THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR | PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1892 | TEN CENTS A COPY

Contents

DEPARTMENTS

ROSES OF JUNE

CLINTON SCOLLARD

TWINE not for me those crimson queens of bloom
That make Damascus gardens a delight;
Wreathe not the royal blossoms that perfume
The star-bright spaces of Egyptian night.

Nor yet the Italian rose that garlanded
The brow of Petrarch's Laura, nor the flowers
That warred in merry England—white and red—
Till Joy's head drooped and Sorrow knelled the hours.

But pluck from yonder hedge-row in the field—
As pure as sweet, as delicate as fair—
The dearest boon these days of Junetime yield,
The pale wild-rose that Sylvia loves to wear.

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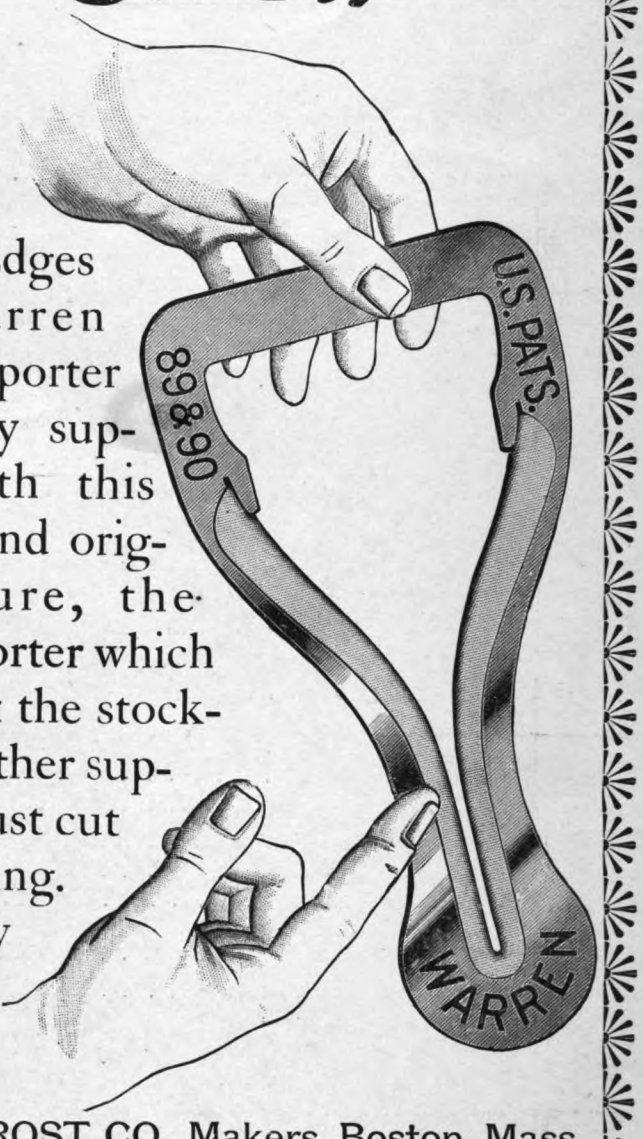

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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Mr. Beecher As I Knew Him

By Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher

IN NINE PAPERS — EIGHTH PAPER

MANY stories were printed during Mr. Beecher's lifetime regarding his original intention, in boyhood, to become a sailor and spend his life on the sea, and perhaps I can do no better than to open this instalment with the correct version of that early tendency on Mr. Beecher's part.

HIS DREAM OF A SAILOR'S LIFE

WHILE living in Boston, to which city Dr. Lyman Beecher had been called, Henry Ward Beecher was immensely attracted to the sea, watching the ships going and coming from the wharves, and what he saw of a sailor's life roused in him an intense longing for a seafaring life, until it became so strong nothing seemed to him so desirable as "A life on the ocean wave."

Without the slightest hope that his father would sanction his entering on such a life, and his desire for it becoming more and more intense, he began to make plans to run away, and go to sea at all hazard.

This, coming to his father's knowledge, he was too wise to oppose him. By kindness he gained his son's entire confidence, and inquired:

"But, my son, instead of going to sea at once, as a common sailor, would you not choose to prepare yourself for something better and higher?"

"Oh, yes, sir! If I could, I would like to work my way up to be a midshipman—and sometime become a commodore."

"To do that, Henry, you will be obliged to study hard for some years. A thorough knowledge of mathematics and navigation, and of all connected with such studies, will be absolutely necessary. Now, if you are really in earnest, and willing to devote some years to hard study in preparing for this work, I will send you to Mount Pleasant, in Amherst, Massachusetts. But remember, Henry, if you wish to stand high in this profession, there can be no idling; you will be obliged to work hard in the lines the teachers prescribe; and then, when you have acquired the needed education, if you still prefer that life to any other, I think I can secure you a position from which you can rise to the highest rank."

Never was a boy more overjoyed, or more grateful to his father, for so readily acceding to his wishes; and he was so much in earnest that he looked forward to study willingly.

This was just what his father desired: something that Henry would be so eager to secure that he would be ready to give attention to his studies more earnestly than he had ever done before. But the good father had no fear that his son would become a seaman. So, when he sent the "young commodore" to Mount Pleasant, he said in his heart: "I shall see that boy in the ministry yet!"

TURNING FROM THE SEA TO THE PULPIT

HOW long after going to Mount Pleasant Mr. Beecher continued to look forward to the life of a sailor, I do not remember; but I think that during a season of deep religious interest in the seminary the first year he was there, that idea was forever banished.

This season of excitement produced what he called "mushroom hopes," which departed whenever he alluded to it. He said: "It was to me a sort of day-dream in which I hoped I had given myself to Christ."

As another has said: "His religious experience at that time was, in many respects, unsatisfactory, yet powerful enough to change his whole 'ideal of life'"

Nothing more was said of being a sailor; and from that time he studied with the ministry in view.

If his early religious experiences were, in a measure, unsatisfactory, he was steadfast in his determination to press forward—to search for clearer light and more perfect faith. But all that relates to this part of his experiences—his hours of doubt and fear which came over him all through his life at Mount Pleasant, at Amherst, at Lane Seminary, and at intervals during his Western pastorates, have been often discussed, and largely quoted. No repetition is therefore necessary here. I may only say, when he referred to such fears and doubts, it invariably filled me with surprise, not unmixed with pain; to think that one who, in his most sacred home and private life seemed to me to walk so close to his Master, could have such fears, was what I could not understand.

HE VISITS HIS NAMESAKE

NO man ever loved his children more devotedly than did Mr. Beecher, and grandchildren soon became loving rivals of their parents, and both were the joy of his heart. His pride in them, his delight in their every undertaking and his desire for their happiness were very strong. This was evinced in his letters and in innumerable ways; sometimes quietly expressed, at others in a very amusing manner, or in an openly acknowledged gratification. The following may convey a slight idea of these moods:

In 1883, Mr. Beecher engaged to lecture during his vacation through all the northwest, through Winnipeg, or Manitoba, out to Puget Sound, Oregon, California, Texas, the Southern States and home. I was to go with him. But the one great joy in this delightful journey was to see our youngest son, Herbert, and his family. His wife we had never seen, nor the little one, Henry Ward Beecher of "'Cific Coast" as he would always call himself. He was Mr. Beecher's namesake.

A friend had written pretending to ridicule some of Mr. Beecher's expressions of admiration for the country we were passing through, and comparing it to California. I copy a part of his reply:

"In taking this trip, Puget Sound was, of course, the very aim and center of our journey, for there our youngest son and his family were located. All our expectations and more were realized. His wife, his boy, and Herbert, himself, fully equaled our best hopes. He has earned a solid reputation for energetic enterprise, for integrity, and good social qualities. His wife is an artist, and no mistake. I know of no eastern woman who I think could equal her had she devoted her life to it. I told her she ought not to have married, but since she would do it I was thankful she had taken my son for her husband. She quietly stepped to my wife's side, who was holding the little boy, and said as she laid her hand on his head, 'Is not this better than painting?' Good! The boy is a noble little fellow. He bears my name, and I am content to let it go down with him for the future."

In a letter written home at the same time, after speaking with great tenderness and satisfaction of our son and his wife, he adds: "But oh! The boy! Only eight months old, and walking by chairs; with an eye that searches into everything, an ear that loves music and hears every sound, a countenance that changes every moment, full of smiles, love, fun, or sobriety, a noble body, and as good a specimen of cramps and crying—when he has to—as I ever heard. So get out of the way for Henry Ward Beecher of the Pacific coast, and three cheers for his grandfather."

MRS. BEECHER IN HER STUDY AND SITTING ROOM

[Taken two months ago while engaged in writing this series of papers]

A BUCOLIC WEDDING FEE

MOST clergymen can doubtless recall many amusing incidents connected with marriages they have been called upon to perform. While at the west Mr. Beecher was often sent for to marry persons living at a distance from the city, in the half-settled country, sometimes eight or ten miles distant. Among the farmers such weddings were usually in the evening, when the neighbors in all directions were invited to be present and partake of a most generous and elaborate supper, always expected after the ceremony.

On one occasion the wedding was to take place at an unusually long distance in the country. It was a very stormy day, with no promise of any change at night. As the ride to the place would be by daylight, Mr. Beecher could reach the house without any very great discomfort.

The log-house was packed with the guests, and after the ceremony Mr. Beecher was urged to remain and partake with them of the remarkably inviting supper. But it was growing darker and raining very hard, and with the long ride before him he was obliged to decline.

When his horse was brought the groom followed to the door, saying, "Wall, parson, what's the damage?"

"I trust, none," said Mr. Beecher, smiling.

"Wall, but what do you ax?"

"Oh, whatever you please."

The man took a roll of bills from his pocket and began looking them over, muttering to himself as he took up each bill: "One dollar; three dollars; five dollars; no—but two dollars." Over this latter amount he paused a moment, then turning the bills back repeated the same, in a dreamy sort of a way, as if uncertain what he ought to do, but at last, leaving one dollar in his hand, he rolled up the others, and putting them in his pocket, handed Mr. Beecher one dollar, saying, "Will that du, parson?"

"Oh, yes. Good night," said Mr. Beecher, and mounting his horse rode away.

After a miserable ride of over four hours, too dark to see his way, and obliged to depend on his horse for guidance, he reached home drenched through, paid the dollar for the use of the horse, and said merrily to me, "Well, I had the fun and a good wetting free."

A MAN OF MANY WIVES

MR. BEECHER was once called quite a distance from town to attend the funeral of a farmer's eighth wife! Why this man should have been so unfortunate in losing his wives, and so fortunate in easily filling the place of the departed, was a riddle none could solve.

His two or three first wives left him with large families. He could not, certainly, have had himself sufficient attractions for one to venture to take the care of such an household unless his offer was made to those who, through great lack of personal charms, or advanced age, knew their chances of securing a home through marriage were small. The man had a good farm, was a good provider, and known to be kind to his family, and therefore, perhaps, found little difficulty after each loss in securing another wife from among those not likely to be offered a more desirable home.

About two months after Mr. Beecher officiated at the funeral of this eighth wife the farmer came to our house, took a seat in the parlor, and resting his arms on his knees, stooped forward, clasped his hands together, and twirling one thumb over the other rapidly, as if greatly embarrassed, said, hesitating between each word as he spoke:

"Parson, I thought—I thought—I'd come—come—and try—and see if I could—get you to ride out to S—— this afternoon?"

"Why? Is there to be a meeting there?" asked Mr. Beecher.

"No, but (still stooping forward, with arms on his knees, and twirling his thumbs) I thought I'd come—and try—try and see—see—if you'd come to my house?"

"For what? Any of your family sick?"

"No (still in the same position), but I thought I'd try—and see—if—if—if you'd come and marry me."

"Why, man," Mr. Beecher said, springing to his feet, "I buried your last wife only eight weeks ago!"

"Wall, I know—but, parson, I have a large family—and—I must have some one to take care of them."

And Mr. Beecher went with him and married him to his ninth wife. Some years after leaving the west we saw in a western paper the marriage of this same man to his tenth wife, and not many years later the husband also died.

WHEN ON THE ROAD

FOR several years after Mr. Beecher began to lecture, I kept the memorandum of his engagements, but during the last thirteen years of his life Major James B. Pond had the entire control of making all engagements, traveling with him, and taking all thought or care for the morrow off his mind. But for such faithful supervision Mr. Beecher could not have accomplished half that he did in that line. From the hour he left for a lecture trip until his return he was as free from thought or anxiety about his work as a child. It is customary to consider a woman an incumbrance when traveling, especially on business, but even when I accompanied him, Major Pond relieved my husband from anxiety for my welfare if there was ever any occasion for it.

As in all lecture tours, there was little time for sight-seeing, or pleasant excursions—often forced marches to reach the next appointment being more in order—but Mr. Beecher was always observant of everything of interest while on the road.

He was not absent-minded while traveling, as he often was at home when thinking about his work there, so there was no need to fear interrupting him. If he preferred not to talk, we could talk enough to counterbalance his taciturnity.

For years Mr. Beecher used no notes for his lectures, for the subjects were clearly fixed in his mind. He had certain titles to each lecture, and the subject which came under that title was carefully developed. But his lack of verbal memory served him well in these lectures, for although giving the subject promised, those who heard it one evening could, the next time that lecture was given, find scarcely a similar sentence or illustration. Each lecture was like separate divisions of the same subject. Without a scrap of paper to prompt him, he always persevered to the end without let or hindrance. It was because each lecture seemed so different from the one last given under that one title, that I wanted a separate name given to each division, this being due to pride on my part, doubtless, as I disliked people to think they were to hear "The Reign of the Common People," or any other lecture over and over again, when I knew no lecture was in any sense a repetition of one they had ever heard.

HOW HIS VOICE WAS TRAINED

FROM his infancy, Mr. Beecher's enlarged tonsils produced a thickness of speech, and this had been a source of anxiety to his father, fearing if it could not be remedied that he would never be able to preach. But no better place could have been selected to overcome that trouble, and to make him faithful in his studies, than Mount Pleasant. His teacher compelled perfection in all his recitations.

Through the efforts of another teacher the thickness of speech was overcome. He would drill the boy a whole hour on one word, make him take a position on a line in the middle of the floor, and tone, pronunciation, emphasis and gesture were rigorously practiced. Every inflection of the voice, gesture and articulation, were repeated day after day, with such variations as his progress made necessary, until the pupil had himself, his voice and gestures trained and subdued to the right expression.

It will hardly appear credible to those who knew Mr. Beecher only after he became a public speaker, that such drilling could ever have been necessary. Surely, his father must have been almost inspired to have selected such a school for one with Mr. Beecher's peculiar characteristics. The place itself, the surroundings, his teachers and associates were wonderfully fitted to build him up for the work that came to him in more mature life.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—As Mrs. Beecher has preferred that her special article in answer to many questions shall precede the closing article of the series, that paper will be printed in the JULY JOURNAL; the closing article in the AUGUST JOURNAL.

FLOWERS AT JUNE WEDDINGS

By H. H. Battles

I ONCE heard a man about to be married earnestly ask the advice of a friend as to the most suitable necktie for the bridegroom. The friend laughingly replied: "My dear fellow, that is not of the slightest importance. You need give yourself no uneasiness. Nobody will look at you. Of course, it is necessary for you to be there, but I assure you that the interest of the occasion centers in and around the bride." The truth of this cannot be questioned, and the little belongings necessary to a bride are, therefore, of importance.

FLOWERS FOR THE BRIDE'S BOUQUET

THE bride's bouquet should always be made of white flowers. In England, eucharis, gardenia, orange blossoms and stephanotis are frequently used; with us, very seldom. The most fashionable bouquet in America consists of white orchids, lily of the valley, or of white roses, following in the order named. Lily of the valley is frequently mixed with either orchids or roses, but orchids and roses are seldom used in the same bouquet. They are rival queens that are happiest apart. A pretty idea to arrange the bride's bouquet is to have it composed of several sections, that, after the bride leaves the house the maid of honor may distribute to those friends whom the bride may wish to honor. The ribbon can remain on the section intended for the bride's mother. At times the bride has a favorite flower, or there is a bit of romance or sentiment attached to some colored flower, such as a violet, or a Jacqueminot rose, and she wishes this included in her bouquet. When they are used let it be a small bunch, partly concealed. After the reception, it may be taken from the bouquet and worn on the traveling dress. The ribbon for the bouquet should be either three yards of three-inch ribbon to match the gown in tone and texture, or twenty or thirty yards of very narrow ribbon, with long bows, the ends extending down at different lengths, with delicate flowers attached to a number of these ends. Sometimes a large bow of ribbon is tied and arranged as though it were coming from the center of the bouquet. The ribbon thus used has no meaning, and is very apt to become soiled by the moisture on the flowers.

THE BRIDAL PRAYER-BOOK

SOME brides desire to carry a prayer-book in order to have a lasting souvenir. That there may be some personal association with flowers on that day, a few can be held in the prayer-book, and to prevent the stems and foliage from soiling the book the stems can be protected by silver foil or waxed paper.

THE MAID OF HONOR'S BOUQUET

THE bouquet carried by the maid of honor depends entirely on the complexion. If she is a decided brunette, there is nothing better than a big bunch of Jacqueminot, or Ulrich Brunner roses. If a blonde, let it be the delicate pink Catherine Mermets, or Mrs. John Laing roses. The arrangement of her bouquet should in some way differ from those carried by the bridesmaids.

FLOWERS FOR THE BRIDESMAIDS

THERE are a number of pretty and effective ways that flowers can be arranged for bridesmaids. The conventional way is to make a round bouquet, arranged carelessly, using the foliage of the flowers of which the bouquet is composed. As the bride's bouquet is always white, those carried by the bridesmaids should, as a contrast, have some color. If the bride, in choosing her attendants, has been fortunate in securing decided blondes and brunettes, strong and beautiful color contrasts can be obtained in both gowns and flowers. The flat cluster, or "rustic bunch," is often used. In arranging such a cluster it is wise to have it arranged carelessly, or rather not to interfere too much with nature. The effect should be as if the hand that carried the flowers was the hand that gathered them, with no thought of arrangement. The flowers should have long stems, and be allowed to fall as they will.

Baskets of various shapes filled with flowers are often used. Leghorn hats, drawn together in the shape of a basket, are among the prettiest arrangements. Draw the ribbon around the center, and tie a loop and bow on top. This can be carried either with the arm through the loop, or as a basket in front. The flowers in this case should be arranged very loosely, not only giving the impression that the hat is full, but flowers tumbling out.

The most picturesque arrangement for bridesmaids to carry is the "Directoire stick." These sticks are about five feet long, made of wood, either polished or covered with silk or celluloid, with a knob on top and a large bunch of flowers fastened with a bow of ribbon about a foot from the knob. A noon wedding in the country is the most appropriate at which to use these. Old-fashioned and picturesque gowns and Leghorn hats add very much to the effect.

PAGES AND THEIR DUTIES

NO fashionable bridal party is complete without little children acting as pages. Many little duties can be assigned to them. If ribbon is used across the aisles, they can be stationed there to lift it as the ushers pass. One of the pages can hold the bride's bouquet while the ceremony is being performed, another can carry a plush case for the prayer-book, if the bride wishes to use one, and, finally, they can gather up the ribbon, if it has been drawn the whole length of the aisle. As to the flowers these little folks should wear, much depends upon the size and costumes. If very little fellows dressed in white, get as large a rose as possible, a Baroness Rothschild, or an Ulrich Brunner. Let the stems be fully eighteen inches long, and pinned diagonally on the breast with all of its beautiful foliage. If lads of between twelve and fifteen, let them wear large buttonhole bouquets of some strikingly contrasting color to their costume. If little girls are to do the honor as pages, or maids of honor, let them carry very large or very small baskets; the smaller the child the larger the basket.

THE GROOM, BEST MAN AND USHERS

THE groom should wear a buttonhole bouquet, not very large, made of the same kind of flowers as the bride's bouquet—possibly one rose and two or three sprays of lily of the valley. One white orchid, if this be very small, and several sprays of lily of the valley are very effective. Gardenias are much sought after, and have been the favorite flower in London for wedding boutonnieres for a number of years. Six sprays of lily of the valley also make a very pretty bouquet.

The best man should wear a larger bouquet than that worn by the groom, made of the same kind of flowers as the maid of honor carries. The ushers should wear very large, white bouquets—four carnations is none too large, often as many as six are used. Either twelve sprays of lily of the valley, or six sprays of Roman hyacinth, arranged compactly, make a pretty bouquet.

The mother of the bride can either wear or carry a cluster of flowers that will harmonize with the gown that she wears. If it be a formal wedding, to carry the cluster is preferable; it should be a little smaller than the bouquets carried by the bridesmaids. If the bride has sisters, and should they not be of the bridal party, let their bouquets be decidedly different from those carried by the bridal party. The father of the bride should wear a boutonniere bouquet much similar to that worn by the best man.

DECORATIONS AT THE RECEPTION

SEVERAL tall palms placed at the entrance of the house make an effective entree. These, with their graceful foliage, are combined so as to form an arch eight or ten feet high. It is then necessary to decide what is the most conspicuous point in the hall which the eye rests upon; make some effective grouping of palms here, massive if the space permits. The newel post is a feature which should be carefully considered, and made as effective as possible. Never put greens on the banister rail, as they interfere with its use in going up and down stairs. Unless the stairway is very wide, the outside is the most effective place. A line of laurel wreathing under the rail, with festoons of smilax caught up with several carnations, is very pretty. If you use wire in fastening the greens, see that no ends stick out that may endanger the gowns of the guests. All the mirrors and chandeliers should have attention. Pretty effects can be had with festoons over doors and arches. A few of the very choice flowers on the dressing case in the ladies' room is in good taste. In the reception room is where the most beautiful effects should be studied. The end of the room in which the bridal party receive should be literally made a bower of flowers. A large canopy of white flowers is generally arranged over the place where the bride and groom receive. This can be made a work of art in the handling of delicate flowers. On either side of this, and extending from the ceiling to the floor, should be large curtains of asparagus or smilax, caught back with a band of flowers. The mirror over the mantel can be framed with flowers. Two beautiful vases on the mantel can be filled, one with exquisite orchids, the other with long-stemmed hybrid roses. The floral decorations in the room where the refreshments are served depends entirely upon the size of the apartment. Often in country homes the porch is enclosed with canvas or boards; these are covered on the inside with evergreen trees, laurel branches, or what large and effective greens can be had. The most valuable and inexpensive green called wild smilax has recently made its appearance from the south. With it you can produce effects which would be impossible to obtain with any other greens that are now on the market. It comes in long, beautiful sprays; all that is necessary for you to do is to hang it up; nature has arranged it for you. The porch thus enclosed and decorated, small tables placed there in addition to those in the dining-room, a few flowers, possibly wild ones, arranged in dainty receptacles on each table are touches that are always appreciated. In city houses, where the dining-room only is used, the table is simply used for refreshments. On this table some high arrangement of flowers should be placed. It is not practicable for anybody to sit at it, consequently the escorts and waiters serve the ladies in different parts of the house. A very sensible fashion at formal noon weddings is to have a separate room where the bridal party may breakfast. In addition to the bridal party, if there be distinguished guests, or those from a great distance, they can be included in this party. Nothing but green and white should be used in this room. The table decorations should be most delicate and dainty. Low effects only should be used, as there should be nothing to obstruct the view at the table as the bridal party are seated.

CHURCH ORNAMENTATIONS

THE interiors of churches differ so much that it is difficult to lay down rules that will apply to all. If the interior of the church is constructed of natural wood, and the chancel decorated with dark colors, laurel wreathing is best, and the broad-leaved latania barbonica is the most suitable palm. If the interior is more delicate in form and color, the finer and more graceful palms, such as arecas lutescens and cocos weddelliana are desirable, while for garlands smilax or cultivated asparagus plumosus are the most appropriate. In placing the plants the idea to have a background for the lighter colored costumes should be borne in mind. Care should be taken not to obstruct the view, and an unobstructed passage from the vestry-room must of course be left. The font should be filled with large, white flowers; a few palms can be used with good effect on both sides of the aisles. Tall ones are placed so that they may form an arch, and they do not obstruct the view of the guests too much. A pretty way to designate the front seats, reserved for the families of the contracting parties and guests of honor, is to tie large clusters of flowers on the ends of the pews thus reserved. Another and more common way is to have broad ribbon, with balls or baskets of flowers on each end; this is drawn across the aisle with the ends thrown over the pews. Another pretty and useful way to use ribbon is, after the guests have been seated, to have the ushers or little pages draw the ribbon the whole length of the aisle, resting on the top of each pew. This serves as a gentle reminder, as well, that it is the wish of the bride that the guests remain seated until the bridal party march out.

If you live at a distance from the city, and do not want to go to the expense of employing a florist to do the work, you can give some of your friends the pleasure of helping to decorate; often you can get the advice of a practical florist, which will be more valuable if he can see the house and know the material you have at hand. Many beautiful things can be found in the woods, and with time and willing hands the church and home can be decorated nicely. If there is a chancel rail get two strips of wood about seven feet long, placing them perpendicular at each side of the entrance to the chancel. At the bottom fasten them to the rail, and on top fasten a heavy piece of wire or a barrel hoop, thus forming an arch; cover all with greens, including the rail, and you have a very pretty effect. If wild flowers can be had, use them in large clusters tied here and there with white ribbons. If there is no chancel rail one can be made, with an arch in the center, at a very little cost. If it is practicable, get a few palms; place them in the foreground, after making a background of evergreen trees. At an evening wedding, where lamps are used for illumination, you will add much to the effect by substituting many candles for a few lamps. Candelabra around the chancel are most effective.

THE FIRST YEAR OF MARRIED LIFE

By Christine Terhune Herrick

MANY of the false ideas with which some young people begin their married life are derived from the Utopian picture of wedded bliss drawn by well-meaning story writers; hence, when the first novelty of the new relation has worn off, and the whilom bride and groom settle down into the routine of every-day life, there is almost always some little feeling of disappointment, hardly even self-acknowledged, that creeps into the heart of one or both.

Of the two, the wife is more likely to feel the slight shadow, or chill. Her life has usually been so much less practical and bustling than her husband's that it has allowed her space for day-dreams, and she has an idealized conception of married life. Her occupations in her new home keep her hands busy and allow her thoughts free play; and unless she is exceptionally sunny in disposition she is prone to fall into the habit of contrasting her anticipations of her married life with what she now finds it to be.

It is not to be denied that there are trials incident to the new position. Take any two people who have led comparatively free and independent lives, and throw them constantly into each others' society, and one of the first things with which they will be impressed will be the points upon which their tastes, their judgments, and their wills clash; and to this enforced companionship the fact that they are bound together by a tie neither can break, and it will readily be seen that all the strong love, which should be the only basis of marriage, will be required to aid them in enduring patiently the tests of temper which will come to both.

The man will probably think he has the greater share of these annoyances; the woman will know that her worries are the harder to bear. He will, man fashion, shrug his shoulders and say nothing when things go wrong. She will possibly cry, and bemoan herself to herself. To neither of them will the truism that this, too, will pass away, give much comfort. If one has a toothache to-day, he derives little consolation from the thought that next week the pain will be a thing of the past.

The old, old principle of mutual forbearance is the only one that offers any real help in the crises constantly arising in the first year of married life. And if but one will yield, that one should be the wife.

I know it is the fashion, in these days, to sneer at this Griselda-like doctrine. All the same, in its belief and practice lies one of the secrets of happy married life. A woman must know when to yield. By undue persistency in having her own way in trifles she so weakens her influence with her husband that if an occasion arises when she should stand firm upon some really important question of principle or expediency, her protest carries no weight.

Many of a man's peculiarities are intensely trying to a woman. A man has a prejudice in favor of sowing his belongings broadcast over the house, of leaving his newspapers on the parlor sofa, his hat on the piano, his overshoes in a prominent position in the front hall. His bureau drawers are generally in a condition to furnish fresh ideas for a study upon chaos. Then, too, he will read his paper at the breakfast table while his wife is forced to sit silently behind the coffee urn. He lets his chop get cold, his muffin heavy and his coffee lukewarm while he notes the state of the markets, or reads the reports of business or political events.

Now, all these things are very trying to the average woman. She may have observed the same pleasant little traits in her own father and brothers, but in her secret soul she had resolved that her husband should never be guilty of similar conduct. If she is a weak woman she nags—it is the only word which covers the ground—she nags her husband continually, makes him extremely uncomfortable, and possibly succeeds in breaking him of a few of the objectionable habits, but at the same time she shatters a certain sweet, gentle ideal he had always cherished of what his home and his wife would be.

I do not mean to say that a woman should submit uncomplainingly to everything. Let her utter her protest, if she will. Indeed, in many cases, it is her duty to exert her influence to check some trick or mannerism in act or speech that she sees is a disadvantage to her husband. But she should do this gently and tactfully, choosing some time when he is neither hurried nor flurried. If he takes her admonition in ill part, she should not give him the sharp or sarcastic retort that cuts and stings at the moment, and leaves a throbbing scar behind. Sarcasm is the most dangerous weapon that can be employed if one wishes to retain the love of another. Its use is a satisfaction at the time to the angry man or woman, but its wound is hard to forget or to forgive.

Nothing better has yet been found for checking an incipient quarrel than the traditional soft answer. It puts one's adversary so thoroughly in the wrong that I wonder it is not oftener used as an instrument of mild vengeance. Even the most intolerant husband is seldom proof against the retort gentle, and will often be moved by it to forgive his wife for his own display of temper, and magnanimously restore her to favor.

The young wife should guard against ready and frequent indulgence in tears when she is wounded by some hasty speech from her husband. Crying subdues some men, while it only irritates others. In either case, it soon loses any efficacy it may ever have possessed as a means for touching the softer side of a man's nature, and he is stirred to contempt for the tears that flow upon so slight provocation.

A woman should not take offence too easily. Often, indeed, the words or manner she resents were not ill-meant by her husband. Some men have a hasty, brutal-sounding fashion of speaking that tries and hurts a woman cruelly, and she should endeavor, by all gentle means in her power, to break him of the habit, by representing to him, in his calmer moments, the pain he inflicts upon her. The man who loves his wife will usually try to break himself of any peculiarity that is distasteful to her; but she may rest assured she will not better him by continual harping upon the sore subject.

To harmless and inoffensive idiosyncrasies the wife should shut her eyes. At the beginning of her married life let her make up her mind to one fact: that she cannot force her husband to resemble her in every particular of thought and feeling. He will have his preferences and his distastes, and she need not expect to coerce or persuade him into conforming them to hers; after all, he has a right to his own individuality, and she has no business to interfere with them. There will always be enough points of common sympathy to form a meeting ground, and upon matters of divergent opinion let them agree to disagree.

A potent aid to a wife's charity for her husband will be the reflection that, in all probability, her faults are quite as trying to her husband as his can be to her. If he takes his share in the endeavor to preserve unity of feeling, there is little doubt that in time the fermentation will work clearness. Never should the fatal step be taken of asking the advice or sympathy of an outsider, no matter how near and dear such an one may be. The discords between husband and wife are comparatively unimportant while they are kept sacredly secret. Only when a stranger intermeddles is the permanent peace and happiness of the home endangered.

FOR A GIRL'S SUMMER VACATION

GIRLS who love music will perhaps never have a better opportunity offered them of gratifying their desire for a musical education than through the offers made by The Ladies' Home Journal. Nearly forty girls are now at the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston, being musically or vocally educated at the Journal's expense, and as the Boston "Journal" recently said: "These girls are receiving the very best the Conservatory affords, the most desirable rooms in the building are theirs, and they have all their wants carefully looked after by a wealthy periodical." Every girl has here a splendid chance to improve her summer vacation and make it profitable to herself. She can learn all about these offers by simply writing to The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

LIFE'S LESSON

By Grace Pearl Macomber

LIFE is a lesson. Count all joy, all pain,
No more than part of what the soul must learn
In this great school, the world. Though you should yearn
For one brief, blessed pause; though you would fain
Forego the tales of war and bloodshed vain,
Remember—you were born to teach! Discern
Strange secrets with unshrinking eye, nor spurn
One principle which makes the lesson plain;
One lesson, so your training be complete.
Herein lies life's deep truth, then hold it fast;
Failure and loss are better than they seem;
No heart so brave as that which bears defeat!
He acts the hero's part who wins at last
In life-long battle with his vanquished dream.

UNKNOWN WIVES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN

*XVIII.—MADAME VICTORIEN SARDOU

By Lucy H. Hooper

THE family of the celebrated dramatist, Victorien Sardou, the author of "Theodora," "Fedora," "La Tosca," and other plays all more or less famous and successful, is a singularly interesting one. His aged father still survives, and though the elder Sardou has recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday he preserves his faculties unimpaired, and is never so happy as when he can enjoy the society of the children of his world-renowned son, and of that gentleman and his wife as

MADAME SARDOU

well. The elder M. Sardou lives at the town of Cannet, near Cannes, in one of the most beautiful sites of the Riviera, and he is the owner of the house in which the great tragic actress, Rachel, breathed her last, in 1858, after a long illness from which she had vainly sought relief in that delicious climate.

The marriage of M. Victorien Sardou was as charming a love episode as may be found in any of his plays. He was approaching middle age, and was considered as being wholly absorbed in his literary labors to the exclusion of any other passion, when the Parisian world was amazed by the announcement of his engagement to M'lle Anne Soulié, daughter of M. Eudore Soulié, chief director of the galleries and the palace of Versailles, and also of the royal library and the national archives contained therein. M. Soulié became famous in the literary circles of France by his discovery, in the last-named department, of a mass of documents relating to Moliere, which had remained unknown up to that moment, and which included the inventory of his possessions drawn up after his death. The erudite librarian was thoroughly versed moreover on every topic connected with Versailles and the age of Louis XIV. He published several works, comprising among others the memoirs of Herard, the physician of Henri IV, and of the Duke de Luynes and the Marquis de Dangeau as well. He was one of the intimate friends of the Princess Mathilde, the first cousin of Napoleon III, and was a frequent guest at the brilliant soirees which that lady was accustomed to give during the palmy days of the Second Empire, and at which figured all the literary and artistic celebrities of the day. But the home of M. Soulié was at Versailles. There, in the old palace city, there grew up around him three charming daughters and two sons, and his house was noted for its simple but delightful hospitality.

The favorite residence of M. Victorien Sardou has always been his country seat at Morly, distant one hour by rail from Paris and within easy reach of Versailles. He was planning a grand historical drama, the scene of which was to be laid in the early years of the reign of Louis XIV during the troubled period of La Fronde. He afterward entirely changed the subject of his play, laying the scene in Italy and transforming it into his drama of "La Haine" (Hatred), which he rates very high among his own works, though it has never, when acted, achieved any success. But while working out his original plan he got into the habit of making frequent visits to Versailles for the purpose of consulting the erudite director of the palace on the different personages and events of the reign of Louis XIV. M. Soulié, on more than one occasion, took his celebrated guest home to lunch or to dine with him, and presented him to his daughters, who were delighted to make the acquaintance of the famous author of "A Scrap of Paper" and of "Patrie."

The second daughter, M'lle Anne, was then in the first bloom of youth, and was a remarkably beautiful as well as a most intelligent girl. She had profited fully by the teachings and the example of her learned father, and was well fitted to comprehend and to appreciate the brilliant talents of their guest. She was at that time a dazzling blonde, tall and striking looking, and remarkably graceful. Very soon the visits of M. Sardou to the home of the erudite director increased and multiplied in an astonishing ratio, and it speedily became evident that the fair daughter, and not the learned father, was the magnet that drew him so often from Morly to Versailles. In fact, his historical studies were almost wholly laid aside in favor of the fascinating story that he read in the blue eyes of Mademoiselle Anne. And so it came to pass that one fine day, in the historic precincts of the chapel of the palace at Versailles, the lovely blonde and the famous dramatist were united in holy matrimony. The great drama of the reign of Louis XIV never has been written, but was replaced for the bridegroom and the bride by that episode in real life that is known as conjugal felicity.

The marriage took place in 1872. M. and Mme. Sardou have seen grow up around them four children—three sons and a daughter. The eldest, Pierre, is eighteen, and has passed his examination as Bachelor of Letters. He is now preparing for that of Bachelor of Science. The second child, and only daughter, M'lle Genevieve, is not quite seventeen. She promises to inherit much of her mother's beauty. Jean, aged fifteen, and André, who is just twelve, complete the family.

At present the health of Madame Sardou gives rise to a good deal of anxiety on the part of her husband and children. Without being positively ill, she has been a good deal tried by the unremitting care which she has bestowed upon her children, all of whom have been attacked, more or less severely, with the influenza. The last to succumb to the reigning epidemic was M. Sardou himself, and his devoted wife would yield to no one else the right of watching over him.

The Parisian residence of the Sardou family is a private hotel, situated in the fashionable Malesherbes quarter of the city, and is on the Rue de General Foy. In summer they take possession of the beautiful villa at Morly, where the great dramatist does most of his literary work, preferring the calm and quiet of the country to the noise and distractions of Paris. He is very fond of Nice, and for some years past a spacious and sumptuous villa, which, after the custom of the place, he intends to call the "Villa Fedora" after his own favorite among all his works, has been in process of construction for him from designs furnished by himself. The delicate health of Madame Sardou has caused him to hurry the completion of this villa, which bids fair to be one of the most elegant on the Riviera.

Some five years after her marriage Madame Sardou lost her distinguished and tenderly beloved father. Of her two sisters, the eldest married Baron Schmitz, brother of the general of the same name, who died a short time ago. The younger one has remained single. Her eldest brother, Henry, became a surgeon in the French army, and died in Tunis. The second, Emilien, is a captain in the 111th regiment of Infantry, and is at present in Algiers devoting himself to topographical researches. He inherits his father's taste for study, and is a great favorite with Madame Sardou.

The training and example of M. Soulié in the early years of Madame Sardou's life have made of her a thorough connoisseur in historic art, furniture, bric-a-brac and especially in that of the eighteenth century. She takes great delight in her husband's unique collection of historical costumes, and of pictures representing the scenes and the festivals of past epochs. Her taste and her education in such matters were of great assistance to him in regulating the dresses and the accessories of his later historical plays. In a word, she has always filled the position not only of wife and mother and lady of the house, but of his sympathetic and appreciative comrade in the literary labors of his brilliant career.

The portrait affixed to this sketch is a reproduction of a likeness in pastel, executed when Madame Sardou was in the bloom of youth and in the full radiance of her remarkable beauty. It is a fine work of art as well as an admirable likeness, and is at present one of the chief ornaments in the boudoir of the original at Paris.

* In this series of pen-portraits of "Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men," commenced in the January, 1891, JOURNAL, the following, each accompanied with portrait, have been printed:

Mrs. Thomas A. Edison	January 1891
Mrs. P. T. Barnum	February "
Mrs. W. E. Gladstone	March "
Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage	April "
Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew	May "
Lady Macdonald	June "
Mrs. Joel Chandler Harris	July "
Lady Tennyson	August "
Mrs. Will Carleton	September "
Mrs. William McKinley	October "
Mrs. Max O'Rell	November "
The Princess Bismarck	December "
Mrs. John Wanamaker	January 1892
Mrs. Leland Stanford	February "
Mrs. Charles H. Spurgeon	March "
Mrs. Eugene Field	April "
Mrs. John J. Ingalls	May "

Any of these back numbers can be had at 10 cents each by writing to the JOURNAL.

THE MUSIC OF SILENCE

By Harry Romaine

WHEN you leave the city and flee away,
To rest in some country solitude,
It is not to hear the low brook play,
Or the woodbird's musical interlude.
It is not to hear the fantastic strains
Of the symphony played by the wind on the trees,
The hum of insects, the patter of rains,
For there is a music more soft than these.

Go, stand on the crest of a lonely hill
When the landscape lies in a sunset hush;
When man is absent, and nature still,
And the west is bathed in a tender flush;
Let the notes of silence arise and meet,
And fill your soul with their ecstacy,
With a silent music, soft and sweet,
With a grand and moving melody.

LITERARY WOMEN IN THEIR HOMES

*I.—MRS. AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON

By T. C. De Leon

PERHAPS from traditions—possibly from location and climate—Mobile's ways are quiet ones; and her material progress makes less echo than that of her sisters north or west. As with her business, so the old Gulf City does with that culture now forcing its quiet way to recognition, notably in the works of several widely-read authors.

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson—standing easily foremost among southern writers—has kept her personality more hidden than would seem possible. In her quiet, English-looking

MRS. WILSON

home near Mobile she leads a life as placid and happy as inborn domesticity, supplied in its every detail, can make it. "Ashland" is a quaint, high-gabled dwelling, with the spacious rooms and broad halls and galleries of southern taste and climatic need. It sits three miles westward of the city, on the Spring Hill dummy road, and facing the Convent of the Visitation to the north.

Immediately around the house are hot-house dotted gardens, where flourish camellias, geraniums, begonias and ferns, which the loving care of their mistress make famous, even in this land of flowers. For on her simple Saturday receptions Mrs. Wilson's parlors, galleries and grounds show ferns of high caste, with geranium and begonia blooms that divide, even with their gentle, unaffected mistress, the interest of stranger pilgrims to her shrine. And, to the surprise of some, this noted authoress is as simple in her tastes, and in her talk, as though classics and history had not been conned since school days. The topics of the hour, the little troubles and interests of her friends, the projects and pleasures of young people, ever welcomed about her, move this true woman as genuinely as do weightier affairs of state, of political economy or of literature, broached by more noted visitors.

If Mrs. Wilson's books soar above the comprehension of the average reader, as some of her critics insist, I can vouch that her conversation never overtops her listener. Naturalness and cordiality are her salient characteristics, and brief contact puts the most timorous visitor at his ease.

In her intimate circle, Mrs. Wilson is universally beloved, the result of her frank, honest acceptance of worth, and of her unfailing desire to be helpful at need. In her home life she is literally adored, and to her radiates its every detail, whether of love, sympathy, or counsel. For she is a notable housekeeper, and in her hands the bunch of keys is, perhaps, for daily purpose, mightier than the pen. To favored intimates she talks frankly of her ventures in chickens, or her aspirations in a new yeast; and special ones taste buttermilk, fresh from her churning, with flaky biscuits.

Generous beyond the wont of connoisseurs, Mrs. Wilson's chief delight is to share her floral triumphs with her friends, leading them about the grounds for personal introduction to an especially rich bower of Cherokee roses; to her wonderful trees of azaleas, that carpet rods of earth with vari-hued leaves, and to her favorite, the odorous camellia tree. In her green-houses she comes as near to gush as her quiet nature may over potted plants of rare lineage and rarer perfection, each an individual with a name and a personality for her. Breaking a leaf here, a spray there, now a bloom, again a frond, she fairly buries her friends with flowers. I have seen her so earnest in this pleasure giving, when appreciated, that her reception dress and delicate hands were alike forgotten, as the latter probed into the mellow earth after some elusive root.

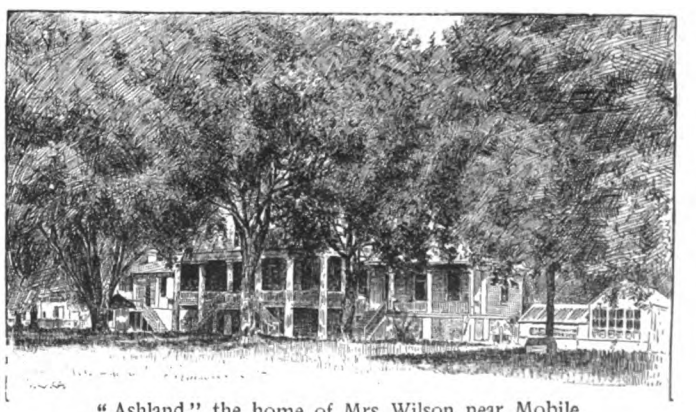
Yet social, genial and hospitable as she is under her own roof, or that of chosen friend, Mrs. Wilson is in no sense a woman of society. Her own receptions, lunches and dinners are her delight, but she cares nothing for balls, parties, or public entertainments. The death of her husband last year has, of course, thrown her even more in seclusion. Where the public of her home city knows Mrs. Wilson best is in the fair field of charitable deeds, wherein she is as tireless as she is an intelligent reaper. To the orphans and the needy of her own and other denominations she is an ever practical and patient almoner.

But "Miss Augusta," as near friends still call the placid matron, in their odd southern fashion, is a methodical business woman withal. Those who picture her stalking with upturned chin and eyes fixed on space, and careless of pebble and bog, would stare open-mouthed at the calm, unwrinkled face peering beneath the light lace cap that crowns soft, natural waving hair, into the recalcitrant churn, or the unduly delayed nest of careless Sister Partlet.

It is a thoughtful face, too, seen in any light; and at rest wears a cast of sadness that tells the gentle nature has been touched by trial. But this is evanescent, and quick erased by the smile of peculiarly winning sincerity and the gleam of kindly, color-shifting eyes. The figure is of average height and slight model, but no-wise spare; the hands and feet of peculiar delicacy and symmetry; and the walk of quiet, easy dignity that has much of decision and energy in it. So the active mind in the healthy body carries her through varied avocations without jar or chafe, each having its alloted time, and each going straight to completion under methodical habit.

Mrs. Wilson is singularly systematic in the distribution of her time. Each day she first attends to her housekeeping duties, arranging the various domestic details, and then comes the care of her plants. Returning to the house the mail is examined, and then comes study or writing until the dinner hour. The afternoon is generally spent going over the garden and farm fields, and inspecting the cattle and poultry. Once each week, on Saturday, the house is thrown open to visitors from ten until four o'clock, and the constant stream of visitors upon these occasions attests the popularity of the hostess.

Mrs. Wilson is not a rapid literary worker. In the writing of a novel she never begins the manuscript until the entire plot and characters stand out clearly before her. So clearly photographed is the story upon Mrs. Wilson's mind that she could as easily begin by writing the closing chapters of a book as the opening portion. In the case of her novel "Vashti," for example, the description of Mrs. Gerome's death was written before a word of the first chapter was penned. Mrs. Wilson's care of details is shown in the fact that for several years before her last book, "At the Mercy of Tiberius," was published, she investigated electrical phenomena, especially freaks of lightning, and collected eight well-authenticated accounts of electric photography. Among these were four remarkable instances of human faces photographed by lightning on window-panes. On this basis of fact Mrs. Wilson built her novel. In view of these facts, now printed for the first time, the ridicule of the literary reviewers touching the lightning photograph on the window-pane at "Elm Bluff" as "impossible, absurd and sensational," must have sounded rather strange and amusing to Mrs. Wilson.



"Ashland," the home of Mrs. Wilson, near Mobile

* The first of a series of interesting glimpses of famous literary women, which will appear in the JOURNAL from time to time. The series will present those literary women whose home life has escaped excessive portraiture.

COMPENSATION

By Abram S. Isaacs

WHEN Eve her paradise forsook,
She cast a swift despairing look
At Eden in its loveliness;
Then, conscious of her sad distress,
From heaven she stole a bit of sky
To beam forever in her eye.
A star that circled in a dance
She seized to radiate her glance;
A tiny rose that blossomed there
She plucked to make her cheeks as fair,
And snatched a trembling drop of dew
To purify her heart anew;
And so, amid all hopes and fears,
A bit of Eden woman bears.

THE WIFE OF YOUR MINISTER

By A. J. Parry

IT may be safely affirmed that while many of the earlier exactions of service from pastors' wives by their parishes have had their day and ceased to be, it remains true that churches still expect their pastor's wife to act as their assistant pastor. This is true of country, and largely of city churches. It is as true to-day as it ever was.

It is the purpose of this article to inquire whether this is a reasonable expectation.

There are undoubtedly women of exceptional physical strength and endurance whose husbands are in the ministry. When such women feel called to the duties of assistant pastor, and can discharge them without detriment to the interests of their families, pastors and people alike should be profoundly grateful. But how many times have we all heard the remark from Tryphena and Tryphosa (by which names we will represent certain lay sisters): "What is the reason that ministers' wives are always sick? I hardly ever knew one who was well!"

The truth of this remark must be admitted, and it is a fact for which I have long sought an explanation. Whether the clerical mind prefers the fragile and delicate organization in women, which in the wear and tear of mature life inevitably leads to ill health; whether religious women are apt to be unhealthy, or unhealthy women are apt to be religious; or whether the ministers themselves are tiresome persons to live with, or the churches, with all their real kindness and sympathy, a little exhausting in their demands, I am as yet unable to determine.

But when this remark of Tryphena and Tryphosa reaches the pastor's wife, who stands self-convicted of her own particular and especial "attacks," the thumb-screws of which are perhaps at the very moment being tightened, you may be sure she winces under it. Being a quick-witted and somewhat sensitive woman it means to her: "Oh, dear, what a failure our pastor's wife is! Always sick when she is especially needed! I have headaches myself, but I have learned not to give up."

Thus does the minister's wife interpret Tryphena and Tryphosa. What does she do in consequence? What does the worn-out horse do under the spur that draws blood? He rallies his failing energies for one last quivering effort to do what is expected of him and then collapses, and, finally, if you inquire what has become of him, you will learn that he is dead, or turned out in a vacant lot to spend the remaining years of his uselessness. If you inquire concerning the pastor's wife who has attempted to respond to the spur of the congregation's criticism, you will find her also dead, or in a sanitarium.

However, the spur of the congregation's criticism is not the only spur which urges on the pastor's wife. She knows that she is expected to act as assistant pastor; the thought of being a disappointment to her husband and his people is intolerable to her. She cannot fall below the ideal set before her. Furthermore, her whole heart is in her husband's work. She sees the opportunities for doing good, for comforting sorrowful hearts, and winning immortal souls, and a woe, she feels, is on her if she fails to do her part. She loves the people among whom she works, and gladly gives herself for them. None the less, for this reason, the demands of life upon her inevitably become too complex.

Let me give you, for the sake of definiteness, a little sketch of one of my own friends, Mrs. Dr. Dormer, and I will promise that the details of her life are facts, not fancies. Regarding her name, I cannot, perhaps, take so strong ground. I choose Mrs. Dormer as a fair illustration of the conscientious pastor's wife of the day, neither below nor above the average.

The Rev. Dr. Dormer is a man of unusual energy and capacity for work He is pastor of a church of eight hundred and fifty members, in a city of moderate size. He admires Mrs. Dormer profoundly, and considers her capable of doing everything superlatively well. Like most men, he overwhelms his wife one day with his solicitude for her, and the next day stimulates her in every fiber of her being to overwork by his evidently "great expectations." Mrs. Dormer has good mental capacity, is physically very frail, religiously fervent in spirit, with an especial interest in foreign missions.

Mr. Dormer's salary is thirty-five hundred dollars, out of which he pays seven hundred for house rent, provides for his wife and four children, gives "the Lord's tenth" in charities, and sustains the plainly essential life insurance. It will be readily appreciated that Mrs. Dormer can have very little sewing done under these financial conditions. A view of the domestic situation, then, shows us a large house to be kept in order—and in company order, too, for there are frequent visitors at the Dormers'—chiefly ministerial—with the help of only one servant; the table to be furnished with appetizing but economical food; and three little girls, one boy, and one man to be sewed for, and mended for by one woman's hands, besides the aforesaid woman's own dressmaking to be "personally conducted." Please bear in mind the fact that Mrs. Dormer has the sick headaches and impaired nervous system of most American women of thirty-five, and that the little Dormers all have weak stomachs (the ministerial inheritance) and then tell me, dear sisters, has she not already enough to tax her vital energy to the utmost?

But now remember the social side of Mrs. Dormer's life. She receives on an average four calls a day, social or professional; she entertains her own and her husband's Bible classes once or twice a year; also the choir, and the deacons, and the brother ministers of the city, and the Pastors' Club, and the visiting brethren who drop down all the way along. She must attend teas and receptions, and read papers on literary themes occasionally, and in every way seek to do her husband credit socially.

This brings us to her church life. Let me tell you what she described to me the other day, not at all in a complaining fashion, but as a summary of an average week's church work. On Sunday she attended morning service and taught a large class of young men; the afternoon was devoted to her children's moral and spiritual nature, which she feels is getting a little shabby; in the evening she attended a prayer meeting and a preaching service. Monday morning's mail brought a request that she attend a large missionary meeting on Wednesday at the other side of the city, and speak for fifteen minutes on a given theme. Two days already crowded with work in which to prepare for the ordeal, the thought of which made her tremble, and the fulfilment of which would be sure to make her ill, for Mrs. Dormer is a timid woman. In the same mail came a letter from a lady in a former parish, five hundred miles distant, asking her to send suggestions for the work and reading of her missionary society. Mrs. Dormer has a large correspondence of this character. Monday afternoon was devoted to calling on sick persons whose cases had been mentioned to her on Sunday.

Tuesday afternoon came an Aid Society meeting; Tuesday evening a Pink Tea, Mrs. Dormer's presence at both absolutely imperative.

Wednesday was free from church duties except a committee meeting of the King's Daughters, and the calls to be made, which are always weighing heavily on Mrs. Dormer's spirit. There are three hundred names on her calling list, besides numerous sick and wounded not on the list, and Tryphena and Tryphosa frequently deplore that they "see so little of their pastor's wife in their homes."

Thursday was the afternoon of the missionary meeting, with a gathering of the Y. P. S. C. E. in the evening, of which organization Mrs. Dormer is an active member. "But," you will say, "she is thirty-five." Yes, but she is young enough for Christian endeavor, although old enough to preside over the mothers in Israel when they gather for missionary meetings. After the Y. P. S. C. E., occurred the weekly church prayer-meeting, which Mrs. Dormer must always attend.

Friday afternoon was the afternoon for the Mothers' Meeting, which Mrs. Dormer led, inwardly conscious while she talked with sweet serenity of training the little ones, that her own little ones were making a general training day at home, and quite possibly scandalizing Tryphosa, who lives next door.

Saturday was left blank for a sick headache.

Now, if you will consider that wherever Mrs. Dormer goes she is beset with requests for various services which I have not even suggested; that she is appealed to constantly for direction and material by programme committees; that she is sought after by benevolent societies outside of the church; that she must write on an average ten letters a week; that she must read every missionary publication which comes into the house, you will, I think, begin to wonder how long before the grave or the sanitarium will claim its own.

And Mrs. Dormer is not one of the notable ministers' wives. She is only an ordinary, quiet little woman, trying "to do her best."

What is to be done for Mrs. Dormer before it is everlastingly too late?

I would myself suggest a merciful economy in the use of the spur, and to this end I will tell you certain things not to do:

Do not say, "Mrs. Dormer has not been in my house in fourteen months." Do not blame her if she does not come in fourteen years.

Do not remind her every time you see her of her failure to attend this meeting, or that.

Do not allude more than is needful in her presence to the devotion and activity of your former pastor's wife, or of the wife of some other pastor in town.

Do not make her president of all your societies, or chairman of all your committees.

Do not forget that she is a woman, and a wife, and a mother, before she is an assistant pastor.

Do not forget that her time is not paid for.

Do not begrudge her the intimate friendship of a few kindred spirits. You have your own especial friends. Why should she, of all women, be called upon to forego this privilege?

And finally, if she is wise enough and brave enough to say, "I will not destroy the life which God has given me by slow suicide. I will not break up my home and leave my husband and children desolate by overtaxing myself in work which God does not exact, or he would have supplied the strength wherewith to meet it. I will content myself with the influence I can exert as a good and happy Christian woman in my home, and will do in the church only that which I can do without the sacrifice of life and strength." If the time comes when Mrs. Dormer has the courage to take this position, go to her, Tryphena and Tryphosa, and tell her she is doing right, and that you glory in her independence.

WOMANHOOD

By Ella S. Elliott

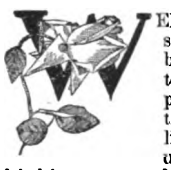
LIGHTLY slept she on the threshold of her
five and twentieth year,
She had yet the world before her—naught of
past to dread or fear.
And she looked with happy longing, as the
years before her stood
Richer, brighter, better, broader—heritage of
womanhood.
Past the wavering, girlish fancies, past the
future's fearful gloam,
For her heart had found its double—settled
now no more to roam.

So she dreamed of happy home-life in to-
morrow's fancy day—
Home where she could sit in silence, sit and
love her life away;
Where the joy of loving deeply brings no
thought save that of bliss,
Where the sorrows born of living flee at touch
of husband's kiss,
Where the strong arm is protector, and the
weak heart strong alway,
Where the cynic's snarl is vanquished by the
sunburst of love's day.

Blessed thought of home-life, sweeter than ever
thought beside could be—
Home where two shall build their heaven,
loving ever perfectly.
Would the home-life be kept empty, naught
beside e'er enter there?
Are they fearful lest the heart-wealth scanty
prove with three to share?
Blessed thoughts of baby fingers, patter soft of
baby feet.
Ah! there's room for child and husband—
women's hearts are wide and deep.

WHY OUR WOMEN FADE

By Felicia Holt



HERE I a physician I should speak of heredity as a cause, but as Ibsen and other great teachers are so ably expounding the evils thus transmitted to us, there is little reason for me to touch upon it, save to beg every thinking man and woman not to turn away in affected disgust from the plain consideration of an unwelcome truth, but to examine it carefully and earnestly, that they may learn and profit by the great morals these teachers bring before us.

Let us be willing to know ourselves, that the truth may make us free and able to guard our offspring from the dangers which the sins of our forefathers and their equally culpable ignorance of hygienic laws have entailed upon this enfeebled generation.

I am requested to speak of my own countrywomen in this paper, and I must crave their pardon for instituting a comparison between them and their English sisters in the matter of complexion. Notwithstanding her beauty and charming grace, the young American is apt to be sallow-hued beside the young English girl, whose delicate and roseate coloring bespeaks both health and vitality.

Of course, climate has a large influence in this regard, but then one must have the proper exposure to climate and not exclude every particle of air, as is too often the case in our American nurseries; so I instance a want of proper ventilation, both by day and night, as a potent factor in bringing about the decay of youth and beauty. Some people I know go mad on the fresh air hobby, but I believe in neither extreme. Physicians and oculists would have less practice, the lungs would be better able to do the work their Creator intended, and youthful eyes could see the world and its beauties without the aid of spectacles, which seem so out of place mounted upon the nose of childhood. We all contribute to the "Fresh Air Fund" for the children of the destitute; let us not forget the necessities of our own little ones, and remember that furnace-dried air and double windows sometimes do serious damage. More light, more air for the girls and boys! All growing plants require them; why not these precious specimens who often droop and fade in the hot-houses of a too effete civilization?

Many grievous reasons confront me as to "why our women fade," but I shall touch upon only a few of the strongest. I look at the many women of my acquaintance; I see lines on brows which can only be brought there by worry, and "worry" I take to be one of the greatest foes to a woman's youth. There are dolls to be sure, who never think, work or act; I do not here discuss such creatures, but woman in her vocation as a sentient being. In this country, as in no other, do women have to struggle in the effort to keep up an appearance of great wealth they do not possess. It is an age of monopolies, and great fortunes are being absorbed by the shrewd financiers; hence, many far more cultivated and refined people must retire, "forgetting the world, be by the world forgot," or undertake a struggle which ends only in the grave. It would seem at the first an unworthy strife, and so it is, not only unworthy but horribly degrading if entered into with the purpose of vying with the more fortunate for the mere possession of money; but alas, it represents to the fastidious and well-born woman all that to which by nature she is justly entitled: works of art, music, literature and the outcome of the ages. Can she see all these delights absorbed by the ignorant parvenu without at least an effort to claim some for her own? "Yes," you reply, "if she is a saint." So, but if she have children, what then? She cannot let them lapse into unworthy pursuits, and be dragged by circumstances to a level with her inferiors. No! every impulse of motherhood forbids; and so she enters the arena where all are against her. She has love and a woman's wit to pit against her foes, and the spectators are equally ready to applaud if she be victorious, or smile contemptuously and forget her if she be vanquished.

The incomes of American men are more or less fluctuating; one year they may be ample, next year very meagre. The business man may make a fortune in '91 and lose it in '92; behind him are his wife and children, who must bear as best they can these changes of fortune. The wife rarely has the full confidence of her husband as to his mercantile transactions and their result, but is always expected to manage equally well on a small or a large income; and living under these conditions she grows old before her time. From early youth she has stood patiently by his side, she has been, let us suppose, a thoroughly good woman and has borne with him the burden and heat of the day; he has made mistakes which she, with her keener insight, would never have been guilty of; but for better or worse they have taken each other, and she has been faithful to her contract. But it has aged her, the gentle charms of woman—her tender femininity—fade before these corroding cares.

What then is the remedy? Where shall it be found? I reply: Let woman enlarge her horizon. In the narrow sphere heretofore allotted to women their aims have been low, because there was seemingly little encouragement from their fellow men to be more than the creature of man's lighter moods. I do not mean to encourage women to take up the study of law or medicine. Portia was a delightful study with Shakespeare's masterly hand to do the artistic touches, but we have little need of her now. The professions are already overcrowded, and unless we reverse the situation and educate our sons for housewives, there will be no vacancies for women. Do not cry me down and declare me an enemy to woman's progress; far be it from me. But I want progress in a womanly fashion. Let woman grow, read, enlarge her mind, study both literature and science that she may not only help her fellow man but be his guide and inspiration. What greater spur for the masculine mind than the companionship of a cultivated woman? Her trenchant wit, her delicate perception, her clear intuition, are great aids to his slower and more judicial brain. He carries steadfastness which she has not yet demonstrated; it may come in time, but as yet she cannot lay claim to the poise of his more logical mind.

The female, I hold, is the better partisan, the male the more just judge, but the man and the woman make, as God intended, a splendid whole. So I would have woman work to this end—that of a perfect counterpart of the Creator's noblest work—a man, "after His own image." It is her beautiful mission to fill out and round as a whole that which he, with his less deft perception, can never grasp. He can build prisons for the criminal, but she can touch the criminal's heart and awaken his repentance in a way unknown to man.

He can erect hospitals, but she may be the ministering angel to the patients. With her pen, if she has ability, she can send her influence far and wide. Everyone has one talent; let her use it for the good of others.

That rather subtle question which is embodied in the phrase "woman's enfranchisement" is sure to intrude itself whenever we come to discuss the relations which women as wives and mothers hold toward society. But it ought to be possible to consider what is best for the happiness of both men and women without reference to matters of purely political significance.

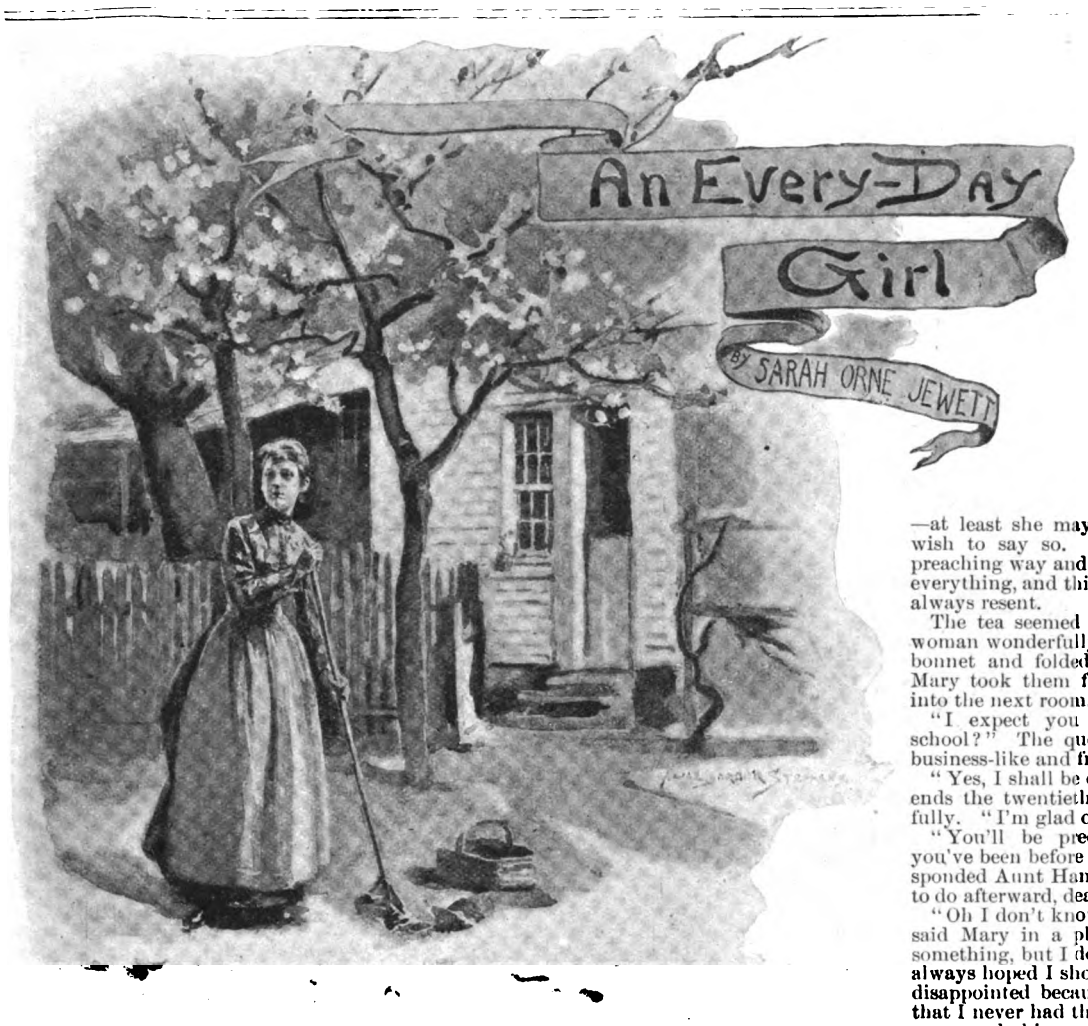
The existing order of things may infringe certain abstract rights of woman, and yet it may remain true that the existing order of things is the best for the present moment, and under present conditions. Even reforms may come too soon, and we may rest assured that all changes which tend to a better and higher civilization will come when the time is ripe for them.

What I especially wish to enforce is that it is better to do what is manifestly desirable in our present circumstances, rather than to go tilting at windmills which we have not yet reached.

If a woman is a mother she can make home an earthly paradise for her family; and if ambitious, train citizens for the State. But in all cases I would have her begin at home; don't set out on a foreign mission whilst you have a father and a mother who are old; or do not let your husband find some more agreeable companion to converse with; or do not let your children find their pleasure abroad because you are too much wrapped up in yourself to attend to their claims.

Why you should fade is a mystery to me when there is so much work for you to do. Keep abreast of the times, spend yourself freely; your hair may, it is true, grow gray, but your heart cannot if you keep it filled with goodness and virtue.

You will find your mentality grow with your years, if you give it proper food. Unless you are afflicted with some disease, you can keep up your long walks and put the young people to shame. Enter into other people's pleasures and you will have your own cup filled with joy; sympathize fully with their sorrows and your own will heal. Keep your lamp trimmed and burning, your mind clear of all that is narrow and mean, and people will call you a young woman and prefer you in your matured brilliancy and gracious charm to the bread-and-butter miss who may, in actual years, be young enough to be your grand-daughter.



"She was curiously light-hearted that day. Was it the fragrance of the spring air and the blossoming trees?"

PART FIRST

MARY Fleming walked slowly along the street toward her home one hot afternoon late in the month of May. Summer had come suddenly, as it always does in northern New England. The small town itself had a northern look and, although the dooryards and the whole country were fast growing green, as you looked out past the village you caught sight of stony hills, of dark woodland, and sterile soil.

Mary Fleming wore a thick winter dress, and the discomfort of it added to her discouragement of heart. It was one of the days when she felt like making herself as miserable as possible. Usually as you met and greeted her you were sure to notice a brightness in her face and something uncommonly pleasant, though she often had a puzzled look, a kind of sharpness and assumed authority such as young teachers sometimes wear who think more of the self-importance than of the opportunities of their position. Mary Fleming was charming to look at in her fresh girlishness when she felt satisfied and happy, but of late she had been so dissatisfied and thinking of herself and her troubles so much, that her very looks were changing. Sometimes her natural good temper and affectionateness drove these clouds away; she was far too young to be always dispirited. The very year of her life lent hope and she only feared disappointment; there had been no time yet to prove that disappointment was inevitable.

Our heroine opened the sagging side gate of a plain, small wooden house that stood close to the street, and went along a weedy path through the side yard toward the kitchen door. In the yard there were two pear trees in whitest blossom and a good bit of open garden ground, but nobody had taken any care of it that spring, so that whatever had been thrown out or blown in littered the further side against the next house. There were even some old tin cans lying about, most hopeless of refuse, and Mary looked at them with dismay and disapproval, and wondered why her father had not picked them up. She had noticed a neighbor's flower garden as she came up the street, where some daffodils were in bloom by the path, and the empty flower beds were all put in order, with their brown freshly-dug earth heaped smooth and high. She remembered with a feeling of impatience how neat and clean and promising it all looked. She stood looking about with a very disapproving expression; then turned and went slowly up two or three wooden steps and opened the side door of the house and went into the kitchen, which was just like a great many other kitchens. The grained woodwork did not look like oak, but only like the worst of imitations, and it gave a soiled-looking, dingy color to the room, though the whole little place was really so clean and orderly. The paper was ugly, too, and had been hung so badly that it looked the worse. Neither Mary nor her mother knew exactly why they disliked their poor little kitchen so much where they spent so much of their time. People do not know how much good harmonious and pleasant colors can do them in their every-day life; there is something akin to a moral influence in the ugliness or the beauty which surround us in our houses. We may help to make our surroundings, but they also help to make us.

Mary always looked eagerly for her mother's pleasant face at the sitting-room window, where she usually sat in the afternoon, but to-day Mrs. Fleming was not there. In the kitchen, however, was an unexpected but familiar figure; a thin little old woman in an odd, light-colored dress with a sprigged shawl over her shoulders, gay with a bright border. She wore on her head a flaring old-fashioned Shaker bonnet with a long cape and brown band over the top; from under this bonnet shone a pair of piercing kindly brown eyes and a thin lock or two of white hair. She was a neat, knowing, delightful old visitor, and Mary's face lighted up like a child's with the pleasure of finding her.

"Why, where's mother?" she asked. "Do take off your things, Aunt Hannah; you've come to make us a visit, haven't you?"

"Yes, dear," said Aunt Hannah. "I waked up this morning feeling I had got to come, so here I be. You know that's my way; I have had the beautifulest walk from over in Round Hill neighborhood. 'Twas pretty far, but I rested me often, and Mis' Prescott put me up some bread an' butter an' a nice piece o' cake for luncheon, though I calculated to get here by dinner time. I can't walk as once I could; but there, I have to keep stopping to see things by the way. I believe I got me a drink o' water from every brook."

The old woman looked tired, but her face was so radiant with pleasure that Mary was pleased too. She put down her books and little basket, and looked at the stove, and then put two or three pine sticks into the inside and the tea-kettle with a little fresh water on the outside, before she sat down. "I'm going to make you a good cup of tea, Aunt Hannah," she said. "That'll rest you, and perhaps mother'll like one, too, when she comes in. She said something this morning about going over the river to see old Miss Dunn who goes to our church. She's been very sick and nobody likes her very well; 'twas just like mother."

"Thank ye, darlin', about the tea," said Aunt Hannah. "I know Ellen Dunn. I knew her mother, an' I just remember her grandmother. No, they aint likeable folks; they're too pleased with themselves, an' always rushin' without fear or wit to other folks' affairs. There was this Ellen that was some smarter than the others an' learned the tailoress trade, an' then there was another sister that stayed to home an' dried up—she looked as if she was a thousand years old when she got here. So Ellen's sick, is she? Well, I daresay 'twill do her good; she'll find how kind folks is an' be drawed to some she's been too ready to find fault with. Perhaps I'll go over an' see her myself some day. I may know of something that'll be good for her ails; they're folks I've always known."

Mary Fleming sat by the open window, sometimes looking out into the budding grape vine and sometimes watching her old friend's face as she rambled on with her opinions and reminiscences. The fire was crackling in the stove and the tea-kettle began to sing; presently she made the tea and poured a cupful for Aunt Hannah, which was received with gratitude. The color came back to the pale old face and it was presently acknowledged that the walk had been over long for one of those first warm days.

"'Tis as good a cup o' tea as your ma could have made, bless her heart!" said Aunt Hannah. "I expect you'll turn out as nice a cook an' as good a woman. Seem's to me you look kind of unpleased about something, though. I thought so the minute I see you."

"You always know everything; you're a witch!" Mary laughed, but the kindness of this old friend's tone touched her, and she could not say any more for a minute, but looked away out of the window.

"There!" exclaimed Aunt Hannah. "I've got no business to pry and question, but I hate to see young folks look downhearted. Young folks often has to make up some kind o' worry for themselves if only to serve till the 'real ones come. I know most all the kinds of real trouble that there is, and there's hardly any but what there's help for."

Mary did not like this—at least she may have liked it but did not wish to say so. Old people have such a preaching way and think they know all about everything, and this assumption young people always resent.

The tea seemed to have refreshed the old woman wonderfully. She took off the Shaker bonnet and folded her shawl carefully, and Mary took them from her and carried them into the next room.

"I expect you be most done going to school?" The question was put in a most business-like and friendly tone.

"Yes, I shall be done this summer; school ends the twentieth of June," said Mary fretfully. "I'm glad of it, I'm sure."

"You'll be precious glad of every day you've been before you come to my age," responded Aunt Hannah. "What be you going to do afterward, dear?"

"Oh I don't know, it worries me to death!" said Mary in a plaintive tone. "I must do something, but I don't know what. Mother's always hoped I should be a teacher, and she's disappointed because I know and she knows that I never had the least gift for it. I can do sums and things myself, but I can't explain them to people. I don't believe I'm good for anything in the world."

"Yes you be, darlin'," said the old friend, calmly. "The end o' the world aint come yet for you; it's only the beginning; you don't know what you be good for yet, but you'll quick find out. I'm sick of everybody trying to keep school; 'tis one o' the scarcest gifts there is, but to get the chance seems to make a high candlestick for the worst of tallow-dips. It aint what you do but how you do it that builds folks a reputation."

"I can't do anything but what everybody else can do," said the girl sadly. "I always wished I could sing beautifully or be good for something particular."

"You want to get talked about an' set up for being smart, I suppose," said Aunt Hannah sharply. "Well, 'tis human nature, and there's no harm as I know on. But you just remember what I say: 'taint what you do, but how you do it. You can make yourself famous for anything; you just go to work smart an' always think of others an' how to please 'em and you'll soon find they'll think o' you. There, I aint goin' to preach a word more. You do the first thing you see to do, and don't you go an' be 'shamed cause it's that thing 'stead o' some other. Be open, an' have pride about it. My grandma'am used to tell a story about a woman that had come down in the world an' went to sellin' fish, an' they heard her goin' along the street a squeakin' out 'Sprats! sprats! I hope to mercy nobody'll hear me."

Mary laughed aloud with great delight. Aunt Hannah's stories were the joy of all who knew her, and her homely wisdom and sympathy had stood many a discouraged friend in good stead.

"I do love to keep house," said Mary at last after a season of deep reflection. "I suppose that's mother's gift and mine. I do like to do things about the house."

"Have ambition then, an' make your gift serve you and other folks," said Aunt Hannah eagerly. "There's lack enough of good housekeepin' in this world. Now, I'm beat out darlin', I've got to rest me awhile."

"You sit here and rest—no, go into the other room where the big rocking chair is and the lounge; mother'll soon be at home," said the girl. "I'm going to pick up some o' those things out round the yard. I've been scolding because father didn't do it, but I can clear up a little myself; he doesn't get home till most dark any of these nights. They've been cutting down his pay, too."

"That's real hard," said the guest, "hard for your mother, too; the worst always comes on the women. How's your father now?"

"He's pretty well most days," answered Mary, stopping to think with a little flush of impatience. "No, I guess he isn't, either, he's always talking about his back and his stomach, and thinking everything hurts him that mother makes."

"He's wore out," said the old woman compassionately. "He don't come of a strong race and he's been a hard-working man. It upset him his signing for that first shoe firm an' losing most everything. You young folks don't know how hard them things be. He used to be the pleasantest boy, always a whistlin' an' singin'."

Mary looked up in surprise. She never had had the least sentiment about her unlucky father; her mother had a certain dignity and lady-likeness which she admired, but as for her father he was a plain and rough-looking man, who was always gloomy and disapproving except at the rarest intervals, when the visit of some old acquaintance or an occasional holiday jaunt out into the country made him appear more cheerful. He was always very friendly with Aunt Hannah, as was everybody who knew her.

"Some nice brisk wormwood tea 'll set him right up," said the good old soul. "I had you all on my mind when I first waked up this mornin' as the birds were singin'."

"Neither of the two spoke until the silence became embarrassing"

"I'm glad you did, mother'll be so glad to see you. Now, I'm going out in the yard," said Mary, "and I'll have it looking better as quick as ever I can."

She could not have told why she felt so light-hearted and energetic at that moment. All the shadows had blown away. Aunt Hannah, who really felt tired, went into the sitting-room to take a nap, and Mary only stopped to spread something over her and then with sudden impulse stooped down and kissed the soft old cheek. "Dear heart, I thank ye!" said Aunt Hannah gently. She was half asleep already with the comfortable ease and habit of her many years. Then Mary put on an old dress and went out to the shed and found a rake and a basket and began her work under the pear trees. She was curiously light-hearted. Was it the fragrance of the spring air and the blooming trees, was it the escape from the close and dulling air of school, was it the kind, wise talk of Aunt Hannah that had brought her to this better level of things? Nobody could tell. Mary herself did not try to think, but she had not enjoyed anything in a long time as she enjoyed picking up the neighbor's cans that had fallen through the broken partition fence, and the pieces of refuse, and raking their little garden clean and sweeping the path to the gate. She was just tying up the grape vine with a bit of string, an hour later, when her mother came home looking tired and hurried.

"Why, how nice everything looks," she said gratefully. "Did you do it yourself, Mary? I have been wishing our yard looked nice. I noticed everybody's else as I went along and thought they all were neat but ours. Your father has so little time." She hesitated to say any more: she was always trying to explain things to Mary about her father, but Mary was always hard and resentful. Mary smiled now, and said that he would have a surprise when he came home, for once. "Aunt Hannah has come," she added, looking in her mother's face and still smiling. "She was tired, and I made her a cup of tea and then she went to sleep. There she is now!"

Aunt Hannah appeared at the window, and Mrs. Fleming hastened in. Somebody spoke to Mary from the sidewalk.

"Don't you want some help," said a person who might have been called either a very young man, or a very old boy, just as the observer had chosen.

"Yes, I do, John," said Mary, eagerly. "Why, where did you come from?"

John Abbott was already in the yard. "My, don't your pear trees look pretty!" he said. "It's ever so much more like summer in town than it is up to our place." They stood near together, but they did not offer to shake hands, though their young faces were full of pleasure at seeing each other.

"I came down to spend the night at Aunt Esther's," explained John. "I had to get me some new clothes, an' our folks wanted some farming tools and so on, an' Mr. Haynes thinks o' raising a good deal o' poultry this year, so he's going to stay, too, an' see about that, an' we're going back early to-morrow. It's awfully busy on the farm now. We didn't see first how we could get away. We brought down a yoke o' oxen he'd sold, and other things, so 'twas necessary for two of us to come."

John looked very sunburnt and important—as if the spring winds and sun and rain had weather-beaten him particularly—but his eyes were clear and bright, and he had an air of vast importance. Mary and he had always been neighbors and friends. It was known by all their acquaintances that John Abbott and Mary Fleming "went together," in schoolmate fashion. They had really missed each other since he had left school the year before and gone up country to take a place on a large farm.

"What were you doing?" demanded the lad, as if it were amusing that she should be doing anything at all, and she showed him the grapevine, and they stood talking while be pruned that and tinkered the trellis. It was almost tea time when Mary's father suddenly appeared, and they both turned at the sound of his voice, a little shamefaced. He looked very pale, but he spoke very kindly to John—everybody liked John—and he had come from a part of the country where Mr. Fleming used to live himself. "Come in and stay to supper," he said with unwonted eagerness, but John said shyly that he must go back to his aunt's, she would be sure to expect him. "I don't know's I ought to eat two meals in the same place, though," he added. "It's likely to frighten folks."

"You've made the lot look as neat as anybody's," said Mr. Fleming, standing on the steps and looking about.

"I haven't done anything except about the vine," said John. "Mary's been trying her hand at farming."

"Mary?" asked her father with a puzzled look. "Why, that's something new. I'm afraid she and her mother were out of patience"—

Mary would naturally have looked surly at this, but, somehow, she did not feel surly for a wonder—perhaps because John was standing by; perhaps because she pitied her father a little for almost the first time. She said that she had felt like working out of doors, it was so pleasant. She even looked her father straight in the face with a smile, instead of evading him with a frown. They had not been on very good terms lately. It was one of Aunt Hannah's old proverbs that it takes two to make a quarrel, but only one to end it, and Mary thought of this as her father went into the house. Something pleasant was at work with her; she felt differently toward everybody. She was glad, beside, to see John. He would not stay to supper, so they said good-bye, and she went in to help her mother. It was time to set the table, and her mother would need her. They had one boarder, a quiet man, who was an old acquaintance of Mr. Fleming's. People said that he had a good deal of money, but nobody really knew; he was a clerk in the counting-room of a lumber firm. Mr. Davis came in as John Abbott went out, and Mary noticed as she set the table that he stood still in the path looking up at the old pear trees with the sun in their tops, and even bent down a blossoming branch and held it to his face. Aunt Hannah and her father were talking together cheerfully. Mr. Fleming looked up again and again at Mary as she stepped about the room. She never had looked so pretty or so womanly before. He was sorry that he had left it for her to tidy up the yard. He remembered that he had seen some potted plants for sale down the street, and said to himself that he would get up early next morning and dig the borders for Mary and his wife, and buy them something pretty to set out.

When supper was over and cleared away, Aunt Hannah got her knitting work out of the big handkerchief bundle which she always carried, and Mrs. Fleming brought some mending and sat down by the window to catch the last of the daylight. The boarder and Mr. Fleming got out the old checker-board, which always was a sure sign of their friendliness and good spirits. Mary heard footsteps along the side path. "There's John Abbott coming back again," she said, laughing.

John came in, looking manly and a little shy.

"I thought perhaps you'd go and take a walk before dark," he said, and Mary rose with alacrity.

"We can get some of the rest of the girls to go," she suggested, but John said nothing by way of eager encouragement. Aunt Hannah watched him shrewdly as he stood in the doorway. She had a wise old head on her shoulders, and she loved young people. She nodded her head two or three times as they departed, but the men were busy again with their game, and Mrs. Fleming was threading her needle with intentness. "'Tis real pleasant to see you, Aunt Hannah!" she exclaimed. "I've been wishing you'd happen along."

"I waked up this morning just as the birds were singin'," repeated the old woman, "an' I felt that 'twas my opportunity to come."

* * * * *

The two young people were walking slowly along the road, not toward the center of the village, but out toward the quiet fields and woods that surrounded the town.

"Aunt Hannah's a lovely old woman," said Mary, with enthusiasm. "She always makes me feel so pleasant. She isn't a bit like anybody else. I've heard mother say ever so many times that she always had the gift of coming just when people wanted her. She sort of flies down out of the air."

"She used to come to our house when my mother and father were alive," said the young man. "I didn't think much about her then, except that she was pleasant, as you say, and she always used to be telling over her funny old stories. She was there when I had the measles, when I was a little boy, and she made me drink a whole lot of herb teas, then I didn't like her very well for awhile. I enjoy living on the farm, but it seems good to get back among the folks I have always known," said John, not without sentiment. "I don't know that anybody has missed me."

"I did, a good deal," said Mary, frankly, "but of course I've got used now to not seeing you about. There are a good many that have left school this year. Sometimes I wish that I had. I think I ought to go to work and help father."

"He looks sick, doesn't he?" said John. "He's too young to get so used up."

"He's over fifty," said Mary, from the short perspective of her eighteen years. "He's older than mother."

"He ought to be right in his prime," said the young man, soberly. "Perhaps it is bad for him to work in the shop. He stoops over more than he did, and coughs a good deal. I thought he looked all gone when I first saw him to-night. I'm thankful I didn't go into the shop last fall; you know I thought of it? Well, I'm as strong a man now as there is in this county. A good, hard day's work just tires me enough to make me sleepy when night comes. I wish your father'd move up our way. I mean to talk to him. You'd like it, too, and your mother."

"Oh, I don't know!" exclaimed the girl, doubtfully, with a village-born person's uncertainty about the resources and charms of the open country. "Look at that cherry tree all in bloom!"

"You ought to see the trees up at our place!" insisted her companion.

Mary stopped at that moment on a little bridge over a brook that plashed noisily down a slope through the pasture. The flowering cherry tree was just behind them on the opposite side of the road, and some fresh, young, willow twigs on an old, cropped stump pointed their fragrance to the cherry blossoms. They leaned over the railing and looked down at the brook. Neither of the young people spoke until the silence became embarrassing. Then Mary said gravely, "I ought to go to work just as soon as I can. I never thought about it so much as I have to-day. I've got to help mother and I've got to help father. But I won't go into the shop if I can help it, and I never should make a good teacher, and I can't think of anything else."

"Why won't you go into the shop?" asked John. His heart was beating so that he was afraid Mary would hear it. He could not remember the time that she had not been dear to him, and different from anybody else. He longed to be a little older and to have the right to tell Mary all about it. He was sure—no, he was not sure that she remembered things he had said to her years ago, when they were beginning to grow up. Perhaps she thought he had forgotten them.

"Why not go into the shop?" he repeated. "It's better for girls than for men. There are nice girls there, and you could make pretty good pay right on, you are so quick to learn things."

"I suppose I might," said Mary, slowly, "but if you knew how I hate to be shut up all day."

"It shan't be for a great while if I can help it." It was all that John Abbott's honest and loving heart could muster courage to say, and Mary did not make any answer. Presently she turned toward him quickly. "John!" she said, "I feel as if I were grown up to-day. I don't know why. Aunt Hannah said some things to me that made me think, and so have you. I'm only an every-day girl, and I never thought much about anything, and I needed a good talking to. Aunt Hannah says it isn't what we do, but how we do it that makes anybody worth anything. It makes me feel pretty ambitious."

"So it does me," said John. Their young hearts were sobered by a great vision of personal duty and responsibility. It surely meant something that they should have been brought together on such a day in Mary Fleming's life.

(*Continued in next* JOURNAL)

THE ART OF FINDING FAULT

By Lilian Freeman Clarke

IT may seem superfluous to begin by saying, "Don't find fault at all when you can possibly avoid it." Nevertheless, this is a very important first rule; for in order to make necessary fault-finding count, and be of any real use to yourself, to the delinquent individual, or to both, all needless, superfluous and aimless fault-finding must be avoided. Three times out of four fault-finding is merely an expression of impatience, and the only good it does is to relieve the irritable feeling caused by the carelessness, stupidity or other defects of those with whom we have daily intercourse. To begin with, on every occasion where there is no reasonable hope of doing good by fault-finding, seal your lips as with a bar of iron.

Next, almost always postpone fault-finding until there has been time for consideration. Do not speak at the moment the fault has just been committed. However deserved, and even mild, the reproof may be, the culprit's mind is not in a state to receive and assimilate it. When Bridget has just broken your best India china soup-tureen, she is so disturbed by the accident that she hears you say, "Bridget, do you not remember I have often told you not to carry that tureen on a tray with other dishes, but always to lift it with both hands," etc., with a vague sense that you are "scolding" her, and it is very disagreeable; you are fortunate if she does not reply with some fretful self-justification. When the mind is off its balance, and the nerves agitated, it is not the moment to irritate still further. The more childish, undeveloped and ill-regulated the character the less is the hope of doing good by such a method.

To simplify the case I will suppose that you are dealing with domestics only. To treat the question of finding fault with children would involve too many side issues.

Here, then, I offer two very simple rules. I do not pretend that they cover the whole ground, but they will be of great practical assistance.

First—Never go into the kitchen to find fault with Bridget. She is there on her own ground; and if she is fretted into impertinence by what you say you have no resource but an undignified retreat, which leaves her mistress of the field. Send for her to come to you, taking care not to choose a time when her work or other occupations will be interrupted by so doing. Leave her a margin as to time.

Second—Begin by saying something kind, which will put Bridget in a good humor. It is easy to do this. Say a word of commendation of her breakfast cakes; or of her neat kitchen. She is now disposed to listen to you. Then go on something like this. "I like your work, on the whole, very much; you are (neat or a good cook, or very good tempered, as the case may be.) But there is one thing that troubles me. You stay out late at night. Now, if you were an elderly woman, perhaps it would not matter. At any rate, I should not feel responsible. But for a young girl of your age it is not safe. I should not dare to allow it. Your mother is not near you now to advise you; and a mother could not help being very anxious about you under these circumstances. You know I told you when you came that my rule is to have my domestics at home by (such an hour.) You may not understand the importance of this, but any older person, who has had experience, will tell you the same thing."

I have been obliged to suppose a case, but the principle is of varied application.

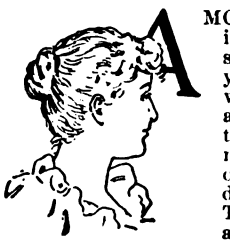
Good-natured, kindly fault-finding, administered when the mind is free to receive it, may do some good. Irritable expressions of displeasure, never; and moderate and just reproof, if tactless and ill-applied, is almost as useless.

There should be, however, a constant, gentle preparation of the soil, by judicious commendation. Judicious; not flattery, nor constant praise. Recognize all that is good; show that you perceive an attempt at improvement. With most people the tendency is the other way. Bridget burns her bread in the baking, and her mistress says, "Bridget, your bread was not good to-day." Bridget knows that; she knows, also, that she has made good bread ten times, and no notice was taken of it. The eleventh time she burned it, and that time she was blamed.

Let me close with a true anecdote. A kind-hearted old lady of my acquaintance employed a young colored man to do jobs about her premises. One day Henry, in receiving orders from her, forgot to remove his hat. My friend's old-fashioned breeding could not put up with this. This was the form of her reproof: "Henry, if you were my son, I should say, 'My son, where is your hat?'"

THE WOMAN WHO IS NERVOUS

By Kate Upson Clark



AMONG the characteristics of the time is a strong tenacity of youth among the women of fifty or sixty and upward. By this remark is not meant the affectation of youthfulness in dress and appearance. The Mrs. Skewtons are less in favor now than ever before. But there is now a striking prevalence of youthful vigor and activity among women at an age when they were, not so many years ago, thought to be past all active participation in the main affairs of life. If you are inclined to doubt this statement, count the gray-haired women, with fresh faces and elastic step, whom you meet during a single day's walk on any favorite avenue. You will find that they bear a large proportion to the whole number.

One reason why the faces of these elderly women are so rosy, unwrinkled and full of the zest of life, is that they have not allowed their nerves to go to pieces with every slight shock which they have experienced. The importance of this matter to both the outer and inner woman may be readily perceived by a simple illustration.

The other day a pale, weary-looking creature, in other words an exceptional woman among the throngs of strong and healthy shoppers upon the street, was passing an engine, when it suddenly began to let off steam.

"Oh, mercy!" cried this poor woman to her companion. "Isn't that terrible! Oh, my! Oh, my!"

Her face was very much drawn as she said this, and she could not have shivered more miserably if she had seen a ghost.

Another woman who travels hundreds, if not thousands of miles in the course of every year, is never weary of descanting upon the "tiresomeness" of a journey. It is no wonder that she finds a ride in the cars "tiresome." She is never ill from the motion, but she steps on board a train always with a settled determination to be wretched until she alights from it. She sits bolt upright nearly all the way, shudders at the creakings and the squeakings of the wheels, and loses no opportunity for "ohing" and "ahing" during the whole course of the trip. It is not strange that she reaches her journey's end utterly worn out, and that she has grown old at the rate of six months an hour ever since she left home.

A very simple way in which to avoid such a strain as this is to make up one's mind before leaving home that one will take matters just as easily as possible. A deliberate attitude of mind should be assumed before setting forth on a day's journey, that one will waste no more of one's vital energy in worry by that way than is absolutely necessary. That wrinkle in your face, dear madam, which was visible when you heard a whistle blow just now, is fast making a permanent place for itself upon your countenance. Worse still, it is imprinting a corresponding mark upon your inner self. Why not follow the old Irishman's injunction about "taking things aisy," and smile at the whistles and jolts? Smiles, you know, are becoming, if not too pronounced and frequent, and they preserve youth and vitality. This fact, the fresh-faced ladies who have been alluded to, discovered long ago, or else they would not have that lovely color in their cheeks to-day.

And why not lean back as comfortably as you may during your long, dusty ride in the cars? Chloroform your nerves with a good dose of will-power, direct your thoughts to the most agreeable subject that you can find, and take your trip as a providential rest from the annoying cares of your usual routine. There is a good deal of oft-forgotten truth in the trite lines which tell us of life, that it,

"However good, however bad, depends on how you take it."

One of Henry Ward Beecher's most striking sermons was on happiness. Every man, he insisted, has a right to it, and should allow nobody to interfere with this right. We were made for happiness, and without our own collusion it cannot be stolen away from us, Losses, treason, illness, let them come, but let no mere external trouble cheat us of our rights. With a clear conscience within us, even when the clouds are all about us, happiness may be still secure.

This wholesome counsel has been eagerly absorbed by woman. She no longer languishes under the pangs of "disappointed love." She does not run shrieking away from a harmless mouse. She does not fly into a panic when a runaway horse or a fire-engine dashes up the street. She knows—oh, wise one—that she is only using herself up in such nonsense. She remains tranquil and untroubled under all ordinary provocations. She has too much serious work on hand to spend her strength in useless spasms over nothing. In short, though there are still butterflies, and drones, and foolish virgins among our women, the great mass of them are shaking off the absurd traditions of ages. They are determined to be comfortable and happy, and to keep off the wrinkles and infirmities of age as long as they can. Single or married, homely or beautiful, clever or dull, women are surely acquiring the grace of adaptation, and the joy and charm of a becoming acceptation of their environment.

A PRIVILEGED PERSON

By Caroline Atwater Mason

Author of "A Daughter of the Dune," "Mrs. Rossiter Lamar," "A Christmas Girl," etc.

CHAPTER IV

STRENGTH IN TEMPTATION

THE fight which Katharine Mather fought, beginning on that bit-February morning, was one wholly beyond the ken of any human being save herself. Outwardly, there was nothing to alter. Martin Jameson had never sought her presence, nor she his. They worked, it is true, occasionally in the same room, but they did not work together. There existed between them absolutely no tangible relation. It was not against flesh and blood that Katharine wrestled, it was against the inner, unguessed domination of her nature by his.

Her religious life had always been marked by simplicity and plain Puritanic reserve. Now she suddenly became a seeker of ritualistic devotion, craving the discipline of long prayer, fasting, and even secret spiritual penance, hoping ardently by these means, unknown to all but herself, to win back her peace of mind. But it did not come. How could it come, when, no matter to what stern resolution of denial she had set herself, the sound of one step on the stairs, a word, however casual or commonplace, a touch of the hand, a look, could have power to set her pulses in commotion, to quicken her breath, to fill her with a joy as insane as it was unconquerable?

There were days when, all her scruples thrown away, Katharine gave herself up to this influence, when she let herself go, and made herself as charming as she might. Martin Jameson could not have been the man he was had he been insensible to the subtle witchery of the girl in hours like these. A change in his voice, in his way toward her, so slight that it could not have been described in words, responded.

Thus it came about that while poor Katharine, in her higher moods, was mortifying flesh and spirit to uproot the very thought of this man from her heart, he was all the while, by reason of her hours of weakness, coming more deeply into her life, and assuming fresh control of its very springs.

She awoke to this fact, with a strange mingling of exultation and terror, on a certain evening in early April, and yet it was the smallest, slightest thing which happened.

Mr. Jameson had remained to dinner. Katharine, leaving the three over their dessert, had stepped out upon the veranda, and on down one of the garden paths among the shrubbery, where the buds were bursting their sheaths.

The sun had set, leaving a clear, primrose sky, with a crescent moon hanging low, and the evening star just above it like a great drop of light. The air was full of the exquisite suggestions of early spring—faint, evanescent fragrance, soft notes of birds, light pulsations coming, who knows from where?

Soon she saw Martin Jameson coming down the main walk from the house. He had taken leave of her parents and was on his way home. Seeing her at a little distance, he crossed the turf to where she stood. This, from him, was an unusual attention. A brief bow was all that Katharine had looked for as he passed.

"Does this seem to you the most wonderful spring you ever knew?" he asked, as he joined her.

"Perhaps; yes, in a way," said Katharine, faltering a little.

There was no self-consciousness or hesitation in him.

"To me, of late, a night like this is something divine in its revelation. It never touched me so before—this strange incommunicable sense of the life of nature. I believe it means more than I have ever dreamed."

"You have been reading Wordsworth!"

"No," he said, half smiling; "you are wrong. I know nothing of poetry, except the things I have heard you read."

In the dark, damp mould of the garden bed by which they stood a group of narcissus had come into blossom.

Moved by some indefinable impulse, Katharine bent and picked one of the flowers, pure and white, on its long slender stem. She held it for an instant, and then, with a shyness which she had never known until she knew this man, said:

"This is a poem, this flower. I will give you this to take with you."

For an instant hand and flower were held in his strong grasp. Then, suddenly dropping them he said, almost coldly:

"Thank you; I do not wear flowers. I should not know what to do with it."

The hand which held the rejected blossom fell to Katharine's side; but even as it did so, she laughed an irrepressible, girlish laugh.

"In all my life," she said, "I never saw a man like you!"

He looked at her earnestly, the smile which had sprung to meet her rippling laughter passing quickly from his face.

"And I never saw"— he began, stopped himself, was silent for an instant, his face growing stern, then merely adding "Good-night," turned and left her

Katharine walked alone in the garden until dusk gave place to darkness. She had more food for thought than she wanted. Well she knew what he had started to say, and how much it meant from him. And there was Amy Ensign! Only yesterday, in the study, he had spoken of the girl as if her relation to himself was perfectly understood.

"This is playing with fire," thought Katharine.

* * * * *

"Kate, my dear, can you drive a little way out of your way to do an errand for me?" asked Mr. Mather.

His daughter was about entering the coupé which stood on the broad gravel walk before the house door. He had followed her out upon the steps.

"Why, to be sure I will. In what direction is your errand?" was Katharine's response.

"It is in a part of the city you do not know very well—Orchard Street, No. 63. It is rather on the outskirts."

"Oh, yes," returned Kate, "it is Mr. Jameson's. I know the house."

"So much the better. I want you to see him, if possible. He has not been here in a week; has been out of town, they tell me, at his office, but he is expected home about six this afternoon. It is very important that I should hear to-night whether he can go to Boston with me to-morrow to see Morring. Will you see him, and ask him that? He knows all about the plan for going; we talked it over when he was here last."

Having agreed to carry out her father's wish, Katharine entered the carriage and drove off, a little pale, more than a little troubled. She knew quite as well as her father that Martin Jameson had not come to the house for a week. A week ago that night it was that they had had their little conversation in the garden. An emphasis, stronger than she liked, seemed put upon that interview by his unusual absence. And now she must seem to follow him, to seek him out in his own home! It did not suit her maidenly reserve to do this, and yet it would have been absurd to decline to do the small favor for her father, impossible to have let him guess that there was anything of self-consciousness or complexity in her feeling toward his good comrade.

She made her round of calls, and just before six drove into the dull, semi-suburban street where the Jamesons lived.

No. 63 was a tidy, well-painted habitation of comfortable aspect, as unpretentious and unadorned as its master, thought Katharine, as she viewed it from the carriage window. Next beyond it was a small, old-fashioned white house. Katharine knew who lived there, too. "Ensign, James, Book-keeper," was the concise statement of the directory. A little more than this she knew of the Ensigns, through Mrs. Fisher, who always responded readily to her half-indifferent questions. Amy was the eldest of five children; she had been educated for a teacher, but a failure in health had turned her aside from teaching, and sewing had been resorted to as a less exacting occupation. They were "a lovely family," so said Mrs. Fisher.

Katharine Mather stood on the small porch of No. 63, and rang the bell, which had a very tiny tinkle; a light green paper, studded with gilt stars, lined the narrow windows on either side of the door. These salient points were impressed on her perceptions as she waited for a moment, and then the door was opened by Mrs. Jameson. Katharine knew at once that it was she. There was not a strong resemblance in her to her son, for she was a handsome woman with iron-gray hair, and fine, dark eyes, but something in her form and presence assured Katharine of the relationship.

"Is Mr. Martin Jameson at home?" The question came a little timidly.

"He is out of town, but I expect him in on the train which is due almost at this moment." Mrs. Jameson had a clear-cut manner of speech, made attractive by a slight old country accent.

With her frank smile, Katharine explained who she was, and why she had come.

"For an instant hand and flower were held in his strong grasp."

"Come right in! come right in, my dear young lady," said Mrs. Jameson, with warm cordiality. "Martin will be most pleased to see you," and she led the way through a narrow hall into a pleasant parlor. This room opened into a second, with a wide double doorway. A large stove stood between the two, with glowing mica windows. This stove especially struck Katharine's eye; she could hardly remember when she had seen one before, it seemed to mark a wholly different condition of living to that with which she was familiar.

In the center of the back parlor a round table, covered with shining linen, was set for an evening meal, and upon it stood a student lamp, shedding a softened brilliancy upon glass and silver. There was welcome in the warmth and brightness; a sense of cheer and comfort in the atmosphere, "homely" as it all was.

"It is to this that Martin Jameson belongs," said Katharine to herself, "not to my world."

While she was thinking this, and saying something very different, some one knocked on a door in the back parlor leading into the garden; and directly, without waiting, the door was pushed open. Katharine sat where she could see without being seen. A young lady, in a trim, dark dress and white apron, stepped lightly into the room, and this young lady she saw at once was Amy Ensign.

She was carrying a plate with something on it, covered with a white napkin. Katharine saw her face distinctly. She had noticed its happiness before, but to-night it was fairly radiant in its expression, and bright with delicate color.

Mrs. Jameson hastened into the other room. Amy stepped to the tea table, and set the plate she carried down upon it, saying, as she did so, in a voice like a bird's note:

"Martin is not here yet, is he? I did bake him a cake for his supper! See; isn't it a nice one?"

"Very," replied the older lady, "and what a good child you were to do it, for I have been too busy for cake making. And then Martin likes your cakes better than mine."

"Does he? Perhaps, just a little," laughed the girl, removing her hat. Evidently she was to remain for tea.

Mrs. Jameson, in a low voice, now mentioned the presence of a caller in the parlor, whereupon Amy, with heightened color, and a little startled air, withdrew into a part of the room invisible to Katharine. At this moment the house door was opened with a latch key, and Martin Jameson came in.

Katharine rose and advanced to the center of the room that he might not fail of seeing her. She did not care to be a spectator any longer. He held out his hand and greeted her cordially, but gravely. She saw that he looked worn and more sober even than usual. In a few words her errand was given, and her "Good-evening" to mother and son said. The latter accompanied her to the carriage, and assisted her to enter it, but he did not speak as he did so. Katharine drove away with a great throbbing pain and passion in her heart, and with tears of which she was unconscious falling fast.

Such a pretty picture it had been; the sweet, bright "homeyness" of it all, the vigorous, clear-eyed mother, and that girl with her happy face and pretty ways, and the name Martin on her lips!

Was it in her power to blight it all? And could she use such power? Never. God keep her from such a thought!

That night Katharine marked in a little book she read these words:

"Yes, this sin which has sent me weary-hearted to bed, and desperate in heart to morning work; that has made my plans miscarry until I am a coward, that cuts me off from prayer . . . this can be conquered. I do not say annihilated, but better than that, conquered, captured and transfigured into a friend; so that I at last shall say: My temptation has become my strength! for to the very fight with it I owe my force."

CHAPTER V

A PARABLE IN THE FIRE

YES, Miss Mather, you have probably often heard before a bridge is not stronger than the strength of its weakest place."

"As you say, I have heard that before, but I entirely object to the application of that principle in morals. I don't believe in it."

"But you must believe in it," returned Martin Jameson, quickly.

"Why must I?"

"Because it is true, and it is childish to refuse to accept truth."

A vivid color came to Katharine's cheeks.

"Assertion is not proof," she cried. "You believe that a man is no stronger than the weakest point in his character. I would not bear to believe that."

"But you must see that no matter how strong he may be in all other ways, the testing must come where he is weak."

"The weakest place must stand the strain," put in Mr. Mather from his desk. The three were together in the study.

"Then all force and beauty and nobleness of character are less than nothing," said Katharine impetuously, "if in one point the man is weak and fails."

"How is it with the bridge?" asked Martin Jameson. "If it falls, all of the strength and beauty upon it merely adds to the greatness of its fall, so much more 'rubbish to the void.' Everything that adds to its strength makes its weakness worse."

"Oh, what a horrible doctrine! Why should we try for goodness at all, then? For we all must fail in some one point. No one can be equally strong everywhere. Who is invulnerable? Perhaps you are, I am not."

"The doctrine may be horrible, as you say, but I believe we need to have it emphasized. It is too much the fashion for us to be indulgent to our weaknesses, to live with them in a good degree of harmony, in fact."

"Then you would say," pursued Katharine, "that if I, for instance, am upright, truthful, courageous, generous—I am not you know, we are supposing a case—and all other fine things, but have a bad temper, I am no better morally than my temper? That is, to set the standard, is the basis on which I am to be estimated?"

"I should say of you," returned Mr. Jameson, smiling, "that your character, otherwise of a high order, was weakened by your very bad temper."

Fun and fire flashed from Katharine's eyes.

"My temper, please understand, is not very bad. It is really particularly good. Isn't it, father?"

"Oh, in spots. 'Human warious,'" returned Mr. Mather, who was more occupied with his papers than with their conversation.

"Please, dear papa, don't open your mouth in dark sayings any more," cried Katharine; "you are so disappointing. Mr. Jameson, say that my temper is good!" and she gave a little imperious stamp of her foot.

"I don't know about that. Didn't I hear you say last week that you were completely out of patience with some one who stepped on your gown and tore it?"

"Why, yes; but then I had reason to be vexed."

"But I did not suppose you would lose your temper without provocation. That would argue your intelligence defective."

"Which it isn't," retorted Kate. "No," he replied deliberately, "you are quick,"—

"Thank you, sir."

"But you ought to have more application."

"What do I need of application, when I can reach the result I want without it? I don't believe in work for the sake of work! I suppose for you, digging is its own reward," she added, audaciously, but glancing up into his face, half afraid of her own temerity.

He smiled. "I am not likely to do much of it," he remarked, "as long as you are in the room. I am afraid you are like other women after all—interested, really, only in personalities. See where this conversation began, and where it is ending!"

Katharine hung her head a little like a chidden child.

"Perhaps you would rather I would go down stairs, and leave you a better chance to work?" she added, meekly for her.

"I would, indeed."

"That's right, Jameson," exclaimed Mr. Mather. "I wish you would send her away. I can't do anything while she is here."

But Katharine was already out of the room, having included them both in one parting glance made up of anger and fun, humility and pride.

A month had passed since her visit to Orchard Street, a month which had seen what Katharine almost thought, at times, was final conquest and self-mastery on her part. She had held herself firmly in hand; every thought was challenged, and if the countersign "renunciation" was unknown to it, it was held guilty of treason.

She sometimes guessed that Martin Jameson's experience during those weeks was much the color of her own. He made no sign. The only difference in their bearing to one another from the earlier time was that their eyes sought not to meet, and that they spoke to each other only when it became necessary.

But to-day, brought about by some unseen influence, a strong reaction was upon them both. In the conversation in the study each was moved by suppressed excitement; they did more than they dared, lifted out of themselves they knew not how. Perhaps with Katharine this impulse came from a sense that nothing harmful could happen now. It was too late for danger. Mrs. Fisher had shown her, in a visit she had paid to her rooms the day before, a bit of silk, "a piece of Amy Ensign's wedding gown. It won't be needed just yet, but I have coaxed her to let me make it for her—for love, you know—she has been with me so long." So she had said.

Katharine came down stairs to the library, which she found empty. A smouldering fire was on the hearth; the room was much darker than the study. Two half-burned logs, on fire to the core, but glowing, not blazing, had fallen apart over the andirons. Katharine found the tongs and lifted these logs, placing them in close contact. Then she drew an easy-chair up before the hearth and putting her feet on the fender, sat idly watching the study in black and red. She liked the dull, suppressed fire in those logs; she liked the stillness of the room. She wanted a chance to think, to grow calm. Why did Martin Jameson look at her in just that steady, controlling way? Why did he speak in the tone which thrilled and stirred her so? If he were only like other men! They had always become tiresome to her after a time. Never one had troubled her with after-thoughts like these. If he would only do or say something trivial, commonplace; if he would show her his weak side; if she could feel herself superior to him somewhere. Then, she thought, it would be easy to crowd him out of her heart, to become indifferent. How strongly he had spoken this afternoon! Was he thinking of a possible weakness in himself, in her? Oh no—that could not be—and yet—

Just then, with a little burst of sound, a great flame sprang out from the glowing wood before her and enveloped both the logs which had been smouldering apart.

It startled Katharine.

"There is a parable in the fire," she said softly, but aloud, a half smile on her lips.

"Beware!"

With sudden restlessness she rose and walked about the room; then going into an alcove at its farther end, she seated herself at the piano, and began playing a song of Schubert's softly.

While she played, some one entered the library and stood before the fire. Katharine's fingers trembled on the keys. A slight shiver passed over her. She knew who was in the room as well as if she had seen him. No other person could move her after this sort. Martin Jameson slowly crossed to the piano, and stood beside it. Katharine played on, not looking up, trying to steady herself. She knew that the hour of crisis had come for them; the very air of the room seemed vibrating with it. What would come afterward? she wondered, in an odd, impersonal attitude toward herself. Was this to be an interpretation of the fire which had been a parable? Still she played, dizzy with dread of what might come if she paused, and yet longing wildly to look up into the face of the man beside her. He was very patient; she knew that he would wait.

Then at last the music was still.

"Are you angry with me?" he asked, after a minute of utter silence.

"No," she said, very low, not looking up.

"To talk of weakness in you!" he exclaimed hotly; "it was brutal! I could not leave it so. All I said of weakness was of myself—not of any other man, never of you. If I were as strong as you!"—and he stopped.

Then she looked up, and meeting his eyes saw in them something which was more than she had ever feared, more than she had ever hoped. Each knew then what had mastered them for what it was: "a mortal love," as the love of Launcelot and Guinevere has been named. Words could not have told it—that would have been treachery too obvious—but it was told. The hearts had been on fire too long, the flames had burst forth.

Katharine rose from the piano, holding her clasped hands out as one who implores.

There was a little rustle of silk in the room beyond them then, and they heard Mrs. Mather's voice saying:

"Is that you, Kate? Why do you have so much fire in this room? It is more than we need on a night like this."

"I believe it is,—more than I meant to have," murmured Kate, coming forward.

CHAPTER VI

A DOWER OF INWARD HAPPINESS

THE night was far advanced, but Katharine Mather had not thought of sleep. Fully dressed, she walked the room or sat in her wide window-seat looking out into the silent garden, and the sky "throbbing with stars."

At times her mood was gentle and her face meek; then the force of clear, close thinking would set its stamp upon brow and eyes, but again a swift change would pass over her, her head would be held firm and erect, her eyes would flash with dangerous light, while all the will and pride within her asserted themselves.

"Renounce?" she asked herself. "Why should I—why should we?" and her color deepened. "For us—we belong to each other. We have a right to our life and our love. Shall the eagles surrender their freedom for the sake of a little homebred pigeon? What does that poor sewing girl, Amy Ensign, know of love like this? How can she understand a man like Martin Jameson? But *I* understand him. I glory in his power! What he calls his weakness has another name. Oh, my love!" and Katharine stretched out her hands as she had done that other hour.

Even with the gesture and the thought came a burst of passionate tears.

"He is not mine, and he can never be," she told herself in the swift transition of her thought. "Nothing has happened. What was it but a look? and one can mistake a look. It shall be ignored by all our future. No harm has been done. We shall never yield to this strange influence again. We shall meet and speak as we used, and I can still know the rapture of his look, his smile, his thoughts of me, but no sign need tell it. There shall be no trouble, no heart break."

For Katharine had gone back in the thought to that evening when she had seen the bright interior of Martin Jameson's home; when she had seen the girl to whom his faith was pledged, in her innocent, trustful happiness, and her heart smote her. And now her better sense told her of the impossibility of life under the conditions she had just imagined. Tennyson's line

"And faith, unfaithful, kept him falsely true"

haunted her memory. She scorned herself for the weakness which had admitted such a thought.

"No," she thought, her intellect regaining its balance, and her clear perception of things asserting itself, "that way lies death. It is for one of us, that girl who thinks she loves him, or for me, to be struck out of the problem—to renounce love, if it costs life itself. Then the question is simply: Shall it be Amy Ensign who will do this? or Katharine Mather? Which is better able to make the sacrifice?"

Bringing all her quick imagination to bear upon the situation Katharine looked upon herself in contrast with Amy as if she had been another woman.

"I have had every privilege, every enjoyment that God gives to a human life," she told herself; "health, power, success, religion, moral and intellectual training and development, the wide life of art and poetry and music; travel; love beyond words to tell here at home, and much outside; all of grace and beauty that a human soul taught of God and love of its fellowmen can know. Every conceivable good influence has been brought to bear upon me for twenty-four years. What is the product? What am I? Great enough to do this thing?

"What is Amy Ensign? A poor bookkeeper's daughter, struggling even for a common school education under hard conditions. Defeated by ill health, earning her living by sewing through long weary days upon the clothes that I and other women of my class wear. A life of weariness and painfulness, of much sacrifice and little outward beauty. But after all, what a happy face she has, as if a fountain of joy was always springing up in her heart. What does that mean? What, indeed, but Martin Jameson's love, and why should she not be happy, having that? And I, I with my overflowing fullness of life, am to take this from her? Her heart would break, of course, she is of that sort, but I hardly think she would die. The poor man of the parable lived after his ewe lamb was taken! She might even care for somebody else. I never can," and with the hardness she had tried to assume swept away in a torrent of sobs Katharine threw herself upon her knees, knowing well that only God could save her in this hour.

The wrestling lasted until sunrise, and then Katharine rose from her knees with her white face testifying of the hard fight she had fought. But her restless, fitful eagerness was gone. Without hesitation or nervousness she proceeded to draw out from her closet a small trunk, and filled it with clothing, which she carefully selected and folded. Then for an hour she rested, and at six rang for a cup of coffee to be brought to her room, and ordered the carriage to take her to the railway station at seven. At times there was a half smile upon her face; a presence more than human seemed to be with her, and there were words of David's old song upon her lips:

"Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers:
The snare is broken and we are escaped.
Our help is in the name of the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth."

For in Katharine's heart at last had risen the perception that of all her privileges, the greatest, though the most terrible, was the privilege of renunciation.

Just before seven she went to her mother's dressing room, calling her softly. Mrs. Mather threw a dressing gown about herself, and came to see what Katharine wanted.

"Mamma, dear," she said, "I have had a sudden impulse to go down to New York and see Cousin Margaret before she sails. Don't you think it is a good idea?"

"Why yes, perhaps so. She will be glad enough to have you."

"Yes, and it seems too bad to let her go without seeing her once more. I got to thinking of it in the night. You know Margaret does want me to go with her."

"She is to be in Switzerland through the summer."

"Yes, she plans to spend most of August in the Engadine, I think. It begins to look very enticing, mamma. Do you think you could spare me if Margaret should be very persuasive."

"We might go over in July, you know." Mrs. Mather had succeeded in opening her eyes by this time.

"So you might. Well, if I should conclude to sail on the Britannic on Saturday, you will put the things I want in my russet trunk, won't you? and you and papa will come down and see me off. Good-bye."

Katharine sailed on the Britannic. She sent no word or message to Martin Jameson. He needed none. They understood each other, and he accepted the line she had laid out for him. She was at Interlaken when a letter from him reached her in July, telling her of his marriage, and of his removal to a distant city. There was nothing of great significance in his letter, but as it was the only one he ever wrote her, Katharine may be forgiven for keeping it as something sacred and precious. Only this sentence in it would have been hard for any one but herself to understand: "I thank you for all that your nobleness has made possible. By the grace of God I shall not fail now, although sometimes the battle has gone against me."

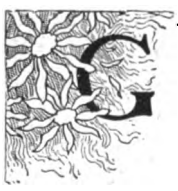
Years have passed. Martin Jameson, according to Mr. Mather's prophecy, has become a great man in his profession. Wealth and honor have come to him; he is a man of power and influence. The social world declares his wife "a sweet little woman, and so charming in her own home."

Katharine Mather is unmarried. Her mother has even ceased to deplore this fact at least, finding "a daily beauty" in her daughter's life, which she would be ill able to forego.

Katharine's friends perceive that time or some other factor in human life has greatly changed her from her imperious girlhood. She is not less spirited now, or less enthusiastic in taking her part in the many-sided work which comes to Christian women in our day. It is a spiritual change which has passed upon her, almost indefinable. She is not occupied with herself as she used to be; she exacts less of the world and receives, in a high sense, far more than of old; she is at once stronger and gentler as a woman than as a girl, and upon her maidenhood there has fallen "a dower of inward happiness."

POT-POURRI OF ROSES

By Laura Whitten



GATHER the rose petals in the early morning, and place them in a cool, shady place for an hour to dry. Toss them lightly, and then put them in layers, with salt sprinkled freely between, in a large covered glass dish. You may add fresh petals to this every morning. When you have a sufficient quantity, let the whole stand ten days, shaking thoroughly every morning. Now, in the bottom of a glass fruit jar place two ounces of whole allspice, crushed, and two ounces of stick cinnamon, broken coarsely. Fill the jar with the rose petals and salt. This must now stand six weeks, or even longer, when it may be prepared for the permanent jar. During these six weeks the jar should be perfectly air tight.

Mix together one ounce each of ground cloves, allspice, cinnamon and mace; one ounce of orris root, shredded and bruised; two ounces of lavender flowers. These are the proportions to be used to one quart of the rose petals. Place this mixture in alternate layers with the contents of the glass fruit jar, in the more ornamental jar that is to be used permanently. If you choose you may add a few drops of the oil of your favorite flower, rose, geranium or violet, and pour over the whole one-quarter of a pint of good cologne. This pot-pourri will last for years. From time to time you may add a little lavender water or any nice perfume. The fragrant odor from a rose jar filled with leaves and fragrant spices is very penetrating, and is particularly pleasant in large drawing-rooms and halls. The odor is not only refreshing but delightful as well. A rose jar filled with a good stock should never be allowed to remain constantly open; if the covers are removed for an hour at a time twice a day, your rooms will become permeated with a sweet, reviving odor, that will be a delight to all who enter your home.

Now, one word. When you select your rose jar, the best are those with double covers without perforations in either cover. You will find them with a single cover; with a double cover, the inner one perforated, and with a double cover, the outer one perforated; and the best of all is the one which I have mentioned. My jar is of imported Japanese ware with such a cover, and the Japanese people may be said to be connoisseurs in all things that delight the olfactories. In conclusion, let me say, if you own a rose bush, by all means have a rose jar. It is not only a delightful thing to prepare, but once prepared, you will find it

"A thing of beauty, and a joy forever."

AS IT IS TOLD IN OUR FACES

By G. S. Lee

IF I could not have both I had rather have an attractive face at fifty than at twenty-five. The one at twenty-five might marry me, but the one at fifty would show that I was worth marrying. With a homely face at twenty-five the fair ones might vote me into single blessedness, but the fine face at fifty would show them what a mistake they had made. My face at twenty-five is the one God has given me. My face at fifty is the one that I have furnished myself. The old man's face is a history; the young man's face is a prophecy—a kind of conditional prophecy. The old man's face is a fact about himself; the young man's is a theory—a dream in feature, one of nature's vague guesses of what he can do with himself.

I love old faces; they are always true. The old man's face is his autobiography; it is his life in miniature. A face is the scenery of the soul, the camera of our thoughts; although we have not really seen a face until our hearts have followed the whole repertoire of its expressions, yet each man's habitual face, as a fair general expression of himself, is as if a composite had been taken, and the soul had had a thousand sittings, each negative differing in its way, but all combined resulting in this one. Why should a man be ashamed of his wrinkles? It is being ashamed not of what he seems, but of what he is. Wrinkles in a man's face are a kind of orthography, nature's handwriting, the shorthand of features, in which the main ideas of a man's life are set down without his knowing it, and in spite of himself, and in the very midst of his denials. It is a language without a grammar, and only the vaguest sort of a lexicon, but every man can read it. It is German to the German, and Indian to the Indian; the universal language of the globe, the instinctive Volapuk of mankind! These faces of ours, or rather these histories of ours, bound into our being, and printed on our very presence for public circulation.

There is a story in every face. The spirit keeps a diary in our faces, a kind of journal for handy reference among the sons of men; but as she writes on the same page every day she does some erasing, and she has so much to put in so little that though all the details are considered, only the main points are put down; and, inasmuch as one point will often exactly contradict another, they are paired off like members of Congress, and the vote of either cancels the other; and so this microcosm of eyes and nose and mouth and wrinkled meanings, that the old man calls his face, is the sum total of what he has been thinking all these years.

What is sadder in all the world than the old age that has lived for itself, and the face with love left out of it? Such a face is full of deaths to me, of thoughts and impulses that were born and lived a little and then were stifled; a face full of the spirit's graves, of noble possibilities, that died in her infancy, and have all been sacrificed, like the babes of Indian mothers, to the Juggernaut of selfishness. I had rather die to-day myself than to live to be an old man accusing myself with such a face as this! A face like a gate to a cemetery, saying, "All within here are dead; this man hath lived for himself."

What, on the other hand, is more joyous than the face of a grand old man? It's a kind of God's approval, heaven's benediction of a true life, the unconscious eulogy of the years! Let the faces of the old men prophesy in hopes and fears to us younger ones. God never rubs anything out!

I care not for my face at twenty-five. It is as if faces were wafted about among the souls of men like seeds in the unreasoning winds. Seeds of thistle and seeds of flowers seeking for their homes; and because, perchance, the thistle-down clung to me, and the flowers sped on to alight in the lives of others, I grieve not. It is only a wind that knows no better—the lazy guesswork of its wanderings—and there it ends; but when I am old, and the face that has happened to me has been my own for seventy years, wedded by a thousand thoughts, and the loves and hates of every heart-beat, to what I am, then may God grant that it be a face that draws the love of hearts, a face with poems and tragedies, purities and victories dramatized within it! and, as for beauty, I only ask that the beauty God may grant within may steal softly o'er the plainness without, now and then, as though the spirit, wandering in its sleep like a dream of light, had lost its way in the features, and woke up to find itself on the outside of the plain old face that ever hemmed it in! Before the years have all brought in their gifts, and the last one comes to offer eternity in the gray-haired waiting time, God grant me the beauty then that takes possession of a homely face in the name of its immortal soul, and stamps it with the majesty of God's thoughts! The beauty of youth is a spring sonnet, and the song of it fills the world with promise, but the beauty of old age is a life epic, and the promise thereof belongs to another world!

THE QUEENS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

By Miss E. T. Bradley

DAUGHTER OF THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

IN THREE PAPERS—CONCLUDING PAPER

UPON the death of Edward IV, his widow with all her children took sanctuary in the Abbey. The old sanctuary door, perhaps the same to which those royal suppliants clung, is still in the Deanery. A guard was set round the Abbey by Richard's orders, and even after the princes had been induced to leave by their uncle's treacherous promises the widowed queen and her daughters remained there under the care of Abbot Esteney.

THE FAIR ROSE OF YORK

AT last, March, 1484, after ten months' incarceration, Richard persuaded the ladies to trust him, giving a written promise to make suitable provision for them all, and to marry the young princesses to "gentlemen born." Now it was that Princess Elizabeth was treated with such marked favor at Court that rumors arose of Richard's desire, should his ailing wife die, to marry her. But she had been expressly commended by her dying father to the care of the Earl of Derby, and now that she was living in his household under the wing of Henry Tudor's mother, there is little doubt that she spurned Richard's proposals and secretly looked on Henry as her betrothed husband. In character Elizabeth was gentle and yielding and entirely governed by her strong-minded, energetic mother-in-law. Her marriage with Henry was deferred till five months after Bosworth Field, and finally took place before the expected dispensation from the Pope, on the 18th of January, 1486. "Which day of the marriage," says Lord Bacon, "was celebrated with greater triumph and demonstrations, especially on the people's part, than the days either of his entry or coronation, which the King rather noted than liked. And it is true that . . . he showed himself no very indulgent husband toward her though she was beautiful, gentle and fruitful." The Queen's coronation did not take place for two years after the King's and was a more splendid ceremony, since his had been celebrated in haste in order to consolidate his then precarious title. On the 23d of November, 1487, Elizabeth, accompanied by the Countess of Richmond, who was ever at the side of her son and his wife, went by water from Greenwich to the Tower, attended by the civic authorities, in grand barges. One, called the "Bachelors' barge," had a red dragon spouting fire, a delicate compliment to the Tudors' claimed descent from Arthur Pendragon. At the Tower the King received his wife, and the next day, after dinner, she went in great state to the litter in which she was borne to Westminster Abbey for the magnificent ceremony of her coronation.

Sixteen years later this last queen of the House of York was borne again to the Abbey, but no longer in a gaily caparisoned litter, attended by the shouts of her subjects. She died February 11th, 1503, having given birth to a daughter on the 2d, who did not survive her mother. The death of her eldest son, Arthur, the year before, had given a shock to Elizabeth's system from which she never recovered, and she had been ill ever since. Now that his gentle, uncomplaining young queen was dead, Henry appreciated her worth, and she was carried to her grave with all the pomp

QUEEN MARY, WIFE OF WILLIAM III

and parade of a royal burial. She died in the Tower, and her body was conveyed through the streets, not by water, to Westminster Abbey, followed by a long procession headed by eight ladies on white palfreys. The hearse was covered with black velvet fringed with gold and ornamented with a cross of gold. An effigy of the Queen in royal robes, with hair disheveled, was placed upon it, a crown upon its head, a scepter in its hand and rings on its fingers. White banners dedicated to the Virgin, signifying that she died in childbed, waved above the hearse. So through the torch-lit streets was she again carried to Westminster. At Charing Cross, as at Eleanor of Castille's funeral, the procession was met by the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, also by the Abbot of Bermondsey, and in the Abbey itself another sumptuous hearse was prepared. The foundation stone of Henry's new chapel had only been laid a month before, and Elizabeth's coffin was therefore temporarily placed in one of the side chapels till the beautiful tomb was ready, which her husband left minute directions in his will should be prepared for himself and his wife. This tomb was not finished till Henry VIII had been king nine years (1518), and it was fortunate indeed that at that time the Monastery still flourished, for had it been later very likely the rapacious Henry would have confiscated the money left for his parents' monument to his own pocket. The effigies recumbent on the tomb are by the hand of Pietro Torrigiano, that irascible Italian artist, who, the story goes, once broke Michael Angelo's nose in a fit of jealousy. He also undertook the beautiful effigy of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, in the south aisle of the same chapel. The old Countess had the grief of losing her beloved son, Henry VII, but fortunately for her peace of mind she died herself (June 29th, 1509) before her grandson had had time to touch her beloved monasteries. Rumors, however, of approaching changes had not been wanting, and her confessor, Bishop Fisher, afterwards executed by Henry VIII, had advised her to found colleges at Cambridge, and to have their property securely tied up, rather than to leave all her money to Westminster. At Westminster she founded a charity which still survives under the name of the Dean's Gift, a weekly dole of bread and meat to twelve old women of the neighborhood. Margaret lived the last years of her life, separated from her husband, as a cloistered nun, though not immured in a convent. Rather she felt her mission to be in the affairs of the kingdom. Her son rarely took an important step without her counsel, and had she lived she might have controlled her unruly grandson. "Everyone that knew her," said Fisher in his funeral sermon, "loved her, and everything she said and did became her." She loved Westminster, and by her own wish and with money left for the purpose her tomb was placed in her son's new chapel. The inscription around it is by Erasmus, the second professor who filled her divinity chair at Cambridge. In the careworn but still beautiful features of the effigy, the wasted hands joined in prayer, the nun-like dress, the character of one who lived in the world but not of the world may surely be traced. She rests in peace, hers being one of the few tombs spared by the ruthless hand of after ages.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

THE REPUDIATED ANNE OF CLEVES

THE only one of Henry VIII's six wives who was buried in the Abbey is the repudiated bride, Anne of Cleves. Fortunate indeed, was it for her that she never wore the queenly crown, since there is little doubt that had not the king been allowed to free himself, he would have had no scruple in treating her as he did Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard. Henry afterwards justified his conduct to the foreign princess by affirming that he had been trapped into a marriage with her, having been shown a beautiful portrait of her, and heard much praise of her appearance. It was a comic rather than a tragic situation, the only element of comedy in connection with any of King Hal's unfortunate wives. One is irresistibly reminded also of the plain Flemish Philippa, and the very different welcome she received from Edward III. We are told of Anne that she was neither handsome, nor had any of the ordinary accomplishments expected from ladies of her rank; she could not play or sing or work needlework, nor was she learned, but she had an amiable character, and was much beloved by all her friends and dependents. She landed at Deal, December 27th, 1539, and had a private interview at Rochester with the King, to whom she was married with great pomp and ceremony at Greenwich a few days later. Henry soon openly showed his discontent with his new bride, and in June, on the pretext that it was more for her health to have "open ayre and pleasure," sent her off to Richmond. Meantime he got his servile parliament to grant him a divorce on the plea that the marriage was not lawful, nor had ever been consummated. Anne was allowed some of the estates forfeited by the attainder of Cromwell, through whose advice Henry had wedded her, and on condition that she should not retire beyond the seas was permitted to live wherever she liked. Sixteen years she spent in quiet and honorable retirement, emerging occasionally to take part in some ceremonial, as at Mary Tudor's coronation, when she drove in the same chariot as Elizabeth, and dined at the great dinner afterwards in Westminster Hall. She died on July 16th, 1557, at Chelsea, and, as though to atone for Henry's neglect for so estimable a lady, she was by Mary's orders buried in Westminster Abbey, where the remains of her tomb may be seen on the right of the high altar, facing the ambulatory. There is an elaborate account of her funeral printed in the "Excerpta Historica," from a MS. in the college at Arms; also a copy of her will. Between the altar and choir "a sumptuous hearse" was set up, and the coffin was brought to the Abbey in an open chariot drawn by four horses, escorted by (an eyewitness, Henry Machyn, has recorded) the twelve bedesmen of the Abbey, all dressed in new black gowns for the occasion, Anne's household, the children of Westminster, *i. e.*, probably of the monastery school, all carrying torches. The Abbot Feckenham and all the monks went in procession to fetch the corpse, and all along the route as they returned to Westminster they were met by other priests bearing crosses and lights. Bonner, bishop of London, and the Abbot rode together. At the west door of the Abbey the mourners alighted and took their places, and the body was borne slowly up the nave, with chants, and lighted tapers, and waving banners. Never since the day of her wedding had Lady Anne been treated as a person of so much consequence. On the next day (August 4th) a requiem was sung over the bier, the Abbot preached "as goodly a sermon as ever was made," and the body was laid in the tomb, covered with a hearse cloth of gold, after which all the company assembled adjourned to dinner in the Abbot's house. Anne's will is very detailed and well worth perusing. Mary is made the "overseer," with a prayer to allow "our poor servants to enjoy their legacies." To Elizabeth, with whom she had been on friendly terms, is left: "our seconde beste jewell with our harty request to accept and take into her service one of our poore maydes named Dorothe Curson."

THE TOMB OF "BLOODY MARY"

THE next funeral in the Abbey was to be that of Queen Mary herself. The Monastery was much indebted to her, and she seems to have always had a special love and veneration for the Abbey. She restored the monks, who had been dispersed by her father, and appointed a good and holy man, Feckenham, as abbot, the last to hold that office. She gave all the jewels and gold, which she could afford to buy, to adorn the plundered shrine of Edward the Confessor, and did all she could to restore the Abbey to some of its former splendor. At her coronation (October 10th, 1553) she refused to sit in the ancient chair, since she feared the touch of her Protestant brother Edward had polluted the holy seat, and she therefore had one sent from Rome and blessed by the Pope, which is now shown at Winchester Cathedral. Both the Archbishop and the Bishop of London were in the Tower, so that the ceremony was conducted by the Bishop of Winchester, who afterwards married Mary to her Spanish husband in his own Cathedral. We are all familiar with the years of blood and fire which elapsed before the unfortunate queen was borne to her tomb in the chapel of Henry VII, the first person buried in the north aisle. By Elizabeth's special orders her funeral was conducted with all the usual magnificence, her body was brought in a chariot in great state from St. James' to the Abbey on December 13th, 1558. Four bishops and the Abbot met the procession at the west door, and the body and wax effigy, were borne up to the choir. On the following day Bishop White, or according to an old MS., Abbot Feckenham, preached a touching funeral sermon, conscious, as he extolled the virtues of the dead queen, that the hearts of more than three-quarters of her subjects were bursting with the joy of Elizabeth's accession. Before the ceremony was over the people tore down the black cloths with which the church was draped, and as soon as the queen was in her grave the clergy and mourners went to a collation with the Abbot.

THE TOMB OF "THE MAIDEN QUEEN"

GREAT was the rejoicing in the city at the coronation of Elizabeth, which took place January 15th, 1559, a day fixed by her astrologer as one of good luck, and which Dean Stanley says was long observed as a solemn anniversary in the Abbey. This day for the last time the Abbot of Westminster, so soon to be deposed for a dean, took part in the service. The litany was read in English, and as a protest against Elizabeth's right to the succession and Protestant principles, only one out of the whole bench of bishops attended. The Bishop of Carlisle, since Canterbury was vacant and London in prison, officiated, having to borrow his brother of London's robes. Thus in spite of pageants, in spite of pomp and ceremony, there were many signs to warn the new queen of the difficulties she had to face. That she faced them and conquered we know, and whatever her faults, as a queen and ruler she won the love of her subjects. It is enough to turn to the numerous accounts of her funeral to see her popularity. When the last dreary days of lingering death had dragged away, when the great queen lay in the calm of death, no longer distraught by bodily weakness and forebodings for the future, then the universal sorrow, pent up while the nation watched their sovereign's last hours, broke out tumultuously. She died March 24th, 1603, but the funeral did not take place till April 28th. The body had been brought by water from Richmond, where the queen died, to Whitehall, where it lay in state, and Westminster was the scene of more vehement popular mourning than it had ever witnessed. So numerous and detailed are the accounts of it that time and space would fail were one-third of them to be quoted. The chronicler Stowe's quaint description must suffice us. On the funeral day he says, "the citie of Westminster was surcharged with multitudes of all sorts of people in their streets, houses, windows, leads and gutters, that came to see the obsequie, and when they beheld her statue or picture lying upon the coffin set forth in royal robes, having a crowne upon the head thereof and a ball and scepter in either hand, there was such a generall sighing, groaning and weeping as the like hath not been seene or knowne in the memory of man, neyther doth anie historie mention any people, time, or state to make like lamentation for the death of their sovereign." The chariot upon which the body and its "counterfeited" image lay, was drawn by four "great horses," followed by 1600 mourners. Watson, Bishop of Chichester, preached the funeral sermon. Elizabeth's coffin was laid in the same grave with that of Mary. The two sisters who had loved one another in early youth but became disunited in later life, were thus again brought together, resting, says the short Latin inscription, "in the hope of resurrection." The monument was erected by James I, not as a proof of his love for the late queen, but in deference to public opinion; in the other aisle he raised a rather more costly tomb over the remains of his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, so that the two rivals and enemies lie beneath the same sheltering roof. Maximilian Ponraine and John De Critz were the makers of Elizabeth's tomb and effigy, but from an unpublished letter among the Cecil papers it seems that Nicholas Hillyarde, the famous miniature painter, either had, or desired to have had, a hand in it. The monument was practically finished by 1606, while that of Mary, Queen of Scots, upon which James naturally lavished more cost and trouble, was not completed for several years more. On April 19th, 1607, payment is made to Cornelius Cure, master mason, of £825.10.0 and all other sums as shall be due

QUEEN MARY ("BLOODY MARY")

QUEEN ANNE

for the marble, etc., while as late as 1611 there is an unsigned note that: "the pattern for the tomb of the Queen of Scots I have ready finished the which you and I will show the king, the charge thereof is estimated at £2000." This must have referred to the cost of the completed tomb, since it certainly was entirely finished by 1611. We have spoken of Elizabeth's waxen figure above; unfortunately this fell to pieces in the Eighteenth Century, and the one shown at present, in the Islip Chapel, is only a copy of the old one. The coronation robes had long fallen to pieces, and, realistic as the present figure is, it must not be taken for the original one.

QUEEN ANNE OF DENMARK

FOR his own wife James I did not attempt to erect any memorial, and Elizabeth is the last of the English sovereigns who has a monument in the Abbey. The later kings and queens lie beneath the pavement in the chapel of Henry VII, their names recorded on the pavement by the care of Dean Stanley.

Anne of Denmark was buried in a little side chapel on the north of the tomb of Henry VII, in whose vault her husband James I's body was discovered by Dean Stanley, who sought for it with unceasing care till he found it. Queen Anne was ill for some time before her death, which took place at Hampton Court March 2d, 1618. Her husband was laid up with the gout at Newmarket and unable to be with her at the last. Prince Charles was there, and also the Bishop of London. She died, it is said, declaring herself to be "free from Popery." Her end was very peaceful, "she gave five or six little moans and had the happiest going out of the world that anyone ever had." The body was embalmed and lay in state at Somerset House till May 13th, when the funeral, deferred for want of money, at length took place. An eye-witness says it was "a drawling, tedious sight, and though the number of lords and ladies was very great, yet they made but a poor show, being all apparelled alike in black, and they came lagging, tired with the length of the way and the weight of their mourning, every private lady having twelve yards of broadcloth about her and the countesses had sixteen yards of the same, a great weight to carry at a walking funeral in May." Another spectator describes it "as better than that of Prince Hal's," but it fell short of Elizabeth's; "the chariot and six horses, in which her effigy was drawn, was most remarkable." The queen's palfrey was led behind the hearse by her master of the horse, and before it went the chief mourner, Prince Charles, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who preached the funeral sermon. The king was too ill to come. Two fatal accidents took place among the spectators—a gentleman standing on a scaffold erected under Northumberland House was killed by a huge letter from an inscription above falling on his head, and a scrivener's wife died from the heat and excitement on her return home. The hearse stood over Anne's grave for many years, and was finally destroyed during the Commonwealth.

ELIZABETH, THE "QUEEN OF HEARTS"

ELIZABETH, daughter of James I and Anne, and wife of the "Winter King" of Bohemia, Frederick, Elector Palatine, lies in the vault of Mary, Queen of Scots, in the south aisle of the same chapel. She died at Leicester House, London, February 13th, 1662, having found peace at last "after all her sorrows and afflictions," for the poor "Queen of Hearts," as she was called, had no other kingdom but in the hearts of her many friends, first and chief of all, Lord Craven. The burial took place at midnight, Prince Rupert, Elizabeth's favorite son, following as chief mourner. But we must not linger even over the fascinating "queen of hearts."

LATER QUEENS IN THE ABBEY

WE must pass on to the last queens buried in the Abbey, contenting ourselves with but cursory notices of each, since the early coronations and funerals have taken so much space.

ANNE, DAUGHTER OF LORD CLARENDON

THE first wife of James II, Anne Hyde, daughter of the great historian, Lord Clarendon, who did not live to be a queen, lies with Mary, Queen of Scots, her coffin, as Dean Stanley points out, beneath that of Elizabeth's, whose line was to supplant her own father, James I's house in the times to come.

THE TWO LAST STUART QUEENS

THE two last Stuart queens, the sisters Mary and Anne, lie in the same vault at the east end of this southern aisle of Henry VII's chapel. Mary and her husband, William III, were the first joint sovereigns of England, and for Mary the other coronation chair, now to be seen side by side with the ancient one, was made. Their wax effigies, William propped on a stool to bring him nearer to his wife's height, help one to realize how strange the short king and tall queen must have looked as they walked, with the sword of state between them, up the Abbey. Mary died December 28th, 1694, at the early age of thirty-three, to the inconsolable grief of her husband. Her funeral is chiefly remarkable because both Houses of Parliament, "with their maces, the lords robed in scarlet and ermine, the commons in long black mantels," attended her to her grave. Till now no parliament had ever assembled at a royal funeral, for "till then the parliament had always expired with the sovereign. The pall was borne by the chiefs of the illustrious houses of Howard, Seymour, Grey, and Stanley." For a full and striking account of the ceremony we must refer our readers to Macaulay's history, for no pen can attempt to vie with his in a description of such an imposing ceremony. The hearse, as usual, remained some time in the Abbey. Tradition speaks of a robin redbreast which was often seen perched upon it, and was cherished for the sake of the dead queen, who had won the hearts of all her subjects. Her good-natured sister, whose huge and smiling effigy is also among the wax figures, was crowned only ten days (April 23d, 1702) after the death of her brother-in-law, William III. Her gout was so bad that she had to be carried from the Tower to the Abbey. This time there was no joint coronation, but Anne's husband, George of Denmark, had to perform homage to her, like one of the English nobles. In the Abbey lie buried their eighteen children, all of whom, except William of Gloucester, died in infancy; with William's death (July 30th, 1700,) the last hopes of the Stuart dynasty were extinguished. Overcome with political troubles and with physical misery, Anne's last days were pain and heaviness. "I believe" her chief physician wrote of her, "that sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller than death to her." Though death had long been approaching, yet the queen left her will unsigned, and a contemporary writes of her "poor servants like so many poor orphans exposed in the streets." Her funeral took place August 24th, 1714, but nothing of special interest is recorded of this, the burial of the last Stuart queen.

WALTER SCOTT'S QUEEN CAROLINE

OF one more queen we must speak before we close. Queen Caroline of Anspach, wife of George II, is a familiar figure to the readers of the "Heart of Midlothian." The wise counsellor of her husband, the friend of that great minister, Sir Robert Walpole, the patroness of learning and philosophy, was worthy of the famous anthem: "When the ear heard her then it blessed her," which Handel composed for his patroness's funeral. While the minute guns outside were booming, and the words "How are the mighty fallen," echoing through the Abbey, her coffin was lowered into the vault prepared for it in the center of Henry VII's chapel. As if it were in remorse for his shortcomings toward his faithful and long-suffering wife, George II ordered that when he died his dust should be mingled with hers. The sides of both coffins were therefore taken out, when his body was placed beside hers and their scepters crossed.

I HAVE thus attempted to give some idea to the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL of a few of those mighty pageants formerly so frequent within the Abbey Church. Of the queens of our own century I have not spoken, though within the memory of some now living, the Abbey was the scene of a coronation which vied in splendor with those in past days. There are many others, too, to whom the jubilee service is a living memory. But I must leave the recent ceremonies to pens more graphic than mine, and conclude these necessarily brief records of past greatness in the words of the dramatist Beaumont, himself buried in Poets' Corner:

"Mortality behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones.
Here they lie, had realms and lands
Who now want strength to stir their hands.
. . . Here are sands, ignoble things
Dropt from the buried side of Kings
Here's a world of pomp and state,
Buried in dust, once dead by fate."

A TRUE IDEA OF REVERENCE

By CORA LINN DANIELS

WHENEVER I have attended the Catholic or other ceremonial church I have always tried to take part as intelligently as possible in the service, bowing, kneeling, crossing myself, etc., as the others did, and paying strict attention to the ritual. So many people have criticized this action that I can but express my conviction that to do otherwise were boorish and unmannerly. If one were to attend the service of a Russian princess at Moscow, and she offered you a cigarette I doubt that any lady would be so awkward and insulting as to refuse. In Russia ladies smoke, and to refuse a cigar or cigarette is to cast contempt upon the custom of the country. When you are in Rome do as the Romans do. When a funeral procession passes along the street in Paris, every gentleman removes his hat until the cortege has passed. One would hardly care to be so conspicuous as to keep the hat on just because in America we are not so reverential as are the Parisians!

What is such an action as that but reverence? What is politeness at all but reverence? Reverence for the desires, opinions, customs, education, prejudices, weaknesses, misfortunes, sorrows and aspirations of others is the root, stem and blossom of courtesy!

So, in visiting any church, the least one can do is to enter into the feelings and opinions of the worshipers for the time being, and humbly putting aside your own ideas assume the position of one who can worship the Heavenly Father anywhere, in any way, at any time, and with more or less ceremony, so long as the adoration is in our hearts, reverential and sincere. To sit like a post in the midst of an audience who are praising God in their own peculiar way is to show in that way an implied contempt. If you do not like it what are you there for? Curiosity? One does not go to church as one goes to the theater, simply to be amused. We do not buy a ticket; we are given a free seat. Then the only return we can show for this toleration of us as outsiders is to join, as far as possible, in the devout exercises we are allowed to witness. In any case, God is being worshiped. It can hurt no one to kneel before Him, or to bow the head reverently.

HINTS FROM A MOTHER'S LIFE

BY MRS. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE

IN THREE PAPERS—CONCLUDING PAPER

[*Continued from the May* JOURNAL]

MRS. GLADSTONE

WHEN we approach the subject of the clothes of infants, the most important fact to be borne in mind is to have the clothing light, soft, and warm, varying with the seasons—so adapted that it may be put on and taken off easily. This latter point should always be borne in mind when either purchasing or making an infant's clothing, so that the child may be saved as much discomfort as possible while its clothing is being changed.

THE DRESSING OF AN INFANT

EVERY mother should see that the dress of an infant will admit of expansion of chest and stomach, with perfect freedom for limbs and joints. Much irritation, as Dr. Squire says, "is produced by keeping damp clothes close to the skin, and more when caustic soda has been used in washing, and is left from careless rinsing and drying. All impervious wraps are to be avoided; there must be frequent changes of linen." The supply of animal heat in a baby being small, the dress should be chosen with a view to warmth, but while taking every care to maintain a comfortable and equable warmth, do not coddle or overheat the child; beware of loading it with too many clothes, and of covering the neck with warm shawls or tippets within doors. All that is wanted is to keep the upper part of the dress sufficiently high to protect the chest and arms, for over-heating is bad and relaxing.

Exceptional circumstances, of course, demand exceptional care; for instance, in a case of premature birth the preservation of vital heat is the one thing to be attended to; it is safest to wrap the baby in flannel, or, as has been done with good effect, to imbed it in a basket of cotton wool, and not to expose it to air at all—at all events not till the doctor comes.

Never overlook the tendency in young children at the period of teething to nervous excitement. Keep the head cool. Avoid oversoft pillows, close wrapping up of the head, and heavy bonnets or hats. How often, from affection and pride, a velvet hat is chosen, laden with feathers or trimmings, which oppresses the poor little head. Such things are objectionable both in winter and summer. I would also warn mothers against the turned-up hat; it is almost sickening to see the poor children in perambulators, with the sun's full glare beating upon the susceptible head and eyes.

ON THE USE OF PERAMBULATORS

HERE I must allow myself a short digression upon the misuse of perambulators. Very valuable in themselves, when used with proper attention and common sense, it is difficult to speak with any patience of the cruel folly so often seen in the use of them. There are the sudden jerks, the rushes at dangerous crossings, the poor babies left to sleep in every variety of unwholesome posture; these and other heedlessnesses expose children to the risk of chills, with all their train of evil consequences, sunstrokes and even spinal injuries.

Nurses should exercise common sense, both out-doors and at home, to guard against the opposite dangers of heating and chilling children. How often does the former practice lead to the latter result?

Short contact with quite cold air or water, truly remarks the wise Dr. Squire, is injurious to infants; and prolonged exposure to the low temperature of a cold house or chamber still more so; most so when the air is not only cold but damp. In houses otherwise healthy, the onset of acute disease in children, of inward congestions, glandular swelling, tubercle, dropsy, has started from the occurrence of unusually low temperature in their rooms during exceptionally cold weather, when the means of obtaining sufficient warmth have been neglected or applied with difficulty. Children are also to be guarded against sudden changes of temperature. After some days in a well-warmed room the first promenade should be short. A child four or five years old cannot bear a long walk in cold weather, but soon tires, and is then still more liable to suffer from cold. Out of doors, children passing from a sheltered to an exposed position, the turn of a street, the draught in a passage, may get a chill: or returning indoors hot and excited from running or play, the wraps are removed, though the room to which they have returned is only half warmed, perhaps has become too far cooled from open windows or neglected fire, they catch cold more on coming indoors than on going out. An infant in arms is often chilled in this way; closely muffled at starting out, carried near the nurse's body under warm coverings, or shut in a carriage with closed windows, it is brought home hot and perspiring, and laid down asleep (its load of clothes removed) on a cold cot in the chill quiet of the bedroom, while the other children prepare for dinner; no wonder the youngest suffers first. Not only should the woolen clothes and coverings not be removed at once, but the chamber thermometer should be consulted. Prevention of illness is better than cure, and for both objects a thermometer in the children's room is indispensable.

HABITS OF ORDER AND MORAL TRAINING

I WILL now dwell shortly upon the importance of training the children themselves by means of good order and rule, and quiet, gentle discipline.

Children imitate before they can reason, hence the importance of setting them a good example from the first. How will it be, if instead of this they get used to seeing articles left about, drawers open, untidiness in little daily matters?

On the other hand, what a picture of brightness and happiness is the well-ordered nursery? "A place for everything, and everything in its place"—cheerful faces, freshness, innocent mirth. In these little ways the training for the future, both of mind and body, is begun, developing as they do with the child's growth. A notion seems sometimes to prevail that attention to trifling matters such as these should be set aside for the sake of more important considerations, but surely "these ought ye to do, and not to leave the others undone."

Our first notions of home start from the nursery. Here, where all the wants of early life are met, healthy development soon leads to conscious comfort. The youngest child has this happy knowledge. Rooted in the nursery, it grows and gains upon us there. Children come to feel that food, rest, quiet and pleasant ease belong to the place to which they are always brought back after all the changes that excite or tire, where some one shows them care and love, and the greeting of another self is sure. This kindly attention, with all around orderly, clean and cheerful, not only makes childhood happy, but leads to strength, good nature, trust, courage and virtue.

Such elements of comfort and completeness in a house are always serviceable; no better accommodations could be offered to friends or visitors than what is designed for the most cherished members of a family. If happily peopled by children, this part of home becomes to them the dearest spot on earth. It may afterward be the delight of children's children, the rallying point or center of a family, that shall attract its many members and hold them together, knitting the generations each to each.

It is the wise and loving discipline of nursery days which lays the foundation of all that is pure, and good, and lovely, and strong, in the character of man or woman. Upon the foundation given to a house much depends, almost everything in fact, and the same is true of a human being.

A FEW CLOSING WORDS

AND thus we are led, before closing these few hints, to say a word or two upon that most serious and vitally important subject, the moral influence of the nursery. Total ignorance upon this aspect of our little children's lives is only too common; and mothers, who anxiously "get up" all needful facts about the matters referred to above—ventilation, drainage, warmth, wholesome food, and clothing—never think of the watchful care necessary from the first, to train aright the natural instincts, and what may be called the moral germs of the little being whose immortal soul is unfolding in the midst, alas! of a world of sin and evil. Unutterable is the mischief that may be brought about by wicked, coarse-minded, or grossly ignorant nurses and nursery-girls. This is not the place to go into details upon so painful a subject; let it suffice to draw the attention of mothers to this matter, and earnestly appeal to them, as they love their little ones, to be on their guard.

In conclusion, we could scarcely do better than to carry away with us the wise words of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell:

"The youth who has grown up from childhood under the guardianship of really wise parents, in a true home, with all its ennobling influences, and has been strengthened by enlightened religious instruction, has gradually grown toward the natural human type." And again, and I am content that these shall be the closing words to this brief series of articles for American mothers:

"The mother's eye, full of tenderness, . . . must always watch over her children. Self-respect cannot be too early inculcated. . . . . Every thoughtless breach of delicacy should be checked with a gentle gravity, which will not repel or abash, but impress the child. . . . . In work or in play, in infancy or youth, the parent should be the first natural friend."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mrs. Gladstone's series, concluded with this article, was commenced in the April JOURNAL, and copies of that and the May issues can be had for 10 cents each by sending to the JOURNAL office.

THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE YEAR

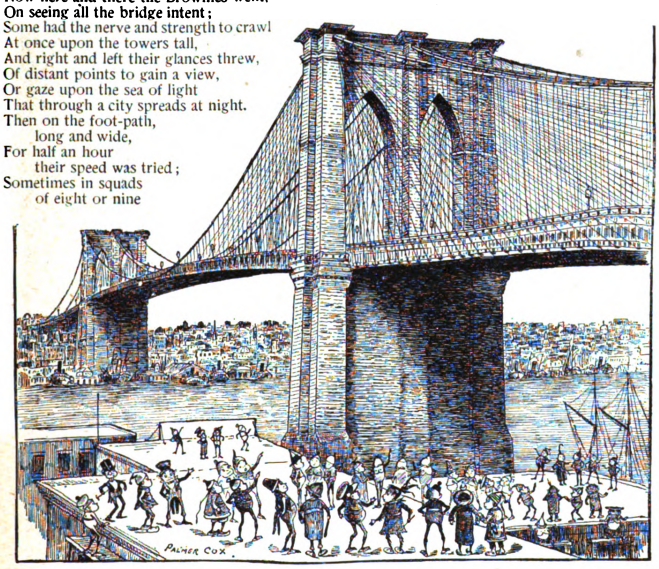
A NEW SERIES OF 12 ADVENTURES OF THE FUNNIEST LITTLE MEN IN THE WORLD

By Palmer Cox

NUMBER NINE

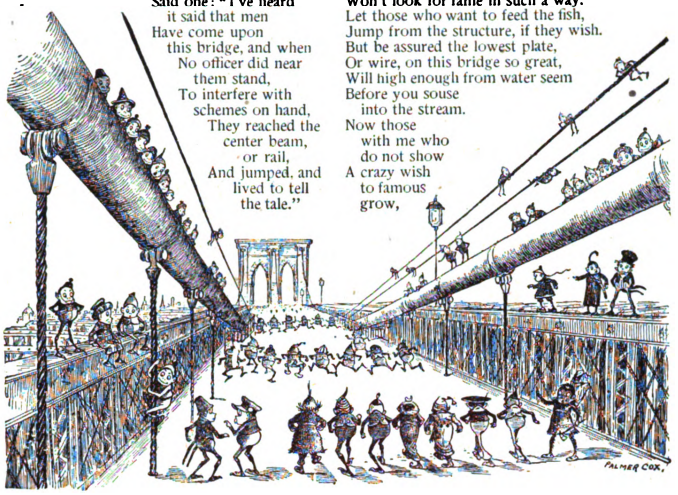
THE BROWNIES IN JUNE

One night in June,
when skies were clear
The Brownies sought
a city near.
Right well their plans
had all been laid
To reach the town at evening shade,
And spend the night in sporting there
Upon a bridge so high in air
That ships from every country ran
In safety underneath its span.
They reached it when
the lamps' bright glare
Revealed its bowed
proportions fair,
With ends well anchored
either side
In cities spreading
far and wide.
From roofs of buildings
standing nigh,
The Brownies got a chance to eye
The structure stretched with graceful sweep
Across the river, dark and deep.
Said one: "We here
can sport and play
Upon this bridge
till break of day,
Of seeing wonders
never tire,
Nor lack a chance
to climb a wire;
In fact, each member
here can find
A rope to suit his hand or mind,
On which to climb, or swing at ease
Like monkeys on Brazilian trees."
Now here and there the Brownies went,
On seeing all the bridge intent;
Some had the nerve and strength to crawl
At once upon the towers tall,
And right and left their glances threw,
Of distant points to gain a view,
Or gaze upon the sea of light
That through a city spreads at night.
Then on the foot-path,
long and wide,
For half an hour
their speed was tried;
Sometimes in squads
of eight or nine

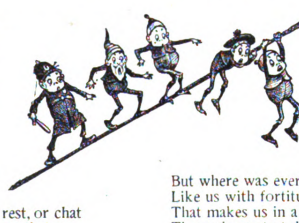


They took their stations in a line,
And back and forth between the piers
They ran a race, 'mid shouts and cheers
From those who climbed on cables high
To watch them as
they scampered by.
At times, while climbing
ropes of wire,
The topmost Brownie's
hands would tire,
And slipping back, his
weight would bring
No small distress
to all the string
That clung below
with might and main
To hold their own
against the strain.
Then down they'd sit to rest, or chat
In Brownie style, of this or that,

Or glances on the flood to throw
That lay so dark and far below.
Said one: "I've heard
it said that men
Have come upon
this bridge, and when
No officer did near
them stand,
To interfere with
schemes on hand,
They reached the
center beam,
or rail,
And jumped, and
lived to tell
the tale."



Another said: "We cannot let
A human being ever get
The start of us in any way
Through daring deeds, let come what may.
Now to the selfsame place we'll go,
And take our places in a row,
And at a given signal, spring
Like birds when taking to the wing,
And keep feet downward, if we can,
According to the jumper's plan

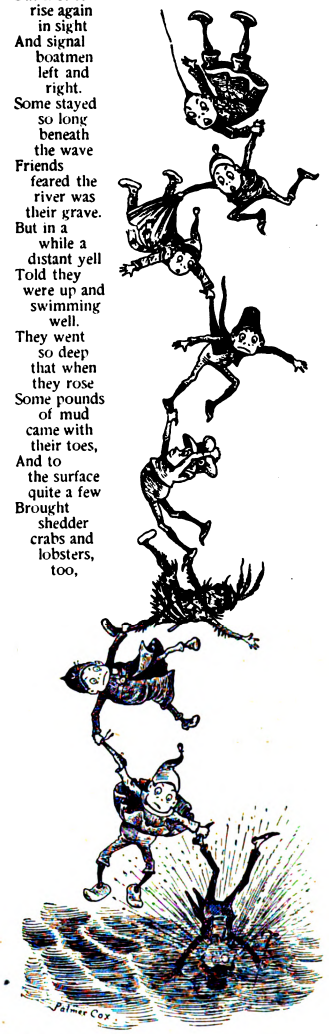


To not be turned awry in air,
But strike the water plumb and fair."
A third remarked: "You argue well
And show your sense, for truth to tell
We may, if we
but manage right,
Immortalize
ourselves to-night.
One man may jump
and still escape
Without a hurt
of any shape,
Yet he is only
one in all
The millions on
this turning ball.
But where was ever seen a crowd
Like us with fortitude endowed,
That makes us in a body go
Through greatest dangers one can know.
We've gone through
many startling woes
And trying scenes,
as history shows.
If people doubt,
let them but read
And learn how
we take little heed
Of dangers that
go hand in hand
With all the doings
of the band,
And even now
you'll find that we
Are valiant in
a high degree.
Instead of shrinking
in disgrace,
Each one will want
the highest place."
A fourth exclaimed:
"There's fame, no doubt,
In such a jump,
if well worked out,
But I, for one,
here let me say,
Won't look for fame in such a way.
Let those who want to feed the fish,
Jump from the structure, if they wish.
But be assured the lowest plate,
Or wire, on this bridge so great,
Will high enough from water seem
Before you souse
into the stream.
Now those
with me who
do not show
A crazy wish
to famous
grow,

Beneath the bridge in boats will keep,
And aid the ones who take the leap."
A fair division now was made:
Upon the bridge those Brownies stayed
Who didn't wish to have it said
A human being was ahead,
While those who didn't care to seek
For fame through such a foolish freak,
Went down for boats and quickly ran
Beneath the center of the span,
To be prepared their friends to save,
When they would drop into the wave.
Now dark against the starry sky,
All those who were the jump to try,
Crawled out upon the cable dim
And perched like birds upon a limb,
All waiting for the signal scream
That was to start them for the stream.
Said one: "My word is still my bond,
So acts and words must correspond,
But had I not the utterance made
That I, for one, was not afraid,
And freely gave my name, I vow
I'd hardly make the promise now."
But one was quick to give the shout,
And at the cry they all sprang out
Like heroes bold, without delay,
And downward took their rapid way.
They struggled hard, while in mid-air,
To keep themselves erect and fair,
But quite a breeze was sweeping round
Between the ocean and the sound,
And as it o'er the river ran
It played sad havoc with their plan.
In spite of frantic kicks and flings,
And arms gyrating round like wings,
Some soon began to spread, or bend,

And some were turned
nigh end for end,
While more, through
luck, or extra skill,
Kept going down
feet foremost still.
Few words were passed
between them there,
For little breath
they had to spare;
But judging by
the look they wore,
If they were on the
bridge once more
They'd hardly take
that daring spring
For all the fame
the world can bring.
While striving for
a balance good,
They caught each other
where they could,
And once that nervous
grip was gained,
Through fear or friend-
ship it remained,
And thus uniting
firm and fast,
As rapidly they
downward passed,
A chain was formed,
while one
could wink,
Composed of many
a twisted link,
That lengthened as the
flood they neared
And still unbroken
disappeared.
If Brownies in
the boats below
Had twenty eyes
apiece, I know
They hardly could
keep track of game
As through the air
they whirling came;

They splashing fell on every side,
All disappearing in the tide,
Those who had spread their very best
Going quickly under with the rest,
But first to
rise again
in sight
And signal
boatmen
left and
right.
Some stayed
so long
beneath
the wave
Friends
feared the
river was
their grave.
But in a
while a
distant yell
Told they
were up and
swimming
well.
They went
so deep
that when
they rose
Some pounds
of mud
came with
their toes,
And to
the surface
quite a few
Brought
shedder
crabs and
lobsters,
too,



Which clearly proved to friends around
That they the river's bed had found.
Though Brownies may mishaps sustain
That cause some fear, if not some pain,
They seldom fail to carry through
The work laid out for them to do;
And though a few were somewhat sore,
And vowed they'd take that leap no more,

Still not a broken bone was there,
Or garment torn beyond repair.
Each was in trim to quickly crawl
In waiting boats that took them all

Away as fast as oars could guide
The party to the nearest side,
And then the band had barely time
To quit the place ere morning prime.

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lphia, June, 1892

WITH THE EDITOR

E were talking together the other evening—a friend from across the ocean and myself. She had been spending nearly a year in our country, and her social advantages had given her opportunities to see the of our American domestic life. e chatting, this foreign gentle- 'There was but one unpleasant in my visits into your homes, suggestion in the children of ying that fine sense of respect their parents that we are accus- urope. It seemed to me as if independence born in every and boy was in danger of en- rit of carelessness of talk and parents. In other words, your to me to rule the parents, in- e reverse."

⊙

o me, as this woman was speak- had heard other visitors to our this same criticism. I remem- ummer a foreigner of excellent observation remarking: "Why, , that American children are sitively rude to their parents. way of what you call, I think, to their elders that is almost ur homes across the water. I y heard a daughter make some k to her mother which sounded ous in its impertinence to other h would decidedly jar upon me father or mother. In France, ught that the word of father or . In Russian families, children t in domestic conversation un- outgrown their childhood and the age of discretion, which is, of that country, decreed as be- o. In Holland and in England so strictly drawn, perhaps, but hy, bless you, the daughter of as large a part in the table talk her or mother. This particular ith you may be conducive to ut I have noticed in some cases just the reverse; it gives the e in her own opinion as against lers which is perfectly sublime in its sense of the ridiculous se. It is all well enough to tain amount of liberty to chil- uestion that has occurred to me ica is whether you are not giv- much rein."

ime to time I have heard from ther foreigners practically the nts which I have quoted above.

THERE is just enough truth in all this criticism to give it color—as any one will concede who has been privileged to visit into a sufficient number of our American homes to accurately judge. We have all, at times, been jarred at some remark made by a young daughter to her mother, or a son to his father, which left an unpleasant impression with us. It is true that regret invariably follows such a remark upon the part of the girl or boy who makes it, but the error was made, and many a false impression has been carried away from such a domestic circle. For it is an unfortunate truth that these little "breaks" are almost invariably made in the presence of others. The poorest impressions are very often made when we are most anxious the best ones should be effected. The little "slip" which never occurs when the family is alone is sure to happen when "company" is present. And then it has such a perfectly tantalizing manner of occurring just at a moment when it stands out with a perfect robust distinctness that simply defies any effort to cover it up. Then the dear sensitive mother wonders "what Mr.—— will think," and she conjectures and supposes as to the impression left upon his mind as to her ability to train a child. And after Mr.—— has gone, there is a dark closet conference over which it is charitable to draw the curtain.

⊙

THERE is no member of the human body so difficult to control as the tongue. This is as true of the full-grown man or woman as it is of the child, but the child has no mind with which to direct its unruly member. Later in life we are supposed to acquire a discretion which is intended to act as a guard upon the tongue, although—well, but that is another story, as Rudyard Kipling would say. It is undoubtedly unwise for any parent to allow too much freedom of speech in a child, and if mothers would concentrate more of the earlier training of their children upon that one point, I think it would be better for the future happiness of both teacher and scholar. Because a child is precocious, a retort, however pert, is none the less out of place. With a child it is particularly true that "give it an inch, and it will take a yard." The slightest encouragement of what a parent knows is not a good tendency in a child undoes months of training. The saucy answer of a child, no matter how "cutely" said, may be laughed at by the guest because politeness allows him no alternative, but we are often compelled to outwardly appear other than we are prompted by our inner feelings. Much as I dislike the corporal punishment of children, I would rather see a child soundly whipped at the table than to see it encouraged in the unfortunate habit of being as much heard as seen. Early habits are very hard to shake off, and the precocious child, apt at retort, is simply the budding of the sarcastic young woman. And of what type of girlhood can we more honestly say: "Good Lord, deliver us!"

⊙

THE American girl is by her very nature saucy. She believes that spice not only gives variety to life, but that it lends piquancy to conversation. And it does. No girl can talk so well as can the American girl. Without half trying she can hold three men in conversation at the same time, and direct the course of her talk and her pretty glances so as to include them all. If the English girl is an expert whip, the American girl is a perfect master of the art of conversation. She knows just where a dash of pepper will fit best, and no creature on the globe can in a drawing-room serve such a palatable conversational salad of vinegar and cress. I have often stood in perfect admiration of some bright, fresh American girl holding the interest and attention of a whole knot of clever men with a perfect stream of explosive ejaculations which were simply delicious in the fact of their meaning apparently so much in action, and yet conveying so little in substance. Those of us who are more sedate may sneer and make little of what is known as "society small talk," but the correct handling of it is an art which very few acquire. To say a good deal and mean very little is not an easy thing to do, and at this the American girl is an expert. I do not mean to infer by this that the American girl is superficial. She is not. As a rule, she can handle a brainy, ethical topic with almost the same dexterity as she can a passing morsel of society gossip. But she has the art of adaptation. What has given the American woman a reputation of being the best-dressed woman in the world is that she always knows the exact gown that will fit the occasion she is going to ornament. And the American girl possesses this same tact in conversation.

⊙

OUR young men and young women are undoubtedly given a greater degree of license in family conversation than is extended in any country on the globe. And the license is a good one—conducive to the acquirement of knowledge and of easy converse. But the practice can become harmful to good discipline. Youth is impetuous and all-knowing, especially in these times. Now-a-days young people know far more than do their elders—that is, they think they do. Perhaps it has always been so, but it seems that knowledge comes quicker to the young in this rapid century. The young woman of to-day—and I use the feminine gender because it naturally applies more directly to my audience, although these references can be applied with equal force to the modern young man—grows very fast. She is taught that progress is the order of the day. She must know more at twenty to-day than did her mother at twenty. Now, progress is a good thing, a very healthy and necessary quality in the life of the girl of the nineteenth century, but there is such a thing as progressing too fast. One trouble with progression is that it never turns backward, and chasing it too fast is as dangerous as it is to follow it too slowly.

WHEN progress can be hurtful to the young woman of to-day is when she thinks that she knows more than does her father or mother. It is no indication of progress on the part of a girl when she loses that respectful deference to the safer counsel or wiser judgment of her elders which is always the most beautiful trait of girlhood. However much she may think she knows, she must never overlook the fact that there are some who know a little more than she does, and it is just as likely as not that those superior minds should belong to her parents. She may sometimes grow impatient at the caution of her mother, she may get nettled and say to herself "Papa is so old-fashioned," but she is wise when she ever bears in mind the fact that caution is a very safe guide, and that to be old-fashioned in some of our modern tendencies is exceedingly prudent. We young people are apt to turn up our noses at old-fashioned things, and declare them "out of date," but there are one or two sterling principles of the by-gone times which are worth clinging to. Upon those "old-fashioned" ideas were modeled the fathers and mothers of the present day, and I think the majority of girls will agree with me that they are pretty good products, even though the soil was a trifle old.

⊙

IT is a difficult thing for youth to understand that mature age is its best protector. Young people are so apt to "know it all." The girl with spirit dislikes restraint. She cannot see any possible harm in something she would like to do, yet which her parents prefer she should not do. "Why, it is perfectly correct, mama," is her defense, and it is, so far as she can see. But, as the homely old saying has it, "Youth looks only as far as its nose." A girl of sixteen cannot be expected to know as much as the woman of forty, but what she can do is to listen to the advice of the latter. It is always well for a daughter to remember that her mother acts only for her own best interests—and this truth holds good first, last, and all the time. At the time when she is counseled not to do this, or to go there, or to have a certain girl as an associate, she may not understand the parent's motive or define the reason, but after awhile, as she gets a little further along, she will be able to look back and see that her mother was not so wrong after all. Because a mother does not always give a reason for a certain action gives no license to the daughter to conclude that none exists. A mother's instinct, when it concerns the welfare of a son or daughter, is pretty certain to be right, and a young man or young woman will never go seriously astray in relying upon that maternal intuition. What may seem very misty to young eyes is very clear when seen through experienced eyes. A thorough confidence in the advice of a good father or mother on the part of a child is never misplaced, no matter whether that child is ten or twenty years of age, and even at thirty the advice of sixty has often proven itself of distinct value and superiority. A son or daughter never grows too old to learn from its parent.

⊙

THE accusation that American girls are given to the habit of "talking back" to their elders is one which applies only to a certain type of young woman—a type which calls more for sympathy for the few, than it does for lamentations as regards its number. No true American girl, born and brought up in a refined home, can ever forget her self-respect to that extent. She may seem petulant at a correction, she may chafe under a rebuke, but the real American girl yields to no one in her inner respect and devotion to her parents. Instances are without number where that quality has been demonstrated. And even where the trait of retort in a young girl's character develops itself, she cannot be held solely to blame. Such a trait as a child's disrespect to parents implied either in speech or action, is one which rests in the hands of the parents for correction. Except in rare instances, where an adverse character develops despite careful training, a disrespectful attitude of a son or daughter toward a parent reflects far more discredit upon the parent than it possibly can upon the child. You cannot always bend the twig in the way you would like to have it grow, but with some of us the trouble lies in the bending.

⊙

NOR is it true, I think, that American children rule their parents. If it were so, this would indeed be an unhappy land of ours. The only approach to a semblance of truth to this assertion, lies in the spoiled children we occasionally meet. I always feel sorry for a spoiled child, for, as a rule, she is a greater burden to herself than she is to those she meets. A house with a spoiled child in it is a place I always like to avoid. To have to listen to the whimsical prattle of a boy or girl who has been accustomed from its birth to have his or her own way is a maddening process to me. Those children undoubtedly rule their parents—and they find it out very much to their discomfort. Next to an ungrateful child, give me one of those spoiled darlings (?) to make miserable the life of a sane man or a good woman. A spoiled child is never satisfied. It has a thirst for things it shouldn't have compared to which the unsatiable thirst of a fever-racked patient is positively mild and not worth mentioning. No house is large enough for it; no purse deep enough to satisfy its wants. Not that it actually needs so much room, or that it really wants one-tenth of the things it asks for; satisfaction comes in the mere "having" and not in the enjoying. Such a child rules not only the parents, but absolutely controls a house, and the souls of the other occupants are not their own. There is no surer way of wrecking the life of a human being than to spoil it as a child. Pampered children never amount to anything, except when their ways can be made the ways of others, and that is not always easy in this life.

TAKE our American home-life as a whole, however, and the foreigner will find in it no greater or sweeter charm than the beautiful love and devotion existing in the American son and daughter for the parent. It is characteristic of the American mother that she makes a companion of her daughter, and by this method the mind of the girl is more speedily and more safely developed than if her relation was that simply of a child. The interests of the American father and son are more often closely allied than one can find in any other nation. While in other nations generation succeeds generation, in America the son's interests are identical with those of the father during lifetime, and two generations stand shoulder to shoulder. The most successful business houses in America to-day are those which are cemented by filial interests, and where a family unite in perfect harmony in business or in society there is presented a strength that few things can successfully combat.

⊙

THE American man is typical of all that signifies devotion to her who gave him life and being. He believes that God gave him a wife to love but a mother to revere. His most manly quality is his homage to his mother. I remember an instance where in a house occupied by two families a point of disagreement came up.

"Is it not possible that your mother may have been wrong?" asked one of the disputants of the other.

"My mother, sir," was the rejoinder, "is incapable of doing wrong in anything."

What room was there for further argument with such an answer? Going to the extreme, you say. Perhaps; but it was beautiful, nevertheless. It was the answer of a typical American man.

My own family is foreign born and bred, and I remember that one of my father's first observations in this country was the devotion of American men for their mothers. Not that it is an unknown quality among European men, by any means, but if there is one word that seems to mean more to an American man than any other it is: mother. Let him marry, let him have family cares without number, but he never finds that his duty to his mother is done until her life has run its end, and then she becomes even more to him as a fragrant memory than she was as a sweet reality in life.

⊙

THERE is no greater or deeper satisfaction to a good man than to be able to have his mother live to see him fairly launched on a successful career of usefulness. If his father dies before he has made his mark in the world he does not seem to feel it so keenly. But somehow he always wants his mother to live long enough to see for herself that she did not give him life for naught, and that the world is a little better off for the being which she gave unto it. There wells up within a man's nature a peculiar sense of pride when some day his mother comes quietly to him, and putting her arms around his neck, says, with all the tenderness of a mother's love: "You have done well, my boy. Now, I am content to go." No matter how hard a man may have worked, such approval comes to him as his sweetest and richest reward. The applause of the world is little compared with such a motherly benediction, and more precious to him is the remembrance of that little sentence in after years than all the honors which can be showered upon him or the riches that may be his. It has been my privilege to hear this sacred thought from the lips of more than one of the most famous of American men—men who are to-day leaders in their professions: others who have gone to their graves crowned with the ripest honors and fullest laurels of the world.

⊙

WE men are, after all, but grown-up boys. The fond stroke of a mother's hand is as welcome to us at forty as at fourteen. The world never looks so bright to a man as when he sits at his mother's side with her arms around him. Women never seem so gentle to him as when she fondly strokes the recreant lock from his brow, after a trying day, and says in that voice, so familiar but ever sweet: "You are tired, are you not, dear?" Ah, those mothers who come into a room when a man is almost worn out, and bring new life, new hope and new spirits with them. Those God-inspired women who say so much in a smile, who speak so lovingly to us in a look, who send a thrill of confidence through a man in a tender pressure of the hand. They know us so well. They knew us when we were children, but how much better they know us when we are men! We try to convince them that we are no longer boys, but only a quiet little smile and a fond little petting shows us the fallacy of our own words. They stroke our cheeks, and somehow the mind seems more restful, and the brain ceases to throb. The things we try to hide from them are the very things we tell them all about. They know with a single look just what is troubling us, and although they never ask us we pour out to them our worries just as we did when we were children. The quarrels of the playground have only become the worries of business life. Oh, those mothers who will never learn to speak of us by our more mature names, who utterly refuse to recognize that mock dignity that we so like to assume. That sweet and tender little woman, in whose creation God used such a rare piece of exquisite texture, who will never speak of her "boy" but as "my Eddie!" She will know him by no other name. All efforts at dignity are lost upon her; the baby of the cradle has simply become the baby of her heart. It is getting to be an old baby now, but time alters not the object of that mother's eye.

"She knows how fond he is of her caresses,
How like a great, big boy is he;
The lap has grown too small for him to rest in
But, oh! how well his head rests on her breast!"

"Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

THIS month the bride is abroad in the land—on the water; down by the restless sea, out on the boundless ocean; skimming across limitless prairies; climbing the mountain paths; haunting the hotel piazzas; nestling in Pullman cars; in the ballroom; on the promenade: where tennis spreads its nets for wary men as yet unsnared; in the cabin; on deck; in the forbidden pilot-house—here, there, everywhere. When she isn't in sight you can hear her cooing. When you can neither hear her nor see her this blessed, happy, heavenly month, you may know then that you are bat-blind and stone-deaf, and that you will never see nor hear anything again in all your life. It is her innings; she is creating a part; nobody is on this scene except her fascinating, all-sufficient, lovely self. Oh, there is a young man with her; the most insignificant man in the world—and he looks it—but nobody has eyes or ears for him. Once in a while the men honor him enough to wonder "what on earth ever possessed her to marry that chump?" But that is all the notice he gets. Well is he called the groom; nobody looks at him or knows that he is; it is the filly whose groom he is that rends the throats of the grand stand with prolonged vivas of admiration.

AGE CANNOT WITHER HER

A BRIDE of sixty sweet summers would still be a bride. She declares herself by her disguises. When she would shun the soft dove-like "bridey" effects in colors, and wears a traveling dress designed by the loftiest flight of womanly genius to declare the wearer an "Old Married Woman," she might as well have embroidered across the shoulders thereof, in letters of glaring contrast, four inches long, "Bride." Because every button on that suit is a mouth shouting in trumpet tones to every glancing eye: Bride! Bride! Bride! The baggageman looks up as he receives their trunks, which are unlike any other baggage on the train; he grins at the abject man who is waiting for the checks, and says to his assistant as he turns away: "Third lot this morning, Bill." The brakeman assumes an expression of supernatural respect, and bows low as he touches her elbow with his fingers, by which light and airy gesture, it is a pleasant fiction of the brakeman, a female passenger is at once lifted bodily from the platform and deposited inside the car. The porter knows her on sight, albeit he never saw her before, and his face shines like the Naulahka as he hovers about the pair, brushing invisible dust from dustless things, for he knows in his heart that the young man is good for a dollar or nothing, and he is going to play a strong game for the dollar. The conductor, with the anxious frown of grave responsibility deepening on his face with the hurry of the first collection, feels his face relax into smiles that break through all the clouds of his care as he reaches for their tickets. He ignores—as does everybody else—the young man—and bends down to the bride with a fatherly air that is most becoming to him, as he gives reassuring and confident answers to her amazing questions about unheard-of connections at utterly impossible junctions a thousand miles beyond the end of his run.

The passengers buy no books that day. They study the bride. And she is well worth reading, although a poet who knew Moore about her than I do, sings

> "My only books
> Were woman's looks,
> And folly's all they've taught me."

THERE'S LANGUAGE IN HER EYE

NAY, her foot speaks." When she remembers that she is a bride and doesn't care who knows it, she is irresistible to everybody except a few dusty-hearted old bachelors or some other people who never were brides. When she remembers where she is, straightens up and assumes the look of a matron to whom wedding journeys were novelties perhaps when her second daughter was married, men hug themselves with delight, and grandmammas smile till their dear old faces are sweeter than the bride's. The porter vanishes into the smoking room lest if he remain in sight a minute longer he will lose that much-coveted dollar. I said a moment ago nobody noticed him. Nobody? Everbody. For she does, and to him there is no one else on board this planet. When, after an elaborate re-adjustment of his necktie, she glances quietly around and catches you staring at her, you look and feel as guilty as though she had caught you picking a pocket. And when at the dining station an impetuous baggageman calls him "Sonny," how the beautiful anger of the goddess transforms her face. "Sonny!" He, her own and only; he, radiant and nervous in the awful glory of the new, high, glossy, shiny, slick silk hat, which is his sole distinction; which at times he awkwardly rubs the wrong way, and every time it gets a bump, which is every time he puts it on, his heart breaks with a hollow groan. Away with him; what have we to do with the man in the moon when we can look upon the queen of the constellations herself?

AGE IS NOT ALL DECAY

SOME seven thousand or twenty millions of years ago, I have forgotten which, this world was made for just these two. And if ever they go out of it, it will close the shop, put up the shutters, take down the sign, and go out of business. Why, just now there came into the car a woman forty years old if a day and she said: "Oh, Orlando, dear Orlando, I will never be old and wrinkled and gray like that woman, will I?" And Orlando murmurs endearing consolations, and assures her, with many protestations, that make the recording angel think seriously of hiring a stenographer if this month lasts much longer, that she will grow younger and fairer the longer she lives. Some women do grow old so gracefully and sweetly. Now, his mother—she will grow like her. Silence that speaks, but says it in a language strange to Orlando. Unhappy man. She once saw a photograph of his mother. She had a neck like Annie Laurie's, and, however beautiful and graceful a neck twenty-eight inches long may be on a swan it is out of proportion on a woman well stricken in years, with a countenance like a wooden nut-cracker. Pity, oh ever youthful Hebe! She will grow to be like Orlando's mother, then? Has she no mother of her own to grow like? She has, as Orlando will learn one of these long days, when he has nothing else to do.

COME LIKE SHADOWS, SO DEPART

EVERYBODY sees at once the little cloud that hides the warm sunlight that all day long has made her face a day of perfect June. And the last man in the car to see it is Orlando. Then he wants to know with sincere anxiety and concern, "What is the matter, darling?" "Oh, nothing." Now then, Orlando, gird up the loins of your mind and be patient and strong. You have a piece of work cut out for you that would make a man who has been married four times roll up his sleeves and draw a long breath before grappling with the problem. It is bad enough when she has a headache which was not there ten seconds ago. But when there is "Nothing" the matter; just absolutely "Nothing," ah, then weak man, prepare for defeat.

By and by the attack of "Nothing" passes away as suddenly and mysteriously as it came. As she endured it like a martyr, so she comes out of it like an angel. He doesn't understand the grand transformation at the close of the fifth act any better than he did the development of the plot in the acts preceding. Only this he knows—she makes him feel it most deeply—that it was all his fault, and that she forgives him. What for he doesn't know, but heaven knows, and that is enough for him. She loves him still, and so she "hugs the offender and forgives the offense; sex to the last." You can see that Orlando is perplexed. Oh, much puzzled young husband, gray and thin will be the locks which will cluster above the thoughtful brow whereon old Time will write his annual autographs with many wrinkles, before you get through the study of this feminine enigma. In occasional moments of acute dementia you will think that you understand her at last. These will be pleasant, although transient illusions for you, Orlando. Worse than that; sometimes you will try to puzzle her, even as she has perplexed you. Employ your time in something which possibly you can do, but don't try to puzzle your wife. Your skull, when she looks at you, is of fine French plate glass, through which she calmly contemplates the action of your brain and silently reads your thoughts. What she doesn't know about you, God bless her laughing penetration, you will never find out.

AS IT IS IN THE BEGINNING

IN your summer loiterings at some quiet place by the sea—although there is no such place now anywhere in the world—how many times have you observed, when two people will take a little sail on a quiet day, that all their troubles occur at the start. There is no breeze down under the great piles of the wharf. The amateur sailors are awkward, the boat is obstinate, the lazy breeze fitful and perverse. The boat noses around every way except the right one; it tangles itself up with other craft; its unhappy crew is bombarded with sarcastic advice and scoffing encouragement from the battery of loungers on the wharf. The sailors jibe, and luff, and stand by, and fall off, and do all the other nautical things they can think of, but there they stay, floundering about under the fire of the battery, which grows more rapid as the crew loses first its patience and then its temper. But by and by they get out where light-winged zephyrs can kiss the swelling sail, the little craft responds to the sense of life in wave and wind, there is a joyous murmur about the bow as though the sea were laughing with the crew, and graceful as a dream and real as life the tiny bark careens just enough to look most charming, and sails away in a faint cloud of pursuing cheers. Where the crew wish to go they bend their course. Clouds will come across the skies, waves there will be to buffet, winds to meet, tides and currents to oppose and overcome, but there will be life, action, the joy of doing something, and the exhilaration of going somewhere all the rest of the voyage.

BEST LAID SCHEMES GANG AFT A-GLEY

IT is always harder work getting out of the slip than the young folks are apt to imagine. Happy, indeed, the crew of the good ship "Housekeeper," if the paternal tug is willing to tow them out into mid-stream, set them in the channel, and give them a maternal pilot until they make a good offing. But when they must get out the sweeps and make their own way as best they can until they "raise the wind" they may look out for many surface perplexities. The wedding journey costs more than they estimated. The only actual expense that didn't vary from their estimates was the railway fare, which should never be counted in among the liabilities of a railway journey. There is very little difference in expense between traveling on a free pass and paying full fare. But everything else astonishes the youngsters. The baggage, the carriages, the humble bus, the plebeian street car, the porter, the waiter, the useless things they buy, not because they want them but because the vendors appeal to them so earnestly they can't help it. And they are so happy on their wedding journey they can't bear to be repellant to any human creature.

PLEASANT SURPRISES ALL ROUND

SOME surprises, not down on the bills, wait for both of them as the play goes on. He learns that as a builder of plain, substantial pie, whereof the upper crust is callous and the lower strata impervious to the action of heat, she is original both in design and execution. She is surprised to learn that he isn't so good a manager as she thought, and wonders how he managed to get his salary raised every year by the house, forgetting that all this is a new business to him. He discovers that the sweetest tempered little woman in the world carries a concealed temper on her person, not noticing how sorely and in how many new ways she is daily under trial. She is surprised to note that she is, little by little, becoming the waiter of the establishment, and not the head waiter, either. She remembers how he used to spring to pick up a glove, weighing less than a kiss, and now she raises his overcoat, weighing eight pounds, from whatever chair he may cast it upon and hangs it up for him. Once or twice he catches her with her halo off, and she is inclined to think that the one he used to wear when she saw him three times a week, was a borrowed one. All there is of all this, is, they are learning that each of them married, not an angel, as they supposed, but a human being of the opposite sex. That's all.

And they will be far happier with each other than either could be with an angel. That would be a mesalliance, indeed. I never knew a man in my life who was fit to marry an angel, or who could live happily with one on this earth. And a sweet time the angel would have of it, trying to live even with the worst of us. Angels have been cast into the pit for their wickedness, but none of them were ever so bad that they were sentenced to marry human beings. Why, you know what kind of a man your brother Ben is? Well, Orlando is just about that sort of a man. Orlando isn't quite so considerate as Ben, but you can train him. He's as good as other men, and that gives you a foundation upon which to build the best man in the world.

GOOD MATCHES OF IMPERFECT PEOPLE

WHAT a picture of womanly grace and queenly beauty is the figure of Rebekah, as she comes down to us in the soft light of a true love story, nearly four thousand years old, and yet as sweet, as tender and as new as the sunset last evening. The good God arranged that wedding and blessed it. Aren't you satisfied to be as fair a bride, as good a wife, as devoted a mother as was the beautiful daughter of Nahor? And yet, I wot that Isaac found his helpmate a "lee-tle" trying at times. She fooled him, and she fibbed to him, and she made no end of enmity between her own children, did Rebekah. And nevertheless, my daughter, I hope that your memory will be as fragrant, and as sweet in the hearts of men four thousand years hence as is that of this bride of Mesopotamia.

And your husband; I hope he is as good a man as that other lover in a true love story, nearly as old as the race of man, who wrought at hard labor fourteen years for the girl he loved, and to whom his second term of seven years of servitude "seemed but a few days, for the love he had for her." You can't expect to find a man much more devoted than that. And nevertheless Jacob had occasion to scold Rachel right sharply after they were married, and she got him into a scrap with his father-in-law, and I fancy that Jacob was probably not a very easy man at all times to live with in a small tent. Yet how he loved her. How tenderly, with what pathos of fidelity does his mind go back, when he is old, and blind, and bed-ridden, to the time in their journeying, "when Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath." You don't expect to be happier than these people, do you? You don't want a better husband than that? You won't get a better one.

MAN IS MAN, AND WHO IS MORE?

YOU understand, then, that you have married a man? If it pleases you to think that he is "a combination and a form, indeed, where every god doth seem to set his seal, to give the world assurance of a man," why, all right. We gladly grant you that privilege, and in your presence we will agree to agree with you. But you must not complain if, taking advantage of the blessed secrecy of the Australian ballot system, we quietly "mugwump" on the ticket and vote for the candidate whom we esteem so highly; we dare not proclaim him openly? Your husband, we admit, is just about as near perfection as a man can be. How near that may be is, as Kipling says, another story; and a long one.

Robert J. Burdette

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

EDITED BY MRS. MARGARET BOTTOME

PRESIDENT OF THE ORDER

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

JUNE! The month of "more abundant life"—the month when the flowers are given away, the month when the June roses are so abundant that you can even ask your neighbors to give you a few. O, for more natures with such abundant life! Such generosity! Such sympathy that you can even go and ask them for the flowers—the perfume you sorely need. Now, if the outward will only suggest to us the inward. Many years ago I committed to memory a few lines that come to me so often when I see people who have so much of outer life, and yet are not rich in thought and feeling:

"Man's bliss comes never to him from without,
The rich man buys his pleasures all for naught:
The loftiest oft stands hollow as the poor;
Love fills the soul, and keeps it full of help
For others; sweet refreshment to itself,
The good man has life's fountain in himself."

I hope the young Daughters will commit these lines to memory. Oh, how many times have I said, in the years gone down into the past:

"Man's bliss comes never to him from without,"

and I have said to myself, for I have a way of talking to myself, "There is no use in your thinking if your circumstances were different you would be different! If you cannot be happy now, you would not be happy then. You carry the machinery of happiness or unhappiness in yourself." Of course, she wanted to talk back, but I would not listen to her, I simply kept repeating:

"Man's bliss comes never to him from without."

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THE BODY AND THE SPIRIT

I NEVER go to a new place, or see things that are new to me, but I get some lessons, and then I want to give them to my circle. Since we last came together I have been at a Sanitarium for rest, and so much interested me there in the way of illustrations. I shall never forget the first morning I went into the room where I was to avail myself of "the movement cure." The hum of machinery was all over the room; a machine for each part of the body. All that was necessary was adjustment; for if the adjustment was not properly seen to you might get hurt. In that moment I seemed to see all the machinery of life, all the domestic machinery that we have to get adjusted in order to get the benefit from life. I suppose if we could only see that all that is painful in our life is for our benefit, and we have but to put ourselves in right relations to it, we might be constantly enriched. I have a dear friend who felt at one time in her life that the great need with her was patience. She was a remarkably quick woman. She executed her thoughts rapidly. At the time she felt she needed patience she had a nurse for her children who was painfully slow. One day it suddenly flashed over her that this girl was providentially sent to teach her patience. She needed that piece of machinery. As she afterward said: "I made a chariot of her and rode into patience!" Perhaps the "incompatibility" we hear so much of nowadays might be used for the perfection of the husband and wife if we read character deep enough. I heard of a wife in answer to a question, "I don't see how you can love a man so cruel as your husband is to you," replying, "I see not what he is, but what he will be some day." Maybe there is something for us still to learn in that wonderful 13th Chapter of 1st Corinthians! and the lesson it teaches us in its "hopeth all things!"

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THE LESSON I LEARNED

BUT I started to tell of lessons the Sanitarium taught me. We all took exercises in physical culture, and our teacher said: "There are very few women who know how to walk correctly." Then she added: "Don't think you have an easy task before you; you will be so apt to fall back into your old ways," and I was startled when she said: "If you intend to learn how to stand straight and walk correctly, you need to think of it every hour of the day, and dream of it at night." In that moment I seemed to see what purpose was necessary in life to stand upright, and, in the deepest sense, to walk correctly. For the moment I forgot all about physical culture in the thought of what was required in spiritual culture, and yet health of body and health of mind go together. "I beseech you" said St. Paul, "present your bodies." The body is the vehicle for the spirit. It never seemed more desirable than now to have good healthy bodies for healthy spirits to live in. Take any light that comes to you and act on it for the perfection of the house you live in—your own body.

THOROUGHLY DISCOURAGED

ONE writes me after coming home from her meeting with her circle where, apparently, nothing had been accomplished: "I am thoroughly discouraged. I think how much of life has been so unsatisfactory, so unsatisfying, one's best effort seems lost; friends so disappointing, circumstances so different from what one would choose; so much of loss; so little gain." Now, this is by no means an unusual meditation. Only we must not indulge in it. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. Stop thinking sad thoughts. You can if you put your will into it. I shall always be indebted to the friend who told me that all discouragement was from the devil, and we must fight the devil. I think each one has a particular devil to fight. With some it is the devil of discouragement. Resist, and he will flee; always and forever choose the bright side. If my sister had said to herself: "Well, I must be patient, I think it will be better next time," and then had turned to some fresh duty, she would have saved herself, and saving self is no little thing.

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I WILL DO RIGHT

I WISH those that put on the cross would wear it to help them in the fight with whatever devil is especially theirs. I have met so many people of late that have told me of sins they were indulging in and to which they had become slaves, though their nearest friends did not suspect them, and I have said to them: "Nothing less than very heroic treatment will do in your case; you will have to make a tremendous fight to get your freedom. You will have to say "I will be free if it costs me my life." I like a tremendous "I will" and "I will not." It is not in the power of Satan to make me sin if I will not do it. I have the power of choice in my own hand, and God will respect it. If he had made us machines, of course he would make us run on the right track. Now, dear Daughters, I speak to you earnestly, as a mother to her children, do heed my advice. "Use your will on the side of right. Say, "I will obey God; I will do the thing I know is right."

I know lovely girls, lovely to look at, who have had all the advantages that wealth and education could give them, yet with wills so weak that in the presence of temptation they yield. You must not; you must have a will that says "No, I will never do wrong." And now is the time to form the habit. I have been so sick at heart of late in finding wrong habits formed, and they have become like iron, so that when I said: "Promise me that you will not do the thing your conscience tells you is wrong," the sad answer has come: "I can promise, but I know I shall break it." It really seems to me we have yet to wake up, at least many have, to the fearful power, or glorious power, of habit. Sowing and reaping—ah, what shall the harvest be? Let your little cross mean victory over every wrong habit! No quarter to the enemy! And do not forget the little foxes that spoil the vines. John Wesley used to say in the morning when the disposition was to turn over and have another nap: "You can stay there if you like, John Wesley, but I am going to get up!" Have yourself well in hand! Be master of yourself, especially of your body! Command it to do, and not to do, and it will soon learn to obey you. There are few words so grand as obedience. Obedience to God makes you master of yourself.

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THE STORY OF AN OLD UMBRELLA

I WAS reading a story the other day that made quite an impression on my mind. It is well known that the Queen of England loves to go about in simple guise among the cottages of the poor. One day the Queen was caught in a shower and she entered the dwelling of an old woman; the old dame's sight must have been dim for she did not recognize her sovereign. "Will you lend me an umbrella?" said the royal lady, who did not happen to have one with her. The old woman granted the request grudgingly. "I hae two umbrellas; said the dame, "ane is a good one, t'other verra old. Ye may take this; I guess I will never see it again." And she proffered a ragged concern whose whalebone ribs might be seen here and there through the coarse torn cover. England's Queen quietly took the umbrella, which was better than nothing, and went forth into the rain, not by one word betraying her rank. The next day one of Her Majesty's servants brought back the wretched umbrella, and then the cottager knew to whom she had lent it. "Ay, ay, had I but kenned who it was that asked for the loan, she wad hae been welcome to my best, to a' that I hae i' the world," exclaimed the mortified old woman, shocked and grieved at having missed such an opportunity of winning a smile from the Queen.

GIVE OF YOUR BEST

ARE we not in the greatest danger of not recognizing our King from day to day? We are apt to think of Him as above us in the Heavens, seated on a throne. The teaching of the New Testament is that He is in our poor humanity, and inasmuch as we do kind deeds to the least one of these, He said, "ye have done it unto me." Now, if we give but little, only little will return to us. I think if the old woman had given her best, not only would the best umbrella have been returned but some token of appreciation that she had given her best; but she gave her old umbrella, and her old umbrella came back. He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly. I remember being at a camp meeting once when a collection was taken up, and after the collection a quaint old sister prayed for those who had given. She prayed that every one that had given five cents might receive a five cent blessing; and for those who had given a dollar that they might receive a dollar blessing; "and oh, Lord," she said, "if anyone has given ten dollars, give them a ten dollar blessing." As the years go by, the one passage of Scripture my mother repeated oftener than any other, has a deeper meaning to me because I see it fulfilled—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Give your best and you get the best; give your poorest and it comes back to you, not always in the same coin, but you get paid. I remember hearing my father chided for giving so much to the church, and he was reminded that much richer men than he was gave less. My father would answer: "I have nothing to do with them, I give what I think is right." Ah, after a lapse of thirty years, his nobility, his generosity is a priceless gift to us who remember him; no money could make up for the loss of such a memory. If you live long enough you get where you see how things come out. The reaping time comes here. I do not think that old woman ever got over the mortification of lending that old umbrella to her Queen. Would it not be well for us to really face the fact that we are giving or withholding from our King? Do you know I think that in many minds at this time, when the Sermon on the Mount seems at last to be coming to the front, there are grave doubts whether we have been Christians after all? And so I am glad that in our Order we continually emphasize doing all the little things that make up our life "In His Name," as unto Him. And yet we have, it seems to me, hardly touched the outer edge of the glorious truth that we can do all things as if we did them for the Lord Jesus. O what a revelation will take place in this world when the Sermon on the Mount is lived out, and the forward movement is simply taking that road. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." The words of the King will have to go burning down into all our hearts during these coming days when nothing less than the Christ spirit will at all avail for bringing this world back to God.

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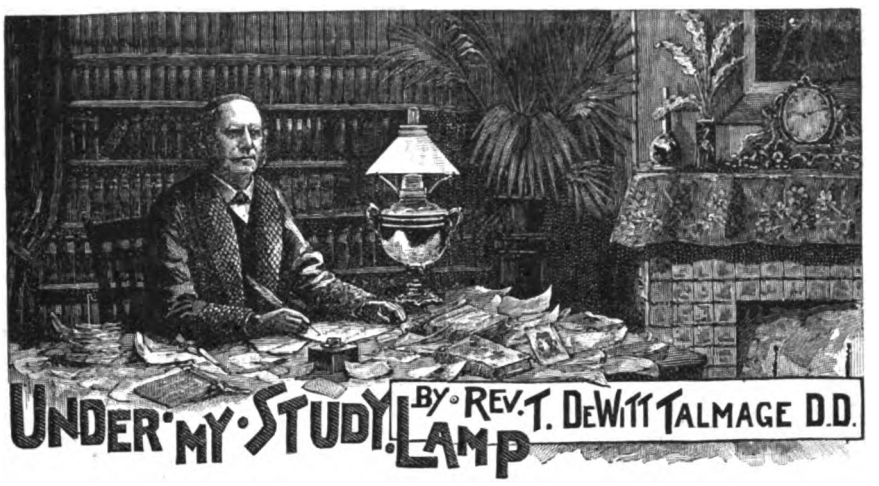
FROM MANY HEARTS

AS I read the package of letters this month some made me smile, and some made me cry. I smiled when one letter said: "I have joined the Order and the Margaret Bottome Circle, and now I want to join your Shut-In Circle." My first thought was all who join my circle become Shut-Ins, that is, I shut them in my heart and have a good time with them there. But maybe this dear child meant she wanted to be numbered with the Shut-Ins to whom I write in the JOURNAL. I had not thought of you in any distinct way, there are so many Shut-Ins in my circle. A letter from one is before me now, in which she says she has known God as her Father for thirty-five years, but adds that God and Heaven have been more real to her since she joined our sisterhood. For nearly thirty years she has been a Shut-In, and the day she wrote me was the anniversary of her marriage. She had been married forty years, and they had been such happy years that she gave as her testimony that in her case marriage had been no failure. The letter concluded with, "All's well, whichever side the grave the morning light may break." Life is no failure, dear daughters, with those who know the immortal life already begun. Among the many letters received this month was one from a little son of our King who lives in North Dakota, and, of course, he asked me questions, and among them this, "Do you live in New York? You do not tell me in our JOURNAL where you live." I thought till then that I had told you. "Have you any little boys in your house?" Ah, me, I once had, and I miss them; and yet I ought to be very thankful, for they have all grown into men. Now I suppose some little daughter is saying, "Have you any little girls?" My sweet little Mamie does not live with me here. She is with Jesus, where so many little darlings have gone to live. I thank my little five year old friend for asking me questions, and all the little daughters and sons I shall be glad to have write to me. I only wish you could all see the beautiful type letter that my little friend in North Dakota wrote me. It was the nicest letter I ever received from a little boy; and let me tell my young friends, he is a real son of the King, for he helps his mother, and loves and amuses his little sister, and he has a missionary box in which he puts some of his pennies that he earns for the heathen, and he sends his love to all the little King's Sons in our order (and there are many) and a big love to me. All the girls and boys will soon be women and men, so be loving and unselfish now, and you will be splendid men and women by and by.

Margaret Bottome



I DO not wonder that poets have imbued the fragrance of the fields of May, and the carols of the June woods into their verses. With me the spring and early summer are among the most beautiful times of the year, a time when every leaf is fresh and clean, when every flower is brighter than the dew on its petals! The earth awakens. Winter has fallen dead at the feet of spring, and every tree branch at this moment is telegraphing the news ahead, writing on the air "Spring has come, and the summer is nigh." Everything in nature points to the truth that "the time of the singing of birds has come!"

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LISTENING TO NATURE'S ORATORIO

DO you ever realize, my reader, the mercy of the Lord in the dominant color of the springtime? He might have covered the earth with a dull brown, depressing all nations into melancholy; or He might have covered the earth with a crimson, wearying the eye with its strong blaze. But no; He touches the eye with the color most appropriate for a long while—the color halfway between the blue and the red, the green, in which is so kindly and lovingly mingled the mercy, the goodness of our God.

As sea monsters, struck by harpoon, shove quickly away at sea, so the winter storm-cloud, struck by lances of light, swims off the sky. The trees, at this moment, are pulling on their sleeves of foliage, and their roots their boots of sod; buds burst like harmless bombshells, scattering aroma on the fields. Joy of fishes in the water, joy of insects in the air, joy of cattle in the fields, joy of wings in the sky. Gracious and blessed God, all the sunshine Thou hast shaken from Thy robe, all the verdure is only the track of Thy feet; all the music is struck from Thy harp. At early sunrise nature goes to morning prayers, reading the one hundred and forty-eighth Psalm: "Praise the Lord, mountains and all hills! fruitful trees and all cedars!" Fowl in the yard; flocks on the hill; insects drinking dew from cups of hyacinth; jasmine climbing over the stone wall; martins come back to build their nest in the rafters of the barn, or becoming harmless eavesdroppers at our roof. All the natural world accordant, and filled with the praises of God! Have you praised Him? The winds thank Him, humming amid the tree branches; the birds thank Him, and for the drop they dip from the brook fill all the sky with roundelay; the honeysuckles praise Him, burning incense of fragrance before the throne; the oceans praise Him with open diapason of tempest. Is our voice silent? Is this the snapped harpstring? In the human heart the only broken instrument in the orchestration of earth and sky and sea!

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THE SEASON OF BIRD ANTHEM

POOR children, barefooted, and with no mother with her needle to earn them shoes, have longed for the springtime. Farmers, the cribs empty, and the cattle looking up moaningly to the hay lying thin on the poles of the mow, have longed for fresh pastures, and the plowboy's song and the rattle of clevises over the sod turned by glistening coulters. Invalids, with their foreheads pressed against the window-pane, have for months been looking out and seeing the storms shaking down their cold blossoms on the ground, or have wrapped around them tighter the shawl as they heard the winds beating a dead march among the hills, and have longed for the sweet serenade of May and June, that they might sit at hoisted window, or on the porch on a sunny afternoon, or walk among the violets after the dew had gone up from the grass. Gladness on all sides that spring has come and summer is nigh. Certainly, "the time of the singing of birds is come."

Again and again has the season been defeated. Marching up the mountain side, ever and anon hurled back and driven down the rocks, but climbing up again, until it will plant its green standards on the topmost cliff, led on by bands of music in the tree tops. Now let the plowmen sharpen their coulters, and charge on the tough glebe, and the harrows with iron teeth chew up the clods, and the waters clap their hands with gladness, and the trees put bridal blossoms in their hair, and the ponds with multitudinous life make the bogs quake, for "the time of the singing of birds is come."

THE GOD OF NATURE

DR. PALEY, the Christian philosopher, wrote a very brilliant chapter about the wonders of a bird's wing. Musicians have listened in the woods, and they have written down in their portfolio, in musical score, the song of the birds—the libretto of the forests. Oh, the wisdom of God in the structure of a bird's wing! Oh, the wisdom of God in the structure of a bird's voice! Could all the artists and artisans and philosophers of the earth make one dandelion! In one cup of china aster enough wine of wisdom for all nations to drink? Where is the architect who could plan the pillar of one pond lily? Break off the branch of a tree, and see in the flowing sap the divine chemistry of the alum, the sugar, the tannin, the potash, the carbonate of lime. Let scientists try to explain the wonders of an artichoke or radish. Let them look at a vegetable and tell the story how it has lungs, and how it has feet, and how it has an ancestry as old as the ages, and how it will have descendants as long as time. Galileo in prison for his advanced notions of things was asked why he persisted in believing in God, and he pointed down to a broken straw on the floor of his dungeon, and said: "Sirs, if I had no other reason to believe the wisdom and the goodness of God, I would argue them from that straw on the floor of this dungeon." Behold the wisdom of God in the construction of the seeds from which all the growths of the springtime come forth—seeds so wonderfully constructed that they keep their vitality for hundreds and thousands of years. Grains of corn, found in the cerements of the Egyptian mummies, buried thousands of years ago, planted now come up as luxuriantly and easily as grains of corn that grew last year planted this springtime. After the fire in London in 1666, the Sisimbrium iris, seeds of which must have been planted hundreds and hundreds of years before that, grew all over the ruins of the fire. Could the universities of the earth explain the mysteries of one ruta-baga seed? Could they girdle the mysteries of one grain of corn? Oh, the shining firmament in one drop of dew! Oh, the untraveled continents of mystery in a crystal of snow! Oh, the gorgeous upholstery in one tuft of mountain moss! Oh, the triumphal arch in one tree branch! Oh, the God in an atom!

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SINGING WITH NATURE'S STRAIN

IN a little while there will be no pause in the melody of the woods. Whether it be a warble, or a chant, or a carol, or a chirp, or a croak, God will be praised by it as the songsters of the forest clutching a leaf as though the notes were on it send forth their joy, answered by a score of applauding echoes. Shall not we, more intelligent appreciators, sing? I tell you it is as much our duty to sing as it is to pray. Let parents educate their children in this art, this holy science; let Sabbath-schools resound with it; let the churches of Jesus Christ be faithful in this department of worship, and let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your heart unto the Lord. When we have so much to sing about, how can we be silent?

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PRAISING THE LORD IN SONG

I HAVE noticed that sailors going out of port have a sadness in their song; I have noticed that sailors in mid-Atlantic have a weariness in their song, but I have noticed that when sailors are coming into port they have an ecstacy in their song. So many of us coming nearer to the haven of everlasting rest, shall we not be jubilant in our music? Oh, the importance of this exercise! If this part of the service in church be dull, everything runs down to the same temperature. Dull songs and dull sermons are twin brothers. In this part of the services, do not act as though you were mumbling a mass. Take the minstrelsy of the woods, and sing out. All the young, whose pulses bound with health, let the house of God be filled with your praise; all business men, let them drown their cares, and the chink of dollars, in a song of praise; all worried housewives, let them drown their worries in a melody to God; ye aged ones, so near the song of Moses and the Lamb, ready for the music. "Oh!" says some one, "there is no music in my ear, there is no music in my voice, and therefore I am silent." Did you ever hear a quail, putting its head under its wing, say: "I can't sing, because I am not a lark, and I am not a nightingale; at the best I can only whistle?" Ah, my friend, the world may laugh at you, but God will not laugh at you; and the most tremulous tone of the humblest Christian will be more musical as it reaches heaven than the most artistic display of elaborated organ.

THE SEASON OF THE SPARROW

WHERE is the loom in which God wove the curtains of the morning? Where is the vat of beauty out of which he dipped the crimson and the gold and the saffron and the blue and the green and the red? Where are the moulds in which He ran out the Alps and the Pyrenees? Where is the harp that gave the warble to the lark and the sweet call to the robin, and the carol to the canary, and the chirp to the grasshopper? It is the same God who has all your affairs, and mine, under His care and guidance; the same God who pairs the birds in this springtime gave us our companions; the same God who shows the chaffinch how to take care of her brood will protect our children; the same God who shows the sparrow in the springtime how to build its nest will give us a habitation; the same God who gathers the down for the pheasant's breast will give us apparel; the same God who this day feeds the squirrels in the wood will feed us; the same God who swung a bridge of gossamer for the insect to walk over has marked out all our pathway. Praise His name! None of us so insignificant as to miss His care. Oh, ye who are worried about your health, and worried about your reputation, and worried about your children, and worried about your property, and worried about everything, in these springtime days, go out and listen to the song of the English sparrow! Are ye not of more value than many sparrows? Behold the fowls of the air; they gather not into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them, oh, ye of little faith!

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BUILDING THE HOME NEST

THIS season always suggests to me the wisdom of right building of the home nest. I have noticed that birds build always with reference to safety; safety against the elements, safety against intruders. But the trouble with us is that we are not so wise, and some of us build too high, and some of us build too low. God says in Obadiah: "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord." The eagle constructs its nest at an inaccessible height, from rough materials and large sticks, by strong claws gathered from great distances. The eider-duck takes its own feathers to help make up the nest; the magpie surrounds its nest with briars to keep off invaders; the blackbird covers its nest with loam. I have, hour after hour, studied the structure of a bird's nest; a structure having more than mathematical accuracy, and more than human ingenuity. Sometimes built in trees, sometimes built in rocks, sometimes built in the eaves of dwellings, but always in reference to safety; safety for themselves and safety for their young, safety from the elements and safety from intruders. Wiser than some of us, for we are apt to build too high, or build too low. He who tries to find his satisfactions in the pleasures of this world, the applause of this world, the emoluments of this world, will come to disturbance, and will come to destruction. Applause is pleasant to our ears, but it does not satisfy the soul. That only God's approval can do. There are weasles, there are foxes, there are hawks of temptation ever hunting for prey; and the only safe place in which to build a nest is the tree of the cross, and the only safe rock on which to build a nest is the Rock of Ages.

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THE CHORUS OF A NATION

COME now, each one for herself (the two or three millions whom the JOURNAL reaches each month) and each one for all, one heart and one voice, let our songs on the Sabbath day be like an acclamation of victory. Our songs on earth are only Saturday night rehearsals for the songs of the Sabbath morning which shall dawn on the hills and the crystals of heaven. And mark you, if the song here is so sweet, what will be the anthem of heaven when all the redeemed break forth into music? In this world it is sometimes very difficult to sing; the voice is muffled with the cold, or the heart is depressed with some fresh sorrow, and it is hard to sing; but when we are all free, what an anthem! Oh, what a doxology! Every hand on a harp, every foot on a throne; every voice taking the key of rapture. Songs soft as slumbers, but loud as storm. Chorus of elders! Chorus of saints! Chorus of martyrs! Chorus of cherubim! Chorus of seraphim! Chorus of morning stars!

T. De Witt Talmage

This Department is conducted and edited by RUTH ASHMORE, who cheerfully invites questions uching any topic upon which her young women readers may desire help or information. ldress all letters to RUTH ASHMORE, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

T has not been such a very long time ago, a year or two, since she was married, and yet you are asking in your heart whether, fond of her as you are, you shall give her your confidence. The young married woman is very apt to rget that she has no right to tell her husband e secrets of others. And so she goes with the ory of your grief or joy, whispers it to him, d as he does not look at it as she does, he is bit apt to laugh, and, it is just possible, peat it to some one else. Now, this may t happen, but experience has taught me at it is very apt to. And yet, I cannot say: ver go to the married woman with your oes and grievances, because sometimes she ay help you, indeed, may prove the best of ends. That seems contradictory, don't it? rst I say do not, and then I say do. But in ality what I mean is, I would rather you ould take an older married woman to whom u can tell your great secrets; and I like tter for that older married woman to be ur mother. Because a girl is married you ink she does not lose her interest in her girl ends; but she does to a certain extent, that if she is a good wife. Then, too, I am not re that young matrons are always good aders; they cannot put themselves in a girl's ace again, and so they cannot look at a girl's airs with an unprejudiced eye. What Char- says and thinks is bound to overshadow t what one little woman would conclude, d so you are not getting the opinion that u think you are. Now, I wonder how any of you will do as I advise; do not need confidante at all; let your life be open d clear enough for the secretive feeling never come into it; and if it should be necessary consult somebody who is near and dear to u, let it be your mother or your older sister.

WHAT THEY CALL FRIENDSHIP

OU are just eighteen years old; you think you have found in another girl who is st eighteen the woman friend of your life; ou are not happy unless you are with her or earing from her; you neglect your own people r her, you read what she reads, admire hat she admires, get your gowns and hats here she gets hers, and write her notes in hich "adore," "love," "lifetime adoration" nd "everlasting devotion" permeate every ne like a perfume. But it is not a pleasant erfume. It is a bit like musk, it is in bad ste and is heavy.

Some day the friend of your heart spends hour with another girl friend; this gives ou an opportunity to weep for three. Anher day she takes another girl with her to oose her bonnet, and you walk around oking as if all the good things in life had ft you, and as if you were a feminine Hamt moralizing. Now, my dear child, it seems ard to throw a bucket of cold water on you, t you and the other girl know as much out friendship as you do about Sanscrit.

Friendship does not spring up in a night like weed; friendship does not need sweet words nd continual demands upon it to keep it ive, and friendship, unlike love, seldom appens at first sight. The way to get a friend to wait; that is, to gradually discover nong your circle of acquaintances who is nd who is not congenial, who is and who is ot loyal, and who does and who does not ake you the better for being with her. riendships have been formed in the most accidental ways, friendships that lasted all hrough life, but they seldom express themelves in the exuberant fashion which I have een describing. Do not waste yourselves on retty sentimentalities that have no meaning, nd which only tend to make you jealous and uspicious. Be as charming and as pleasant you can to everybody, and when the lifeng friend comes along she is sure to find you t, or else you will discover her by that magic and tipped with the great gift, intuition.

THE SNOW-BALL OF SCANDAL

T began at the top of the hill in a very small way. Somebody said: "I think." rolled along, collecting bits as it went, until omebody said: "I believe." It went further nd further, until somebody said, "I know." nd then it rolled and rolled, until it was a eat big ball that hit straight at somebody's eart because somebody else said, "I saw." nd though the snowball looked fair and hite, though there seemed nothing wrong out it, it was a great, horrible lie. It began ith idle gossip; it grew with silly chatter ntil it reached its full size, fed by scandal. here is only one way to fight a snow-ball. gain I say, Wait. Wait and live out your fe honestly and truly, and the sunshine f good deeds will glare down upon the snowall of scandal until it melts away, and even s existence is forgotten. It is true it is hard o live things down sometimes, but it is working two ways, as by your goodness you are livng down the wrong-doing of others, so by the ame goodness you are living up to that high- life which ends in the golden world where candalmongers can never enter.

WHEN HE IS AWAY

SHE is a girl after my own heart; she is loving and loyal. Sometime next autumn she is going to be married, but in the meantime she is in one city, and the dearest fellow in the world is in another, and she is a little bit perplexed. She says: "Because my betrothed is away, am I to refuse the merely polite attentions of every other man? Am I, by my actions, to say that my sweetheart is afraid to trust me? What shall I do?" Well, first I would think it over a bit. If the so-called attentions mean calling on you, taking you to a place of amusement when other people are along, sending you a new book, or a few flowers, I think they might be accepted, provided you tell the dearest fellow in the world. I do not think, if I were you, that I would go alone to places of amusement, that is, just with one man, and I certainly would not go out driving with him; but no matter what I did, the dearest fellow should know it right away, and there should not be a posy sent me, a book about which my approval was asked, that I would not have him share. "But he is away," you say. Very well, put a rosebud in the letter, and after you have read the book and marked it, send it to him, so that he may see exactly wherein you and he differ. Won't you be careful about something else? that is, about what you write. I do not mean that you must not write him pleasant things; I mean that you must not write him those which leave him in doubt. Black and white is cruel and hard, and the bit of coquetry permissible by the lips, which the eyes deny, looks bitter when it stands out in the colors of the magpie. And do not let anybody tell you that you need not be so careful, because you can be pretty sure the dearest fellow is doing what he pleases. People who say such things are rude and vulgar, and are simply trying to teach you to be as coarse and low-minded as they are themselves. Believe the dearest fellow to be loyal and true; let loyalty and truth govern all your actions, and even when he is away you will be the happiest little woman in the world.

YOUR TRIPS ABROAD

NO matter where they may be, on the boat down to see the great ocean coming in and bringing news from the mermaids, or out in the country to look at those gossiping creatures, the buttercups stare at you so pertly, and tell the latest story about the love of the rose and lily—no matter where you may go, whenever you take your walks abroad, just notice how many people there are who are absolutely poor in tact. Notice them, decide whether you lack this great virtue, and having seen the bad example, reform. Look at the woman who, determined to get on the shady side of the boat, has moved around and around until every place is crowded, and she is exactly where the man who ought to know has told her she would be, that is, in the broiling sunshine. Look at the woman who will push her way through a crowd to be first at the gate at the station; and after she has been rude, and had herself torn and tattered, arrives there only to discover that the gate will not be open for ten minutes because the train is not ready. Look at the woman who, from the beginning of her journey, wants something; first, a drink of water, then to take her coat off, then to put it on again, then to buy a book, then to inform the world at large that the book is stupid, until she becomes a perfect bore to everybody around her. Look out for this woman, and don't imitate her. Remember that on your trips abroad you want to be the embodiment of tact, which means do not hurry, but allow yourself plenty of time; which means the not talking loud, or pushing, which is vulgar, and which also means the conducting of yourself in such a way that every member of your own party will consider you the real, only and original joy forever.

THE MASCULINE FAVORITE

IF you ask a man, "What is his favorite flower," it is more than likely that he will tell you it is the violet. And if you ask him why, he will say, "It is because it is sweet of perfume, beautiful to look at, and it never seeks to be gathered. It does not stare one in the face and claim recognition like the gaudy tulip; it does not perk up its head and look impudent like the daisy; it does not demand your adoration like the rose, nor is it as cold looking as the lily. It seems to me like a sweet, modest, young girl worthy to be sought after."

Now, that is what a man says, and if you want to get a good opinion about what girls ought and ought not to do, none is so sincere and honest as that of a man who stops to think. A beautiful face is a great joy, but an affectionate, loving nature, and a quick perception, will make the most ordinary face beautiful. Think over this little story of why a man likes a violet, and them make yourself the violet among women, so that you may be worthy of the honor of a good man's love—the best thing in all this world that can come to a woman.

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

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

S. I.—A dark blue flanned wrapper is the most desirable garment to wear in a sleeping car during a long ride.

A. A. A.—A bride would have her trousseau marked with her maiden name. She does not use that or her husband until she has a legal right to it.

M. E. G. and OTHERS—The kid rollers for the hair can be gotten at almost any store where a specialty is made of the little belongings of the toilet.

BEATRICE—The only method of introducing yourself to some others is to say: "I believe I have the pleasure of speaking to Mrs. Brown—I am Miss Jones."

TWO ORPHANS—It is always improper to flirt, and girls of fine feelings would not think of putting themselves in the positions that may result from this habit.

M. T. H.—I should advise your asking your physician for something that will clear your blood, for that is undoubtedly the cause of the breaking out which you describe.

LOUISE K. W.—I know nothing whatever about instruments for shaping the nose, but I do know that handling it very much will tend to make it swell and grow larger.

MORITA—Common usage has made "zither" correct. It is pronounced zith-er, with the accent about even. The address should be in the lower left-hand corner of the visiting card.

M. B.—In evening dress, a very large bouquet fastened on the corsage is not considered in good taste. It should be carried in the hand. Kid gloves are always most desirable for evening wear.

A LITTLE GIRL—A pug dog that I know bears the family name of "Puggy;" another is named "Wrinkle," while a very ugly one is called "Cupid." Won't one of these three names please you?

K.—Unless you wish it, it is not necessary to offer any refreshments on your "at home" day, but the giving of a cup of tea and a bit of cake is so general that it would seem a little odd not to offer it.

ELAINE—If the braces do not prevent your stooping, still I would continue to wear them with a positive determination that you will hold yourself up straight. Never forget this, and you will be surprised to find what good will come of it.

M. M. S.—When one is not using one's knife and fork they should be placed across the plate beside each other. (2) If you are going to spend the night with a friend, you would carry your bag in which was your own night dress and toilet belongings.

A READER—Simple suggestions for the care of the skin are given from time to time in this column. Bathe your eyelids in very hot water, being careful not to rub them. If you can rest for an hour every day, close your eyes and let soft cloths dipped in hot water be laid over the lids.

ELLA—As your complexion is not clear, your hair brown and your eyes grey, I do not think you would be called a blonde. As you are a sister of the hostess, there would be no impropriety in asking her to introduce to you some of the young men to whom you are not acquainted.

J. J. G.—Bathing the bust with cold water and then rubbing it with olive oil is undoubtedly the simple mode of development to which you refer. Ten minutes' rubbing should be given every night, and this rubbing should be gentle and not rough; it should be continued until there are evidences of its having done good,

HESTER—Washing your hair regularly and brushing it well every day will do much to keep it in good color. I cannot answer your question, "Does love come to every girl?" There are a great many base imitations of love, and one must learn by the use of that divining rod, instinct, to decide which is true love and which is not.

N. B. W.—A tea gown may be worn in one's own home in the afternoon; and it would be quite proper to wear it in the evening if one were quite alone. A tea gown is never worn in the public rooms of a hotel, and is really only suitable for the seclusion of one's own room, or the semi-privacy of one's parlor when a quiet tea is being served.

CATHARINE—Opinions differ very much in regard to customs after a death. Personally, I think the house should be made as cheerful as possible, all the music that one might wish be heard, and the living and their happiness considered first. I do not think there is any rule governing the length of time that a piano should be closed after a death.

M. C. W.—If you found that the young man had asked two others beside yourself to marry him, you did perfectly right to break the engagement. From the tone of your letter I am afraid you are regretting your action, but if you will think what sort of a husband a man of this kind would make it is probable you will realize that you have acted in the most dignified manner and in a way best suited to your own interest.

M. K.—Put vaseline on your eye-brows every night, rubbing it in gently with your forefinger. I cannot advise dyeing the eye-brows, which would be the only method of making them darker, unless indeed, you used a crayon pencil, and, of course, this would have to be applied each time after bathing your face. Rub cold or strawberry cream well into your hands every night and sleep in loose glooves; this will tend to make them white and soft.

E. I. R.—There is no impropriety in your accepting as an escort the gentleman who was visiting at your friend's house when you were there, and who is known to your own people. I do not advise any of my girls to ask a man for his photograph, unless indeed, he should be her real sweetheart, and then I do not believe he will have to be asked. You inquire, "how shall I gain and retain a friendship?" I can only say by being thoughtful and kind and being as natural as possible. An affected girl bears about her a positive stamp of vulgarity, and I cannot too decidedly object to her who affects to be anything that she is not.

ALICE R.—It is not necessary to write a letter of congratulation on receiving the announcement cards of a wedding, unless, indeed, the bride should be an intimate friend of yours, and, of course, then you would do it. The letter should be addressed to the bride, certainly not to the bridegroom. If you have written to them it is not necessary to again express your good wishes when you meet them. It is not necessary to say anything about her being a bride when you have just been introduced to one. (2) When a gentleman thanks you for going out with him, simply say that you have enjoyed yourself so much that you feel as if the thanks should come from you.

AN INTERESTED READER—Any one whose skin is covered with blackheads, pimples and red spots needs first of all to be treated by her doctor, and after this she can apply some of the simple external remedies. The giving the face a Russian bath, by bathing it first in hot and then in cold water, is a special treatment which I advise at night. For other times bathe the face in water that has the chill well taken off of it, which means water that is tepid. A good soap should be used upon the face and then thoroughly washed off, or else the face will not be clean. Exposed as it is to dust and all the little particles of which the air is full, it really needs soap more than any other part of the body, and yet it seems to get less.

EMMA—The wife of a clergyman or a physician is neither a clergyman nor physician, and consequently has no right to use her husband's title. She is Mrs. James Brown, not Mrs. Dr. James Brown. If the extensive use of business titles came in, you might meet "Mrs. Storekeeper Smith" and "Mrs. Restaurant Jones." To distinguish themselves a great many widows use their maiden names on their visiting cards, where formerly they used their husband's, as, for instance: Mrs. John Wilkinson, who was a Miss Brown, will after her husband's death have on her visiting cards "Mrs. Brown Wilkinson;" then everybody will know exactly who it is, and she has not made her Christian name the property of the public.

SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS

BY FOSTER COATES

MR. COATES cheerfully invites questions touching any topic upon which his young readers may desire help or information. Address all letters to FOSTER COATES, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE long summer days are almost here; days of rest and recuperation for some of us; days of travel in the old world and the new for the few favored ones; days of activity and wholesome pleasure in the field of manly, vigorous, out-door sports; days when the air is laden with perfumes distilled by nature, so rich and fragrant that man, with all his skill, has never been able to accurately reproduce them; days for long walks in the country, when the fields are green, the sun is bright, when the streams swarm with fish, and the birds carol sweetly and in perfect accord, in nature's superb orchestra; days for long walks on the sandy, pebbly beaches while the ocean waves roll in, and far out to sea, like "painted ships upon a painted ocean," the big and little craft move along, slowly, silently, disappearing at last like the last scene of a panorama. Happy summer days! Happy boys who may be able to enjoy them!

WHEN AMID GREEN FIELDS

JUST a word or two with the boy who is going to spend the summer in the country. A great many of the boy readers of the JOURNAL have an opportunity to study nature's various moods all the year round. It is the city boy who is going to the country who will find a new world opened up to him there. There is so much that he can study with profit in the country. There is so much that can be gained in good health by a proper system of living. Now, if I were a boy again, and had an opportunity to spend a few weeks or months in the country, I should have a much more profitable and enjoyable time, as well, than I did in my younger days. Experience is the greatest teacher in the world. No man is so wise that he knows all that is to be known. If we did not learn a little every day, this would soon become a very stupid world. In the first place, my brother, when you are packing your little trunk for a visit to the country, put a dozen or so good, instructive books in it, that you may at times find agreeable companions in the long summer days. When the fish are lazy and refuse to nibble at your bait, you can lie down for half an hour or so in some grassy nook, and wander away with some great mind into other lands. When the sun is scorching hot you may find a cool place in some hedge along the road, where an instructive book will be invaluable to you. Or when the reapers are resting in the fields, or the twilight falls in the eventide, you will not be lonesome, or grow weary, if some favorite author is with you to enlighten you and give you aid and encouragement in some of the great problems whose mystery you must some day solve. But the reading of books in the country in vacation time is only incidental after all. I would not advise nor encourage boys to spend their holidays in study. Rather, instead, would I advise a complete change from city life. Go to bed early. Get up in the morning about sunrise, when the air is balmy, the roads are not dusty, and the fields are still wet with dew. After such a breakfast as can not be offered in any of the cities, eaten with an appetite that only boys who live in the country know much about, there is the work of the day to be laid out. It may be sowing, or reaping, or gardening, picking fruit, fishing, a long ride behind a good horse, the driving of the cows to pasture, watching the sheep upon the hillside—whatever it is, go at it with a determination to perform your part of the labor to the best of your ability. It is all pleasant, agreeable work. A summer in the country will strengthen your muscles, tan your cheeks, and lay the foundation for good health in the winter. I cannot begin to enumerate all the pleasant things a boy may do in the country; riding and driving, rambles through the woods, picnicking under big trees, gathering wild flowers—all this and more will suggest itself.

A THOUGHTFUL SUMMER ACT

A GOOD many boy readers of the JOURNAL will not be able to spend the summer in the country. It is the misfortune of some to have to work always. The cities are dusty and hot in summer, and far from agreeable. The boys who go to the country should not forget their companions at home while they are enjoying the supreme pleasures of rural life. It is so easy for a thoughtful boy to send a basket of fruit, a handful of wild flowers and a pleasant letter to some little fellow who has been left behind. It will make both the giver and receiver joyful. It will awaken new memories in the life of the city boy, and make him feel a touch of the kinship of man. It is such an easy thing to write a pleasant letter. I would ask all the boy readers of the JOURNAL who go to the country this summer, or who travel in strange lands, to write very often to those at home. It will make the world seem better and brighter, for, after all, there is nothing more welcome than the receiving of a frank, hearty, generous letter from friends who have gone from us for a little time.

THE CITY BOY IN SUMMER

FOR the city boy who will have no chance to spend the summer in the country, there are many things to do that will give him recreation and change. There are the parks, where the air is always fresher than in the residential districts, and where numerous games may be played in the afternoons or evenings. There are cool spots under big trees where tired bodies and brains may be rested. Walking tours may be made into the suburbs. There are streams where the fish bite well, pleasant roads for long bicycle rides, glimpses of old farmhouses where the very air is restful, and shady groves where pleasant picnicking parties may be arranged. If my young readers are desirous of enjoying good health, let them go to bed early and arise with the lark in the morning. A half hour or so of light exercise before breakfast, a bath, and fresh clothing will put them in condition for the day's work. If they eat plenty of wholesome food and abundance of fruit, and sleep in well-ventilated rooms, there is no reason why their physical condition should not be very much improved.

THE BOY WHO GOES ABROAD

SOME of my readers will spend the summer in foreign lands. The trip to Europe is made these days with great comfort and in short time. It is, perhaps, the pleasantest way to pass the summer, and, after all, the cost is not so very great. A party of boys under proper guidance may spend a month or two in Europe for a very small outlay. I have made the trip several times and know of what I am writing. A difficult problem presents itself in the beginning to the would-be tourist. Few understand where to go, and at what time. My own advice would be to leave America early in the summer, and go direct to Queenstown. The ocean in June is almost certain to be as calm as a millpond. The visitor to Ireland may obtain a very fair understanding of that country and see about all that is worth seeing in from one to two weeks. From Belfast take steamer to Greenock, and train to Glasgow. Two weeks will be ample for traveling and seeing the sights of bonnie Scotland. There are a great many pretty places there, but there are no long journeys to travel. From Glasgow down to London is a pleasant day's journey, and here, in the greatest city in the world, one may spend as much time as he pleases, a week, or a year, without knowing much about the great English metropolis after all. London is the most wonderful city in the world, and after one has obtained a quick glimpse of it, days may be spent in making pleasant excursions in the surrounding suburbs. I think that all Americans should see and understand something of Great Britain before journeying to France, Germany, Switzerland, and other places. Still, a couple of weeks on the continent may be passed with great profit, and superficial ideas of the peoples and their customs obtained. But it will only be superficial.

ADVANTAGES OF A EUROPEAN TOUR

THE visitor to Europe is interested according to the knowledge and understanding that he brings with him. For instance, there are many people who spend a day in the Louvre and feel that they have seen all that is worth seeing of the great pictures there. But there are men and women of vast minds who have stood before a great picture for many hours each day for a week, and yet feel that they have only a slight knowledge of its beauties. It is so with a trip to Europe. One may spend a week in London, or Paris, or Berlin, and say that they have seen it all, and there is nothing more there for them to learn. There are others, like Dr. Newman Hall, who has lived for fifty years in London, and who told me last summer that while he had been a student of London life for half a century, his knowledge was very limited. I do not, of course, expect any of my boy readers, who go abroad for the first or second time, to see and understand all that there is to be seen, and to solve the great problems that perplex our kin beyond the sea. But a couple of months in Europe will open up new worlds to American boys. There is so much to be seen there that they never dreamed of, and I would advise any who can to make the trip. They will return home better Americans than when they went away.

And do you know, boys, this question of patriotism is one that you should think very seriously about. America has become a very great nation. By the time the most of my readers become men settled in life, there will be a new national problem to solve. It is, whether Americans shall rule America, or whether we shall be ruled by foreigners. The big cities of the Union have become thickly populated with foreigners. Their ways are oftentimes not our ways. They have brought from Europe ideas that do not harmonize with the grand ideas of the men who framed our glorious Constitution. So it becomes vitally necessary for American boys to remain thoroughly American. They should follow the patriotic examples of their fathers, remain true to the Stars and Stripes, and endeavor to inculcate American patriotism into the minds of those who have come among us.

SOME DANGERS TO BE AVOIDED

THE average boy is very apt to risk his life and health in many ways in summer. When unrestrained, he takes a great many more chances than he would otherwise do. The chief danger to life and health of boys who spend the summer in the country is from over-exertion in sports, and by indulging in too much swimming. The exhilaration of country life makes them feel that they can do more than their strength admits of. This is equally true of city boys who get a day or two off from their work. The best way to do is to take exercise moderately. If a boy is not used to long walks, he should begin his summer outing with an easy jog along some pleasant road for only a mile or two. By increasing the distance gradually each day, it will not be long before he can do ten or fifteen miles, or twenty for that matter, without discomfort, and in reality making a positive gain to his health. This rule applies equally well to horseback and bicycle riding, rowing, and other work boys may be unaccustomed to.

ABOUT BATHING AND SWIMMING

ONE of the chief and healthful amusements of a summer outing is bathing, but there is no part of the visit where the danger is so great as in going in swimming too often, and at times when the water is too cold. Not a summer passes that thousands of boys are not permanently injured by going in swimming at times when they should not do so. The waves on the seashore, the running streams, and the fresh water lakes are very enticing on hot days. In a moderate way swimming is one of the best exercises known for strengthening purposes. There is nothing more refreshing than a dip in the cool waves, or a plunge in a placid lake. Once a day is quite enough to go in swimming, and the time for governing this should be set by some person who knows the constitution of the boy, and the hour, also, when it is safe for him to go into the water without danger from strong currents. My own impression is that an early morning bath is more beneficial than one taken at any other time during the day, and ten minutes in the water is quite long enough for all healthful purposes. I would particularly advise all my readers who do not know how to swim not to go into the water at all, unless there be some one near who can give them aid in case of fright, or a sudden cramp. More lives are lost in the water in summer by thoughtlessness and too much overconfidence than are sacrificed in any other way. Even if you are a good swimmer, it is a safe rule to keep near the shore at all times. The dangers of boating have been pointed out a great many times, and I might easily write a page of the JOURNAL to tell what to do and what not to do. I can best sum up all that is necessary to know in one sentence, and that is, do not go out in a boat, no matter how pleasant the sea, or smooth the lake, unless you have with you a sailing master who knows all the currents and understands how to manage a boat under all circumstances.

There are numerous other dangers to be avoided. The city boy who finds himself free in the country, without cares of any kind, may do himself permanent injury by remaining out too long in the scorching sun. Jumping and tumbling, and walking, rowing or riding too much may injure the muscles or overstrain some part of the body, and thus occasion irreparable harm.

LEARN TO HELP YOURSELVES

IN the hundreds of letters that have come to me since I began conducting this page of the JOURNAL, a large percentage of them have sought information that might just as easily have been obtained by the writers at home, or from public libraries. I have tried, again and again, to impress upon my readers the necessity of learning how to help themselves. To properly acquire information a boy should devote some of his own time to studying the problem that perplexes him. He is much more apt to remember if he has looked carefully into some book of reference, and become thoroughly acquainted with the facts of the matter that he desires more knowledge of, than if he asked me, off-hand in a short note, to supply him with a few lines about the subject he is ignorant of. I want all my readers to learn to help themselves. I am always very glad to give such information as can not be obtained at home or in public libraries without difficulty. But at least ninety per cent. of all questions propounded to me could be quite as well answered, and no doubt most cheerfully, too, by the fathers and mothers of my readers. A great many queer letters come to me. Boys who have some unimportant troubles at home appeal to me to settle their differences with their elders. This, of course, I cannot do, nor can I undertake to advise how to invest money, or suggest the proper employment for boys when my information about them is necessarily limited. Fathers and mothers should make confidants of their boys, and on the other hand, boys as well as girls, should have no secrets from their parents. Let me leave this one thought with you to think over during the next month; go to your fathers and mothers first, boys, for advice, and be guided by them in what you shall do. The boy who is afraid to speak frankly to his father and mother is in a very bad way.

To the hundreds of mothers and fathers who have written thanking me for the helpfulness of this department to their sons, I thank most heartily. It is a great pleasure to know that one can do even a little to help others in this bustling, workaday world, where everyone is struggling to advance his own interests without regard to the success or failure of their fellow beings.

SOUND, PRACTICAL ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE

A BUSINESS education is necessary to business success. Every person should study book-keeping, business forms, penmanship, letter writing, business law, or shorthand; at home, by mail. Successfully taught by BRYANT & STRATTON'S COLLEGE, 459 W. Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Prospectus.

IN LITERARY CIRCLES

EN AS ADVERTISEMENT WRITERS

By Virginia Frazee

AMONG the different occupations offered to women as a means of livelihood, nine out of every ten are overcrowded or not at all suited to the woman of literary bent. But to the suggestion of "Become a writer of advertisements," the bread-seeker is apt to reply "Why, I never should have thought of that." Of course not; very few women have thought of it, and that is why it is a good time to think of it now.

THIS is a comparatively new occupation, one offering great inducements, especially to woman of literary aspirations. It is being the custom in all retail dry goods establishments to employ a person whose sole business is to write the advertisements used by day, also to get up all pamphlets, circulars, posters, catalogues, in fact, to see to all advertising matter used by the house. In few cases known to the writer where men have filled this important place they have been eminently successful. It is work peculiarly fitted to women, for if there is one thing in this world that womankind agree in loving it certainly is dry goods, and it is second nature to talk about them. And writing dry goods advertisements is simply talking about dry goods. Of course, the writer must know what to say, how to say it, and above all when enough has been said; must be able to say much in a few words and make those words "telling;" must exert her power of ingenuity to put her announcements in attractive forms that will catch the eyes of the readers as they glance over the paper. The chief object of the advertisement is to place the business written of before the reader in the best possible light. All this comes with a very little experience, a little study of the matter. Some familiarity with the routine will soon put one entirely at ease.

PERHAPS the best way to get a clear idea of the routine of this work will be to relate the experience of a woman employed by a large retail house. She reaches her cozy office, which is in the most quiet corner of the fourth floor of the establishment, about nine o'clock every morning. Her first duty is to make a round of the departments to gather up items for her advertisements for the day, see what is new, what is especially important to be placed before the public, or is informed of some "job" purchase or of a fresh arrival of goods that she must see, and let others see in print. Or she suits her announcements to the weather, and if it is a cold day she will get up a "sale" of cloaks, or of other winter goods; for of course she must consider what people want as well as what her firm wants to sell.

After laying in this fund of information she next proceeds to the most important part of all—the telling it to the public. This is her advertisement. She writes several for the afternoon papers, and sends them to the different offices, whence proofs are returned her at 2 o'clock. While awaiting her proofs she sometimes arranges the advertisements for the next morning's papers, so that after looking over her proofs her day's work is done. That is, the regular stated day's work. When at work on magazine advertisements, catalogues or circulars, of course her time is more fully occupied. But she finds it a pleasant and not at all laborious employment, as well as a remunerative one.

She arranges her time and methods of work to suit herself, it being understood that she will do all the work required, but she does it her own way, and prefers this to any other occupation open to women, and she has tried several other lines of literary work.

ANOTHER bright woman writes three advertisements of one hundred lines each for a shoe house, a jewelry firm and a dry goods business every week, and is paid five cents a line for her work, or fifteen dollars from each firm, making her weekly earnings forty-five dollars.

Still another woman, who has the happy faculty of writing "catching" jingles, makes a specialty of getting up rhymes on various lines of business and offering them for sale. She has met with enough success to feel justified in deciding on "jingling" advertisements as her future source of bread and butter. As to the remuneration, five to ten cents a line is the usual price paid where the work is done "by the piece," or if a regular salary is given, fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars is considered good pay for the first year or two.

If the would-be advertisement writer has enough knowledge of art to make sketches of cloaks, hats, and other dry-goods articles with which to illustrate her advertisements that will prove a great point in her favor, and this suggests something else—why does not the woman artist try making illustrations for dry goods literature? Many men artists are now devoting themselves to this work, and it stands to reason that a woman could bring out the details of articles of woman's dress at least as well as a man. Taking it all in all, this is a profession brim full of possibilities for the woman who is capable of doing it.

A GOOD MANUSCRIPT RECORD

By Jean Halifax

OF all the books that were ever written, to an author this is the most interesting of all. And it must also be of some service to the editor as well; for by referring to the record book the author can tell just when that manuscript, for which he is inquiring, was sent to the editor's office, and any needed particulars in regard to it.

The book I describe is one which I have used for some time, and has been a most useful one. It is not very handsome, being merely an "exercise" book, such as every schoolboy is familiar with; but it is of such size that it may be readily stowed away in a large pigeon-hole, or a desk drawer. If the desk allows, however, of a book to stand upright, or be laid flat in one of the drawers, I would recommend one with stiff covers.

No.	Date Sent	Manuscripts.	Sent	W	Art	Ess	Ms	Poe	Ch	Char	Notes.
1	Jan.	The Last Check	Century Magazine	2000						Fiction	
2											

Open the book so as to use both sides; on the first page rule four columns, the first half an inch wide, the second an inch in width, and the other two of equal size, as wide as your pages will allow. At the top of the first column write "No." At the second write "Date;" that is, when your manuscript was written, or at least begun. The third column should be headed "Manuscripts," and there your brain children should be gathered, and their names duly recorded. Over the fourth column, "Sent," being the name of the paper or magazine to which you have submitted your manuscript. If you are a young writer, and your manuscripts try more than one office before they find a home, on the last page or two of your manuscript record write a list of the magazines and papers you will be likely to write for, and their abbreviations. "Cen." and "St. N." do not take up as much space as "Century" and the "St. Nicholas;" while "L. H. J." in a moment tells you that being interpreted it means "The Ladies' Home Journal."

This finishes your first page. I find it most convenient to leave two or three spaces, according to the width of the lines already made in the blank book between the entering of each manuscript.

Now, on the right-hand page rule a half-inch column headed "W;" there place the number of words which the manuscript contains. The next two columns can be very narrow indeed, but you will find them quite momentous; for they are the columns of fate! The first column is for the fortunate article which is accepted at once, as the little "a" shows; the second is for its poor sister, who has been returned to you, as the (rejected) "r" indicates.

Then rule three half-inch columns, over the first of which should be placed "Date paid," the date of payment; over the second "Amount," this column for the amounts paid; over the third "Pub," for the date published. Now rule a column an inch wide over which place "Char." (character) telling whether the MS. is fact or fiction. The remaining space may be headed "Notes."

The history of a book is recorded in the same way, with the exception that the royalty from year to year is set down in the "Notes" column.

The description is long; but the making of the book takes but a very few minutes. You then have the satisfaction of knowing just when and how your manuscript was written; where it was sent, how long it is, when it was published, or when paid for, the amount of the payment, etc. And it is all there, on the two pages, to be read at a glance and is before you in a satisfactory manner.

It also acts as a spur to industry. For the second column tells you whether or not your work is less for this month than for the one preceding, and quietly reminds you that you are not working as regularly as you were. The sixth column is one of cheer, for it shows that the "rejected" MS. are growing rarer, and the "accepted" more and more frequent. Though in this connection it is comforting to remember that there are very few authors who have not been at some time rejected suitors.

Perhaps other writers have much the same plan. My book was the result of an older writer's helpful suggestions and my own experience, and has become an invaluable adjunct to my literary work.

The cover of this manuscript record may be prettily decorated with the word "manuscript" in fancy letters, and underneath it in small gilt letters any apt quotation, as for instance

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

LITERARY QUERIES

Under this heading the EDITOR will endeavor to answer any possible question concerning authorship and literary matters.

FENN—See this column in the April number.

IRIS—Violet Fane is the author of "Constance's Fate.'

E. G. G.—F. du Boisgobey wrote a story entitled "The Iron Mask."

M. E. S.—"The Botanical Gazette" is published at Bloomington, Indiana.

ELLEN S.—Richard B. Kimball, the author, is still living in New York City.

C. J. K.—Virginius Dabney is the author of "Dan Miff." The price of the book is $1.50.

G. H. H.—The "Young Men's Journal" is published by the Flemming H. Revel Company, of New York.

U. S.—Charlotte Elizabeth was the nom de plume of Mrs. Tonna. She wrote "Judah's Lion," and many other books.

M. M. C.—The "Phonographic World" is published in The World Building, New York, and "Frank Harrison's Shorthand Magazine" at 239 Broadway, New York.

PEGGY—George Flemming is the real name of Julia C. Fletcher. (2) "Kismet" is published in book form at one dollar. See "One of the JOURNAL Friends," in this column.

J. K.—It would be impossible to procure such a paper as the Washington "Republican" of 1824, without long delay and advertising. The chances are the price would be exceedingly high if found.

GERTRUDE—Address the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia. They are the publishers of Captain King's works, and will give you the order in which the books of that writer appeared.

L. J. C.—Frances Marion Crawford was born in Italy in 1845, was educated at St. Paul's school, Concord, N. H., and at schools in England. (2) "The Witch of Prague" is pronounced Praig.

H. G.—There are many writers of books for girls besides Miss Alcott, notably, Susan Coolidge, Mrs. Whitney, Sophie May, Mrs. Ewing, Nora Perry, Charlotte Yonge, Mrs. Molesworth and others.

H. P. M.—The "Yensie Walton" books, of which Mrs. A. G. Clarke is the author, are published by the D. Lothrop Company, of Boston. They will probably give you the information about the books you desire.

MAY—Your assertion is quite right. Fanny Kemble won distinction as a poet, as well as an actress. A volume of her poems was published in Philadelphia in 1844, and subsequently a new edition was brought out in Boston in 1859.

W. E. H.—There have been many reviews of Madam Blavatsky's "Isis Unveiled," and many divergent views expressed by the critics. The price is $7.50 for the two volumes. You give no address. See "One of the JOURNAL Friends," in this column.

P. W. B.—The American News Company of New York are the most extensive dealers in all kinds of periodicals. Send for one of their complete catalogues, which will give you a list of all the principal papers in the United States, and their prices.

M. A. D.—A long story such as you have written would make quite a book. You would have a better chance of bringing it before the public by issuing it in book form, than losing time, most probably, in endeavoring to secure its publication in any magazine.

E. D.—The lady who rejoiced under the title of Mother Goose was a native of Boston, and an authoress of nursery rhymes, which she used to sing to her grandson. The first edition was entitled "Songs for the Nursery, or Mother Goose's Melodies," and was issued in 1719.

J. H.—"David Copperfield" is one of the best novels that Charles Dickens wrote. He entered more heartily into his composition than any of his previous works, owing, no doubt, to the fact that underneath the fiction lay something of the author's life. As he expressed it, "I seem to be sending some part of myself into the shadowy world."

E. G. W.—The Authors' Club, the membership of which is absolutely restricted to those engaged in authorship of published books, proper to literature, or persons holding recognized positions in distinctly literary work, is situated at 19 West 24th Street, New York. They are now making arrangements to build a larger and more elaborate club house.

RUSTIC—The one possessing an education has the advantage as an author. (2) A lively imagination is very desirable. (3) Ungrammatical sentences and poor construction tends toward the rejection of a manuscript. (4) "Information for Authors," by Eleanor Kirk, is a good book. It can be supplied by the JOURNAL's Book Department for one dollar.

C. V. A.—As you have had some experience as a reporter it will help you very much. I know of no method for securing a position as such on any paper without application. It is a good plan to write up a number of events happening in your locality, and send them to various papers, but do not let pay be the object. Wait until your work attracts sufficient attention.

ETELKA—It is impossible for me to advise you how to proceed in your literary work. No two writers have the same method. Some sketch out their plot from beginning to end, while others never give it a thought, but write on according to the inspiration of the moment. Both have their advantages and disadvantages. You must find out for yourself which suits you best.

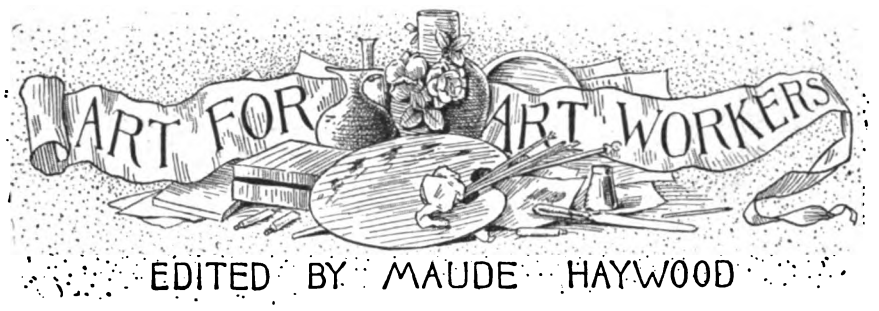
ONE OF THE JOURNAL FRIENDS—You send me a list of over fifteen questions to answer. It would be impossible to do so in this column. You ask for information about books, their prices, and if we can procure them, but you fail to give your name or address. Had you done so the Book Department would have answered you in detail. Please send all such queries, with what information you can, giving author, and especially correct title.

L. K.—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' papers, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," were first published in the "Atlantic Monthly," although twenty-five years before that he used the same title in connection with two articles printed in "The New England Magazine." (2) According to his own statement, often made to the writer of this paragraph, Dr. Holmes' own favorite, among all his poems, is "The Chambered Nautilus," which by many is considered his best piece of work.

TEXT BOOKS FOR YOUNG WRITERS—In response to many inquiries, there is given below a complete list of good text-books for young writers, which answers a number of letters, and must in future serve as an answer to all inquiries of that nature:

"Writing for the Press,"	Luce,	$1.00
"How to Write Clearly,"	Abbott,	.00
"Ladder of Journalism,"	Copeland,	.50
"Art of Authorship,"	Balnton,	1.25
"Trade of Authorship,"	Dixey,	1.00
"Information for Authors,"	Kirk,	1.00
"Periodicals that Pay Contributors,"	Kirk,	1.00
"Mistakes in Writing English,"	Bigelow,	.50
"Handbook of Punctuation,"	Bigelow,	.50
"Handbook of Punctuation,"	Wilson,	1.25
"Slips of Tongue and Pen,"	Long,	.60
"Pens and Types,"	Drew,	1.00
"Words, their Use and Abuse,"	Mathews,	2.00
"Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases,"	Roget,	2.00
"Dictionary of Synonyms,"	Soule,	2.00
"English Lessons for English People,"	Abbott and Seeley,	1.50
"English Language,"	Meiklejohn	1.40
"Language & the Study of Language,"	Whitney,	2.50
"Higher English Grammar,"	Bain,	.80
"Elements of Rhetoric,"	Genung,	1.25
"Principles of Rhetoric,"	Hill,	.90
"Rhyming Dictionary,"	Walker,	1.50
"Rhymester,"	Hood,	1.00
"Ballades and Rondeaus,"	White,	1.00
"Handbook of Poetics,"	Gummere,	1.00
"Science of English Verse,"	Lanier,	2.00

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will send any of these books to any U. S. P. O. address, postage free, on receipt of price.

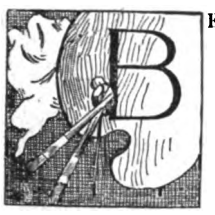


MISS MAUDE HAYWOOD will be glad through this Department to answer any questions of an Art nature which her readers may send to her. She cannot, however, undertake to reply by mail; please, therefore, do not ask her to do so. Address all letters to MISS MAUDE HAYWOOD, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

PAINTING IN WATER COLOR

SIXTH PAPER

LANDSCAPE SKETCHING



BEGINNERS in the art of landscape painting may take up the study of it with reasonable confidence of success, even in the earliest attempts, provided that there is a previous knowledge of the elementary principles of drawing, an acquaintance with a few simple laws of perspective, and also some slight experience in the mixing of the colors and laying on of the tints. The quality of the success, however, depends entirely on whether the student is really endowed with artistic capabilities of feeling and perception, for all who handle a brush with some readiness are not of necessity true artists, nor every sketch made a work of art, in the sense of containing the painter's individual expression of a definite idea, or truth seen in nature, realized and worked out with more or less fullness of detail. It is very important that even the slightest study should be made thoughtfully, and have some clear aim and meaning, if it be no more than the effort to represent the effect of a branch silhouetted against the sky. Vague, perfunctory dabbling with colors and brushes is a waste of time and frittering of energies. It is first necessary to see, before one can copy or represent, and clearness of perception should and does result in strength and truthfulness of expression.

IN making studies from nature, as in every deed of mankind, thought, more or less conscious, is the parent of action, and the good old rule to look more at the landscape than at one's drawing of it, to let the eyes and the brain do twice as much work as the fingers, is a safe one to follow. In choice of subject considerable discrimination is necessary. Sketches made in morning or late afternoon light are more effective than those attempted under the direct downward rays of the noonday sun. Scenes on cloudy or gray days have a characteristic effect of their own. An excellent practice is to make several drawings of the same scene under varying conditions of light and atmosphere; it proves a more practical lesson than could be given by any amount of writing on the subject. It will be found that a wholly different scale of colors will have to be used for each separate study, and this ought to be valuable aid toward the realization of the important fact that no one object in a landscape has, so to speak, any fixed or arbitrary coloring, but is wholly dependent on its position, or surrounding circumstances.

TO represent nature successfully, it is absolutely necessary to set aside all preconceived or conventional notions of form or color, and to make the honest effort to set down what is actually seen. The subject being chosen, with a definite aim and meaning in the mind, the general position of the objects and direction of the lines may be rapidly and lightly sketched in with pencil. The painting should usually be begun by washing in the sky, and many artists lay in all the first broad washes as quickly as possible, working gradually forward from the horizon, in order by covering up the paper as soon as possible (the high lights, of course, being left clear where necessary) to be able to get some idea of the effect as rapidly as possible.

A GOOD plan for a beginner in making careful studies is to get all the shadows blocked in first before putting on the local tints. Hurry, even where time is limited, is to be avoided. Better do less and do it well, than to fail completely through unwise haste. Be careful never to work over a tint before it is perfectly dry, or the transparency will inevitably be lost.

OF course, it is not possible for an inexperienced worker to attain all the requisite qualities at first in each study, but the chief aim to be kept in view is the effort to get a proper breadth of light and shade, with sufficient contrast and variety of color. Breadth is attained by the omission or blurring of unnecessary and fussy detail in the high lights and deepest shadows. Contrast and truth of color are dependent on the proper juxtaposition of complementary colors, it being seen, for example, that the shadows of objects in brilliant sunlight are purplish in tone, while their lights are yellowish. Variety is not to be gained until the student has learned to see, as well as to know theoretically, the wonderful amount and the depth and brilliancy of the tints that exist even where the whole effect is comparatively gray or dull. These bright tones should be laid in boldly beneath the local coloring.

HINTS FOR SKETCHING ANIMALS

THE average student does not realize sufficiently the value of cultivating the habit of constant sketching. The word habit is used advisedly, for if the custom of not only carrying a small sketch-book and pencil, but of using it on every possible occasion be once formed, it is wonderful how rapidly facility will be gained; and furthermore, scattered through the pages there will be a gradually increasing proportion of drawings which will prove invaluable for future use and reference.

As to the subjects, coming to something more definite than the general and excellent maxim to draw "everything" as opportunity may serve, it is a good plan to take up some one branch of work and make the sketches for the most part bear upon it. Lovers of bird or animal painting will find an inexhaustible source of pleasure and benefit in making innumerable studies of either various or special kinds of two and four-legged creatures, in every conceivable attitude and under varying circumstances, always aiming very particularly for naturalness, whether of repose or action. However slight the sketches may be, each one should be the result of real study and close observation, until gradually the structure, habits and peculiarities of the animal in question will be learned thoroughly and by heart. Notice carefully how its limbs are put together, what latitude of motion they have, and the attitudes into which they most readily fall. Think out and commit to memory the general proportions and size of body, head and limbs, and make careful and detailed studies of each separate part, so that afterward, in rapid sketching, they may be intelligently suggested where it may not be necessary or possible to work them out very fully in detail. In this branch of art difficulties are greatly multiplied by the natural restlessness of the models who, unless asleep, can rarely be induced to keep one position for any length of time. The only plan, therefore, is to cultivate the power of drawing from memory, in which the knowledge gained by studying the animal in the way suggested will prove of great assistance. It will be found that the faculties of observation and memory can be greatly developed by constant and persevering practice, and it is to this end specially advisable to concentrate one's efforts and attention, taking up and continuing the study of one class of animal until a thorough grasp of it is gained, and only very gradually and slowly increasing the range of subjects. For thorough and earnest students, whose aim is the most intimate knowledge possible of their models, with a view to their correct representation, it will be found extremely helpful to study some treatise on the anatomy of the subject, preferably one written specially for artists. Knowledge of this kind gives a certain power, but even absolute correctness of detail does not constitute all the requirements for good animal work. Most necessary is it for the artist to be entirely in touch and sympathy with the subject, that the drawings may be, above all, instinct with life and action.

During the cold and inclement months, when open-air sketching is not particularly inviting, domestic animals, such as the dog or cat, models which may be found at hand in most households, can be studied with advantage. There is some difficulty when these creatures have long or thick fur to get the drawing clear and vigorous. They need even more careful and intelligent rendering than smooth-haired animals. The best plan is to pay particular attention, after blocking in the general proportions, to attaining an accurate representation of the joints, head, features, and all parts, either partially or all together, uncovered by the fur. Avoid the tendency to endeavor, with a number of "clever" strokes, to represent merely a mass of hair, aiming rather to suggest the form of the creature that is beneath.

In studying such animals as the cow or sheep, it is best to go out into the field where they are at pasture, and make acquaintance with them in their own domain, and to this end a number of informal drawings will probably in the beginning prove more helpful than a long and labored study or painting. Artists well advanced in their profession employ very profitably a powerful field glass in sketching shy or unapproachable models. It is invaluable in making drawings of birds, for instance, in action and in flight, in the freedom of their woodland homes, although, be it understood, that to follow such a study as this with hope of success is not work suitable for a novice. Dwellers in any of our large cities which can boast possession of a menagerie, can take advantage of this opportunity of making sketches of wild animals. But this also should only be undertaken by those who have previously gained facility by the study of more easily accessible models.

HELP IN YOUR OWN WORK

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

H. S. B. AND OTHERS—Names of firms cannot be given in this column.

KATIE—There is a free school of art for women in New York City at the Cooper Institute.

A. L.—Consult a good work on photography. The process is too long for the full directions to be given here in a few words.

I. M. C.—A plain gold frame would be suitable for the oil painting of lilacs described, or a white and gold frame might be used, if preferred.

HALLIE—You had better write for the desired information to the magazine in which you saw the art described to which your letter refers.

E. A.—It will be best to consult a good picture cleaner as to the cracks in your oil painting. I cannot give personal recommendations in this column.

A YOUNG READER—To obtain the rich golden hues of an amber-colored bowl, use raw umber, and raw sienna with French Naples yellow for the high lights.

ROSE—Careful directions were given in the January JOURNAL as to the manner of stretching paper for water color painting.

INQUIRER—Bromide prints are perfectly permanent, and are therefore not at all likely to fade. The paper is suitable for treatment with either crayons or water colors.

C. T. H.—The dark color of the medium used with the lustra paints does not injure their brightness. You may use pale copal varnish, however, in making the medium if you prefer.

TO INQUIRERS—The address of the New York Society of Decorative Art is 28 East Twenty-first street, New York; and of the Baltimore Society, 315 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

A. B. C. B.—For the shadow color of a stork, or any other white object, (in oils) use white, raw umber and cobalt with a touch of black; also white, yellow ochre, cobalt and a little black for the more delicate half tones.

F. W. T.—I know of no method likely to prove satisfactory of studying wall paper or carpet designing at home, unless under the personal tuition of a good practical designer. The best plan is to take a course at a first-rate training school.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER—Powder bronze colors, together with the medium used to apply them, may be purchased of any dealer in artists' materials. (2) How to paint flowers has been treated of in the JOURNAL of May, 1891, and of February, 1892.

A. L. D.—The Women's Art School referred to belongs to the Cooper Institute. (2) The term good or bad "technique," as applied to a picture, refers to the manner of its execution as far as the handling of the materials employed is concerned.

AMATEUR—The rough academy board is very good for the purpose of making either landscape or flower studies, unless the work be very fine, when the smooth would be preferred. Very satisfactory results may be obtained on the academy board, but on the whole canvas is perhaps more pleasant to work upon.

J. B. H.—Directions for applying the raised paste were given in the article on "Royal Worcester Decoration," published in the JOURNAL for last September. (2) In tinting with Lacroix colors, grind them on the palette, with spirits of turpentine and a very little flux (in proportion about one-sixth), then add the requisite quantity of Cooley's tinting oil.

IVY MADELLE—Paint the clover leaves and blossoms with very simple coloring on the sachet. For the shadows of the flowers mix cobalt, yellow ochre and white; for the purplish pink high lights use rose madder and white, and for the white blooms add a very little lemon yellow to the silver white employed. The leaves may be made of black and lemon yellow, also of cobalt, yellow ochre and white.

DRAUGHTSMAN—There is a finely illustrated work on the history of pen-and-ink drawing, with interesting descriptive text, by Pennell; and there is a chapter of instruction and hints on the subject in Hamerton's "Graphic Arts." (2) A handbook on landscape painting in water colors is included in the Winsor and Newton series; a short treatise by Penley on the "System of Water Color Painting," will also be found very useful.

L. A. C.—The expense of the materials for French tapestry painting in the Grénlé method is not great in comparison with the value of the work when well executed. Five dollars will more than provide for the necessary colors and brushes forming the outfit. The cost to be counted chiefly is the canvas, which in order that the dyes may be fixed by steam must be all wool, and is worth seven dollars and a half a yard, fifty-six inches wide.

MARGARET—Children with a natural taste for art "scribble" with pencil and paper from their earliest infancy. Try to get your daughter to attempt the representation of simple flowers, foliage and other objects to be found in the rooms of her own home. The series of handbooks published by Winsor and Newton are reliable and useful for a beginner. Some of the articles on this page in back numbers of the JOURNAL might be useful to you.

S. D.—To live at a great distance is a disadvantage, but not an insurmountable one in all cases, in obtaining illustration work. (2) Certainly; magazines will accept drawings without manuscript, if they happen to be available. (3) The photo-engraving companies frequently require pen-drawings made from the photographs or sketches supplied by their customers, in order that they may be reproduced by the process in question. They would not be likely to give the work to anyone living in a distant state. (4) From every point of view it is better for an illustrator to be within easy access of editors and publishing houses, but it does not follow that because an artist lives in a city she will necessarily obtain the desired employment.

T. B.—The list of colors given for R. P. H. will answer your purpose, if you wish to begin in oils. A few medium-sized hog-hair brushes, a palette knife and a wooden palette will be required; for a medium mix linseed oil, pale copal varnish and spirits of turpentine in equal proportions. Water colors are perhaps easier to manage for a beginner who is to be self-taught. Directions as to the outfit were given in the preliminary article on this subject, published in the January JOURNAL.

R. P. H.—The following is a list of the fewest colors necessary for landscape painting in oils, although this palette is by no means to be regarded as arbitrary, as all artists have their individual preferences: Indigo, Antwerp (or Prussian) blue, cobalt, emerald green, raw umber, burnt sienna, raw sienna, yellow ochre, yellow cadmium (or chrome), orange cadmium (or chrome), lemon yellow, rose madder, scarlet vermillion and ivory black. Others, of course, may be added with advantage, but these are sufficient.

BREADWINNER—The various women's exchanges take hand-painted china to sell on commission. Firms who deal in fancy and holiday goods are usually open to handle pretty and dainty work, but I know of no means of disposing of even small pieces without some outlay and risk. With a view of obtaining employment, take a few specimens to reliable dealers, and if they are sufficiently well done, you may perhaps be given orders for some work, but as a rule the artist takes all the risk, the goods being on sale or return.

L. B.—If the academy board was properly primed, the painting ought not to sink in as you describe. You may varnish it with copal or mastic varnish. (2) To take the wrinkles out of the paper on which the water color sketch is made, it will be necessary to stretch it by wetting the paper and pasting the edges to a board in the ordinary way in which paper is prepared for painting upon. After being allowed to dry, the paper should be perfectly smooth. It is perhaps a little difficult to do this without injuring the coloring, and possibly you might have to touch the picture up again in places. (3) Set your palette (in oils) for la France roses with raw umber, yellow ochre, cobalt, scarlet vermillion, rose madder, and silver white.

E THE DOCTOR A FRIEND

STRUGGLE with a sick child is a most pitiful sight. One's whole heart goes out to the poor, forlorn, little sufferer, who is making such vigorous efforts to escape from the necessity of submission, and yet we dare not disobey the doctor's orders and dy unapplied. If we succeed, of the conflict has probably harm as the medicine can do rink from the ordeal, weakly vorst happens, what a bitter the thought: "If I had only t have been different."

has always had its own ikely to be willing to give it ing and miserable. Bribes of little use then. The sed to discipline, is only e weakness and weariness physician said to me not had known cases where been sacrificed because ught to obey. No doubt xperience could confirm t this a fact to make s: "Am I preparing my vell as health? If not, it now, before it is too

is old enough to under- t the doctor is its best up as a means of pun- d foolish persons do. that, Willie, or the ve you nasty medi- fingers near the sew- doctor will come and are obliged to send naturally will have ociations with his glad to see him, or ggestions. Where end, the children and will welcome tranger has to be y after a time if up dread visions mind.

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A WELCOME GUEST

By Ida Worden Wheeler

WHEN baby comes! The earth will smile,
And with her spring-time arts, beguile
The sleepy blossoms from their rest,
And truant song-birds to their nest,
To greet my guest.

When baby comes! Now fades from mind
All thought of self. The world grows kind.
Old wounds are healed, old wrongs forgot,
Sorrow and pain remembered not;
Life holds no blot.

When baby comes! Methinks I see
The winsome face that is to be.
And old-time doubts, and haunting fears,
Are lost in dreams of happier years.
Smiles follow tears.

When baby comes! God make me good,
And rich in grace of motherhood.
Make white this woman's soul of mine,
And meet for this great gift of Thine,
In that glad time.

THE FEEDING OF INFANTS

By D. M. Cool, M. D.

DURING forty years of active practice, a large share of which has been spent in special attention to diseases of children and their hygienic care, I feel there is a great want of knowledge, especially among the masses, regarding this important subject. There are many mothers who cannot nurse their infants, and I am sorry to say some who can, but will not; and again there are many, especially among our American mothers, who are not able to furnish the twelve or fifteen hundred pounds of milk a well-developed, healthy child requires the first year of its life. Under these circumstances the problem of correct artificial feeding of an infant becomes of importance. The food of a baby until the coming of its double teeth should be free from starch. If the child requires feeding, the question presenting itself to the mother is, what shall I feed baby? The nearer this food approaches to the mother's milk, the better it will suit the child. In other words, the closer we imitate nature, the more certain we will be of success. The only available food is the cow's milk, but this contains practically three times as much cheese as mother's milk. The baby does not require this cheese and cannot digest it. It was made for a calf that can run and play when it is a few days old, and is designed by nature to follow its mother in order to get its food, and consequently, in order to supply the necessities of the calf, must contain a large percentage of caseine, or cheese, which is termed nitrogenous, or muscle-making material. On the side of the child it cannot walk, neither was it designed by nature to do so. If it goes from one place to another it has to be carried, consequently does not require muscular development, and its food is rich in carbonaceous material. The proportion of cheese to the butter in cow's milk is as one hundred to one hundred and five; in mother's it is as one hundred to one hundred and seventy. These proportions are necessary to each; the calf must have muscular development in order to follow its mother, and the baby must have the butter for more reasons than I have the space to enumerate here.

Prepare your food in this manner: Take the milk of a healthy cow, strain it in as many dishes as you expect to feed baby times from this supply, and never go to the same dish the second time, using morning's milk for the night's feeding, and night's milk for the day's feeding. So far we can be explicit, but as no two cows' milk is alike, we cannot formulate any precise rule for its dilution with water. This is the best you can do, and a little experience will teach you how this ought to be done.

Let the milk stand in a cool place (ice-box in summer with nothing in it but the milk, and in the winter a nice, clean place should be selected), and for a new-born infant (if it has to be fed) dip the spoon into the milk, and the cream that will stick to the spoon will be sufficient for one feeding. Add to this water that has been boiled and is still warm, sufficient to give it a bluish color, and add a little sugar of milk. One or two teaspoonfuls is sufficient for one feeding. As the baby grows older dip a little deeper and add less water. For a child three months old you can take the upper one-eighth of the milk and cream, and add to this enough water to make it a little bluish. This will require ten or fifteen parts of water to one of milk and cream. Good milk of a healthy mother contains eighty-nine and nine-tenths per cent. of water. You see, this is not diluting it more than mother's milk. But be sure that the water that you are using is absolutely without impurities.

After diluting in this way you will find upon examination that the butter is to the cheese as one hundred is to one hundred and seventy, the same as in mother's milk. This will agree with the baby, as it imitates mother's milk. This is so simple: When the milk is set at rest the cream being the lightest comes to the top, and the cheese settles to the bottom. For thirty-five years in clinics and in hospitals, as well as in private practice, I have been governed by the above rules, and am thoroughly convinced they are correct, and that a baby who is deprived of the nourishment which nature intended for it will thrive upon milk prepared in this way. Of course, great care must be taken that the child is fed at regular intervals.

I am afraid that some of the mothers who come to the Mothers' Corner for advice and assistance are disappointed at not receiving it sooner. A question cannot be answered in this column in less than three months after it is received. Letters requiring immediate attention should contain a stamp and the address of the sender to insure a personal reply.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN

OUR best story time is in the evening, after the house is straight for the night, the lamps lit, the fires blazing, the tea-table set, when each ear is listening for the sound of father's footsteps. The story is always something that I have read myself; an incident from some book, or perhaps the whole story; some real occurrence culled from the papers or from the life of some noted person, which will thrill the hearts with sympathy or teach a lesson of love and helpfulness; or, again, something funny, but I make it a point always to be instructive. Alice W. Hill.

ONE MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE

MY little boy, not quite seven years of age, but as large as one of nine, is a vigorous, healthy child, having in his life only been confined to bed one-half a day on account of sickness. Thinking some of the simple rules adopted for his physical culture may be suggestive prompts me to give them to other young mothers. From early infancy my child has been accustomed to regular hours for nourishment, exercise and rest. Clear days, however cold, the nurse took him out in his carriage, and when brought in he was bright and rosy; but I have always been careful not to permit him to breathe a damp atmosphere. When very young, at his morning bath, he was rubbed with alcohol and salt to strengthen and keep him from taking cold. Now I use after his tepid bath every other morning a little violet water. Any eau de cologne diluted with water is good as a preventive of chilliness, as well as producing a fresh sweet odor. He partakes heartily of wholesome food, as he is not in the habit of eating between meals. He never touches candy, does not know its taste, though such tempting sweets are frequently offered him when I am not present. Consequently his stomach and teeth give me no trouble, and he is not often annoyed with physic. He does not attend any kind of evening entertainments, but goes to bed at half-past seven o'clock in winter and eight o'clock in summer. When between two and three years of age he seemed rather a nervous child, yet we trained him so that he has never had any more fear of the dark than the light. He has often been the only occupant on a floor where no gas was burning. He prefers a cool darkened room to fall asleep in. He seldom has a cold, for upon the first intimation of such an intruder, I resort to vaseline applied to his chest and soles of the feet. I fear many little ones become subject to colds from being put to bed with cold feet. Every night, during the cold season, I wrap my boy's feet in a light woolen shawl which has been previously warmed, and after he is cosily tucked in he falls asleep in a few minutes; sometimes almost immediately after a frolicsome romp. Up to last autumn he took his daily nap, which, I think, is somewhat attributable to his well-developed physique. He sleeps on a very low pillow, and in consequence is erect as a soldier. Despite these rigid rules, he is a rosy specimen of a genuine fun-loving boy. Practical Mother.

GAMES FOR CHILDREN

IF the mothers know of any book containing games, work, or any simple amusements for children from two to six years of age, and they will publish its name, they will confer a great favor on many mothers who have not had kindergarten training, and have not much invention in that direction. The house is full of toys, but their attractiveness lasts but a few days, then comes the question: "What can I do, mamma?" and tears and quarrels for want of something to keep the active brains employed in a useful direction. Let us have a great many suggestions on this subject for mothers who have to keep house, sew, mend, receive company and can't give all their time to amusing the little ones. C. S. A.

WEARING FLANNEL UNDERCLOTHES

WILL some of the Journal mothers tell me what kind of underclothes the baby ought to have to keep the body at an even temperature at all times. If woolen underclothes are worn during the day, should a flannel gown be worn at night? If one cannot afford woolen night-gowns, should they wear cotton undershirts and drawers during the day? Of course all persons should wear an undershirt at night like that worn during the day. But is it well to wear woolen drawers during the day, and at night to change for a cotton gown? Also why should not a baby wear flannel diapers, so as to keep the lower part of the body as warm as the upper part? Should growing boys wear light woolen undershirts and drawers in summer?
Ignorant Young Mother.

Flannel should always be worn next the skin, light-weight in summer and heavier in winter. A jacket of Shaker, or outing flannel, should be worn over the night dress, or a thinner flannel undershirt than that used during the day. Woolen night-dresses are not necessary except for persons who suffer from rheumatism, because the blankets help to keep the body warm.

Flannel diapers would be apt when wet to irritate the tender skin. The needed warmth is supplied by the flannel shirt. Growing boys should wear light woolen underwear in summer.

BABY'S EVENING SLEEP

WHEN my first boy came I felt that he was too precious to entrust to anyone's care but my own during his babyhood, which seems to me the most critical time of a child's life; if at that time he is left to others, seeds may be planted for almost every trouble. Yet it is hard for the mother to give up all her time. Much as she loves her little one, she must get wearied and impatient. I had led a busy, active life indoors, yet full of pleasurable excitements, church work and social duties outside, and I dreaded the change. Fortunately my nurse was a motherly, methodical woman (it is so important to have such a one for the first so young mothers don't make so many mistakes and have to learn too much through their own experience). She told me that before the four weeks were up she would train that baby to sleep from six to ten, so that my evenings would be free. How many times have I thanked her for it. I have had three boys since, and still my evenings are my own to receive company, go out, sew, read or do anything I like with. At six o'clock to the moment I undress, rub thoroughly, dress warmly for the night, then nurse the baby to sleep. If he rouses before tenturn him over; sometimes as he gets older give him a drink of water, but never nurse him till ten. He soon ceases to expect it.

Most of the mothers I know worry all through the evening with their babies, much to the annoyance of any friend who may be with them. It is as bad for the baby as for the mother, affecting his nervous system, and the artificial light injuring his eyes. Never leave your baby alone, but have some one within ear shot in case of anything unusual occurring. I have always been fortunate in having an interested girl in the kitchen who would listen to baby whenever my husband and I happened to be out. Mother Lizzie.

A mother requires rest and change if she is to do her duty properly to her child. Her health of mind and body will be reflected in him.

A NURSE'S NOTES ABOUT BABIES

By Miss M. H. Beebe

I want mothers everywhere to see the pictures of three babies that I took charge of after their mothers had given up all hopes of rearing them.

They had tried nearly everything in the way of foods before I took the cases.


RUTH.

Ruth was a year and a half old when I took charge of her, and was not so large as a well child at seven months. Her flesh was soft, flabby, and wet with perspiration all the time. She hardly stopped crying, did not sleep nights, and was so weak that she could scarcely sit up. No one thought she could live. I put her on lactated food, and in a few weeks her flesh was hard and solid, she slept well nights, and was running all around, as well as any child.

When I first took Alice, she was in a terrible condition—cried night and day, head all scales, no natural movement of the bowels. The trouble was improper food and too much medicine. Lactated food and good care made her what the picture shows.


ALICE.

The third child, Florence, was even worse off than Ruth when I first saw her. She wanted to eat all the time, but threw off her food as soon as swallowed. Lactated food had the same magical effect in her case, and that the child is alive to-day is, I believe, due solely to the use of this pure food.


FLORENCE.

With all three of these babies nearly every food had been tried without success before I used the lactated. I could mention many other cases where the lactated was the only food that agreed. My long experience has fully proven that none of the other foods equal it in making solid flesh, and giving that perfect health which shows itself in good sleep at night, and happiness in the day time.

* * * *

The author of the above is Miss M. H. Beebe, Springfield, Mass., a nurse of long experience. The facts she describes, prove that *Lactated Food* makes the sick baby well, and keeps the well baby a picture of health. This food is not a medicine—simply nature's substitute for mother's milk that has saved many a little one's life. All reputable druggists sell it, or it will be mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents, 50 cents or $1.00. Book of prize babies and beautiful birthday card free to any mother sending her baby's name.

Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Knitting and Crocheting

EDITED by MARY F. KNAPP

LADIES' KNITTED VESTS

By JANE S. CLARKE

A GREAT many women cannot bear woolen materials next to their skin, and we have much pleasure in giving directions for making a most comfortable knitted vest, which will not irritate the most sensitive skin, and has the great advantage of being very cheap as well as very durable. The wool I believe to be the best for the purpose is the unshrinkable vest wool, and a quarter of a pound is more than sufficient to make a vest. For a full-sized vest, it is desirable, however, to have a little more wool than you actually require, because it is always useful for mending, and if you are obliged to knit a fresh piece to repair a torn or worn-out part, wool of the same color may not be easy to find.

The size of the required needles depends very much on the person who uses them. If she knits tightly, then I should recommend bone needles No. 7, but if she knits loosely, then needles No. 9 or 10 will be coarse enough.

Cast on 76 stitches.

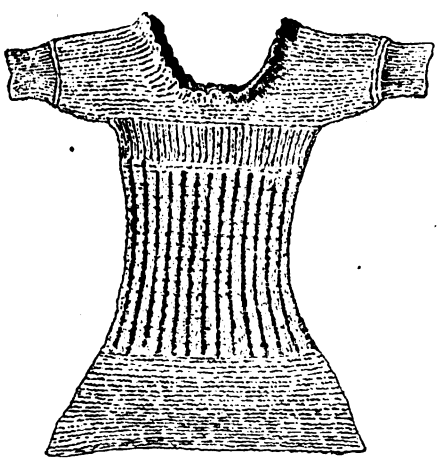
Knit 8 plain rows.

9th row—slip 1, knit 2 together, knit plain to the last 3 stitches, then knit 2 together, knit 1.

Knit 5 plain rows.

15th row—Slip 1, knit 2 together, knit plain to the last 3 stitches, then knit 2 together, knit 1.

Knit 3 plain rows.



Repeat these last 4 rows until you have 62 stitches on the needle.

35th row—knit 2, purl 2, to the end of the row.

36th row—purl 2, knit 2, to the end of the row.

37th row—knit 2, purl 2, to the end of the row.

Knit 1 row plain.

39th row—purl 2, knit 2, to the end of the row.

40th row—knit 2, purl 2, to the end of the row.

41st row—purl 2, knit 2, to the end of the row.

Knit 1 row plain.

Repeat these 8 rows until you have 15 of these rows of plain knitting, then:

Knit 4 plain rows.

125th row—knit 1, purl 1, to the end.

126th row—knit 1, purl 1, to the end.

Repeat these last 2 rows 7 times, and at the end of the last row cast on 12 stitches for the sleeve.

141st row—knit plain, and cast on 12 stitches at the end for the other sleeve. There will now be 86 stitches on the needle.

Knit 8 plain rows.

For the shoulder: 1st row—knit 26 stitches, then knit 2 together, knit 4, leave the other stitches unknitted, turn and knit back plain to the end of the row.

3d row—knit 25, knit 2 together, knit 4; turn and knit back plain.

5th row—knit 24, knit 2 together, knit 4; turn and knit back plain.

7th row—knit 23, knit 2 together, knit 4; turn and knit back plain.

9th row—knit 22, knit 2 together, knit 4; turn and knit back plain.

11th row—knit 21, knit 2 together, knit 4; turn and knit back plain.

13th row—knit 20, knit 2 together, knit 4; turn and knit back plain.

15th row—knit 19, knit 2 together, knit 4; turn and knit back plain.

Knit 28 rows upon these 24 stitches.

45th row—knit 20 stitches, increase 1 by taking up the wool directly under the next stitch and knitting it, then knit 4; turn and knit back plain.

Repeat these 2 rows until you have 26 stitches on the needle, then slip them on to a spare needle, and proceed to work the other shoulder.

Break off the wool and begin to work where you divided for the shoulder.

1st row—cast off 15 stitches, knit 3, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slip stitch over it, knit 26; turn and knit back plain.

3d row—knit 4, slip 1, knit 1 and pass the slipped stitch over it, knit 25; turn and knit back plain.

Repeat the last 2 rows until you have only 24 stitches on the needle, the same number as on the other shoulder. Knit 28 rows upon these 24 stitches.

41st row—knit 4, increase 1, knit 20; turn and knit back plain.

Repeat these two rows, increasing every other row, until you have 32 stitches on the needle, then cast on 14 stitches for the neck and knit the 32 stitches from off the spare needle. You ought now to have 86 stitches on the needle.

Knit 8 plain rows, casting off 12 stitches that formed the sleeve at the beginning of the 8th row.

9th row—cast off the 12 stitches that formed the other sleeve, purl 1, knit one, alternately, to the end of the row (62 stitches on needle).

10th row—knit 1, purl 1, to the end of the row.

Repeat these 2 rows 7 times.

Knit 5 plain rows.

21st row—purl 2, knit 2, alternately.

22d row—knit 2, purl 2, alternately

23d row—purl 2, knit 2, alternately.

Knit 1 plain row.

25th row—knit 2, purl 2, to the end of the row.

26th row—purl 2, knit 2, to the end of the row.

27th row—knit 2, purl 2, to the end of the row.

Knit 1 plain row.

Repeat these 8 rows until you have 15 of these rows of plain knitting.

Knit 4 plain rows.

5th row—slip 1, knit 1, increase 1, knit plain to within 2 stitches of the end, increase 1, knit 2.

Knit 3 plain rows.

Repeat the last 4 rows 5 times.

Repeat 5th row.

Knit 5 plain rows.

Repeat 5th row.

Knit 8 plain rows and cast off all the stitches.

TO FINISH THE SLEEVES

Hold the sleeve with the inside toward you, and knit a stitch into each row of knitting at the edge. Knit 2 plain rows. Work the next row throughout 1 plain, 1 purl. Repeat them for about 13 rows and cast off. This rib makes the sleeve a good size and makes it set comfortably to the arm. Sew up the sides and under the sleeves of the vest very neatly, taking care to match the patterns correctly. To finish the neck work a row of d c in each stitch of the knitting. In the next row 1 t, 2 ch, 1 t, 2 ch, 1t into d c st, miss 3 d c st and repeat.

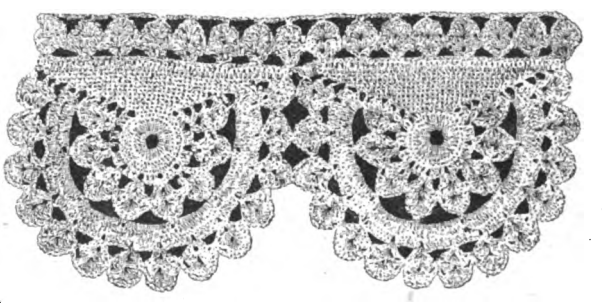
HANDKERCHIEF CASE IN CROCHET

By MARY J. SAFFORD

A VERY dainty handkerchief case can be made by any one who knows the first simple stitches of crochet. For the one I saw pink single zephyr wool was used, but some persons would prefer Saxony.

Begin with a chain twelve inches long, and work a strip twelve inches long and five inches wide, in the tricot stitch so often employed for afghan stripes. Next, crochet in double crochet stitch one row entirely around the strip, putting one chain stitch between every two stitches, and putting the double crochet stitch into every other tricot stitch.

Next, make a row of three double crochet one chain alternately, leaving two double crochet between each shell of three. Finish with a row of eight treble crochet, one single crochet, putting the eight treble stitches between two of the shells the one single stitch between the next two alternately, until the whole is finished. This forms a pretty open-work border with a scalloped edge.



For the lining take a strip of pink satin, wide and long enough to cover the piece of crochet up to the first row of shells, turn in the raw edges, and blind-stitch neatly to position.

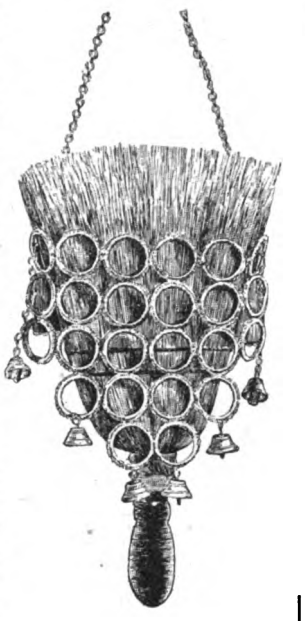
Turn one end back, so that the satin lining folds over to the depth of an inch and a half, catch it firmly in place, and fasten on each side bows of rose-colored ribbon an inch and a quarter wide; one yard will probably be sufficient.

These cases are extremely pretty when lined with a contrasting color; and as it is often difficult to match silk and wool, many choose this style. Pale blue, with lining and bows of olive, pink with white, gold color and white, are excellent combinations.

WHISK-BROOM HOLDER

CROCHET with silk 2 dozen one-inch rings. Sew together in rows, six in the first three rows, four in the next, and two in the last.

Cover a strip of pasteboard for support in the back, and sew fine brass chain all around, and suspend by the same, instead of ribbon, by way of variety. The chain can be procured at any hardware store at small cost. Brass bells attached to the lower rings and corners complete this pretty little receptacle, which is both ornamental and useful.



Frames for cabinet photographs are also made of crocheted rings: one row across the top and each side, and two rows across the bottom. Run a ribbon through the rings, and finish with a bow or rosette.

FANCY PEN WIPER

FOR this pen-wiper crochet nine one-inch rings, and sew together in diamond shape. In each ring embroider a spider web. For the leaves cut cloth the same shape, and buttonhole stitch all around with silk; join with ribbon.

CROCHETED WHEEL LACE

By EMMA MCFARLAND

CHAIN 9; join in a ring. 1st row—Ch 3, 35 d c in ring.

2d row—1 s c in each of 35 d c in first row.

3d row—1 s c in each of 35 s c in second row.

4th row—ch 3, 3 d c in first 3 s c of last row, ch 1, 3 d c in next 3 stitches, ch 1; repeat until there are 9 groups of 3 d c, ch 3, 1 s c in each of the next 8 stitches, 2 s c under the 3 ch of last row.

5th row—ch 3, 1 shell (2 d c, 1 ch, 2 d c) under first space of 1 ch, ch 2, 1 shell in next space, ch 2; repeat until there are 8 shells, ch 3, 2 s c under 3 ch of last row, 10 s c in next 10 stitches, 2 s c under last 3 ch.

6th row—ch 3, 1 shell (3 d c, 1 ch, 3 d c) in first shell of last row, ch 2, shell in next shell, ch 2; repeat in each of 8 shells, ch 3, 2 s c under 3 ch, 14 s c in next 14 stitches, 2 s c under last 3 ch.

7th row—ch 3, 9 d c in first shell, ch 2, 1 s c under first 2 ch of 5th row, ch 2, 9 d c in next shell, ch 2, 1 s c under 2d, 2 ch of 5th row, ch 2, repeat in each shell, ch 3, 2 s c under 3 ch, 18 s c in next 18 stitches, 2 s c under 3 ch.

8th row—ch 3, 1 s c in center stitch of 1st scallop, ch 8, 1 s c in center of next scallop, ch 8, repeat to last scallop, ch 3, 2 s c under 3 ch, 22 s c, 2 s c under 3 ch.

9th row—ch 3, 14 d c under each ch of 8, ch 3, 2 s c under 3 ch, 26 s c, 2 s c under 3 ch.

10th row—ch 3, skip 1st stitch, 3 d c in next 3 stitches, ch 1, 7 d c in next 7 stitches, ch 1, 7 d c in next 7 stitches, ch 1; repeat until there are 13 groups of 7 d c, ch 1, 3 d c in last 3 stitches, ch 3, 2 s c under 3 ch, 30 s c, 2 s c under 3 ch.

11th row—ch 3, 1 shell (2 d c, 1 ch, 2 d c) in first space of 1 ch, ch 2, shell in next space, ch 2, repeat until there are 14 shells, ch 3, 2 s c under 3 ch, 34 s c, 2 s c under 3 ch.

12th row—ch 3, 1 shell (3 d c, 1 ch, 3 d c) in first shell, ch 2 shell in next shell, ch 2; repeat in each shell, ch 3, 2 s c under 3 ch, 38 s c, 2 s c under 3 ch.

13th row—ch 3, 9 d c in first shell, ch 2, 1 s c under 2 ch of 11th row, ch 2, 9 d c in next shell, repeat in each shell, ch 3, 2 s c under 3 ch, 42 s c, 2 s c under 3 ch.

This finishes one wheel; join the 2d wheel to first at the center of 1st, 2d and 3d scallops. It is now ready for the heading. With the wrong side of the lace held toward you fasten the thread under the 3 ch at beginning of the straight edge of first wheel.

1st row—3 d c under 3 ch * 1 d c in each s c across scallop, 3 d c under next 3 ch, 2 d c in first 2 stitches of last scallop on edge of wheel, 2 d c in last two stitches of first scallop on next wheel, 3 d c under first 3 ch, repeat from * the length of lace.

2d row—Turn and make 1 shell (2 d c, 1 ch, 2 d c) in each 7th d c across the lace with 2 ch between.

3d row—turn, make 1 shell (3 d c, 2 ch, 3 d c) in each shell, with 2 ch between.

4th row—turn, 9 d c in shell ch 2, 1 s c under 2 ch of 2d row, 9 d c in next shell; repeat in each shell.

5th row—1 s c in center stitch of scallop, ch 6, s c in center of next scallop; repeat.

Join the wheels before making the heading.

STRAY STITCHES

LIZZIE MAY—Directions for ladies' crocheted undervest were given in the January, 1889, issue of the JOURNAL.

G. A. M. B.—The knitted quilt given in the February issue of the JOURNAL is shell pattern: the sides of quilt are to be filled in with knitted half shells.

M. S. G., Brooklyn—Some time since we printed directions, and illustrated the table mat you ask for. You can use a fine number of macremé cord in place of the German cord.

M. E. S.—You will find directions for crocheted silk purse in Book No. 1, "Reliable Patterns." A glass plate, with a wire handle wound with ribbon, and a bow on each end of the handle, makes a pretty card receiver.

SUSIE—To make a match scratcher take a piece of moiré, or satin ribbon, about five inches wide and eight inches long; fringe the bottom edge two inches. Knot it if you like. In the center of the ribbon fasten a piece of sandpaper three or four inches square, putting it on diamond shape by glueing it at the corners, or a cross-stitch with silk same color as the ribbon. Suspend by a small gilt rod.

ANNIE—To make a pretty and comfortable evening wrap for summer use Germantown wool and bone knitting needles. Cast up eighty-three stitches, knit one hundred and twenty-five purls—twice across is a purl. * Bind off six stitches and drop the seventh; repeat from star across until no stitches are left on the needle. Ravel the dropped stitches down to the first row. Crochet scallops across each end, then tie in a fringe. I cannot give the exact number of skeins needed, either five or seven.

HINTS ON HOME DRESS MAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

MISS HOOPER invites, and will cheerfully answer any questions concerning home dressmaking which may be sent to her by the JOURNAL sisters. While she will answer by mail, if stamp is inclosed, she greatly prefers to be allowed to reply through the JOURNAL, in order that her answers may be generally helpful. Address all letters to MISS EMMA M. HOOPER, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

EXPENSIVE SUMMER GOWNS

CHARMING toilettes of crêpon, challie, white cotton goods and China silks are easily made at home for afternoon and evening wear during the summer, when the full dress incident to the grand winter receptions is not required. Everything this season must be trimmed with lace, ribbon, and jet, to give it the desired stylish air, and with plenty of such accesso- remainder of the dress may be quite Black ties or slippers are in good style of these costumes.

NEW DESIGNS FOR GOWNS

HITE challie having pink flowers and ight green leaves has a bell skirt with on the lower edge and a dip in the aded with bows of light green moiré at intervals of every half yard. The odice has a yoke and deep cuffs of Genes lace, with a collar of the ribbon ointed girdle of the same, which is t the widest part—the point in front— rows of the ribbon, then tapers to one ich ties at the back in long ends and Cream crêpon makes a girlish costume bell skirt having a border of cream, reen, yellow and blue moiré ribbon, changes with every turn, being of the of-pearl shades. This border is more ng to a short figure that seems to lose with a ruffle. The bodice has elbow and a V-shaped neck, and is without A ruffle of écru point de Genes lace e neck and wrists, with bows of ribbon its fullness. A Watteau belt and bow the toilette, which is also very pretty oung girl's graduation dress. White ilk covered with yellow chrysanthe- is fashioned into a scantily gathered ving two ruffles on the edge, one three nd the other five deep, and both sewed e same cord for a heading. Down the are five large rosettes, called "chrys- um" bows, as they are of many loops aked ends, imitating the petals of the These are of No. 2 satin ribbon, yellow The round bodice has a half low ith a ruffle of white chiffon headed row of small rosettes set closely to- The sleeves reach nearly to the elbow, ve a ruffle of chiffon below the row of at the lower edge. A wide, soft belt ow crêpe is tied on the left side, with rt ends and loops in Directoire fashion.

GOWNS OF WHITE FABRICS

A linon, nainsook, linen lawn and nity are all prettily made with a full uffle, full sleeves and deep, close cuffs, Russian blouse, round or a full "baby" The trimmings are ribbons and point es lace, which may be had in white or nd is applied as a bertha ruffle, flat uffs, or wrist ruffles, flounces, girdles, it is put on every fabric and in every manner. A Russian blouse is imi- ith a round waist by wearing a "double kirt, which consists of a bell made in rts, the upper one reaching nearly to es and the lower one to the floor, with dge trimmed to correspond with the ffs, yoke, and opening down the left Creamy organdies and batistes are like- mmed with this lace, ribbon belts, and r silken girdles. If the possessor of pretty skirts, silken, woolen, or cotton, lace jacket and blouse to wear with sing the black French lace, or the cot- nt de Genes.

E SKIRTS AND PRINCESS DRESSES

RAPED front seen on several of the mported gowns shows a bell shape, drapery the full length coming to a n the lower edge, with the sides turned l to form large revers. Another dress an apron rather pointed in the center rrow at the top. The Watteau bell is like the bell skirt worn for some time, e center back has a triple box plait on tside, which is only four inches wide at , tapering wider toward the bottom like teau plait. This Watteau fullness at ck is now seen upon jackets, capes, g-sacques, blouses, tea-gowns, wrappers, s gowns, and also on low and high , with the fullness looking as though an breadth had been elongated from the nd caught up to the back between the ers with a bow of ribbon or passemen- nament. Puffs, ruffles and flat borders shionable for a skirt. Trimming the is not yet passé, and outlining with enterie, etc., is still a favored garniture.

DRESS AIDS FOR MOTHERS

DRESSING SMALL BOYS

THE kilt skirts of cheviot and piqué are buttoned to skirt waists of figured cambric, lawn, or nainsook, and over the outer jacket the round or sailor collar attached to the waist rests. Short trousers and kilt skirts worn with loose blouse waists are buttoned to an underwaist of silesia. The outside jackets have a wide, short back and round or square fronts, with only side and shoulder seams. Boys of one year have coats of white or tan. Bedford cord, Henrietta, or the soft light-weight French cloakings, which are made with a round waist, full sleeves, gathered skirt and a Carrick collar of three layers, graduated in size, of the cloth, or one of point de Genes lace. With these they will wear a Tam O'Shanter of white straw or Leghorn, or silk with rosettes of ribbon for the trimming. White and gingham dresses for boys of one to two years or older, if the mother wishes, have a gathered or box-plaited skirt reaching the shoe-tops, and a round waist buttoning in the back with only side and shoulder seams. A belt, or merely a corded edge, finishes the waist, which is shirred at the neck and belt, left plain, and a square or long plastron set in of embroidery, or bretelles of edging gathered from the center of the waist line in front to the shoulders. Plaids, stripes and plain ginghams and chambreys are worn, also the striped cotton Bedford cord, dimity, piqué and nainsook, with embroidery and insertion for a trimming. The sleeves are full, top and bottom, or have an upturned cuff over a full coat shape. Turn-over collars are worn of the dress fabric, or embroidery. The Russian dress is made of two widths of twenty-seven inch goods gathered on a cord to a round waist, which opens down the left side and is trimmed with embroidery. Another pretty suit for a lad of two or three years is of piqué made with a round waist and kilt skirt and a Watteau plait of one box plait running from the neck to the foot at the center front. On the lower edge is a border of embroidery, except at the Watteau plait; under this plait the waist fastens with pearl buttons, and coat or hip pieces are attached at the waist line. The sleeves have upturned cuffs of embroidery, and the deep cape collar is trimmed to correspond.

GOWNS FOR YOUNG GIRLS

ALMOST useful gown for a young girl is a blazer suit of serge having a bell skirt, bodice and suspender straps all finished with stitched edges, the skirt opening on the sides with pearl or gilt buttons. The blazer has a rolled collar, short revers and high sleeves and stitched edges. The shirt waist may be of fine striped flannel, wash or China silk, and is gathered at the center of the collar, back and front, held by a draw-string, and finished with turn-over collar and cuffs, ruffled, and a jabot ruffle down the front. Round waists, gathered or bell skirts, and square jacket fronts are worn with a blouse front of surah or China silk. Challie dresses have a girdle or belt of ribbon and a yoke of point de Genes lace. Girls of fourteen should wear the skirt to their ankles. Black hose and ties for nice, with "common sense" or round-toed shoes for everyday wear. The bodices worn with suspender straps must be boned. Striped Bedford cord cottons are fashioned into a blazer suit and worn with a shirt waist of figured cambric or plain white. At twelve years of age a gathered skirt should measure three yards. A pretty sash for dressy wear is of soft silk, the full width, with the ends fastened at the side seams just under the arm-holes, brought to the front, crossed and carried to the back to form a knot and two long ends.

FROCKS FOR THE LITTLE WOMEN

DAINTY party frocks of China silk, Henrietta, crêpon, etc., in white or delicate shades have a gathered skirt, round or slightly-pointed waist, and sleeves in two puffs to the elbow, with a frill of écru point de Genes lace corresponding with the bertha frill of the same. The guimpe is of mull, or the finest of India linen. The heavy Madras and cotton cheviots are selected for sailor suits trimmed with white cotton braid. Yokes, girdles and cuffs of colored piqué are worn on white piqué frocks, with white braid trimming the blue portions. Sailor suits have the skirts box-plaited or gathered. Point de Genes lace is used as a bertha or bretelles frill, flat yoke and Vandyke collar. Belts of insertion are worn on gingham frocks. Lawn, mull, and batiste frocks are simply trimmed with a frill of the goods around the low neck, and worn with a white guimpe. Russian embroidery in colors on stripes of batiste, Hamburg embroidery, point de Genes lace, velvet, and satin ribbons are all used for trimming girls' dresses.

DRESSMAKERS' CORNER

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

EMMA M. HOOPER

MRS. BESSIE M.—A personal letter to you has been returned.

MRS. E. E. F.—Have a bell skirt and trim with jet and moiré ribbon as described to "Alone."

KITTIE B.—Press the plaits out of your goods and make a "bell" skirt with a gathered bias ruffle, high sleeves and a pointed, coat-tail basque. Vest of black surah, bengaline or brocade, with jet or silk gimp on all of the edges.

SASANNAH—Have a bell skirt, with a ruffle headed with bows of velvet or moiré No. 9 pansy colored ribbon. Basque may have a point, back and front, yoke and deep cuffs of écru point de Genes lace, with ribbon on lower edge tied in the back.

D. M. E.—An "extra tall woman" should wear a ruffle on the edge of her "bell" skirt. (2) The "bell" is used with and without a "dip." (3) The lining and skirt are not always stitched together, except at the belt, but are of the same shape.

MRS. SALLIE B.—Read answer to Mrs. Bessie M. Correspondents are requested to write their address plainly, as several letters have been returned where the address was so blurred that I could but guess at it, and such guesses are not always correct.

A. L. C.—Black plush capes are not stylish. (2) Steel colored Henrietta is a pretty color, and trims nicely with jet gimp, now so fashionable. (3) Have a coat-tail back and pointed front to your basque. (4) Ribbon accessories are more stylish for house gowns.

PREACHER'S WIFE—Chiffon ruffling is a very thin silky material embroidered on one edge and in widths from three and a half to twenty inches, twenty-five to eighty-five cents a yard. (2) As you have given your address I will answer your other questions personally.

G.—Yellow is supposed to prove becoming to any one, except a very red blonde. (2) Tan, brown, dark red or green, old rose, navy blue, cream and purple. (3) Brownish tan serge, whipcord, crêpon, cheviot, camel's hair, etc., with golden-brown bengaline corselet.

FLOSSIE—Bring the Watteau bow from the under part of the arms and tie in the back as usual, if you do not wish it to cross in front. (2) Trim the gingham with an écru yoke and deep cuffs of point de Genes lace. Have a ruffle on the skirt and wear a ribbon or fancy leather belt.

MISS LOU—The latest wraps are reefer jackets in black and tan English cloths. (2) Shorter capes in three layers are the novelties in the cape line. (3) The Watteau bow is still flourishing, and probably will all summer on house dresses. (4) The two chief colors are tan and gray, then navy blue and brown.

LILLIAN—I am sorry to keep you waiting, but this column is full to overflowing long before all are answered. You can wear the lace and velvet with feathers if you are no longer in deep mourning, viz, crêpe or plain severe black. (2) Black fancy straw, with faille ribbon, lace and violets or lavender orchids.

MRS. LATTA J.—Read answer to "Alone," and use bright jet in place of the dull. A forty inch plain grenadine you should pay $1.50 for, getting seven yards. A striped net at the same price would be more dressy. The border could be omitted for a ruffle headed with bows of ribbon here and there if you prefer.

C. S.—Wear gray, light tan, navy and grayish blue, dark green, brown, dark garnet, cream and fawn. (2) The bell skirt with a flat border, a moderately high sleeve and basque pointed in front, with a pointed or deep, narrow coat-tail back will make you look taller. Use lengthwise, flat and narrow trimmings. You are very young to have such a responsible position. (3) Auburn hair.

ALONE—Make the grenadine over dull-black surah, shaping the latter as a bell skirt with a narrow bias ruffle. Cut the outside in the same manner and trim with a border of black faille ribbon, No. 16, without an edge. (2) The bodice should have a point, back and front, with a vest of surah full at the top and outlined with narrow dull jet gimp, which also trims the wrists and collar. Fold ribbon along the lower edge of basque, tying it at the back point in long ends and loops, using No. 12 for this.

ESTELLE—Your lace skirt should be of the full, not the plain, order. (2) Renew the color by brushing it well and then sponge with an old black kid glove dipped into diluted alcohol; iron on the wrong side with a cloth between the lace and iron. (3) The sleeves may be gathered at the shoulders and also into deep cuffs, or may be simply the full-topped coat pattern. (4) Your question relating to gingham dresses was answered in the March and April issues. Trim with a ribbon belt and écru point de Genes lace yoke and deep cuffs.

HATTIE M.—Have a black or tan reefer jacket for a spring wrap. (2) Have your cashmere dyed a grayish blue and trim with narrow jet gimp on the edges of the basque. If a clear dark blue is more becoming to you have that shade. (3) Wear a black hat. (4) Make with a "bell" skirt and a narrow ruffle on the edge, or head the hem with gimp. Another becoming skirt for a short figure is to trim each gored seam with a row of gimp jet or silk, and to dispense with the ruffle. The bodice should have a pointed front and a similar or deep coat-tail back. High sleeves.

E. R.—For street wear China silk in black or navy blue grounds will be worn; also crêpons and thin summer weight cheviots. (2) Change the style of dress at eighteen months to two years, discarding white yokes and full baby waists for the high necked plaited waists and jacket fronts in chambrey, gingham and cotton Bedford cord trimmed with embroidery. At thirty months, if the boy is well grown, he can wear a sailor blouse and gathered skirt of flannel for the summer, also a jacket and skirt of cording or Henrietta with a blouse of China silk or nainsook.

MAMIE B. D.—First cut out your skirt lining, face sham and finish it, even to arranging the outside material, and then hang it up and out of the way. Cut out the bodice and sleeves, baste and fit both; then sew up the seams of the bodice, except the shoulder and under-arm seams; overcast or bind them all, press those that are stitched, put in the bones and the belt, work the buttonholes, sew on the buttons, baste on the collar and have another fitting. If everything is now exact finish up the seams; if alterations are necessary make them at these seams; put on the facing, sew the collar and put in the sleeves, trying on the bodice once more to see if they are correct. The last bit of sewing is put upon the sleeve protectors or shields.

MISS A. G.—The princess shape is chiefly intended for visiting and house wear, though some handsome street suits are made in this manner with the front of the bodice draped and the gown fastened diagonally. (2) Your China silk may have a "bell" skirt, gathered ruffle and pointed bodice, with a plastron of China silk the color of the figure in the silk. Use black moiré, satin or velvet ribbon on the edge of the bodice, finishing in ends and loops at the back. Jet gimp on the collar and wrists, and to trim the front of the bodice from the side seams to the point, thus imitating a corselet. Head the ruffles here and there with bows of the ribbon. (3) Trim the challie with black lace plastron, edging on the sleeves and a tiny steel gimp on the edges; "bell" skirt, round bodice, high sleeves and a ribbon belt.

PREGUNTADORA—Small toques of lace, jet and flowers. (2) Bell skirt with a tiny ruffle or two overlapping if you are tall. Bodice with a corselet front and long coat-tail back and high sleeves; trim all edges with narrow black jet or silk gimp and use the collar you desire. (3) The full skirt is correct for the white, but remodel the surplice waist into a "baby" waist, with yoke and deep cuffs of point de Genes lace and wear a ribbon belt shaped like a girdle. (4) China silk, crêpon, light-weight serge, cheviot and silk-and-wool mixtures. (5) Green bengaline for skirt border, cuffs and corselet or vest, headed with bead gimp to match the brownish tan serge or whipcord, which should have a bell skirt, high sleeves and one of the many new waists described in the May issue. Wear this for the church, with light tan gloves and a tan straw hat having tan ribbon, écru lace, flowers and plenty of green foliage. (6) Your ideas are very good relating to the China silk, only in place of gold braid use jet or colored passementerie, and have skirt ruffles of silk. (7) Line the skirt, have a facing of canvas and binding of velveteen.

GOING-AWAY GOWNS FOR BRIDES

By Isabel A. Mallon

THE wise little maiden who is going to marry the dearest man in the world, naturally desires to look her prettiest on her wedding-day. She thinks of white satin and illusion veils, of orange blossoms and fascinating gloves, of high-heeled slippers and dainty fans; and then she stops and thinks again. All this is beautiful; all this finery can only be worn once in one's life, but after all it does take such a lot of money, and can never be used for any other occasion. So, remembering the length of her purse, remembering that even if she had the white gown re-draped with roses, and the veil folded away after the wedding, there would never come in her life the time when she would really have the proper opportunity to wear it, so she concludes to have what used to be called a traveling dress, but which is now known as a going-away gown.

A FEW GENERAL SUGGESTIONS

THE style of this gown depends entirely on the distance which she travels; if her going away is simply from her mother's home to her own, or to some great hotel in the same

A GOWN OF ROSE AND WHITE (Illus. No. 1)

city, then an elaborate visiting toilette may be worn. If, however, a journey is to be taken on the train, a simpler costume is chosen, and as soon as possible it is changed for one that shows signs of former wear. Do not permit yourselves—and I should like after this to put about four exclamation points—do not permit yourself to look dowdy when traveling.

Silk of the light-weight bengaline, Irish poplin, soft wools, and cloths suited to the season, are liked for going-away gowns, and the bonnet and gloves must, of course, not only be in harmony with them, but absolutely and entirely fresh. The shoes are prettiest when of patent leather, low, and laced up the front, but when one starts immediately on a journey of some length, it is wise to have the ordinary high buttoned boot. A going-away gown made for a brown-haired lassie is somewhat elaborate, but is intended to be worn afterward at various garden parties and fêtes to be given in honor of the bride.

A GOWN OF ROSE AND WHITE

THE material used for this costume (Illustration No. 1) is of pale rose and white silk, the extremely fashionable broad stripe forming the design. The skirt finish is a somewhat scant gathered ruffle of plain rose silk, the skirt itself being fitted closely to the figure, and having the very slightest train imaginable in the back. The bodice is a close-fitting one of plain pink bengaline, it is pointed in front and at the back, arches over the hips, and fastens at the side so that an invisible effect is produced. Across the front are draped folds of the striped silk, so that the Zouave jacket effect is gained. The sleeves are full and high over the shoulders, of plain pink silk, and come down to points over the wrists. The high collar is of silk, and, at the back, falling from the neck, are long white ribbon ends that reach quite to the edge of the skirt. The bonnet is a small one formed entirely of tiny rosebuds, tied under the chin with rather broad moiré ribbon. Easy-fitting, white kid gloves are worn. Of course, such a dress as this could not be cited as a general going-away gown, but it is in extremely good taste for a bride to wear when she does not leave the city, which is a sensible practice followed by many brides this summer. Such a costume for a widow marrying for the second time could be developed in gray and white, while the bonnet could be of steel, or pale-blue flowers.

THE SIMPLEST OF WEDDING GOWNS

THE simplest of wedding gowns, and one which is often affected by young girls when they are going right on the steamer to dance o'er the billowy waves and go "strange countries for to see" is made of dark-blue serge, with a plain round skirt simply finished with a deep hem properly stitched and pressed by the tailor himself. With this is worn a blouse waist of blue silk, sufficiently full in the back and front to be comfortable, and belted in at the waist with a blue, varnished belt. The sleeves are only moderately high, shaped into the arm, and have their stitching as their finish. The collar is a turned-over one of blue silk, with ribbon ties holding it in. With this is worn a small, blue straw bonnet that fits the head after the simple, old-fashioned cottage shape, is decorated in front with a bunch of pink arbutus, and has narrow, blue ribbon strings and a prim bow under the chin. The gloves are of gray undressed kid, and the ulster, which is part of this outfit, is a blue and white cheviot made with a deep cape.

ANOTHER PRETTY WEDDING DRESS

THE English idea of a real going-away toilette, that is, a gown in which one can be married and which is not too elaborate to travel in, is shown in Illustration No. 2. The material used is of light mode suiting, which has for a finish about the lower edge of the skirt three narrow frills of mode ribbon a shade darker. The bodice is drawn up in soft, full folds, among which is the invisible fastening, and then it has an outer draping of the same fabric, which, turning over, forms deep capes on the shoulders and revers at each side, that are outlined with a narrow band of feather trimming, the entire style tending to make the shoulders look much broader and the waist smaller. A soft, broad ribbon of the shade of that which trims the skirt comes from the under arm seams on each side, and being softly knotted falls far down in front. The sleeves are close-fitting ones with a finish of feather trimming at the wrists. The high collar is made of mode ribbon in stock fashion. The hat is one of the pretty, flat shapes of light straw trimmed with loops of mode ribbon and clusters of lilies of the valley. The gloves are of a dark shade of mode matching the feather trimming. Understand that this feather trimming is not a wide one, but merely a piping.

THE GIRL WHO WANTS TO KNOW

BUT," says somebody, "what would you do yourself if you were going to be married and felt that you couldn't have satin and tulle, had to choose a gown in which to travel, wanted it to be pretty, and, best of all, to be refined?" Then I answer, "My dear girl, I should take the one that is shown in Illustration No. 3. It is simple, but it is smart and will be useful. The wearer will never be distinguished as a bride by her gown, and in selecting it she will obtain a costume from which much wear could be obtained." The cloth is a good Scotch tweed showing a small check pattern. The skirt is made very close-fitting and entirely escapes the ground. Well-bred women, my dear, are not posing as street scavengers nowadays. A soft silk skirt of a light cream shade is worn held in place at the waist line by a belt of light brown leather which is pointed and laced just down the front. The collar is a high, folded one of the silk. The little coat is of the same material as the skirt, has square tails of medium length in the back, and is cut off short like a man's evening coat across the front, a rolling shawl collar notched to have revers is faced with a corded silk of light brown shade. The sleeves are full, but not raised on the shoulders, are shaped in to form a rather loose coat sleeve, and have as a finish pointed cuffs of the silk. The hat is a brown straw sailor with a low, rather broad crown worn well forward on the head. The gloves are the very heavy piqué walking gloves, with overlapping seams and closed with four large buttons. The hair is braided and looped with a dark-brown ribbon.

If a plain material is preferred, it might be chosen, but people who have experience say that the small checks wear better than any plain fabric. If the sailor hat does not suit you, get one of the square walking hats, or a soft Alpine one, and dressed in this way you can go on no end of pleasure excursions with your husband, you can become interested in thousands of things that you never dreamed of before, you can photograph, and collect beetles, and climb mountains, and you will never once have that awful horror coming over you of hurting your gown. Even honeymoons have been destroyed by that, and certainly if ever woman enjoys herself, it ought to be when she is living through that one moon when to her blessed and believing heart there is but one man in the world and she bears his name.

PLAIN AND YET SMART (Illus. No. 3)

THE LAST FEW WORDS

SOMEBODY smiles and somebody laughs because I talk about the right of a girl to enjoy herself during her honeymoon. I don't mean that it shall stop right there. I mean that I want her to keep on enjoying herself; I mean that I want her to keep on believing in that man just as long as ever she can. If God has been good enough to her to give her the love of an honest and true man, then must she not only keep on loving and believing in him during the honeymoon days, but forever, and that still day after, about which we read. If, unfortunately, she has chosen a man who is not all she thought him to be, then she must love just as much, try to believe, and see if her earnest efforts won't bring about just what she wishes. It is just this way: I am a bit old-fashioned, and I believe that when God's minister says to two people, "Until death do you part," that that's just what he means, just those words, and that each of you two have got to stand by each other, trying to make the best of it. And so I want to say that in choosing the gown that you are going to wear as you make your first step into the land of love, that you will find with it a spiritual gown, woven of gentleness, embroidered with forgiveness, and thickly laden with a trimming of loving kindness. Wear it "until death do you part."

A PRETTY GOING-AWAY DRESS (Illus. No. 2)

E SMALL BELONGINGS OF DRESS

By Isabel A. Mallon

ON will be glad to answer any question about woman's wear which may be sent INAL readers. She asks, however, that she be permitted to answer through this the JOURNAL; though, if stamps are inclosed, she will reply by mail. Address S. MALLON, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

T is by no means true that the most elaborate bonnet is either the most becoming, the most expensive, or the most fashionable. A well-informed milliner said: "Anybody can trim a bonnet where a fan of lace, a knot of ribbon, or great mass of flowers may be used to hide imperfections, but it takes an artist to trim an absolutely simple chapeau." This means that the placing of a bow properly, the poising of a bunch of most suitable place, and where oming, is an art. Try it your- he untrimmed hat or bonnet your flowers, your ribbon or decoration may be, and see just ie it will take you to discover it will appear as if the ribbon ossoms absolutely grew. This reasons why French milliners dicted to the use of pins in trim- ration is properly placed—if it is r a second, the charm may be can be found again. So wisely illiner catches it ere it has time ls it in position, as if it were a r with a plain or fancy pin.

d revers are liked on coat bodices, nen who can stand the trying f black cloth and white satin n of the dead white hue, and ad cuffs match them.

at is to be given much wear a le trimming is commended. It ten or twelve sharp bows and one side of the crown, with a nt that quivers and sparkles ing wind. In design, this may crescent, a full moon or that shape which is known as the me."

borate capes of black silk or th are trimmed with jet and ed that they belong to matrons young women, who choose, in- ing cloth jacket. The life of sack will certainly be a short ly imitated, it already has that h is so objectionable applied ommon."

net should exactly match a t required; and really it would to find one exactly the same stumes of the season. How- must not "match," it should The black straw hat, which is est vogue, accords with any ne Fashion also insists that ie cinnamon brown. A very net is of cinnamon brown nder its brim a band of tiny out as if they were afraid of on top is a bow of brown the ties are narrow ones of nnet itself is the very pink of implicity.

of green, from light Nile to hade, is fancied in Paris; but ch woman, who knows that llow skin does not show well rly enough combines black t or black jet with the bright way that it is absolutely as r as the color she claims ex- own, which is that very try-

odd wedding presents given a most beautiful pair of garters; white silk, and the buckles lossoms in clear white enamel. ntly fine to be removed from worn as shoulder clasps, if one aments.

ode or white "spats" worn r over low shoes are no longer rm, and in their place the es. Spats, by-the-by, to look ke the proverbial glove, and kle, or do not adapt them- the ankles, they are to be

nany trousseaux shown this lingerie has been invariably he favorite trimming being a the material hemstitched in a lor, by-the-by, suggests the be used. Pale green sets are green ribbons and scented hay; the pink ones are fra- rfume of carnations.

jabots of lisse or chiffon are if one is tall and slender are certainly cannot be advised re short-waisted and stout.

elaboration in parasols is andles, upon which nothing be in good taste. The para- ful size and oftenest of plain it is trimmed with lace or be distinctly understood that for street wear, but is intended g, or at the watering places.

COTTON cord develops very well in bell skirts and long Russian blouses; as the lines are so simple in this design, it is easy to see that the gown may be worn all summer without its being necessary for it to visit the cleaner's.

A VERY dainty hat, that looks as if it might have been made for a fairy to dance in, has a brim of black lace caught here and there, with a single lily broken from its spray, while the crown is formed entirely of lilies of the valley, that stand up against a background of green moiré bows. A black lace butterfly, poised as if for flight, stands just in front on the brim, and adds to the "airy, fairy" look.

THE short Eton jacket of smooth black cloth and having revers faced with black silk, is worn with a white shirt and broad black sash. The skirt in harmony with this should be a perfectly plain tailor-made one, escaping the ground.

A LOOSE sack of black cloth shows revers and deep cuffs of white satin, while just where the revers end a broad white satin bow is tied. A trying jacket to wear, this is by no means as conspicuous as the description would seem to make it.

WOMEN with time and ingenuity can trim their cloth gowns in the manner most fashionable; that is, they can braid them, putting on the narrow or wide braid by hand. It is for this work that the tailor charges so much, because as the braid is hemmed down on each side, so that it may not curl, many a stitch is required before the work is completely done.

A FANCY has arisen for a parting in the hair. Few women can stand one just in the center of the head, for that requires a good forehead, a perfectly outlined pair of eyebrows and a straight nose. However, the hair can be parted on the top of the head a little to one side, or indeed, if it is becoming, very much to one side, and the parting not allowed to come through the short fringe which is just over the forehead, and which produces a softening effect. Few woman can afford to do without the bang, which is, when properly cut and becomingly arranged, decidedly the most universally becoming mode that has ever been known.

THE very general liking for black and white has induced the tailor-made girl to wear a skirt and cutaway coat of black cloth with a white shirt, black tie and black belt. of course, her gloves are white, stitched with black, and she carries the most severe of black sun umbrellas, strapped so that it looks as slender as possible, and having dead white handle and a dead white knob as its finish.

GREAT quantities of jet are used upon the very fashionable black gowns. Jet, by-the-by, is counted as universally becoming, a something which it is not, for many faces require that its hard glitter be softened either by lace, ribbon or velvet, and so in using it one must discover first whether it is absolutely suited to one's style or not. Of course, it is always handsome, but much magnificence is oftener out of place than too great simplicity.

CHATELAINES continue to have silver imitations of the various things on the earth beneath and in the water under the earth, but none is complete without a coin upon which something is engraved or cut. As it is against the law to deface a coin in any way, lovely woman is now willing to spend her money having a ruby set in one, or having a motto engraved on one because it is so delightful to feel she is an offender against the laws.

THE bride's bouquet instead of having its stems covered with silk shows them deftly and carefully hidden from view by white kid. This is sewed on in the finest manner, which precludes the possibility of its slipping, and so there is no danger of the glove being spoiled. One says "the bride's bouquet, but this is the mode of arranging all the really handsome bouquets.

AMONG the daintiest of handkerchiefs is a square one of pearl lavender crêpe de chine, which has embroidered, just about the tiny scallop that is its finish, a violet that is many shades darker, and to which are two tiny green leaves, the color of those that form the framing for that sweetest of all flowers, the Russian violet.

BELTS of all kinds, from the plain black ribbon and canvas to the most elaborate development in gold or silver, in leather or kid, will be worn during the summer. They are not very wide, as the linen blouse with which they will be worn is this season tucked in, and a very wide belt would tend to make the waist of the wearer look larger than it really is.

LARGE hats for wear in the country and intended to shade the face are, when dark, of fine English straw that will bend without breaking. When this is not chosen Leghorn is given the preference, and the broad brim bent about the low crown may be caught here and there with roses, or loops of ribbon as is best liked.

SUMMER DRESSES FOR SMALL PEOPLE

By Isabel A. Mallon

WHEN the little tots begin to look as if they wanted a fresh gowning, when it seems as if not to have them in the pinks, pale blues, whites and violets, like the spring flowers, were wrong, then comes the busy mother's time. I have said so many times, and yet I feel that I must repeat it, that the simpler a child is dressed the more fashionable is its get-up. Women of great wealth and of corresponding intelligence gown their little ones either in cotton, or some soft wool, but silks and laces are left for those mothers whose bank accounts are smaller, and whose taste is most decidedly bad.

THE MATERIALS IN VOGUE

THE wash dresses, and the cotton gowns for the little people, must be made so they can visit the laundry; gowns of zephyr gingham are given the preference. Those best liked are the "cram," which shows dull blue, faint pink, durable gray and golden brown; next to these the ginghams, showing a white background with the narrow stripes, is liked, and, by the by, these must be made up with the stripes straight instead of bias, as it was last year. Lawn or nainsook is fancied if the small woman is of a size to go to a baby party, but are seldom in use for everyday wear. Cotton cord is liked, but not for the very little people, it being put on the older girls, that is, those ranging from seven to fourteen years of age. It makes very durable dresses and, although it will certainly have to go to the laundry, it will return in that most desirable of all conditions, that is, it will look as good as new. In making up the piqué, great simplicity is observed, although where a girl is large enough to be a little careful as to her frock, it frequently has a scarlet sailor collar, scarlet cuffs and a deep pointed girdle of scarlet mounted on stiffening, and laced not only in front, but at each side.

WHAT STYLES ARE MOST FANCIED

WISE mothers, while they choose simple styles, still insist that the little frocks shall be made after the last fashion; the last, by the by, being two. The one which is known as the French model, and which displays a very long waist and a skirt that is merely a frill, reaching just to the knees and permitting an absolutely free movement of the legs in running or frolicking. The other style, which is called sometimes the Greenaway, sometimes the Empire, is gathered on to the guimpe, allowed to fall full from it, and either drawn in across the breast and around under the arms, or else confined just there by a broad sash. This skirt entirely conceals the little legs, and too often results in a small girl tripping over her frock, tumbling indiscriminately, and not having quite as nice a time as she might wish. Personally, I prefer the French dress, because if a long stocking is worn the little body is well covered and sufficiently warm.

On larger girls there is a fancy for very deep, full cape-like epaulettes either of the coarse lace or of the Russian embroidery, which is effective and by no means expensive. Every one of us knows how a girl from ten to fourteen seems to spring up like a weed in the night and look supernaturally tall and wonderfully narrow. These epaulettes add to her width and are decorative beside, while they retain their simplicity as a trimming. Very often regular little fichus made of mulle or nainsook, and having a narrow hem, hand-sewed, for their finish, are chosen for the older girls in place of the epaulettes, but the latter are to be commended as newer, though as both have the sweetly prim air so much liked for little women either may be chosen.

THE YOUNG WOMAN WE ALL ADORE

IS gowned in a frock of pink gingham. It is smocked at the throat to quite a distance down on the bodice portion; it is then allowed to flare and is drawn in a little below the waist line by a sash of the same material formed simply of long widths hemmed on each side and tied in a big butterfly bow in the back. The sleeves are full, smocked at the wrists and then flare out in a ruffle that comes well over the hands. The edge of the skirt has a plain hem, hand-sewed, and above it three narrow tucks, caught by needle and thread in the same manner. The hat worn is a large one of brown straw with a huge brown ribbon bow placed flat on its brim. The stockings are long, and suspended from the waist, while the shoes have a medium low heel and are laced up the front and tied with ribbon strings.

This is a frock that your little daughter and mine could be happy in, would look pretty in, and what more can you want for her than this combination? To be happy and to look pretty! Isn't that all that is necessary when one is young? Somebody says: "To be good" is required; but really, I do not believe any child is thoroughly happy who is not thoroughly good. It is a good doctrine to teach the little people, and the big ones, too, for that matter, that real happiness does not come unless it is brought by real goodness. A sermon from frocks! But then they can be found in everything; and when one looks for them in every-day life they do not always turn out such bad sermons. There will be no violent grief if the little gown is soiled, and yet there can be a gentle suggestion that some care must be taken of it. Tell your girl, as I tell mine, every time there is a horrid smut on her gown there is some poor unfortunate little flower has a smut come on it, and so the flower suffers for the misdemeanor of the little living rose.

OUR COMING MEN

DON'T you want to take him into your arms and hug him till he struggles to get free? It is just possible that later on he may not exhibit this desire to get away from the clasp of lovely women, but now he would rather play tennis or ball or race around with the boys or do most anything than suggest that he is a bit "girly." I have known him to sit down and weep for an hour because he had a petticoat on. But we have changed all that now. The boy looks better for it, and he doesn't suffer as much.

Immediately after he has left off regular frocks, which is usually in the neighborhood of three years, he is put in knee breeches and kilts, and if his mother is wise enough to tell him about the great big Scotchmen who dress just that way, he can be encouraged into wearing his kilts in a satisfactory manner. The most desirable materials for a small gentleman are the piqués and the corded cottons, and I think it would be wise to choose the first when the little master starts out for church looking as spotless as a lily, and select the corded stuffs for every-day wear. These may be gotten in blue and white, black and red, blue and black, scarlet and dark blue, brown and blue and black and white. They do not soil easily, and if properly done up, that is, without too much starch, they will wear for two days, if a boy is careful, and for a day and a half if he does not consider anything in the world but his own pleasure. The little breeches reach just to the knee, the stockings coming up under them so that the legs are entirely covered. The skirt is invariably a plain kilt, and must come just over the knees, while either a jacket and shirt may be worn with it, or else a loose blouse or even a tightly belted one can take its place. The immaculate linen shirt and smart little cutaway jacket are usually reserved for special occasions, and the blouse in its various forms for general wear.

For the boy who has left off skirts of all kinds, and feels that he knows a great deal more than his father, the sailor suit continues in vogue. The regulation blue serge is used for it, and following an English fashion it is pretty enough brightened either by scarlet collar and cuffs, or the regulation white ones. A gallant little sailor lad, who is dressed in knee breeches of dark blue serge, which, by the by, the sailor does not wear, and a loose blouse of the same material interests us. The deep collar is of scarlet cloth, the ends of it hardly showing in front, although it extends far down in the back; where the sailor's bare neck would show, a plastron of red is set in. The knotted tie is of dark blue silk. The sleeves are comfortably full and are plaited in at the wrists to cuffs of scarlet. The stockings are very dark blue, and the shoes are good sturdy ones with flat heels that will permit my gentleman to take many a walk abroad. The hat which he holds in his hand as he makes his good morning to you is a Tam of blue serge like his clothes, and has on its band in bright red letters the name of the ship upon which he is supposed to sail, but which is really dragged along ignominiously by a string. However, if he finds happiness in this amusement, be very thankful, my friend, for illusions go from us only too quickly.

TO COVER THE HEADS

THE large light-weight straw hats are liked for girls who are over six years. Their decoration is usually an enormous bow of ribbon, flatly placed on the brim close to the crown. The colors liked are dark brown, dark blue, very dark red, while very occasionally a white one is seen. On the black a scarlet bow would be placed, on the scarlet a black one, on the blue a scarlet one, and on the brown either a scarlet or blue one, as is fancied. Occasionally one of these large hats is covered with a wreath of flowers, but while it looks pretty and picturesque, it seems a little bit out of place, as anything artificial always does on a child.

For the smaller women large shirred hats of gingham are chosen. These may be in any color desired, and I was going to say in any shape, but the truth is that the wise mother makes the hat with the soft Tam crown, shirrs the brim on cords and then, when it is firmly stiffened, bends it to suit the face of the little maiden. These hats are light, shade the eyes, and as they are not expensive it is possible for little missie to have three or four of them. A pretty hat is of pale blue zephyr gingham with the Tam crown and a gathered brim, bent as an artist mother decided it should be.

THE FLOWING LOCKS

AS far as possible during the summer months let the locks of your little one float about her head freely, and do not under any circumstances cut her hair, unless it is that you wish to shape it for once, and after that to let it alone. The favorite mode of arrangement is to have it about the front of the face in a fluffy bang, and to let the back have just the ends turn. This can easily be arranged by putting them over a bit of paper, or a kid roller, and after training them that way they will turn of themselves.

As for a boy, I like his curls, but I must confess that I sympathize with him in his desire to get rid of them. He does so long to be a man. If the lovely curls give your boy one pang, send him to the barber and have them cut off. The truth of it is I do so believe in giving children all the happy, sunny days possible, that I don't want to think that the arrangement of the hair, the putting on of a hateful garment, or the wearing of something that seems to belittle these small folks should be permitted by mothers with loving hearts, and I think you and I each claim to be that, and we do not want to pose as hypocrites, do we?

BOYS' GINGHAM KILTS

SOMEBODY has asked how the little knee breeches are to be worn with gingham kilts. This is the way: In selecting the material, a design is chosen in which a dark color is found, although the general effect may be bright, and then, although the kilt and blouse are made of the cotton material, the knee breeches are made of light-weight cloth, serge or flannel, and match this dark color. In almost every design, either a dark blue, dark brown, very dark green, or very dark gray, may be found, and the breeches will then be of that shade; but where no color whatever that would be desirable in cloth is discovered, then the little breeches may be made of black, which harmonizes with everything.

The design that has been worn for several summers continues to be favored for the gingham costumes, that is, the kilt and blouse of gingham, and the deep, square collar, either of the gingham, or, of course, lace or embroidery. Very full sleeves are not fancied for small gentlemen, but they are comfortably loose, and arranged to give a manly breadth to the young shoulders. Still, as a precocious young man remarked: "We boys don't wear sleeves up to our ears like you girls." When piqué is used, the knee breeches are of the same material, and so they are when the very heavy cotton cord is the material selected.

Occasionally one finds a boy who really likes being "dressed up;" who has a keen appreciation of how he looks in his clothes, and who is willing to bestow a certain amount of care upon them. He can scarcely be quoted as a favorite among the boys, but he is very apt to be the delight of his mother's heart. As he starts out for a walk, or to go to church, he wears knee breeches of dark-blue light-weight cloth, a kilt, and a little cutaway jacket of the cloth that, flaring away, shows the finest of shirts, with a lace-edged ruffle down the front. The collar is of lawn to harmonize with this, and square cuffs turned back on the coat sleeves are also in good taste. The hat is a high silk one, a miniature of the one worn by the young man's father. Tan-colored gloves are the finishing touch given to this elegant get-up. Now, I admire the boy who can enjoy this magnificence, and I appreciate his mother's pleasure in him, but somehow he does not get as close to my heart as does the wicked little one in plain clothes.

THE VERY SMALL BOY

THE very small boy is dressed almost like his little sister, though his white slips are a tiny bit shorter, and by the time he is three years old he is permitted to be happy in a frock of brown holland or natural colored linen. He usually wears a square collar in preference to a round one, and there is never a suggestion of ribbon or lace upon him. These may belong to him when he is just "a bit of a baby," but when they begin to call him "our boy," the fond mother knows that it is time for him to doff the little frills. In the very warm weather his bare legs show above short stockings, that is, if he is strong and healthy, and his mother prefers the English style of dress for children, though quite as many are seen with the long ones, which the doctor pronounces healthier. As an evidence of his coming greatness he wears no jewelry, not even a chain and locket being permitted about his white neck. Bless his dear heart, he wants no decorations, for, funnily enough, he is apt to be ten times more affectionate than his little sister, and to give his mother a much more sincere adoration.

WHAT OUR CHILDREN CAN DO

THERE seems to exist an idea that children are not competent to take care of their clothes; that if they tear them and muss them and treat them in a rude way it is because they cannot help it. Now this is absolute nonsense. Without making the small people absolute prigs, there is no reason in the world why they should not appreciate the value of their clothes, the amount of money and care required to get them, and the fact that it is a duty they owe their mother to try and make them last as long as possible. If you are willing that your child should go untaught; that it should be rough, noisy and untidy, do not, when this child gets to be six or seven years old, blame it, and even punish it for faults which you have taken no trouble to correct.

Nobody knows just how soon a child begins to understand, but I really think it is much younger than any of us imagine; and just as soon as it does understand it begins to know the difference between right and wrong. Then comes your opportunity; just at first you can only teach it that it must do this or that because it is right. After while, when the little brain is working, you can give a reason for this. There are few small boys who cannot understand that if their fathers work for the money to buy their clothes, if their mothers make or attend to the making of them, that it is not right and just for them not to take as good care of them as possible. There is your sermon for your small boy. The little woman can be shamed out of untidiness, the fact that she does not look nice appealing to her self-respect doing much to keep her in order. Not for one minute nor one second do I want you to make life unhappy for a child because of its clothes, but you can teach it self-respect, and you can teach it that the respect due to you is best shown by behaving itself. Like you, little children are near and dear to me; I confess to having loved some very bad ones, but usually the badness could be traced, not to the desire of the child, but to the ignorance of the mother. You cannot let a little flower grow crooked for six years, and then expect to straighten it out in one day, and you cannot straighten it out by striking it. You'll never get it back to its graceful shape by that sort of suasion, and it is just possible that you may break it entirely. Think it all over, won't you? And if you feel an inclination to say hard words, or give a blow to the small man or woman, who is, after all, your very own, stop and think whether the negligence of the mother has not caused the sin of the child.

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

EDITED BY MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT

A Department devoted to a sociable interchange of ideas among JOURNAL readers. Address all letters to MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 433–435 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SOME of you object to be told of pleasant things, because you are not at present seeing them or joining in them. Why? How much would a man struggle who was at the bottom of a well in the dark and the damp if the people at the top did not assure him of sunlight and fresh air and beauty and joy? Imagine one imprisoned in a mine, and the friends outside getting as close to him as possible with their moaning and their crying and saying: "Things are no better out here; all is gloom and sorrow; it is wretched and poor and bad and miserable." Would it help the sufferer inside? I think not. "Sing," was the cry of a man whose limbs were crushed under the weight of the debris which had fallen upon him. "Sing, it keeps my courage up." So, my dear friends, although you are shut in a dungeon of unhappiness, and turn your faces to the gloom, and smother yourself in the poisonous damp, we shall still give you what cheer we can, and shall hope that our tones may give you some inspiration to use what strength you have, to raise yourselves and your loved ones from the discomfort and the misery which now seem to surround you. We shall not heed you when you beg us to stop talking of things that are beautiful. We shall tell you of our joys; we shall tell you of the sun that is shining; the birds that are singing; of the flowers that are blooming; of the love that there is in the hearts of men and women, and we shall hope that you will learn to find some comfort in looking at the sunlight, though you, for the time may, for some reason, stand in the shadow.

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KNOWING that your experience makes you a careful adviser, I write to you on a subject which is very near to my heart. Do you think it wise to send a girl to public school? Is she not apt to come in contact with and form acquaintances which will prove unpleasant to her when she arrives at womanhood?

I have repeatedly heard the assertion from self-made men that the acquaintances of their school days were often disagreeable to them in after life, and if this be true in the case of a boy, would it not be more so in the case of a girl? M. W.

All the unpleasant associations of life are not confined to acquaintances made in the public schools. And I do not think that early associations are necessarily so permanent as to cause annoyance after mature years are reached. Parents should give their children the best opportunities their circumstances afford. In some regions those opportunities could be found in the public schools, but where it is possible to do better, the wise father will do so. The question of intimacy of friendship is one which parents do not sufficiently consider, and even where the school throws children into companionship, the parents may, with tact and vigilance, turn the child's interests and affections away from harmful associations. Parents are too much inclined to throw their own responsibility off upon teachers. They often rely upon the Sunday school teacher for all the religious instruction the child has, and the day school teacher is blamed for the carelessness and the ill conduct which is really the result of home mismanagement. The school, in which a child spends but a small portion of his time, can neither make nor mar him so completely as is sometimes supposed. The home is the place where children receive the most potent influences. If that is right, the imperfections of the school, and the rudeness of companions there, cannot be harmful beyond the power of the home to repair. A girl certainly needs more shielding than a boy. But she may carry her shield with her.

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NOTICING a letter in the JOURNAL from a young girl placed at the head of a house by the death of her mother, I am impelled to say that if the four men of that family haven't ability or manhood enough to take care of their sister and provide her with some help in her work they should be allowed to go hungry, and their home uncared for. The probability is that they will kill their sister and daughter, or else bequeath to her a wretched existence because of an over-worked girlhood. C.

You are rather hard. It may be that the men of the family are so occupied all day that there is really little they can do in the home, and perhaps they are preparing for remunerative work, but are not advanced far enough to pay for help. Of course, thoughtfulness will suggest the way in which the little they can do should be done to the best advantage, and their leisure hours will be spent in smoothing the way of the housekeeper. But it is too true that the house often demands more of the housekeeper than her strength allows her to give, partly from our complicated ways of living, partly from habits that have come down from generations, and partly because women themselves have not learned their own powers and their own limitations. Certain things have been considered woman's work which do not of necessity belong to her. And on the other hand, some things in the past have been supposed to be exclusively men's work which woman is quite as capable of doing. This latter fact is becoming more and more apparent each day.

ARE mothers deteriorating? Is the fashionable woman of to-day with her club, her classes in French, German and English literature, etc., as good a mother as the old-fashioned one who went to church on Sundays, and spent her week days caring for her babies, sewing for them? etc. The average mother of to-day hands her babies and her work-basket to her nurse and her seamstress. Is it well for her to do so? L. B.

No! Mothers are not deteriorating. The world generally is growing better. But any mother who turns her baby and her work-basket over to a hireling is not a true mother. If the club and the classes stand in the way of a woman's duty to her home, they are bad. Anything that a mother can do to enrich her own life and to enrich the life of her family, it is not only right for her to do, but it is her duty to do. If I am able to call to my aid in the case of my baby the best physician, the most skillful nurse and wisest teacher, am I not bound to do it? If I cannot have the help of their training, I must do the best I can myself. No woman has yet exhausted all wisdom, and if a mother is so fortunate as to be able to give her children the most scientific physical training by means of paid assistants, and can broaden her own inquiries into the fields of foreign literature, and inspire her children to go with her into the paths of learning, can study the great social and religious questions of the day, and give her children the benefit of her quest for truth, can make herself familiar with the needs of humanity in order to help them, and so be the leader of her children in sympathetic charity, then, although she employs a nurse, she is a true mother. If a woman wastes her life in trivial things, when she might concern herself with large things, she destroys not only her life but her child's, even though she have no nurse and no seamstress. Let me say it plainly: If a mother can best brood and train and inspire her children without a nurse or a seamstress, let her do it in that way; if she can do it better with their aid let her do it thus. I am glad to believe that, while a shameful neglect of the obligations of motherhood is widespread, there is coming, through the better education of women and an increasing purity of Christian faith, a nobler idea of the home and of parental duty.

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THIS magazine is such a comfort to me that I thought I would ask you for a little advice on a subject which is distressing me very much. I have two dear little girls, but I am sorry to say they are often very naughty, and are sometimes very rude, and rudeness, especially to a parent, is something I consider very objectionable. I have not punished, as I was not sure what method of punishment would be best. They are becoming more naughty, however, and I concluded to seek the advice of the mothers in the JOURNAL. I have been thinking perhaps an application of the rod would be judicious. ANXIOUS MOTHER.

I should not think the rod would be the best means of treating this case. I should counsel gentle but firm treatment of your children, quiet insistence upon certain customs of politeness and the daily teaching, by example as well as by precept, that courteous conduct is their duty. Children are very ready to accept an ideal. If you can lead them to love and admire some gentle-mannered woman, they will be sure to imitate her. Their mother must, of course, be their principal guide, but sometimes one outside the home is more influential for a time. Their plays will influence their conduct. If you can lead them to choose to play "visit;" if you join with them in their dainty tea parties and pleasant visitations, and are very polite and courteous, you will find it will influence them. I remember when I was a child that a schoolmate and I took imaginary names and were "Lady Gertrude" and "Lady Ethel." We carried on an elaborate correspondence, and lived much of our time in palaces, and journeyed with a retinue of attendants. We imagined that all such people spoke with perfect propriety, and conducted themselves with great elegance of manner; and we tried, in a very grotesque fashion, I doubt not, to speak and act with the superiority which we fancied belonged to our station. I have often wished I had lived in that imaginary atmosphere a great deal more. But do not be in too great haste; even the correction of a fault requires patience and time.

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WILL you say a few words on a subject which is of peculiar interest to me? Is an elopement excusable under any circumstances whatever? At first glance this may seem an idle question; but if you will look into it perhaps it may not seem so. S. A.

I should hesitate to say that an elopement is never excusable; but it is very rare indeed that the evils resulting from not marrying would approach in consequence those resulting from a marriage entered into under circumstances which made an elopement seem necessary. I believe in early marriages, but I also believe that every influence should be placed about that sacred institution to keep it pure and holy; that none should enter into it "lightly or unadvisedly." And it would be usually safer to postpone a marriage until objections could be overcome, rather than to run the risks attending an elopement. It is a great temptation to a bad man if a woman is willing to enter into a secret marriage, and an elopement partakes of that secrecy. I certainly do not consider this an idle question, but one which calls for much thought.

MAY I speak of some work M. G. L. might do? When I was a little girl, a beautiful young married woman invited her Sunday-school class and several other girls about the same age to form a society. We met at her house once a week, and sewed, knit, crocheted, etc., etc. Sometimes we sent boxes of things we had made to a school for poor children in the south or elsewhere; sometimes we had fairs, and sent the proceeds to help support some school or some pupil. She spent one afternoon with us, and I presume another preparing for us. We all loved her, and if any of us now engage in charitable work I am sure that it was she who taught us to care about it. S. E. M.

This sort of thing has been done many times, and one can scarcely believe what marvels may be accomplished by a woman who uses her leisure wisely and sympathetically. The entire kindergarten work in San Francisco, a work large enough to have a national reputation is, I am told, the result of one quiet woman's work in her Bible class.

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IN my earlier days I dreamed of leaving foot-prints on the sands of time, meaning by that to achieve some great literary success, and make my name famous. I read and studied hard, graduating from college with high honors. Then commenced my work in earnest. Poverty compelled me to teach, and I brought my whole heart to bear in that loved work. After two years of teaching I met a noble man who gave his heart to me and took mine. Thirteen years of loving, sweet fellowship, every year happier and better than the last, brightened and ennobled by five God-given souls to nourish and cherish, passed swiftly away. In that time my brain and pen had not been entirely idle, though most of my time was naturally taken up in home-making and home-keeping, with the highest and most beautiful duties of wifehood and motherhood.

And now—how can I tell it—my loved one, the father of my children, has joined the great majority, and I am left at thirty-two with a bereaved and aching heart, and with double duties to perform for our dear little ones. How shall I bear up? "Thy Maker is thy husband," said a dear old saint in Israel to me, in the first sad days of my grief. And now I am trying bravely to make each day a round by which to ascend the ladder of life into heaven—a place more dear than ever before, because of my beloved, who is there praising God, and engaged in earnest work of some kind, I doubt not. And when I say I am trying bravely, I have chosen my words with care, for I have many, many duties, and very small means. I must rise early, even though I may have been much disturbed through the night by my dear little teething baby. I prepare the children for breakfast, and the breakfast for the children, then three of them go to school, after which the baby must get his bath, and be put to bed, and then such a race with household duties until dinner time, at noon for the children's sake. The afternoon, too, is taken up with the duties mothers know of, and when "the day is done, and the darkness falls from the wings of night," I, too, feel that I could "fold my tents like the Arabs, and as silently pass away," for I am so tired, but I have to encourage myself to bear up again, and rest my tired body by using my brain, or the children will out-grow their mother in mental strength, and she will not be able to help them in their studies, or be a companion to them in their reading by and by.

But I have not told the worst of all. I must now rise up and leave the little ones (fortunately to the care of a loving and energetic grandmother) and go out to find work. Give me your good wishes, that I may find it and have strength and wisdom to do it. H. H. K.

We do indeed wish you success. I believe you will have strength for your burden. You are well equipped with faith and training for doing your work. The years will soon bring you to the time when your children will "rise early" to make your days easier, and you will forget your sleepless nights and your toiling days in your glad pride in them.

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I HAVE just been reading one woman's advice about letting the little ones help you, and would like to give my experience. I am the mother of two dear little ones, one three years and a half old, the other six months old. My little daughter can bring me things I want for the baby, can arrange his basket in perfect order when I am done with it after his bath, and put it away for the next day. When I am dressing him she is delighted to stand beside me and hand each article, and knows just how and when each particular piece comes. When I have swept she can dust and arrange books, chairs, dresser, and in fact, almost everything. I sit holding my baby and watch and correct her when necessary, and I know she saves me many a step each day. I hope some other mothers will profit by this bit of experience as I often do from words read in our good JOURNAL as I often hear it called. I will sometime, if you find this worth publication, tell you how I manage to be always the best woman in the world to my husband.

This would be indeed worth knowing; to hold the ideal place in the heart of husband and children is a woman's greatest happiness.

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IN making my bed I have found that it requires strength to tuck the heavy blankets in at the sides of the bedstead. Recently I tried bringing them to the edge of the mattress and folding the blankets back under themselves smoothly. Then it was an easy matter to tuck the counterpane in. My nicely-made bed was a success. E. M.

A very good suggestion. Strength saved is strength gained.

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I WOULD like to suggest to M. G. L. to join the W. C. T. U. if there is one within five miles of her home; if not to form a Union. She will find plenty to do in the many departments of work in which they engage. I can hardly understand how any housekeeper can have idle hours if they like to read or write. As I have a family of six, and have many correspondents, the days are not long enough to accomplish all I wish to do. Fancy work, and even patch work and rug making would help "to pass away the time." HENRIETTA.

ALTHOUGH we do not keep house but board I am not like M. G. L. I find plenty to keep me busy. I think if she looks round her a little she will find some one whom she could help a little and so pass away the time. In our small place I wish sometimes I had four hands instead of two, for I could find plenty to do. I feel very sorry that any wife can say she only had one happy year of married life. My advice to her is try her best to have another, and I think her husband will help her, and they will succeed. I agree with her who is working for her husband as well as herself.

A YOUNG WIFE.

These verses which I copied from a recent number of "The Silver Cross," express in a fresh way the sentiment of the good Quaker lady whose words have been quoted so often. I commend them to the especial attention of the sisters burdened with too much time:

"I pass this way but once,
Let me not fail
To answer e'en a faint,
A half-caught hail.

To reach out hand to hand
Stretched forth for aid;
To share my source of strength
With one afraid.

To smile when smiles appeal.
To weep with grief.
I pass but once, and pause
But moment brief."

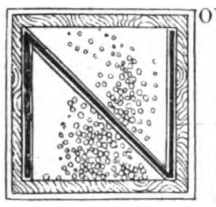
A. F. H. Abbott.

EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE

EDITED BY MARIA PARLOA

MISS PARLOA will at all times be glad, so far as she can, to answer in this Department all general domestic questions sent by her readers. Address all letters to MISS MARIA PARLOA, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cooking receipts are not given in this Department, hence do not ask that they be printed and do not send manuscripts of that nature to MISS PARLOA.



OW that the season for preserving fruit in some form has begun, dozens of letters come to me asking how this thing shall be done, or why that thing did or did not happen. It would be impossible to reply to them all individually at the length the subject requires, but I will try to help my correspondents, and incidentally all other housekeepers, by giving some fundamental principles which will insure success, if carefully observed.

SHRINKAGE OF FRUIT IN JARS

WRITES one subscriber: "I have good receipts, but after the fruit is in the jars my trouble begins. I find it impossible to fill the jars full; do my very best, and there is still a space; jars that were full when I sealed them will, when cold, lack an inch or more of being full. Should the jars be sealed while the contents are hot, and if so, should the whole be re-heated to fill them; or, should I use cold syrup? I have tried both ways, but with indifferent success."

As all substances expand when heated, and contract when chilled, then in canning the larger the fruit or vegetable the greater will be the vacant space when the jar is chilled. For example, in a pint of pears or peaches, the space between cover and fruit may be an inch, whereas, in the case of smaller fruits or stewed tomatoes, the space will scarcely be a small fraction of an inch. Since no air can enter the jar, the vacuum will protect the fruit.

THE PRINCIPLES OF CANNING FOOD

THE destruction of germs, and the exclusion of air, are the principles upon which the canning of food is based. If these things be properly done, no preservative need be added, except to give a flavor. Some substances require long exposure to a high temperature before all the germs are destroyed, while others need only to be heated to the boiling point, and then be boiled for a minute or two. Nearly all small fruits are easily preserved by thoroughly heating, and then canning. The larger kinds require a longer time for the heat to penetrate every part. Some vegetables, such as peas, beans, corn, etc., require a long exposure to a high temperature. Meats are still more difficult to keep, and it is the practice to add a chemical to the water in which the cans stand that the temperature may be raised to a degree even higher than that of boiling water.

The essential things in canning fruit are to have the jars and covers hot, and the fruit boiling hot. The jars, also, should stand perfectly level; fill them with fruit and juice, passing a silver knife between the can and the fruit that all the spaces may be filled with the juice. Now pour in syrup until it runs over the top of the jar; seal at once. When the jars are cold, set them in a cool, dry, dark place. Fruit is always better flavored when sugar is put with it; the amount is a matter of taste.

HOW TO AVOID SUPERFLUOUS LIQUID

ANOTHER correspondent asks how to can fruit so as to avoid having so much superfluous liquid; she says it seems wrong to throw the liquid away, yet she does not know what to do with it.

Put small fruits, and the amount of sugar you wish to use, in the preserving kettle, and on the fire. Heat slowly, until they begin to boil, and then boil gently for ten minutes; can at once. You will not have more juice than is necessary to cover the fruit properly. For large fruit, such as peaches, pears, plums, etc., make a syrup with water and the amount of sugar you wish to use. Allow one quart of water for ten pounds of pears; for ten of peaches allow one pint of water. The proportions given for the peaches will answer for any juicy fruit, and that for the pears for such fruit as quinces. I do not get enough fruit juice for my own use from the preserves, and so prepare an extra quantity from the less handsome fruit. I use it for flavoring ice-creams, sherbets, Bavarian creams, pudding sauces, and also for summer drinks.

TO PRESERVE FRUIT SYRUPS

TO preserve fruit syrups prepare the fruit as for jellies. Strain the juice and put on to boil. To each pint of juice add half a pound of sugar; boil for fifteen minutes, stirring well, bottle and seal while boiling hot.

WHY FRUIT RISES TO THE TOPS OF JARS

ONE writer asks why her fruit rises to the top of the jars. The more sugar your fruit absorbs the heavier it will be; so that if you cook it in a rich syrup, and then pack it rather closely in the jars, leaving space for only a small amount of syrup, the fruit will not float. If, however, it be cooked with but little sugar, and covered generously with syrup, it will surely float. Place the cans on their sides when you have space enough, for then the fruit cannot rise.

SOMETHING ABOUT FRUIT JELLIES

MANY women have asked why their jellies do not jell; what they shall do to make them congeal; why they become mouldy, etc. Pectin is the basis of vegetable jellies; it gives to the juices of fruit the property of gelatinizing. When the fruit is over-ripe, or when the juice is cooked too long, it seems to lose its gelatinizing property. We often see this when we attempt to make jelly with over-ripe fruit; the substance will become thick and gummy with long cooking, but will not congeal. The fruit for jellies should be just ripe, or a little under-ripe, freshly picked, and of good quality. The small juicy berries, such as currants, blackberries, raspberries, etc., can be cooked in a stone pot, which should be placed in a kettle of boiling water; then the contents should be stirred and mashed well, until the fruit is heated through, say for about an hour; or, the fruit can be heated slowly in the preserving kettle and mashed well. In either case, strain the juice first through a piece of cheese-cloth, and next through a flannel bag; place in the preserving kettle, and on the fire. Boil and skim; add a pound of sugar for every pound of juice, first heating the sugar in the oven. Stir until the sugar dissolves, and fill the glasses.

When such fruit as apples, pears, peaches, quinces, etc., are used, wash them, and then cut them into small pieces, barely covering with water, and cook gently, until the fruit looks soft and clear; it will take an hour at least for this process. Strain the juice, and let it boil about twenty minutes; add the hot sugar, and boil five minutes longer. Place the uncovered glasses in a sunny window for a day or two; then cover with rounds of paper, over which tie a covering of cotton batting; keep in a cool, dry place.

We have had so much rain and damp weather the past few years that housekeepers who never before had any trouble with mould now have this new annoyance; it is dampness which causes it. Some one asks how to keep grape juice from fermenting. Boil and skim thoroughly; and while it is boiling hot seal it. Keep in a cool, dark place.

STYLES IN INTERIOR DECORATION

IN answer to inquiries from many correspondents in regard to what are the newest styles in wall paper, wood-work, window draperies, etc.: The days of dark wood-work and paint and dark papers and carpets appear to have gone by. Everything is light now, and a large part of the household furnishings and decorations are in the style of Louis XV. Light woods or paint are used in nearly all the rooms except the dining-room and library. For parlors, the paint is white and gold, cream, and cream and gold. The carpets, paper draperies and furnishings should match in tone, which must be soft and light.

LACE AND OTHER WINDOW DRAPERIES

WITH the white and gold of the walls of the room, lace, and some soft silk or plush fabrics are the most suitable. Very often only heavy lace curtains are used. They are usually hung straight. When brocades or other silks are used, they also are hung straight, but do not conceal much of the lace curtain. Sometimes the silk material is thrown in festoons over the pole; this gives a rich finish, and a lighter room. It is impossible to drape a window in any of these styles without considerable expense.

In no one item of furnishing does the housekeeper need to exercise more care than in the matter of window draperies. If she lives where they soil quickly, and require frequent cleaning, there is nothing so satisfactory, or so cheap in the end, as some form of lace or muslin. Very fine lace will not stand frequent washing. Swiss muslins are being used a great deal for sitting-rooms and bed-rooms; they are embroidered, and have handsome borders. The ècru is more desirable than the white for a sitting-room; by the yard this costs from fifty cents to a dollar; in pattern curtains the cost is from three to twelve dollars a pair.

CURTAINS OF LACE AND SILK

NOTTINGHAM lace curtains, of handsome design, cost from three dollars and a half to four and a half a pair; if, for a sitting-room, the ècru would be more suitable than the white. These curtains are not really fashionable, but nothing that I have seen in cheap curtains is to be compared with them for beauty and durability. The styles I quote have a foundation of bobinet, on which beautiful patterns are woven. The cheaper kinds are still coarse and common looking. Irish point lace is much used. Curtains of medium quality cost from eight to twenty-five dollars a pair, and the finer grades run up to fifty dollars or more. Swiss lace comes at about the same price. The work on these curtains is not so heavy as the Irish point. Such Irish point curtains as have just been mentioned are all made in Switzerland. Duchesse lace is also much used; the cheapest curtains of this sort cost about five dollars a pair, and the prices run up to fifty dollars.

Madras curtains are not used as much as formerly, which is a great pity, for there is nothing in the market, in the line of curtains of low price, that will take their place. A pair of them will outwear several pairs of China silk; in the soft cream tints they can be used anywhere, blending with almost any kind of furnishings; they soften, but do not exclude, the light. The woman who wants a cheap, soft curtain for her sitting-room would be foolish to discard this lovely material just because fashion so dictates; it can be washed and ironed, using, however, only thin water starch, as this material must never be stiff. These curtains cost from three to ten dollars a pair. Among silks, and silk and cotton, the China silks are the cheapest material. They make dainty draperies when the windows are not too large; they are particularly suitable for sash curtains; the prices range from sixty cents to a dollar a yard. For long draperies, get stuff thirty-one inches wide. If for sash curtains for narrow windows, use the twenty-seven inch width. Some beautiful goods come in silk and cotton, and are called silk and cotton damask. They are of all shades, and cost from two dollars and a half to four dollars per yard; they are sometimes made up without linings, and used with or without lace draperies. In the way of goods of higher price, there is a bewildering assortment of beautiful fabrics; and, indeed, there is no lack of variety among the draperies of moderate cost. One should be careful in selecting window draperies to get colors and goods that will harmonize with the rest of the room. Better have a cheap material under these conditions than an elegant and costly one that is out of keeping with the other furnishings.

THE NEWEST KIND OF WALL PAPER

IN wall paper there is the greatest range in prices and designs nowadays; for moderate houses prices vary from twenty cents to six dollars a roll. The prevailing styles are white and gold for parlors, and light grounds, with flowers, for other rooms, except, of course, dining-room, library and halls. A cream or white ground, with conventional figures in gold, or with festoons of flowers, is used the most. These kinds, in the French papers, come from three and a half to sixteen dollars per roll. Excellent imitations of the French goods cost fifty cents, seventy-five cents and a dollar. These are in the festoon styles, soft and delicate; and without a close examination one would hardly know the difference between the real and the imitation. Some beautiful papers, suitable for sitting-rooms, bed-rooms, etc., are one dollar and a half a roll, but the imitations are only twenty cents. Among these imitations are two exquisite papers. One with yellow carnations scattered over a cream ground; the other, delicate pink festoons on a cream ground. These are only a few of the many delicate cheap papers to be seen. A handsome French tapestry paper for dining-rooms costs five dollars per roll, but some beautiful designs come as cheap as a dollar and a half. Cartridge papers are still very much used, and it seems to me that they are by far the most satisfactory kinds for people of moderate means. They can be had in any shade you wish, and make an excellent background for pictures, which is not the case with figured papers. The plain cartridge paper costs thirty-five cents, and the figured a dollar and seventy-five cents a roll. With the new styles of paper a frieze, or border, is no longer used, but with the cartridge paper something of this kind is considered as necessary. Dealers often have borders to match; or, some handsome figured paper can be used. It must be remembered that while the new papers are light and bright, it is a soft kind of brightness. First-class dealers will usually send samples of paper to customers.

PROTECTING POLISHED SURFACES

MEANS to prevent her mahogany table from being marred by a piece of statuary is what one writer is seeking. Get a piece of silk, plush, or damask, and cut it in the same shape as the piece of statuary, but a trifle smaller; this will protect the table, yet will not show.

For lamps, and other heavy articles, I buy remnants of damask, or tapestry, which I either double or line with silk; they are tasteful looking, but do not take away from the effect of a handsome lamp. The small Turkish doilies, without fringe, are suitable to use under vases of flowers. They protect the polished woods, and while rich, are subdued.

How to remove from her polished mahogany table white spots which were made by the placing of hot dishes on the mats, is what one reader wants to know. I have been successful in removing such marks, except when they were deep and old, and I think that many rubbings will obliterate even the worst spots. Pour a little kerosene oil on the place, and then, with a piece of flannel, rub with the grain of the wood, adding a little oil, from time to time, until the stain disappears. It requires hard rubbing, but it will prove a success if you persevere.

ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

This Department is under the editorship of EBEN E. REXFORD, who will take pleasure in answering any question regarding flowers and floriculture which may be sent to him by the JOURNAL readers. MR. REXFORD asks that, as far as possible, correspondents will allow him to answer their questions through his JOURNAL Department. Where specially desired, however, he will answer them by mail if stamp is inclosed. Address all letters direct to

EBEN E. REXFORD, Shiocton, Wisconsin.

ABOUT WATERING PLANTS

I AM often asked by persons who have house plants to examine some of their large specimens that seem "under the weather," and prescribe for them. They have given fresh soil in the majority of cases, thinking the trouble due to insufficient nourishment, but this does not seem to bring about a healthy condition. In nearly every case an examination of the soil reveals the fact that the plant is suffering from lack of water. Turn them out of their pots or tubs, and the bottom of the mass of earth will be found to be as dry as dust. The owner of the plant will be greatly surprised at this state of things. "Why, I gave them almost a pailful of water yesterday," a lady said to me not long ago. "It does not seem possible that it could have dried out so rapidly." It had not "dried out." The top of the soil was wet enough. The trouble was the moisture had not penetrated to the bottom. Sufficient water had not been given. Large tubs contain a considerable quantity of soil, and it takes a correspondingly large amount of water to wet it all through. What seems a large amount is applied daily, or every other day, to the surface, and because that appears moist, the owner takes it for granted that the soil is in the same condition all through. This is where the mistake is made. The roots of the plant become diseased and die in the dry soil at the bottom, and the plant soon takes on a sickly look.

All this can be prevented if one "goes to work right." In the first place, see that perfect drainage is provided. Bore at least a dozen holes in the bottom of each tub, and then fill in with drainage material to the depth of three or four inches. Then put in your soil, but do not fill the tub to within at least two inches of its rim. If you fill it, as many do, there will be no chance for the retention of water until the soil drinks it up. But if you have the soil two inches below the rim, you can put on water enough to thoroughly saturate the soil, without the danger of any running off. It is a good plan to apply so much that some will escape at the bottom. If the drainage is as it ought to be, there is no danger of over watering. Every summer we see oleanders and other large plants which take start after start, but each start is followed by a failure. The owner judges by the surface appearance of the soil that water enough is given, so attributes the trouble to the wrong cause. Lack of water is at the bottom of the difficulty in nine cases out of ten. It is almost impossible to injure a large plant by over watering in summer, even if the drainage is not good. This is especially true if the plant stands out of doors, or on the veranda.

These suggestions, it will be understood, apply to plants in active growth. Plants at rest will require less water, but they should not be allowed to get dry at the roots.

FUCHSIAS AS BRACKET PLANTS

THE tendency of many varieties of fuchsias to grow in a drooping form has often been commented on. Because of it, it is often difficult to train the plants in satisfactory shape. They do not take kindly, nor gracefully, to tying up to stakes or trellises. I have grown several kinds in pots on brackets, and trained the plants out over the pots, where their branches can soon be made to take a downward growth that is very graceful, especially when they are laden with flowers. One does not get the full beauty of a fuchsia unless it is seen at a level with the eye, or a little above it. Grown as described, the conditions are favorable to a satisfactory display of the plant. Many persons who have seen my plants trained in this way think I must have new varieties. All that is necessary to be done is to secure plenty of branches near the pot. This can be done by pinching off the tops of young plants of such varieties as are naturally of slender growth. If the branches do not seem inclined to take a downward tendency, tie little weights to them. These will draw them down over the sides of the pot. By keeping up this treatment you will soon coax the plant to take on the desired form. Old plants can be made to do this by cutting the stalks off close to the ground. Soon new shoots will be sent up from the roots at the base of the stalk.

But in order to make a success of it, you must be sure to give pretty good-sized pots, proper soil, and plenty of water. Pots on brackets will dry out rapidly, therefore water will have to be applied liberally and frequently. It will be necessary to use ordinary pots, as no hanging baskets or pots are large enough to grow a fuchsia well.

SOME SEASONABLE HINTS

USE the sprinkler freely in the garden, unless there are frequent showers. It may not be necessary to do this to keep the soil moist, but it doubtless will be necessary if you want your plants to look their best, and they will not do that unless you keep them clean. Cleanliness is as great a necessity for health with flowers as it is with human beings. Flowers should never be allowed to get covered with dust.

CUT off all fading flowers, and pick up all ripe and fallen leaves. Such litter will spoil the effect of the finest lawn. Neatness must reign in the garden if you want to make it attractive. Look at that bed of double geraniums. Note the untidy effect produced by leaving clusters of fading blossoms on the plants. Take your scissors and cut them off, throwing not one down near the beds. Now stand off and look at it. What a change! All fresh green leaves and bright blossoms. It is like the effect gained by sweeping out and tidying up a dusty, disorderly room, isn't it? It didn't require much labor, but it shows what can be accomplished by applying a system of neatness to the garden. Fine, rare plants in a slovenly-kept garden are never as pleasing as the commonest plants are in a neat garden. Remember that.

MOW the lawn often enough to keep the sward looking smooth and velvety. If you let the grass grow for a week or two, it gives one the impression of a man who ought to go to the barber.

ATTEND to things promptly. If your dahlias are in a condition to require tying to stakes, tie them up at once. If you keep putting it off, the first thing you know some of them will be broken down and the plant spoiled. Give your sweet peas brush as soon as they begin to make tendrils if you want them to do well. If neglected at the time when care of this kind is needed, it is often difficult to do much with them. They seem to resent your treatment.

KEEP the ground mellow. Perhaps you have the idea that many others have—that a light, open condition of the soil leads to its drying out sooner. Not so. An open, mellow soil acts like a sponge. It absorbs whatever moisture there is in the atmosphere, while a hard, crusted soil-surface prevents the absorption of moisture. The farmer understands this and keeps the cultivator going in his corn-field in hot, midsummer weather.

A CORRESPONDENT gives the following description of her method of caring for this very popular plant in summer: I have always allowed my plants to dry off in their pots, but this sounds reasonable and practical, and I would advise giving it a trial. Plant your callas out in the garden and cultivate the same as potatoes, being sure to put them in a sunny place and keep them free from weeds. In the fall, about September 15th, take them up and put them in a good, rich soil containing one-fifth sand. Care should be taken to not have too large a pot. Let it be large enough to conveniently hold the roots, but no larger. Many persons put their calla in a large pail or jar and wonder why it will not bloom. It must get pot-bound and remain so if you expect many flowers from it. Plenty of sand in the soil assists drainage. The plant requires a great deal of water, but it must pass through the earth instead of being retained in it. If it were to remain in the pot the soil would become sour, the plant would stop growing, and probably die; anyway, it would become so diseased as to be worthless. After potting, put in shade and water sparingly for eight or ten days.

Along the first of November begin watering with warm water. Let it be lukewarm to begin with. Increase the warmth gradually, each day, until it is hot, but not scalding. Pour the hot water upon the soil, never on the stalks of the plant. Don't be sparing of water at any time, except for the few first days after potting. In this way you can bring most plants into bloom about the holidays. A southern exposure in the window is best, as the plant delights in warm sunshine, it being a native of Africa, and most frequently along the river Nile. Toward spring its leaves will begin to turn yellow. As soon as the weather is warm enough plant out in the open ground.

In potting, do not let the soil come to the top of the pot by at least an inch. Sprinkle or wash the leaves frequently all over, to keep off red spider. A calla treated as advised, last winter had seven blossoms at one time, and twenty during the season.

SOME DESIRABLE PLANTS

IF late the amaryllises have been attracting attention, probably because some of our most enterprising dealers have illustrated them very attractively in their catalogues, and considerable has been written about them. I am glad it is so, for we have few finer plants for greenhouse and sitting-room culture. An amaryllis in full bloom is always sure to get the attention of the most careless, as its great trumpet-shaped flowers have the faculty of commanding admiration. Below I give a brief description of a few varieties especially adapted to culture by the amateur florist, as well as some few instructions as to the proper care to bestow to attain desirable results:

Aulica—A strong-growing kind. Flower stalk often three feet high. Usually two flowers are borne at a time. They are very large, and shaped like some of the wide-spreading lilies. Color white, shaded to pink, with a green stripe through each petal.

Equestre—A small variety. Very floriferous. Color orange scarlet, with white throat.

Refulgens—Foliage short, but broad and strong. Flowers a dark, rich crimson. Very fine.

Vittata—One of the best of the light-colored varieties. White with a bright cherry-red stripe running through each petal.

Empress of India—Flower of enormous size. Color deep scarlet, banded with orange shading into white. A grand sort.

Aulica Platypetala—Very large flowers. Of spreading form. Glowing crimson.

Johnsonii—One of the best-known varieties. A good bloomer. Color, crimson, striped with white.

The above are all winter or spring flowering varieties, with proper culture, and their treatment should be uniform. Rest should be given during the summer. In fall put them in a shady, moderately cool corner. Give but little water. Watch them closely, for often they put up a flower stalk without waiting for favorable conditions. When signs of growth are seen increase supply of water, and give more light and warmth.

A CHARMING DECORATIVE PLANT

ONE of the most beautiful plants I have ever grown is asparagus plumosus nana. The only resemblance it bears to the ordinary asparagus is in the fineness of its foliage. It sends up shoots to the height of a foot and a half. These divide in branches, something after the style of some of the adiantums. These branches are arranged flatly, and arch over the pot in a most graceful, airy fashion. No fern can compare with them in delicacy. Indeed, the plant is so light and airily delicate in effect that it suggests a green mist rather than a mass of foliage. It is excellent for cutting, as it lasts for days. A well-grown specimen is one of the most charming of plants for the decoration of the table. It is of the easiest cultivation. Give it a good, rich, sandy soil, good drainage, plenty of water at the roots, and a frequent showering.

THE NEGLECTED VERONICUS

THESE plants are comparatively unknown, though by no means new. I do not know why so few grow them. Perhaps because they are not aware of their merits as winter bloomers. They bloom freely and persistently from January to May, and are of the easiest culture. Give them exactly such soil as you give your geraniums, a moderately warm room, and a not very sunny window, and you will be delighted with them if you are fond of blue and purple-blue flowers. The individual flowers are small, but as they are borne in spikes containing scores of them, the effect is very pleasing. Few plants succeed better in the window. They are excellent for use in small bouquets, where one cares more for the quality than quantity of the flowers used. Pinch out the tops when the plant is young, to induce branching.

A FREE-BLOOMING ORNAMENT

THE Streplosolen has given the best of satisfaction in the house. It is of shrubby habit, but of slender growth, consequently the branches droop considerably when in bloom. It bears its flowers in loose, terminal heads or clusters. They are tubular, about an inch in length, and of a dark orange often shaded with red. Because of its peculiar color—a rare one among winter-blooming plants—it is particularly valuable for the house and green-house. Young plants send out a large number of branches, and soon form a bushy mass. Unless some support is given them they "straggle" a good deal. The effect is much more satisfactory, however, if the main stalks are tied to stakes and the side branches left free to arrange themselves than it is fastened to a trellis. It is a very free bloomer. I have never seen any kind of insect on it. It often attains a height of four or five feet.

THE FRAGRANT PITTOSPORUM

THIS plant is comparatively rare at the north, where it must be grown indoors. At the south it is hardy, and forms a good-sized shrub. It has thick, shining, dark-green foliage. When grown as a pot plant it assumes the form of a tree, with a habit of growth quite similar to that of the oleander. Its flowers are small, produced in small clusters. In color they are a yellowish white. They are not at all beautiful, but they are so delightfully fragrant that a cluster of them will fill a room with perfume. Their odor is something like that of the cape jasmine, something like that of the arbutus. If the leaves are washed frequently to keep off the scales, a plant is very ornamental in or out of bloom. Give it a light, rich soil, plenty of water while growing, and a sunny location. With proper care a plant is good for years. A fine plant for room decoration.

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

A. B. W.—Keep your freesias in the pots during summer, letting the soil remain dry. Re-pot, and start into growth in September or October.

MRS. F. C. D.—Salvia splendens is not hardy enough to stand our winters in the open ground. You will have to procure young plants in the spring.

D.—Young lily of the valley plants often fail to bloom for a season or two. They make a strong, vigorous growth of root and top instead of giving flowers. As the soil becomes less stimulating, they have a greater tendency to bloom. Wait in patience.

ANNA RENKE—I would not advise attempting to grow water lilies from seed. You might be successful, but the probabilities are that an amateur would not be. Better purchase plants.

MRS. HANNAH B.—If the bulbs of your orchid are plump and green, it is probably taking its annual rest, and you need not be concerned at its failure to grow. Wait, and when the proper time comes it will get to work.

JENNIE B.—This correspondent writes that she has a tuberose four years old, which fails to bloom, but produces a quantity of small bulbs. Probably the failure to blossom comes from using an old bulb which had already blossomed.

MRS. F. C. B.—You must select late-blooming varieties of the chrysanthemum if you want winter flowers. Keep the lobster cactus rather dry after it has completed the season's growth, until it shows a tendency to make more growth, or to blossom.

MRS. K.—The aphis can be destroyed by using tobacco water, if you are careful to get to the under side of the leaves. Many kinds of worms will succumb to alum water. I would also suggest paris green applied in solution, the same as for potatoes. This ought to kill both aphis and worm.

PUSSY WILLOW—Cut the abutilon back in spring, and do not allow it to bloom during the summer. Re-pot in September. Keep rather dry during the season, thus forcing the plant to rest as much as possible. Cut the heliotrope back in spring, and at intervals during the season. Re-pot in fall.

MRS. W. W. F.—Several years ago ants in the flower beds gave me a great deal of trouble, not only in the beds, but in the gravel paths. I finally got rid of them entirely by covering their hills with powdered borax and sugar. It took some time and patience to accomplish it, but at last I drove them away.

MRS. D. W.—This correspondent has a wistaria that is several years old, but does not bloom. The young branches winter-kill. What can be done with it? If the vine is protected for a few years by laying it down and covering it in full, it will, after a time, acquire hardiness sufficient to withstand the winter without protection. When a plant becomes thoroughly established, it seems to have a greater ability to resist the effects of winter than at first.

MRS. B. A. K.—As I have repeatedly said, in this department, my remedy is lime water. I am often told by correspondents that they find matches stuck in the soil more effectual, and that their plants are not harmed by them. I find this in an old magazine in reference to this method: "Thrusting two or three common matches into the soil of a pot through the drain hole is a most effectual means of destroying white worms. The phosphorus of the match is the destructive agent, but it is harmless to the plants." I would suggest that you experiment and report success or failure.

W. F. BASSETT—I notice that you recommend celastrus scandens as a good, hardy climber. It certainly does make a fine display. I do not know that I ever saw anything more beautiful than a plant of it I once found growing wild. It had climbed a small hemlock tree, and was at the time covered with berries. The ground was white with snow, and the green of the hemlock, with the red fruit half concealed by its branches, made an exceedingly effective combination. A recent correspondent asked about the use of box for hedges. The common variety is objectionable for this purpose, because some of the plants kill out in winter, thus leaving a bad break in the hedge, but Chinese tree box, var. longifolia, considerably resembles the dwarf variety, is free from this objection, and makes a much more beautiful hedge than the American arbor vitæ. I also note what you said about the holly. I do not know that our American holly (ilex opaca) is hardy much further north than New Jersey, but it succeeds perfectly there, and is one of our finest evergreens without berries. If you are fortunate enough to get a tree that fruits freely, it is a perfect gem. The secret of success in transplanting lies in removing all the leaves promptly when taken up.

MRS. A. M. W.—By "perfect drainage" is meant that condition of soil which retains only a sufficient quantity of water to keep it moist all through. If drainage is properly provided, all surplus water will run off at the bottom of the pot. To drain well soil must have a generous mixture of sand. Callas can be kept growing the year round, or rested. I prefer, and advise, rest during the summer, but I have seen very fine specimens that were never rested. The flowers will be much larger and finer, however, on specimens that have been dried off in summer. I cannot tell you why the leaves on your plants curl. Isn't there some insect at work on it? You write that the imantophyllum is described by some dealers as not being a bulb. I think they are right, and that I was mistaken when I described what I supposed was an imantophyllum. My plant came to me labeled with that name, from one of our most careful and reliable growers, and it certainly has a bulbous root, exactly like that of the amaryllis. I presume a wrong label was put on it by mistake. Another party has written me in reference to the matter, and he says my description was correct in every respect except that of the roots, which are thick and fleshy, like that of the agapanthus, instead of bulbous. The plant sent me must be some variety of the amaryllis, though it is not like any variety with which I am familiar in its habit of growth. From what you say about the bulbs you planted, I imagine that they were diseased before planting.

MANY CORRESPONDENTS—To those who find no replies to their questions in the above I have to say that a great pile of letters has gone into the waste basket because: Some of them ask questions that have been answered fully in articles in the other columns of this department; some have ignored the fact that their questions are of no interest whatever to any one except themselves; and many have asked for a reply "in the next number," notwithstanding what has been said, over and over, about the impossibility of replying through the paper in less time than three months.

Some of the questions asked are foolish! For instance, a lady writes that she read the article on "The Ideal Geranium," and wants to grow one in the way described. How shall she go to work? It is discouraging to be asked such a question after all the pains I took to make the article plain and explicit in its instructions! The article is all right, however. The questioner is one of a large class who seem to think it necessary to have an answer to their particular questions before they can act. If an article fits your case, what more is necessary? Be sure the information you want has not been already given to some one before asking questions. I have repeatedly advised throwing away bulbs that had been forced into flowering in the house; but, in spite of this, I receive letters daily, asking "what to do with my Chinese lily, or my hyacinth after blooming?" My advice was general, and it seems to me that a little thought on the part of the many questioners would convince them that it was wholly unnecessary for them to ask a question that had been repeatedly answered, since the conditions were the same. Don't imagine that this column represents all the questions asked me in a month, and think that I ought not to growl about devoting half a day, once in four weeks, to answering them. To every question answered in this department a hundred is answered by mail; and when you come to think this over, and realize, as I do, how unnecessary and useless many of these questions are, you will not wonder that it becomes tiresome. I am always willing to give any information I can, but I do not like to make a score of personal answers where one is enough. Pardon me, please, for indulging in a little fault-finding. I am sure many ask thoughtlessly, but please think a little, won't you? Please look over the papers, and make sure you can't find what you want there before asking. And don't forget that a question must have some general interest in order to secure an answer in this department.

THE EDITOR.

USEFUL THINGS WORTH KNOWING

OFTEN it is the stray short hint or suggestion that we read somewhere which proves a mountain of help at some critical time, and the subjoined little helps have been gathered and put together in the hope that they may be of practical use to some one of the JOURNAL readers.

TO REMOVE SHINE FROM BLACK SILK

LAY the silk upon a table, and with a sponge wet with cider vinegar rub the shiny places until they disappear. Then hang up in a shady place until dry, and the silk will look almost as good as new. The same treatment may be used upon fine black diagonal.

FOR A TROUBLESOME COUGH

TAKE an ounce of licorice, a quarter of a pound of raisins, a teaspoonful of flaxseed and two quarts of water. Boil slowly until reduced to one quart, then add a quarter of a pound of finely powdered rock candy and the juice of one lemon. Drink half a pint of this when going to bed, and a little more when the cough is troublesome.

GOOD SMELLING SALTS

ONE gill of liquid ammonia, one quarter of a drachm each of English lavender and of rosemary, and eight drops each of oil of bergamot and cloves. Mix all these ingredients together in a bottle and shake them thoroughly. Fill the vinaigrette, or any small bottle which has a good glass stopper, with small pieces of sponge, and pour in as much of this liquid preparation as the sponge will absorb, and cork the bottle tightly.

A PRACTICAL ANTISEPTIC SOAP

ANY good soap material, to which sulphate of copper has been added, in the proportion of twelve parts of the latter to eighty-eight of the former, will make a valuable healing soap for the use of physicians, nurses and any other persons who may be exposed to blood poisoning from wounds and bruises.

A LOTION FOR FRECKLES

A LOTION consisting of equal parts of lactic acid and glycerine will remove freckles.

INK STAINS AND SCORCHES

SCORCHES may be removed from linen by spreading over them the juice of two onions and half an ounce of white soap. Lemon juice and salt will remove stains of rust and ink. The articles should be exposed to the sunlight after being well saturated in the mixture.

TO TIE A SHOESTRING

PROCEED exactly as if you were going to tie an ordinary bow-knot; but before drawing it up pass the right-hand loop through the knot, then give a steady and simultaneous pull on both loops, and your shoestring will be tied fast. When you wish to untie it pull the right-hand string, and you will have no difficulty.

WASHING COLORED MUSLINS

COLORED muslins should be washed in a lather of cold water. Never put them in warm water, not even to rinse them. If the muslin should be green, add a little vinegar to the water; if lilac, a little ammonia, and if black, a little salt.

AN EXCELLENT TOOTH LOTION

IT is generally admitted that the best way to prevent decay of the teeth is to use a good antiseptic lotion. The following is a good formula: Take of carbolic acid fifteen grains; thymol, eight grains; boric acid, seven drachms; essence of peppermint, twenty drops; tincture anise, two and a half drachms, and water two pints. Mix thoroughly, and use every night and morning with a brush, as you would any other dentifrice.

A NEW SILVER POLISH

PUT two-thirds of a pint of alcohol in a wide-mouthed botttle, with one-third of a pint of ammonia and a tablespoonful of whitening; shake thoroughly. Wet a small sponge with this mixture, and go over your silver or brass with it as quickly as possible, rubbing it off with a soft flannel before it has a chance to dry.

WATERPROOF PAPER

COMMON paper may be converted into a substance resembling parchment by means of sulphuric acid. The acid should be of an exact strength, and mixed with half its weight of water. A sheet of paper placed in this solution becomes hard, tough and fibrous, yet its weight is not increased and it is far better for writing purposes than animal parchment.

TO REMOVE A GLASS STOPPER

TO remove a glass stopper that has become fast, put a drop of sweet oil or glycerine in the crevice about the stopper. In an hour or so the stopper may be easily removed.

KEEPING BUTTER SWEET

IF your butter seems likely to spoil, immerse the vessel which contains it in cold lime-water and keep it there until the sweetness of the butter is restored.

TO CLEAN WHITE WOOLEN SHAWLS

STEAM in a steamer over a kettle of strong soap-suds. This is a good way to treat soiled lace.

USE OF GERANIUM LEAVES

ONE or two geranium leaves, bruised, and applied to a bruise or cut will cause it to heal in a short time.

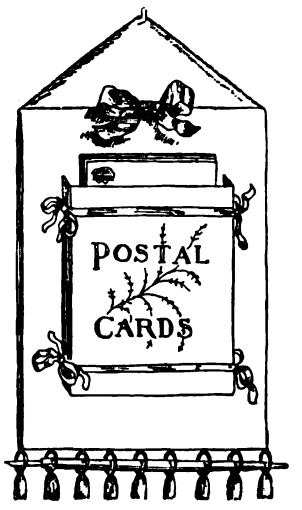
FOR HANDY ONES TO MAKE

A QUARTETTE OF SMALL BUT USEFUL THINGS NOT DIFFICULT TO FOLLOW

ALMOST every household has some member whose chief delight it is to "make something," and for the benefit of that useful one of a household is presented four ideas below, which are easy of construction and useful when made.

A POSTAL CARD CASE

A USEFUL case for postal cards—handy things to have around—can be made by covering a stiff card, six by nine inches in size, with old-rose plush for the background.



Find a shallow box large enough to hold a package of postals. It should not be quite so long as the cards. Remove one end, cover with the plush and line with satin. With gold paint mark 'Postal Cards' on a bit of bolting cloth. Lay the box in position on the stiff background, and then fasten it by bands of narrow ribbon sewed through the card. Conceal the stitches by bows of the ribbon. Across the bottom is a fringe of knitting silk tied into rings, and through the rings a fancy pen or pencil may be slipped.

A TIN-LINED LUNCH BAG

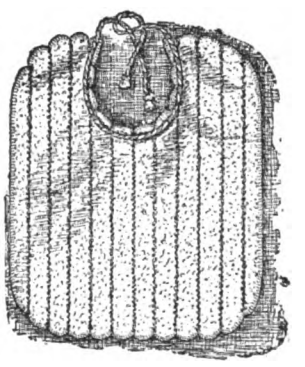
JUST to what use it is possible to put a tomato can is illustrated in this little contrivance of a lunch bag. Be careful to select a tomato can that is round, even, and in perfect order; remove the top with a pair of pinchers so the edge will be smooth and not ragged, then empty the tomatoes into a dish, soak the label off the can, and scald it out. When the can is clean and dry, make a bag of gray linen with circular bottom, to fit the can. Draw the opening together at the top by means of brown cord drawstrings. Make the handles of double thickness of linen, and cover four button-molds with embroidered linen as ornaments to be fastened on the bag where the handles are sewed on the cover.

Before making up the bag embroider on one side a pretty design in washable brown silk, also the initial letter of your own name, or of that of the name of the person who is to use it.

LINA BEARD

A CHILD'S TABLE-BIB

RED-STRIPED Turkish toweling of the best quality is the material selected for this pretty bib. It is a simple oblong in shape, with neck cut out, corners rounded off, and edges buttonholed with heavy red embroidery cotton. Before working the edge—to strengthen it—a double row of knitting-cotton is run around the outline, straight along the sides, and in scallops around the neck and at the ends of the stripes. A thick, twisted cord of the knitting cotton, with a little red mixed in one strand, is sewed around the neck just inside the scallops, and the ends, left long enough to tie behind, are tipped with white tassels, brightened with red. A yard of toweling from the web would furnish material for a full set, and they need never be ironed. They are so thick and protective that they are very serviceable, and so attractive they are sure to please the little ones.



A USEFUL DARNING BOOK

FOR the covers take two pieces of cardboard six inches long by four inches in width, and cover on both sides with grey linen. Join them at the back by two small brown ribbon bows. Inside of one cover sew two straps of the brown ribbon, and slip under them four skeins of darning cotton—black, white, blue and red. On the opposite side place two leaves of white flannel containing darning needles. Decorate the cover with some appropriate motto done in sepia—as for example, this:

"If you would preserve your soles,
Be very sure to mend the holes."

Or this is equally suitable:

"Let all the holes be neatly mended
Before the week is fully ended."

ALICE C. TILDEN

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS:—Any question from our readers of help or interest to women will be cheerfully answered in this Department.
But write your questions plainly and briefly. Do not use any unnecessary words.
The right to answer or reject any question is reserved by the Editor.
Answers cannot be promised for any special issue. They will be given as quickly after receipt as possible.
All correspondence should be accompanied by full name and address, not for publication, but for reference.

A. G. B.—Always serve the ladies first at table.

W. H. G.—Consult a good dentist about your teeth.

WALLIE—The Chicago fire occurred on October 8th, 1871.

M. D. T.—Falence is pronounced as though spelled fay-ans.

MERRY—Jay Gould has only one daughter; her name is Helen.

A. D. P.—Fleur-de-lis is pronounced as though spelled flor-da-le.

SISTER—The "birthday stone" for December is the turquoise.

F. H. I.—The twentieth century will commence January 1st, 1901.

SNOW DROP—Marriages between first cousins are not legal in Kansas.

MABEL—Dogs are said to live about twenty years; cats about fifteen.

SALLY—There is no remedy for the spotting of an unsponged broadcloth.

ERNESTINE—Tennyson has been poet laureate of England since April, 1850.

CLARE—It is said that vaseline will stimulate the growth of the eye-lashes.

NELLIE—The expression is "to the manner born," not "to the manor born."

G. L. P.—Louis Napoleon, Prince Imperial of France, was born March 16th, 1856.

A. W. U.—Muriel is pronounced as it is spelled, with the accent on the last syllable.

MABEL—Dinner invitations should be issued in the united names of the host and hostess.

IDLER—Presents sent to a bride are usually marked with the initials of her maiden name.

G. J. V.—The white ribbon is the badge of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

MISS REBECCA—Leland Stanford's term as United States Senator will not expire until 1897.

ERIE—Greenwood Cemetery is in Brooklyn, N. Y. It is easily reached from New York City.

IRVINGTON—The Postoffice Department is not responsible for the loss of a registered letter.

MINERVA—While performing the marriage ceremony the clergyman stands facing the bridal party.

META—Sister Rose Gertrude married a Dr. Lutz, of Honolulu, about a year ago. She resides there.

MRS. J.—Turpentine will remove grease or paint from cloth; apply till the paint may be scraped off.

SUBSCRIBER—Begin your letter "My dear Mr. ——." "Dear friend" is awkward, and altogether bad form.

VETERAN'S WIFE—The next Grand Army Encampment will be held at Washington, D. C., in June, 1892.

MERION—It is said that a wash consisting of equal parts of lactic acid and glycerine will remove freckles.

WARSAW—Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Garfield each receive annual pensions of $5000 from the United States Government.

WEST OAKLAND—The groom should provide the bouquets for the bridesmaids, as well as the bouquet for the bride.

H. G. S.—The word "microbe" is pronounced as though spelled mi-krobe, with the "i" and the "o" long.

NELLIE—The colors of Cornell University are carnelian and white; of Yale, dark blue; of Harvard, crimson.

CATSKILL—A gentleman always removes his glove before shaking hands with a lady. The lady does not remove hers.

MARTHA—A single entrance fee, probably fifty cents, will entitle visitors to entrance to the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago.

G. R.—The "Rosary" is the name given by Catholics to a certain form of prayers recited on a string of beads, and to the beads themselves.

MONTROSE—Rome is called "The Eternal City," "The Queen of Cities," "The Seven Hilled City," "The Nameless City," "The Mistress of the World."

READER—The badge of the international order of King's Daughters is a small maltese cross of silver, usually worn with a piece of purple ribbon.

MRS. HARRY—As your daughter is the only single lady in the family she should have the surname preceded by the prefix "Miss" upon her visiting cards.

HANNAH—"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall.
And most divinely fair."
you will find in Tennyson's poem, "A Dream of Fair Women."

B. A.—It was of General Sheridan that General Grant said that had the proper occasion arisen Sheridan would have proven even a greater military leader than did Napoleon.

SALLIE—It requires an expert to remove superfluous hair by means of an electric needle. We should advise you to be very careful who you trust in this connection. Why not consult your physician?

A. A. A.—Place cards are usually dainty and small, and decorated with some quaint design. They bear, of course, the name of the guest, and are laid at each place to determine the order of the seats at table.

I. K. R.—If she chooses, a widow may, for social purposes, continue to use the name she bore as wife; therefore, it will be quite proper for you to issue the wedding invitations of your daughter as Mrs. John ——.

GIRLIE—Initials on note paper are not considered good form, neither are autographs. The present fashion in note paper is to have the city or country address engraved across the top of the plain sheets of heavy white paper.

CEDAR RAPIDS—Plain white note paper is always in good taste. It should, of course, be unruled. The address is sometimes engraved at the top of the sheet; if not, it may be written. The envelope should match the paper in size and quality.

SUBSCRIBER—Any pretty silver, china, or glass may be left upon the sideboard. Finger-bowls may be used always at dinner, though they are not generally placed upon the table unless fruit is served. This is entirely a matter of choice, however.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER—Commencing with the oyster fork on the outer edge, the knives and forks on the dinner table should be arranged toward the plate in the order in which the courses are to be served, the knives, of course, at the right hand, and the forks at the left.

M. T. C.—The eldest daughter of the house should have the surname preceded by the prefix "Miss" upon her visiting card; the younger sisters should have both Christian and surname, preceded by the prefix "Miss." The house address should be engraved in the lower left-hand corner.

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

AMATEUR—Sarah Bernhardt can hardly be said to present the greatest "Camille" ever seen on the stage. Opinions, of course, differ, but it is generally conceded that that honor more rightly belongs to Matilda Heron, one of the most famous actresses of her time. She died in New York City fifteen years ago.

GEORGINE—The only lady Freemason ever known was (so the story goes) the daughter of Lord Doneraile, who hid herself in an empty clock-case while the lodge was being held at her father's house, and watched the proceedings. She was discovered and compelled to submit to initiation as a member of the craft.

E. E. I.—The buildings of the World's Columbian Exposition will be dedicated, with appropriate ceremonies, on October 12th of this year, after which the work of installing the exhibits will begin. The Exposition will open its doors to the public on May 1st, 1893, and close them on October 30th of the same year.

CHARLOTTE—If the young man is not in a position to marry you, is he not in a position to ask you to become engaged to him? If he is not he is certainly behaving very badly, and you should not allow him to pay you any more lover-like attentions. Girls cannot be too careful to avoid "even the appearance of evil."

MADAME—The "Wayside Inn," made familiar by Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," was really an inn in the town of Sudbury, Massachusetts. (2) For a woman of five feet five inches, one hundred and thirty-eight pounds is the proper weight. (3) A salad, as a course at dinner, should be served before the dessert.

LOST CAUSE—Ex-Empress Eugenie, widow of Napoleon III, was a daughter of Count Cyprien de Montijo, a Spanish grandee. She was born in 1826, married in 1853, widowed in 1873. Her only child was killed in Zululand in 1879. A sketch of the Empress, with portrait, was published in the March JOURNAL.

JEWEL—We do not think that the marriages of persons of opposite faiths are likely to result as happily as where both agree in that particular, but there are doubtless exceptions to this rule. In marriage the one thing needful is love, the sort which resembles charity in "hoping all things and enduring all things."

GRASSE—There is no complexion powder or lotion that we can recommend. Bad complexions are usually the result of a disordered stomach and cannot be remedied by outside applications. Take plenty of exercise, eat plenty of fruit, be scrupulously clean, and if your complexion continues poor consult your family physician.

PORTAL—The present Joseph Jefferson is the third who has borne that name. All three were actors. The first died in 1832 and the second in 1842. The present Jefferson is sixty-three years of age. He was born in Philadelphia, and began acting at the age of three, taking a child's part in a drama called "Pizarro; or the Death of Rolla."

JACKSONVILLE—Articles mailed in one country intended for and addressed to another, which bear postage stamps of the country to which they are addressed, are treated by the postal authorities as though they bore no postage whatever. Postage may be prepaid only by means of the postage stamps of the country in which the articles are mailed.

A.—Vernet, the painter, had a pupil named Chic, to whom he was devotedly attached, but who, unfortunately, died while quite young. After his death Vernet, almost invariably, when commenting upon the work of his other pupils, would qualify his praise by adding, "but your pictures have no 'chic'!" Hence the word "chic," which has since been used to define an idea of style.

NEW ROCHELLE—The Talmud contains the complete civil and canonical law of the Jewish Church. It is a book of doctrine, and this doctrine is elucidated and commented upon in a series of dialogues that reveal much of the customs, practices and decisions of the Jewish nations in the ages of antiquity. The word Talmud is from the Hebrew word "lamad," and means to learn.

MISS V. D.—A divorced woman may or may not resume the name she bore before her marriage; there is no law upon this point. If there are any children it is generally considered better for the mother to retain her married name, though she cannot be said to be legally entitled to it. (2) Ribbon, embroidery and lace will be much used for the trimming of white dresses this summer.

MATTIE—Send a separate invitation to each member of the family. (2) Men are invited to afternoon teas and receptions. (3) If unable to appear in person, send one of your own and two of your husband's cards upon the day of the "at home." (4) The invitation which reads "Wednesdays in December" needs only one acknowledgment. Make your call upon any one of the Wednesdays.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER—To prepare salted almonds, blanch them by pouring boiling water over them and rubbing the brown skin off with a rough cloth. When they are blanched and quite dry measure them, and over each cupful of nuts pour a tablespoonful of the best olive oil. Let them stand for an hour, and then sprinkle a tablespoonful of salt over each cupful, mixing it thoroughly. Spread them out on a flat tin pan, put them in a not too hot oven for about ten minutes, or until they have become a delicate brown. Salted almonds remain on the dinner and lunch table from the beginning until the end of the meal.

PERPLEXED—We see no reason why you should not insist upon your maids wearing the caps and aprons which you have provided for them, and unless they have proved themselves invaluable by years of faithful service, we should advise you to give them due notice of your desire to make a change if they persist in their refusal. The many noble women in our training schools are proud of their caps and sleeves and aprons, and so long as this is so we can see no reason why house servants should object to the neat caps and aprons which their mistresses desire them to wear. Of course, we cannot approve of nursemaids being exposed to the weather with no other head covering than a lace or muslin cap, but the average mistress is mindful of the health of her maids, and will not be unreasonable in this particular.

S. A. W.—Men never wear their dress suits until evening, no matter how swell the occasion may be; six o'clock would be the very earliest hour possible. (2) Men usually wear gloves when making afternoon calls. (3) At an afternoon tea the mother should stand near the drawing-room door, with her daughters beside her. Invitations for afternoon teas and receptions are usually sent out about ten days in advance of the date of the function. (4) Sisters usually reply to invitations in some such form as the following: "The Misses —— accept with pleasure the kind invitation of Mrs. ——, for Wednesday evening, March 16th." The address and the date should be placed in the lower left-hand corner. (5) At some luncheons the ladies do not remove their bonnets. We do not approve of this custom, however, and should not advise you to follow it. (6) We think that a wedding invitation should be acknowledged, but the custom nowadays is to allow them to go unanswered.

MANY CORRESPONDENTS—The astronomical year is measured by the length of time required for the earth to make a revolution about the sun. The length of this year is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 46 seconds. The calendar year is, therefore, about six hours too short. To remedy this fault the Romans, in the time of Julius Cæsar determined to introduce an extra day in every four years. But a year of 365 days and 6 hours is a little longer than the actual time required for the revolution of the earth about the sun. In the course of centuries this difference became considerable, and in the sixteenth century the equinoxes occurred eleven or twelve days sooner than they should have occurred according to the calendar, or on the tenth instead of the twenty-first of March. To correct this the Council of Nice, called by Pope Gregory XIII, ordained that the fifth of October, 1582, should be called the fifteenth, and that the closing years in each century should not be considered as leap years unless they could be divided by 400.

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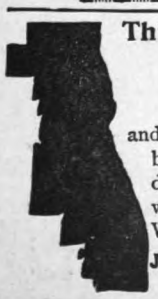

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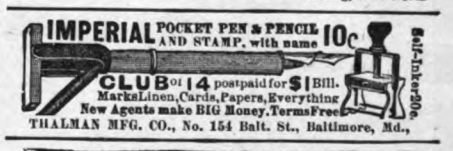

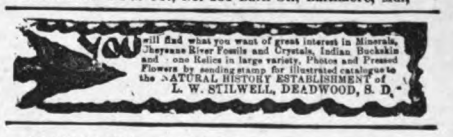

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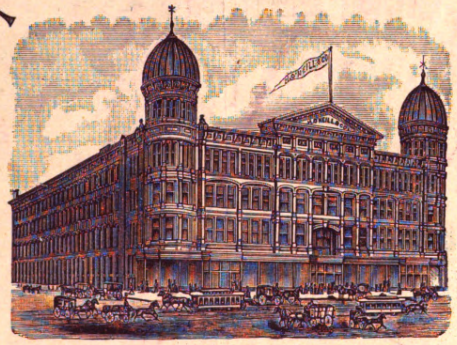

IMPORTERS AND RETAILERS

FINE MILLINERY, DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, ETC.

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We beg to inform our Patrons that we have now on exhibition the finest line of SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY, COSTUMES, WRAPS, JACKETS, DRESS GOODS, SILKS, Etc., in this city. Pay a visit to our Mammoth Establishment, or, if it is not convenient for you to do so, send for our Illustrated Catalogue, and see the inducements we are offering. We are sure we can please you both in quality and price.

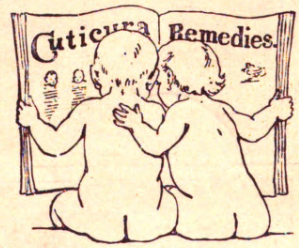
☞ **PAID PARCELS DELIVERED FREE TO ANY ADDRESS WITHIN 75 MILES OF THIS CITY.**

H. O'NEILL & CO., 6th AVE., N. Y.

What Can Cuticura Do

For Baby's Skin, Scalp, and Hair

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children, the Cuticura Remedies will do. They afford instant relief, and a speedy cure in the most agonizing of itching and burning eczemas. They clear the skin of the most distressing of scaly, crusted, pimply, and blotchy humors. They cleanse the scalp of dandruff, scales, and crusts, destroy microscopic insects which feed on the hair, and supply the roots with energy and nourishment. They prevent inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, rashes, red, rough, and oily skin. They heal rough, chapped, and fissured hands, with itching, burning palms, painful finger-ends, and remove the cause of shapeless nails.



Thus, from the simplest baby blemish to the most torturing and disfiguring diseases of the skin and scalp, even when complicated with hereditary or scrofulous taints, these great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies are equally successful. Everything about them invites confidence. They are absolutely pure, and may be used on the youngest infant. They are agreeable to the most refined and sensitive. They are speedy, economical, and unfailing.

☞ "ALL ABOUT THE SKIN, SCALP, AND HAIR" mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, and 100 Testimonials. A book of priceless value to every sufferer.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, 50c.; CUTICURA SOAP, an Exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, 25c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the greatest of Blood Purifiers and Humor Remedies, $1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

For Baby's Skin, Scalp, and Hair, use that greatest of Skin Purifiers and Beautifiers, as well as purest and sweetest of toilet and nursery soaps, the celebrated Cuticura Soap. The only medicated toilet soap and the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blotches, rashes, rough, red, and oily skin. Sale greater than all other skin and complexion soaps combined. Sold throughout the civilized world. Price, 25c.