine is an American. His name is Arthur Sherburne, he is the author of "But Yet a Woman," and "The Wind of Destiny." The author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is Thomas Hardy, an Englishman. (2) "Sidney Luska" is the *nom de plume* of Henry Harland. He has latterly resided in England.

MANY CORRESPONDENTS—It is said that the familiar verses beginning, "Sleep sweetly in this quiet room," were written for the late President Eaton, of Madison University, Hamilton, New York, by Mrs. E. M. H. Gates, of Orange, New Jersey. They were written for an inscription, and embroidered as such upon an heirloom quilt. The verses originally began, "Sleep sweet beneath this silken quilt."

TARRYTOWN—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is very happily married; her husband, the Rev. Herbert D. Ward, is a son of Dr. Ward, the editor of the "Independent." Mrs. Ward's home is near Boston. (2) Charles Dudley Warner is the author of "My Summer in a Garden." (3) John Ruskin was born in London, England, in 1819. He has not been appointed Tennyson's successor as Poet Laureate.

CONSTANT READER—In 1833 John Henry Newman, while traveling on the Continent for his health, was becalmed a week in the Straits of Bonifacio. Then it was that he wrote the hymn, "Lead Kindly Light, Amid the Encircling Gloom." It bore at first the title, "The Pillar of Cloud," and the motto, "Unto the Godly there ariseth up light out of the darkness." It was in 1845 that he joined the church of Rome.

EXETER—The author of "Black Beauty" was Anna Sewell. She was born in Yarmouth, England. While only in her teens she met with an accident which crippled her for life. Her study for "Black Beauty" was made while driving her father to and from the Shoreham station. The book was begun in 1871 and published in 1877. During part of this time, as she was too weak to endure much fatigue, the writing was done in pencil, her mother afterward copying it for the printer. Miss Sewell died in 1878.

W. X. Y.—Switzerland, France, Belgium, England, Germany and Italy have been admitted to the benefits of the new international copyright law. For an American citizen to secure copyright in Great Britain, the fee for which is five shillings sterling, and the work must be published in Great Britain simultaneously with its publication in the United States, and five copies of the publication are required. A foreigner may secure copyright in France by depositing two copies of the publication at the Ministry of the Interior in Paris. In Germany a foreigner must enter his work in the general registry book of copyrights at Leipzig, and have it published by a firm having its place of business within the German Empire.

CHARLES S.—An applicant for a copyright, on or before the day of publication in this or any foreign country, must deliver at the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C., a printed copy of the title of the book, map, etc., or a description of the painting, etc., or a model or design for a work of the fine arts for which he desires a copyright. He must also, not later than the day of publication in this or any foreign country, deliver at the Librarian's office two copies of a book, photograph, chromo or lithograph, printed from type set within the United States, or from plates made therefrom, or from negatives or drawings on stone made within the United States, or from transfers made therefrom, or a photograph of a painting, drawing, statue, model or design. The Librarian's fees will be: for recording the title or description of any copyright book or other article, 50 cents; second, for every copy under seal of such record actually given to the person claiming the copyright, or his assigns, 50 cents; third, for recording and certifying any instrument of writing for the assignment of a copyright, $1, and fourth, for every copy of an assignment, $1. The charge for recording the title or description of any article entered for copyright, the production of a foreigner, is $1. The Secretary of the Treasury prints at short intervals catalogues of title entries for distribution at a small charge.

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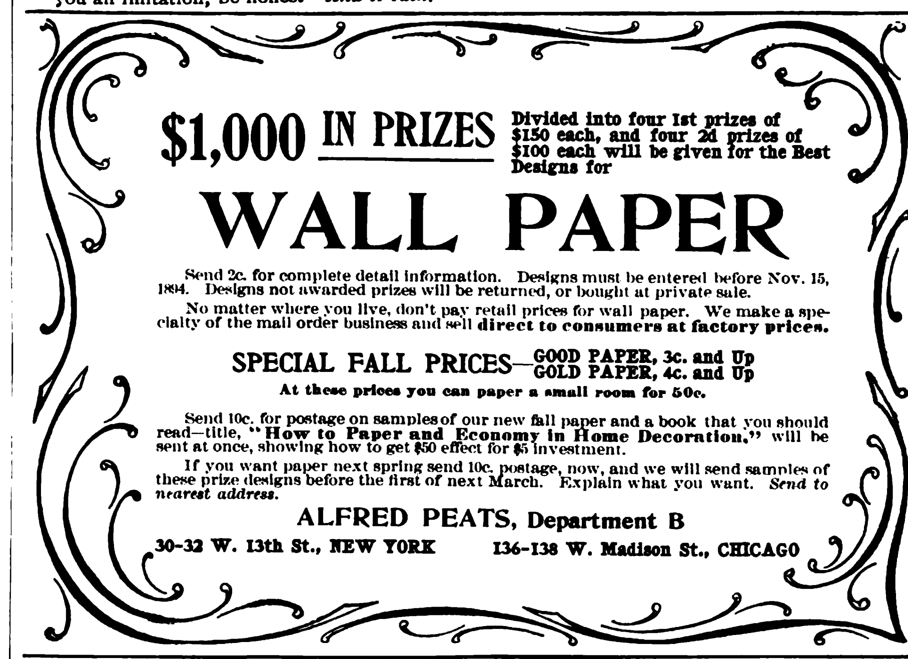

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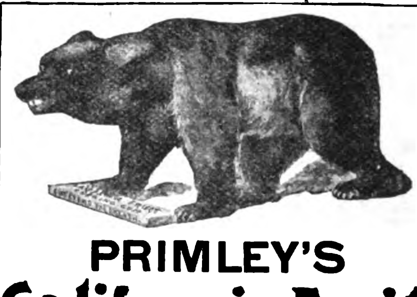

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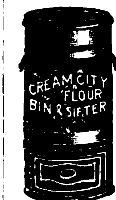

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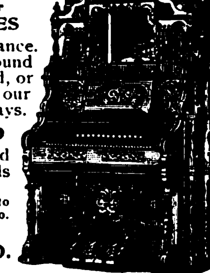

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All questions of a musical nature will be cheerfully answered in this column by a special corps of musical experts.

CLEVELAND—Christine Nilsson has retired from the operatic stage.

L. C.—The mandolin is constructed upon the same principle as the violin.

LEX—Yes, it is true that Handel wrote "The Messiah" in twenty-four days.

REBECCA—Calvé made her *début* in Brussels in 1882. (2) Nordica is an American.

WILLIAM R.—The president of the New York Manuscript Society is Gerrit Smith.

AJAX—It is claimed that the musical festivals in Cincinnati cost on an average $45,000 each.

JULIA—The violin is said to be the most valuable, from a musical point of view, of all instruments.

MILLIE—Paderewski's Christian names are Ignace Jan. He was born in Russian Poland in November, 1860.

ROCKLAND—Minnie Hauk, the operatic singer, is married. Her husband is Chevalier von Hesse Warteg.

GWYNED—Mascagni's first opera was "Cavalleria Rusticana"; his second, "Amico Fritz"; his third, "The Rantyan."

N. P. T.—Schumann's wife survived him. (2) Josef Hoffman, the young pianist, is at present a pupil of Rubinstein's.

PENELOPE—Wagner was born at Leipsic in 1813; he died during a visit to Venice in 1883. His last opera was "Parsifal."

D. B. G.—If your daughter has a voice and is sixteen, you should secure a good teacher for her with as little delay as possible.

BOISE CITY—The awards made by the musical judges in the JOURNAL'S Musical Series were announced in the issue of March, 1893.

FEDORA—"The Dancing Waves Waltzes," by Eduard Strauss, was published in October, 1893. A copy will be forwarded you for ten cents.

G. B.—Verdi's new opera, "Falstaff," received its initial performance at Milan, on February 9, 1893; in April of this year it was produced at the Opera Comique in Paris.

SEATTLE—Von Bülow, the famous pianist and composer, died in February, 1894. He was in his fifty-fourth year. (2) Three manuscripts were found in Gounod's desk after his death—a requiem, an operatic oratorio and a setting of a prose poem of Molière's.

LETTY P.—The Harvard Musical Association in Boston, was organized in 1837 by a group of Harvard men. (2) More than four hundred persons took part in the performances of Wagner's operas at Bayreuth last July. (3) Money spent upon a piano of inferior make is money thrown away.

CRAMPTON—A memorial to Jenny Lind has been erected in Westminster Abbey, so your sorrow over the "world's neglect of her" is unnecessary. The memorial, which consists of a medallion, is in the Poets' Corner. Upon the medallion are the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and the inscription, "Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, born October 6, 1820; died November 2, 1887."

GRAFTON—If by your question you mean the scale of A natural it is the scale having its tonic or root on A, and for its signature three sharps, F sharp, C sharp and G sharp, the scale running as follows: A, B, C sharp, D, E, F sharp, G sharp, A. (2) A tenor singer should be able to sing the A above middle C (*i. e.*, the A in the middle of the piano) with ease, and an occasional B flat and B natural above the A.

NELLIE—Music is most certainly one of the "fine arts." (2) I cannot better answer your second question than by quoting Richard Grant White: "No woman can be a great prima-donna who has not, to a certain degree, three qualifications—a grand voice, the grand style which comes of fine and highly cultivated musical intelligence, and beauty, or, if not beauty, at least an attractive person and a pleasing manner."

ANXIOUS MOTHER—Do not interfere with the rules which your little girl's music teacher has laid down for her. The constant practice of exercises is absolutely necessary. (2) We cannot advise any particular set of exercises, but we do advise you to be guided by the teacher whom you have selected; unless you can have perfect confidence in her it would be better to dispense with her services altogether and secure another teacher for your child. Children cannot succeed in any study unless they are conscious of their parents' respect for their teachers.

CHARLOTTE—Gregorian music, which is the basis of the body of ritual music of the western churches, including the Church of England, is so called because it is founded on the musical scales or modes set in order by St. Gregory the Great, about the end of the sixth century. There are fourteen of these modes, their most apparent peculiarity being that the position of the semi-tones varies in each, and that, except in ritual music service, only two of them, the Ionian and the Æolian, survive, as the familiar major and minor scales in which modern music is written, and to which modern ears are accustomed.

BATAVIA—When the melody of a song or hymn tune is sung by a man he sings it an octave lower than it would be sung by a woman, unless he should employ a falsetto tone, which would give the note as written in the soprano clef, although its quality and effect would not be the same as if given by a woman's voice. (2) The notes of the bass clef give the true pitch of a man's voice, and are usually used in bass songs, although the soprano clef is sometimes employed, the voice in that case singing the notes an octave lower. (3) The foregoing answer will explain why it is that when the tenor is written in the bass clef it is sung as written.

GLEN RIDGE—I can probably best answer your letter, asking for an opinion on the effect of a musical education upon the mind and body of the average girl, by giving some observations that are credited to M. Chapin, one of the leading professors at the Paris Conservatory. He finds girls gifted, he says, with both faculty and comprehension. He is often startled at the quickness with which they seize ideas, and the clearness with which they can hold up conflicting points in their minds and even solve fugue problems. He misses a sustaining power, however. What they have is like electric gleams of comprehension, apt to evaporate without cause at any moment. The minds fatigue quickly, especially of those who have already passed through much mental work. Not idleness, but a sort of collapse is apt to come after mental struggle. "I am sick," or "nervous," or "must go home," is the result.

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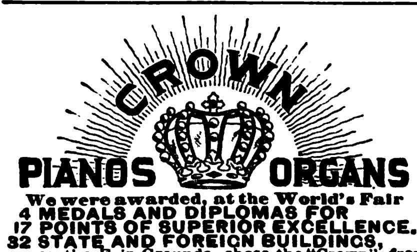

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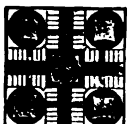

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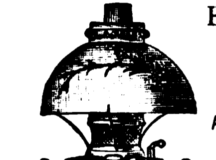

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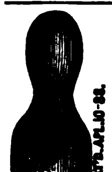

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The Domestic Editor, during Miss Parloa's absence, will answer, on this page, questions of a general domestic nature.

LITTLE MISS T.—Thin slices of lemon are usually served with iced tea.

JANET—Both tea and coffee should be made with briskly boiling water.

L. M.—A hot solution of oxalic acid will remove stains caused by iron rust.

TRENTON—The beds in your nursery should be either of iron or brass, and I should advise painted instead of paper walls.

NATALIE—When oysters are served on the half shell they are usually placed upon the table before the meal is announced.

OLD POINT COMFORT—The first cooking school in this country was opened in Boston in March, 1879. A Miss Sweeny was the teacher.

WERNERSVILLE—A salamander is a round plate of iron with a handle. It is used to brown the surfaces of dishes that cannot be placed in the oven.

R. H. D.—For the extermination of ants scatter either sprays or the oil of pennyroyal about the places infested by them. Green walnuts are also said to be excellent for the purpose.

CONSTANT READER—It is better to give a canary only canary, hemp and rape seed, and about three times a week a very small piece of bread soaked with milk. This latter is said to clear the voice.

W. R.—Finger-bowls should not be filled more than half full of water. Each bowl should rest upon a plate upon which a doily of some sort is placed. (2) Only intimate friends should be invited to a christening.

MALDEN—When buying hemstitched linen select only that of the best quality; there is a great deal of poorly-done hemstitching in the market. (2) The JOURNAL will shortly publish an article giving suggestions and designs for piano covers.

TEXAS—I would advise for the four windows in gable end, lace curtains to hang straight from the poles, with long inside sash curtains suspended from brass rods and fastened back either by ribbon or the pretty cords and tassels that are sold for the purpose.

ELSIE—At formal dinner parties the servant who is detailed to attend to the wants of the gentlemen guests hands each one, as he leaves the dressing-room, an envelope containing a card bearing the name of the lady whom he is to take down to dinner.

CANDACE—When possible, table linen should be hemmed by hand. For every-day use table linen is usually marked with indelible ink, though many housekeepers object to having their table linen marked at all, except with handsomely embroidered initials or monograms.

M. P.—Light French gray and old blue for the sitting-room, the bronze and écru shades for the down-stairs bedroom. Cool sage green tints for the dining-room, white and gold for the drawing-room. Terra-cotta tints for the library and old blue and Indian reds for the hall.

PERPLEXITY—The "Journal of Chemistry" gives the following exterminator for ants and cockroaches: Put two pounds of alum in from three to four quarts of boiling water, and as soon as it is dissolved and while very hot apply it with a brush to every spot, joint or crack where the vermin are likely to appear. Use it on pantry shelves, baseboards and on kitchen floors.

DORA—Horn is prepared for polishing by first boiling it to remove the pith. It should then be thoroughly scraped with a sharp knife and dipped frequently into hot water to soften it; rub with sand or emery paper, then with powdered pumicestone and linseed oil, using a flannel cloth, then with a clean, dry piece of flannel, and lastly with tissue paper.

WEST LIBERTY—The duties of a housekeeper in a hotel are usually the care of the bedrooms, parlors and halls, with oversight of chambermaids and cleaners. She usually also has care of linen and giving out of linen; occasionally an oversight of laundry is combined, though there is usually a head laundress or a special laundry matron for this department.

TARRYTOWN—The Philadelphia Woman's Exchange does not fix the price on articles for sale. The consigners may place on their work any prices they choose, but if the committee which examines the work considers the prices asked too high or too low, the consigner is written to, instructing her to that effect. The consigners are not questioned as to their needs. The work is taken solely on its merits.

HONORA—Many women in large cities increase their finances by writing dinner cards and menus, addressing invitations, etc. Such work is usually obtained from friends or from the Woman's Exchanges. You write so pretty and so legible a hand that it would seem as though you should have little difficulty in obtaining such work, particularly if you are, as you say, artistic and clever with your pencil and brush as well as with your pen.

D. S.—A good marshmallow paste may be made by soaking half a pound of gum-arabic in about a pint of water, to which is added gradually a pint of powdered sugar and the beaten whites of two eggs. The paste will be done when it forms a thick mass in cold water. Flavor with any essence desired, and pour into a shallow pan which has previously been powdered with cornstarch. After the mass is thoroughly cool cut into squares and cover generously with confectioner's sugar.

SARAH N.—The circular impressed stamp of a crown surrounded by the words "A. Stevenson, Warranted Staffordshire," upon your pieces of china can have a very definite date assigned. The works were erected in 1808, owned by Bucknall & Stevenson till 1812, and closed in 1819. They must have been opened for a short time afterward, for the Erie Canal plate (date 1824) bears this stamp. The marks "Stevenson, Warranted," and "R. Stevenson" appear on many plates of date about 1830.

SOPHIA—At formal dinner parties the host should enter the dining-room first with the lady in whose honor the dinner is given; the hostess goes into the dining-room last with the most important gentleman guest, who should be seated at her right. (2) Where menus are used they should be placed on the left-hand side, beside the forks. When the dinner is over, at a signal from the hostess the ladies should rise and retire to the drawing-room, where coffee is usually served, the gentlemen remaining in the dining-room for coffee and cigars.

MRS. D. E. H.—For the destruction of moths saturate your stuffed furniture, rugs, etc., with naphtha. Do this in the open air, and after several days have elapsed repeat the operation, as the eggs may not all have been destroyed at the first trial. Place upon those spots on the carpet which seem to be attacked by the pests several thicknesses of cloth wrung from hot water, and place hot irons upon the cloths. Allow them to stand ten or twelve minutes at a time that the steam may penetrate every part. After this has been done pour on naphtha. Wiping with the same does no good.

RICK RACK—Delicious breakfast muffins may be made by adding one teaspoonful of butter and one teaspoonful of salt to a pint of lukewarm water. When the butter is melted add three cups of flour, beating until light and smooth. Dissolve one-half cake of compressed yeast in half a cup of lukewarm water; add to the batter and beat vigorously for fifteen minutes; put in a moderately cool place and let rise for eight hours. Grease the muffin-rings; place in a large greased baking pan. Half fill the rings with the batter; let them stand in a cool place for an hour. Bake in a hot oven until a delicate brown.

DEARIE—Asparagus is considered a very healthful vegetable. It may be served either hot or cold; when cold it is served with a mayonnaise or French dressing, forming a most delicious salad. The usual mode of cooking asparagus is to prepare it carefully by thorough washing and by removing all the hard parts. It is then tied firmly in a bunch with a narrow band of white cotton, placed in a kettle of boiling water which has been salted, covered lightly and cooked for twenty minutes. Have upon a dish two slices of buttered toast, upon which place the asparagus, having first removed the cotton. Arrange the asparagus carefully upon the toast, pouring over all a rich cream gravy.

STEELTON—In the care of brass bedsteads no polishing powders nor liquids should be employed, the brass requiring nothing more than a rubbing with a soft rag to keep it looking bright. After the lacquer is broken by the use of powder it will be a task to keep the brass in anything like good condition. The lacquer with which these bedsteads are finished is not meant to be disturbed, but is intended to protect the brass from tarnishing through action of the air. These remarks apply equally as well to the brass handles and other trimmings to be found on furniture. Should the handles tarnish by moisture from contact with the hand they may be relacquered at small expense to look as well as ever.

DOLLY VARDEN—The following is said to be an excellent receipt for "angel's food": Beat very stiff the whites of ten eggs; sift together twice, one-half pound of powdered sugar, five ounces of pastry flour, one even teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and add to the eggs, stirring very gently with a wooden spoon; sprinkle one-half teaspoonful of vanilla powder to it and fill in the regular angel food tins. Soak these moulds in cold water before using; rinse them out and while still damp fill with batter. Bake for three-quarters of an hour and when baked turn moulds upside down. Never grease nor line the moulds with paper; just have them damp and that the cakes will fall out when cold. Frost very thin with a delicate, flavored icing.

MRS. E. N.—Bavarian creams may be made with fruits for flavoring or with coffee or chocolate. To make strawberry Bavarian cream, soak one-half a box of gelatine in one-half a cup of cold water half an hour. Crush one quart of strawberries and put through a sieve to remove the seeds. Stir with them a cup of sugar. Put the gelatine in a bowl over a kettle of boiling water, and when dissolved add to the strawberry juice; stir and place in a basin, setting the latter in a pan of ice; stir until thick, when add one pint of whipped cream, and when thoroughly mixed pour into a mould and set away to harden. (2) For raspberry cream use one pint of raspberry juice and one-half a cup of sugar, following the foregoing rules.

M. H. J.—To make bouillon, chop a pound and a half of lean beef from the round, moderately fine, then put it in a saucepan in which an ounce of butter and half of a medium-sized onion have been sliced and browned together. Cover with a pint and a half of cold water, and set, closely covered, where it will heat and come to the boiling point slowly, and simmer two hours; strain, season with salt and pepper, and bring to the boiling point the second time; clear with the beaten white of an egg and the crushed shell well mixed with half a cupful of cold water; add to the boiling liquid; cook four minutes; place in a cooler place to settle; then strain through a square of cheese-cloth wrung out of cold water, and your bouillon will be ready for use. It may be served either hot or cold.

ANXIOUS MOTHER—The duties of a nursery governess are the entire care and supervision of the children's studies and usually the care of their clothing. She should eat with the children and see to it that they have their meals at regular hours, that they eat nothing that can harm them and that they behave properly at the table. She should accompany them to church and in their walks, should see to it that they are neatly dressed and that the clothing they wear is suited to the weather and to the occasion. She should in every particular endeavor to make of her charges healthy, happy children by making them obedient and orderly. A nursery governess should have no menial duties to perform. Be careful when engaging a woman for this position that she has sufficient strength of character to enable her to guide your little ones with a firm hand, and that she is gentle enough to be tender over their little faults. Then realize what she is attempting to do for you and be kind and considerate with her.

LITTLE MRS. J.—If you live in the city send your hair mattress to a good upholsterer to be made over. If you do not and must attend to it yourself, take your mattress into an empty room, rip it apart, empty it and pick over every particle of the hair carefully. When picked take about eight or ten pounds at a time and wash thoroughly in strong soapsuds and lukewarm water. This makes it curly and crisp and washes away all the remaining dirt that clings to it. When it is washed rinse it handful by handful, wringing it as dry as you can with the hands. When it is all rinsed and wrung spread it in huge sheets of mosquito netting, basting them tightly together at the sides. Spread the sheets across the clothes line or on a grassy knoll, where it will become perfectly dried in the sunshine and air. In the winter hair may be thoroughly dried by spreading it on the clean floor of a furnace-heated room, turning it frequently until all dampness is dispelled. When thoroughly dry it is ready to be put in a new ticking, or in the old ticking if that has been washed for the purpose.

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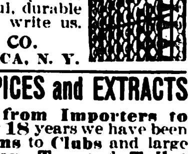

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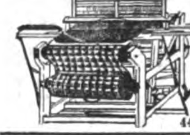

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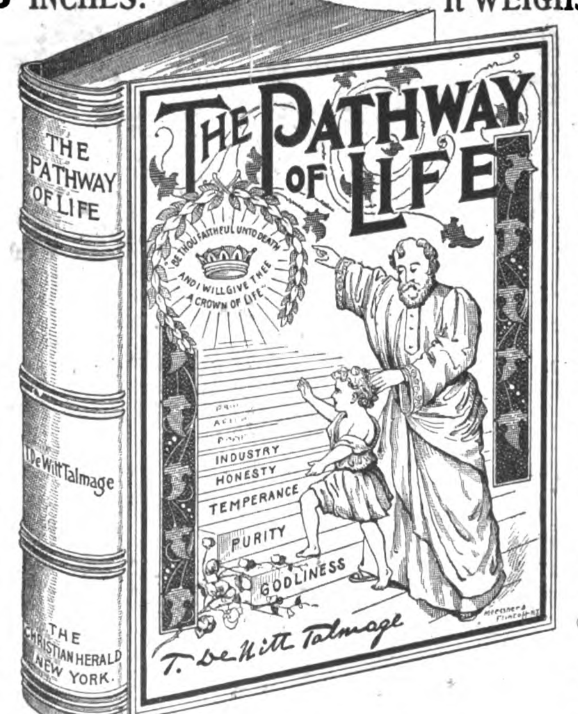

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