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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

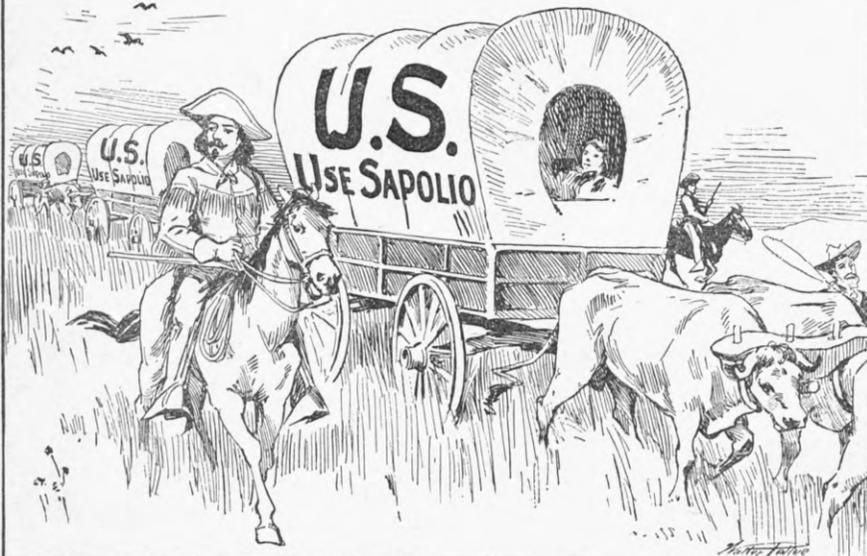
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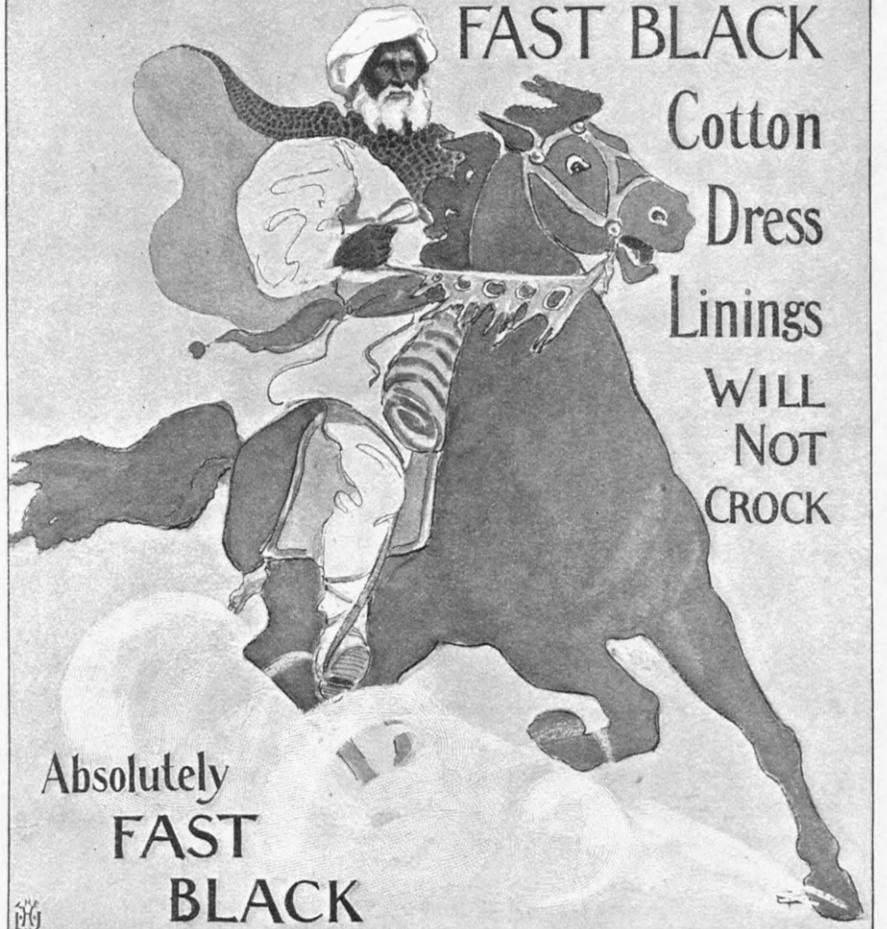
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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Vol. XIII, No. 10

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1896

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DICKENS AT HIS DESK—IN THE FECHTER CHALET, "GAD'S HILL"

THE PERSONAL SIDE OF DICKENS

By Stephen Fiske

DRAWING BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS



SUALLY it is a disappointment to meet your favorite author socially. Writers put the best of themselves into their books; they soon learn the unpleasant fact that if they display their wit, their poetry, their knowledge, in social intercourse, somebody else will put it all into his books. Out of their writing moods they become as commonplace as the prophets were in the intervals between inspirations. But Dickens was different. He was his books incarnated, with their quaint expressions,

their shrewd observation, their vivid imagination, their humor and their pathos. Besides being the most popular of living authors he was an actor and an orator. Macready said of him: "I am glad that the public buys his books, for if he took to the stage he would eclipse us all." Consciously or unconsciously he was always acting, and the part that he played most perfectly and delightfully was that of the greatest of English humorists, the embodiment of jollity and charity, the satirist of shams, the champion of the poor—himself. He talked just as he wrote. His casual utterances could have been put into print without the alteration of a word. His after-dinner speeches were literature. To spend a day with Dickens was like having a new book by Dickens all to yourself—and how many of us have sometimes longed to be millionaires so that we might enjoy this privilege!

When Dickens received my credentials, at the office of "All the Year Round," which was more like a comfortable sitting-room than like an editorial sanctum, he was in the prime of life and had been famous for over twenty years. More fortunate than most authors, he was a celebrity in his youth. At the age of twenty-six he had been admired, praised and beloved by the English-reading world from court to cottage, and since then his genius had been acknowledged by France, Italy and Germany. There was in his appearance and manner something of the authority and the graciousness of this superb position.

DICKENS AND "GAD'S HILL" DISCIPLINE

MY FIRST impression of Dickens was that he looked like a captain of the navy in mufti. There were the keen, deep, steadfast eyes; the deeply-lined, weather-beaten face; the grizzled hair and beard, as if salted by the sea; the stooped shoulders and bowed legs that suggested long walks upon the rolling deck; the alertness, the vigor and the heartiness that, as he slapped his hand cordially into mine, seemed magnetic. In a moment such a friendship was established as could exist between the greatest of English authors and an American journalist of just about half his years, and thereafter I was a frequent and intimate visitor at "Gad's Hill," the country house

near Chatham and Rochester, that Dickens had coveted when a boy, bought with his first fortune, and where he died untimely.

Edmund Yates, the *protégé* and lieutenant of Dickens, accompanied me on my first visit to "Gad's Hill." In the invitation the day of the month and the year, and the time that the train started, were written in words instead of numerals, thus: "January the sixteenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven." On my arrival I noticed in the hall a painted placard: "This is 'Gad's Hill,' of which Sir John Falstaff said," and then followed the quotation from Shakespeare. On a door was painted: "Leads to the kitchen. Please keep closed." In my room were two stands, one lettered, "For trunk," the other and smaller, "For portmanteau." Inadvertently I put my portmanteau upon the "trunk" bench. Dickens, who had hospitably come up-stairs with me, lifted it to the "portmanteau" bench without interrupting the conversation. As he turned away I quietly removed it to the "trunk" receptacle. He noticed it there, seemed surprised, reached out his hand stealthily, and then, when he saw that I was watching him, burst out laughing.

"You see," he said, "I used to be the most careless of men, and I had to cure myself as my work increased. Now I am a martinet to myself and everybody else. Everything in the house that can be labeled is labeled. You will be called at eight sharp, and will have to breakfast at nine sharp, and dine at seven sharp. In everything else 'Gad's Hill' is Liberty Hall!"

It was an ideal home for Dickens: a small but very comfortable old stone rectory, sweet with flowers and vines, nestling snugly in the soft green of the Kentish woods and meadows, every door (except that which led to the kitchen) open to the sun and air. In the centre was a wide hall, adorned with large pictures taken from the scenery that Stansfield had painted for the amateur performances of "The Light-House." To the left were the drawing-room, and the dining-room, in which Dickens died. To the right were the library, and a very small billiard-room with a tiny table, upon which Fechter, who was an intimate friend of the family, and a most welcome guest at "Gad's Hill," used to play.

THE LEGEND OF "THE VACANT CHAIR"

EVERYBODY has seen a glimpse of the library in Fildes' touching picture, "The Vacant Chair," but the pathos of the picture is destroyed by the fact that Dickens never wrote there, except to scribble a hasty note. He said: "Fancy writing in a library with all those books glaring down at you and saying, 'What! Another?'" His work was done in his bedroom or in the *chalet* across the road. This *chalet* was a ready-made house exhibited at the Paris Exposition. Fechter bought it to surprise Dickens, and it was delivered in sections, each section numbered so

that it could be easily put together. Dickens reciprocated by preparing a surprise for Fechter. He had the sections thrown carelessly over the lawn, and when Fechter came to dinner he pointed to the apparent wreck and asked:

"Well, why have you sent me this lumber?"

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Fechter, striking his brow in despair, "but they have swindled me! The wretches told me that they would send you a house to write in!"

Dickens lived well; the dinners were excellent and elaborately served. Miss Hogarth, his sister-in-law and his housekeeper, or Mary, his favorite daughter, presided at the richly-appointed table. His second daughter, Georgiana, and her husband, Charles Collins, the brother of Wilkie Collins, did not reside at "Gad's Hill," but I often met them there. After the first dinner we had a whist party, Dickens playing with Mrs. Collins against Miss Hogarth and myself, and we won steadily. Dickens pretended to feel his defeat bitterly, and scowled and growled all through the games. "Bad players always win at whist," he would observe to his partner. "What luck foreigners have! I think we had better let them have that trick or there will be another international difficulty! Of course, it's easy to play when one holds all the trumps!"

"You must not mind what he says," remarked Miss Hogarth; "he is always talking like that!"

There were at "Gad's Hill" three bachelor bedrooms connecting, and they faced the east. When we went to bed that night Yates asked me if I would let him have my boots and slippers. I wondered what he could want with them, but he said, "Custom of the house," and I complied. At eight o'clock sharp the next morning a boy in buttons rushed through the rooms, slipped up the spring shades, shouted, "Breakfast!" and disappeared with all the boots and slippers of the party hurtling after him. Yates was a "Gad's Hill" veteran and his experienced aim did splendid execution. But the sun was pouring in upon us, the shades were up and we had to follow their example.

DICKENS' MOCK LIBRARY OF DUMMY BOOKS

"GAD'S HILL" was a merry house. Dickens was a wellspring of mirth, and his humor infected the whole party. Often, when I came down from London, he would walk out and lean against the doorpost, while I was at the gate, and we would shout with laughter over the fun that we had had and were going to have. When everything else failed the library was an unending amusement. The room was lined with books from floor to ceiling, even the backs of the doors being bookcases; but the books on the doors and along the floor were bogus. Dummy backs had been lettered with titles and pasted on the glass, and the titles had been selected by such wits as Dickens, Yates, the Collins brothers, Albert Smith, and Mark Lemon, of "Punch." We used to sit on the floor to study this mock library and roll over with delight at some clever satire. I remember "The Virtues of Our Ancestors," a volume so thin that the title had to be printed lengthwise; "Five Minutes in India, by a British Tourist," in two volumes as large as an unabridged dictionary; "Lives of the Poets," a mere pamphlet; "Eggs on Bacon," to match "Coke on Littleton"; "Statues Erected to the Duke of Wellington," fifteen portly vol-

umes, and there were dozens of other quips and cranks. A catalogue of these bogus books should have been preserved, but nobody thought of writing it out, nobody realized that Dickens would ever die.

Dickens was lord of the manor at "Gad's Hill" and owner of the Falstaff Inn, a picturesque little hostelry where his guests were sometimes accommodated when his house was overcrowded. One night there was a disturbance at the Inn, and Dickens led us over to see about it. A party of rough-looking fellows were smoking and drinking in the bar-room, and down the dirty face of one of them the blood was streaming. This man said that the landlord had struck him with a pewter pot.

"Is that true?" asked Dickens sternly.

"Vell, sir," replied the landlord, moving uneasily with shifty glances, "vether hi 'it that man on the 'ed vid a pewter pot, or vether hi did not 'it that man on the 'ed vid a pewter pot, hit is not for me, sir, to say; but the himpression hon my mind, sir, his that hi did not."

Dickens suppressed a chuckle, and with dignified gravity responded:

"Whether you hit that man on the head with a pewter pot, or whether you did not, it is not for me to say; but the impression on his head is that you did!"

THE NOVELIST AS A DOG-TRAINER

WE WERE taking a drive one afternoon, and one of the dogs was running beside the carriage and eyeing Dickens affectionately. It was a fine dog.

"Yes, a very fine dog," said Dickens, "and I will show you just how fine he is. Did you notice that leg of mutton hanging by the kitchen door? No? Well, that fine dog did notice it, and he is simply seeing us off the premises so that he may rob us of our dinner. Now, keep an eye upon him while I point out the scenery."

Dickens affected to be engrossed with the view and took no notice of the dog. The dog dropped slowly behind. Dickens raised his voice and asked: "Do you see anything of that fine dog?" The dog bounded forward again. This comedy went on for miles. Then Dickens stopped the horse, took out his watch, raised his hat and addressed the dog:

"Your cleverness has defeated itself; your plan is thwarted. Before you can get back to 'Gad's Hill' that leg of mutton will be on the fire. Now, do you still desire to honor us with your company or will you go home to be laughed at by all the good dogs?"

The dog hung its head in shame and trotted behind us unnoticed during the rest of the drive. But I do not believe that it had ever conceived any plan to capture the leg of mutton. Dickens had drawn the dog forward and backward by the inflections of his voice, and his acting was capital.

AN INTERNATIONAL GAME OF BILLIARDS

WHEN the late George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, visited "Gad's Hill" Dickens called the rest of the party into consultation. "What can we do," he inquired, "to entertain an American who neither drinks, nor smokes, nor swears?"

"Let him tell you what a grand reception you will have when you revisit America," was one of the suggestions. However, Mr. Childs did not require to be specially entertained. He beamed with contentment and benevolence, and seemed like 'Mr. Pickwick' come to life and in modern clothes. Dickens pretended to shudder with horror, out of compliment to his guest's temperance principles, when the glasses were filled at table; but though Mr. Childs ate little, the dinner passed off delightfully. Then the men adjourned to the billiard-room.

Mr. Childs did not play billiards, nor pool, nor any other game of chance, and at last Dickens proposed a grand international tournament between his son Charles, representing England, and myself, as the representative of America, declaring that he would serve as marker of the game, and that Mr. Childs was brilliantly qualified, by his ignorance of billiards, to act as umpire. This being arranged Mr. Childs was with great difficulty persuaded to back his country to the extent of half a crown, while Dickens wagered the same sum upon Great Britain.

We began to knock the balls about, Dickens being perched officially upon a high stool and calling out solemnly: "Two for the American eagle! Ha!" "Three for the British lion! Hooray!" Charles was the better player, but by good luck the American eagle won, as usual, and Dickens handed Mr. Childs half a crown. The clock struck ten. Mr. Childs said that he always went to bed at ten o'clock, pocketed the money, took his bedroom candle and went up-stairs.

A CONSCIENCE-DISTURBING HALF-CROWN

IN A FEW moments he reappeared with the half-crown in his hand, and to our amazement delivered a simple and touching little speech. He said that this was the first money he had ever won by gambling, that it weighed upon his mind, that he could not rest while it was in his possession. Would Mr. Dickens kindly take back the half-crown?

Simple and touching as it was, this speech implied a rebuke, and Dickens felt it deeply. Looking gravely at Mr. Childs with large, searching eyes, he stated in an impressive monotone that the English customs did not justify a gentleman in taking back money that he had lost fairly, but that he would oblige Mr. Childs by backing Great Britain for another game, double or quits. Mr. Childs did not understand this betting term, and Dickens explained to him with the same coldly courteous manner, that as Charles was evidently the better player he would undoubtedly win the second game, and thus Mr. Childs would be relieved of the obnoxious half-crown without further trouble. If not, we could go on playing double or quits until Mr. Childs did lose, if we had to stay up all night. Mr. Childs finally preferred to lose his sleep than to win money by gambling, and the affair was thus settled.

Dickens turned quickly, with an audacious wink, and told us to play. The wink meant that Charles was to lose another game, so as to test the effect of a whole crown instead of half a crown upon Mr. Childs' conscience. Charles tried his utmost to lose and I did my best to win, but his balls would not stay out of the pockets and mine would not go into the pockets, and so the British lion retrieved defeat, as usual, and Mr. Childs handed Dickens his half-crown and went to his room happy.

After he had gone Dickens leaned his head upon his hand and murmured: "Is it possible? Was it not all a dream?"

Then I showed him a pamphlet that I had found in London, "The Life of George W. Childs." He glanced

over it rapidly, and repeatedly exclaimed as he turned the pages: "But he is a remarkable man—a great man! He has done wonderful things!"

"Of course, he is a great man," replied the American eagle stoutly, "but because he is different from you Englishmen you do not understand him yet." All Englishmen have since learned to appreciate him, and Dickens, who was his guest in this country, assisted to teach them.

DICKENS' METHOD OF WORK

DURING my visits Dickens was not at work upon a novel, but he shut himself in Fechter's *chalet* from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M. almost every day. This was another part of his methodical system. If he felt in the mood he would write an "Uncommercial Traveler" article; if not, he would answer letters, read "All the Year Round" proofs, jot down ideas, fill up the time with some sort of literary labor. This, he told me, was his self-discipline. The one room in the *chalet* was sparsely furnished, and had windows on all sides commanding quiet, pleasant views of fields and plantations. He seldom talked of his books, but one rainy day he showed me the bound manuscript of one of them, and told me his method of planning a story. Having selected a subject he would write down the name of the hero and surround it with queries: "Shall he be rich? Parents or guardians? Defrauded of his property? An early love?" and so on with the other characters as they occurred to him. He always used blue ink, and so did Yates and Halliday, and the other writers of what was then "the Dickens school." They all called him "Chief," and he liked the title.

"Do you enjoy your books as much as your readers do?" I inquired—a foolish, admiring question that had probably been asked a thousand times.

"Certainly!" he replied; "why not? Do you suppose that I am less appreciative of humor and pathos than other people? I have the first laugh and the first cry."

But I never heard Dickens refer in conversation to any of the characters that he had created. He never said, "That is like old 'Pecksniff,'" or, "As 'Sam Weller' would have remarked," and if anybody made such references in his presence he would smile and change the subject. The only exceptions were when he tried the effect of his readings of his stories upon his family party before appearing in public, and then "Nancy Sykes" seemed to be his favorite character.

AN INCIDENT THAT SUGGESTED A STORY

OF THE making of new books during our walks there was no end. Everything suggested "copy" to Dickens, either as author or editor. He was a persistent pedestrian, having acquired the habit of prowling around London at night when he was suffering from insomnia. Our walks were severe trials to me, because I affected the thin-soled, patent leather shoes worn by New Yorkers of that time. And yet when I walked with Dickens I had no pain nor fatigue—that is, I never felt them till afterward. His constantly varied conversation was so enlivening and inspiring as to drive away thoughts of physical discomfort.

Lord Darnley's residence was near "Gad's Hill," and Dickens had free license to walk and drive through the spacious park and show his friends the ancient house. He used to speak of it as "my park," and complain that the trees he had ordered to be cut down still obstructed his favorite views, and declare that he really must discharge the gamekeepers and gardeners, though they had been with his family so many years. One afternoon we inspected the picture gallery. A long line of family portraits extended back to the Crusaders. Among the Court ladies, the grim warriors and stern judges, a golden-haired boy stood out as if painted with sunshine. A noise attracted our attention to the other end of the room, and there was a boy the exact duplicate of the picture, the likeness having been reproduced after many generations.

"That will make a good story," said Dickens, as we strolled through the park. "Take the boy of the picture and put him through his adventures in the olden times. First volume. Then take the modern boy, identical with his ancestor in appearance, mind, tastes and morals, and describe his adventures in our times, and show how environment affects the same type of man. I must talk this over with Charles Reade; he would do it gloriously."

Dickens' favorite walk was to Rochester, the city of his earliest recollections, of his first theatre, of a grand cathedral, and above all, of a ruined castle that antedates history, its walls as massive as when they were built, but the interior empty—no flooring, no stairs, no woodwork of any kind, though holes in the walls show where the joists and timbers were formerly fitted.

Ah! the delightful days when Dickens would rebuild and refurnish old Rochester Castle; put in new joists; cover them with oaken planks; strew rushes over the floors; hang the walls with tapestry; collect or manufacture furniture of the period of King John, or earlier or later, as his fancy dictated, and describe how the people of those days ate, and slept, and lived. He would become enthusiastic over his own imaginings, and take out pencil and paper and make elaborate calculations and exclaim: "See! It would cost very little! Why could it not be done? If I could have that castle to live in—keeping it open to the public on certain days, like other show places—I would refit it at my own expense."

It could have been done. Disraeli was then Premier of England; the project would have appealed to him personally, and he would have been glad to do Dickens a favor and the country a service by appointing him custodian of the Rochester ruin. But death ended this and many other splendid plans for the future.

POPULARITY OF DICKENS' WORKS

ROCHESTER CASTLE may crumble to dust before other public-spirited men are found to adopt the plans of Dickens, and make of it a national museum, an object lesson in English history. But certainly the present generation should arrange to purchase "Gad's Hill," now sold out of the Dickens family, and preserve it intact for the admirers of Dickens, as Shakespeare's cottage and church are preserved at Stratford-on-Avon. For Dickens is, also, an immortal. More copies of his works are sold now than were sold while he lived; more were sold last year than during any previous year; more will be sold next year. It is true that his books are cheaper than ever before, now that some of the copyrights have expired and the processes of printing are improved; but this is also true of the books of other authors. The works of Dickens are not so popular because they are cheap, but

so cheap because they are popular. Dickens is to novelists what Shakespeare is to dramatists, and his memory should be equally honored. In his case, as in Shakespeare's, all the money that is required will be gladly contributed by Americans.

But these two paragraphs are but parentheses, and here is a cablegram summoning me to leave "Gad's Hill" and join Garibaldi before Rome. Our program for the day is upset; I must catch the first train for London. "Good-by, Chief! I shall be off to Italy to-night!"

"Isn't that truly American?" said Dickens. "Off to Italy," as one might say off to Ludgate or Highgate! Shall you be back from Italy to-morrow or next day?"

When I did get back, the next year, I found that Dickens had sailed for America to cancel his "American Notes" and bring back a fortune and the love of the whole country. On the night of his departure from Liverpool he was the guest of a distinguished company at a memorable banquet, and delivered one of his best speeches. After this banquet he wrote to me, who could be of no possible service to him, a long letter, beginning, "I cannot leave England without saying good-by to you," and ending characteristically, "I predict that the man who could go to the Covent Garden opera in a red shirt will never capture Rome." The unselfish kindness of this welfare was as remarkable as was the truth of the prediction about Garibaldi.



MRS. STOWE'S LAST LETTER

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE lived to complete her eighty-fifth year, and to enjoy, with hearty appreciation, the loving and grateful remembrances of the American people, which found expression in the numberless tokens and letters that poured in upon the famous authoress on her birthday—June 14th. Richard Burton had written, in the JUNE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, of "Mrs. Stowe at Eighty-Five," telling how the authoress was passing the closing days of her eventful life, and noting the date of her birthday. The simple announcement of the latter had the effect of quite overwhelming the venerable novelist with missives from admiring friends, all bearing loving tokens or kind messages. Mrs. Stowe found genuine delight in these birthday greetings, and desired to make immediate acknowledgment of the happiness they brought her. The task of writing to each of these friends was far beyond her strength, so the following day she wrote the letter reproduced below, thanking, through THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, all whose remembrances had contributed to gladden the eighty-fifth anniversary of her birth. The letter is the last that Mrs. Stowe wrote. After completing it, and attaching her signature, she laid aside her pen, never to take it up again, and a few days after (July 1st) passed away. This last message to the public is peculiarly characteristic of Mrs. Stowe, especially in proclaiming her great fondness for children—a fondness that grew the stronger as the revered novelist grew in years:

Amherst June 15th 1896

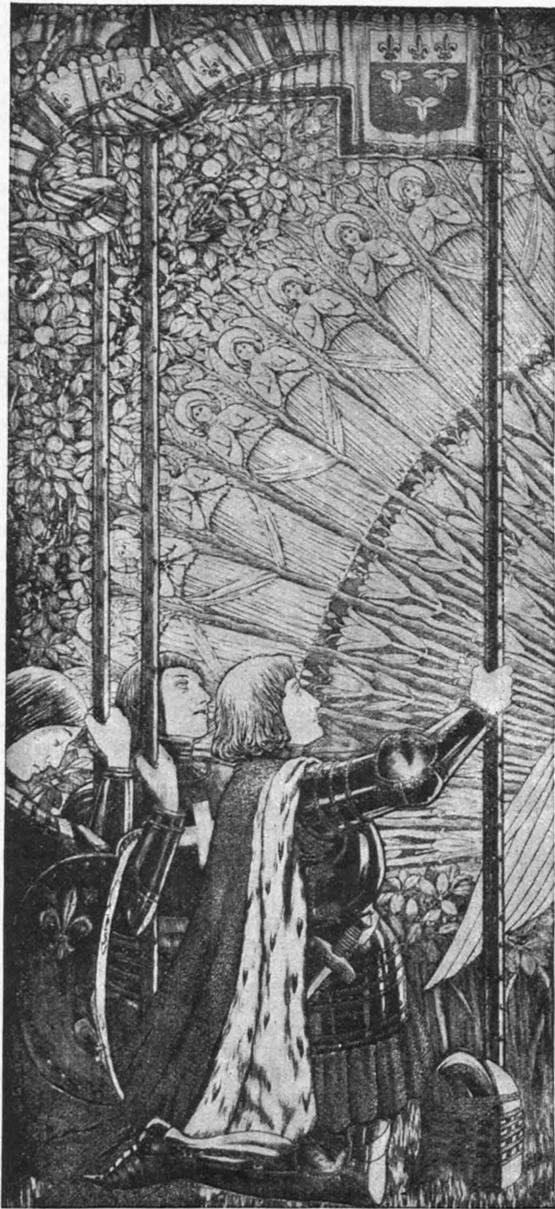
Christ to thank, my friends
the many readers of the
"Ladies' Home Journal"
and others, but particularly
the dear children for their
kind letters & other tokens
of affection with which
they have honored this my
85th birthday & to wish
of them because of the days
of the years of my pilgrimage
which are many, that they will
excuse me the labor of acknowledging
each individually and
allow me the privilege
of sending to all my most
cordial thanks by means
of the Ladies' Home Journal
Warmly & sincerely
Your friend
Harriet Beecher Stowe

MRS. STOWE'S LAST LETTER

HARTFORD, June 15, 1896.

I wish to thank my friends, the many readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and others, but particularly the dear children, for the kind letters and other tokens of affection with which they have gladdened this, my eighty-fifth birthday, and to ask of them, because of the days of the years of my pilgrimage, which are many, that they will excuse me the labor of acknowledging each individually, and allow me the privilege of sending to all my most cordial thanks by means of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Warmly and sincerely your friend,
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.



THE GLORIFICATION OF JOAN OF ARC

Size 9x13 feet. Mural decoration for a proposed memorial chapel to Joan of Arc. The whitest portions, i. e., lilies, angels, ermine, represent the ivory-toned wood. The darkest parts, a deep brown-black, burned in places to a depth of a half inch. Intermediate tones represent beautiful browns of every hue. The creation of this composition occupied Mr. Fosdick four months

THE FIRE ETCHER AND HIS ART

By J. William Fosdick

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF MR. FOSDICK'S WORK



BELLOWS

UNTIL the invention of the thermo-cautery—a surgical instrument—some ten years or so ago, the fire etcher, in the pursuit of his art, was obliged to imperil both his eyesight and lungs, and to submit to a maximum of physical discomforts. His studio was the reverse of attractive, and by picturing the one I occupied ten years ago in the top story of a Paris house a good idea is obtained of how fire etchers worked until within the present decade: There were huge sacks of charcoal in one corner, boards of all sizes in another. A pungent odor of burning wood filled the air. On a bench near the centre of the room was a small forge with bellows, anvil and vise; close to the bench an easel, where the work of burning brown designs into a white board was done with hot irons, very like those used by itinerant tinkers when soldering pots and kettles. Ever and anon was drawn a glowing iron from the fire, and for thirty seconds the wood was burned until the iron cooled, when it was thrust back into the coals, and with a freshly-heated one the work was continued. A spiral column of smoke constantly mounted from the easel, gradually enveloping the etcher until he looked more like a wizard in his den than an artist pursuing his noble profession. With infinite patience he worked until forced to throw open doors and windows in order to breathe. An exhaust fan, connected with a hood just above the artist's work, now clears his studio of smoke, and the thermo-cautery supplies him with a facile pencil that can be kept at a steady, intense heat by igniting fumes of naphtha in its hollow point. More recently the electrode, also used in surgery, has made its appearance and has been used some for etching. It promises to be a still more effective instrument for wood burning.



GOTHIC CHIMNEY PANEL—13x45 INCHES

this must be coupled a consummate knowledge of form, and the ability and taste to subordinate it to the artist's decorative idea.

Inasmuch as a line once burned is fixed forever, the wood burner must, of necessity, make careful preliminary drawings on paper—just as the stained glass artist or mural painter makes his cartoons. A mechanical transfer is easily made to the wood, when the etcher can again correct his drawing before burning. The successful wood burner must be a composite artist; he must possess the talent of the figure painter, the taste of the decorator, the patience and knowledge of the engraver and the mechanical ability of the wood carver.

For inspiration (not to copy literally) let him study the wonderful tapestries and low relief work in stone, metal, leather and wood of the Middle Ages. Let him try to infuse into his work that marvelous picturesqueness of form, line and style found in these works. If the student cannot visit the Old World he must possess himself of photographic reproductions of these works, as well as of the woodcuts and etchings of Dürer. These latter will, perhaps, show him better than anything else the worth of carefully-studied accentuated lines.

Pure white, sapless wood is best for fire etching—of necessity white, in order that contrasts may be produced. Woods carrying much sap or resin must be avoided, for it is the fibre of the wood which is to be charred, and not the resin, which is apt to form a brown coating upon the surface, and will, in course of time, fade out. While in France the writer used French poplar successfully. This wood is white, close-grained and soft. Any of the following American woods are suitable for fire etching: Basswood, whitewood (known in the Western States as yellow poplar), maple, birch and holly (for small work). White Mexican mahogany has also been used with good results. Oak and other hard, coarse-grained woods can be burned, but are laboriously slow to work. Some of the best modern English work is, however, burned in oak.

It is a regrettable fact that the modern European burnt work, for the most part produced by the *dilettanti*, has rarely risen above the commonplace. That of Germany, Austria and Sweden has been vulgarized by the introduction of colors and stains. The use of color will invariably rob fire etching of its dignity and chasteness. As I write I have before me a bamboo drum burned by the untutored natives of Java; near it stands a wooden pitcher from Sweden, in which yellows, reds and greens are combined with the burning. The one is dignified and simple, all that it pretends to be; the other a tawdry thing, which is not what it pretends to be and ends

in being nothing. The verdict is in favor of the untutored Javanese.

It is interesting to note that the present American development of the art, which is of a most serious character, antedates by many years the more recent and more commonplace European "fad" of decorating wooden mugs, jugs, glove-boxes, plaques, *boubonnières*, etc. Appreciating its true mission we are using it on flat surfaces, knowing that it should never be used otherwise. It will be easy for the reader in scanning the following list to imagine how readily it may be adapted in the highest forms of interior decoration: Chimney

panels, friezes, wall panels, wainscoting panels, set into sideboards and other heavy furniture, table tops, chair backs, hall benches and chests, coats-of-arms, book covers, etc.

For church decoration—altar ornamentation, memorial tablets, hymn boards and inscriptions—it is unsurpassed by any other medium. It is particularly happy in libraries, dining-rooms and halls where oak, chestnut and other low-toned woods are used. Being itself wood it must, of necessity, be harmonious; possessing over and above wood carving the charming quality of color.

The art of decorating wood with fire is truly ancient. The oldest panels extant were executed in the Middle Ages. They are to be found set into chests, wainscoting, etc., in the old churches and castles of Europe. The work was, for the most part, exceedingly crude, owing to the means employed, the artists seldom attempting to depict the figure, confining themselves largely to

foliated designs of a most conventional order. In later years the wood burners, both in America and Europe, misapplied the art by burning what were called "poker pictures." These were bought as curiosities, the fact that the picture had been burned with a "hot poker" being paramount in the purchaser's mind. These were realistic pictures in brown, which might just as well have been painted as burned. The artists did not know the value of the wonderful intaglio line or realize that decoration was the only field in which it could be used successfully.

Ball Hughes, a talented English sculptor residing in Boston some forty years ago, produced many sketches executed with a deftness that is not often found in such works, and the writer was prompted to take up wood burning when a lad by seeing some of Hughes' "poker work."

J. William Fosdick is a native of Charlestown, Massachusetts, thirty-eight years of age, and did his first work in burnt wood while a schoolboy in Boston. Subsequently he studied drawing and painting at the Boston Art Museum School, under Otto Grundmann, further pursuing his art studies in Paris, where he passed seven years under M. Boulanger and M. Lefebvre. His first commission for burnt wood decorations was executed in 1884. Mr. Fosdick exhibited a number of his fire etchings at the Atlanta Exposition, and was awarded a grand gold medal. He is a member of the Architects' League, and of the Mural Painters of New York, in which city he resides.



A FURY—DECORATIVE WALL PANEL

The value of fire etching rests in the beautiful, brown, deeply-burned intaglio line, not in the flat tinting or shading of the wood; these latter effects are more easily produced with brush and pigments. The fire etcher must know the full value of a line, and must love it as Dürer loved it long ago, as the Japanese love it to-day. With

DE WUKIN'S OF PROVIDENCE

By Ednah Proctor Clarke

MY BLACK mammy would have called it 'de wukin's of Providence.' There is no other way of accounting for the *modus operandi*." And Sylvester blew out a cloud of smoke, chuckling to himself with the irritating superiority of a man who holds the cream of a joke, and intends to take his own time about sharing it.

"I don't see what you can know about the *modus operandi*," said Jack Clements savagely. Jack was feeling sore; he had been in love with Betty himself.

"My dear boy," answered Sylvester calmly, "I know all about it. I don't mind telling you fellows," he added, "as the ceremony is over and they are going to live abroad. It's a unique tale, and has, moreover, a touching moral."

It was the day of Betty Carrolton's marriage to the Marquis du Savignac, and we had all drifted into the club in the evening, seeking companionship in misery. For to the gilded youths whom Uncle Sam sustains with his clerkships, and Washington society welcomes to its bosom, matrimony and sweldom are seldom compatible.

The Marquis had been as impecunious as the rest of us. Indeed more so, for he sent the half of his salary monthly across to his mother and sisters in the dilapidated old chateau in Normandy. The death of a prodigal father two years before had left him with nothing save a title that reached back to the days of Charlemagne, and he had come to America in hopes of retrieving the fortunes of his family. He had not found El Dorado; only a translator's place in the State Department, and the *entrée* into society which was his birthright. Everybody liked him, though he made no secret of his poverty, and he had been served up at dinners and poured out at teas for two seasons, and, along with some of the rest of us, had fallen in love with Betty Carrolton.

But, unlike some of the rest of us, the Marquis felt it dishonorable to speak of love until he could offer marriage. The limitless possibilities of American flirtation had not yet infected his alien mind, and, so far as he knew, his passion for Betty was undeclared.

So the announcement of their engagement had fallen among us like a bombshell, and their marriage and departure for France a week later had left us in a state of limp bewilderment.

"You remember the Embassy ball ten days ago," said Sylvester as we all got something to smoke and settled comfortably back in our chairs. "I was strolling through Lafayette Square on my way up there and came on the Marquis sitting on one of the benches, looking the picture of despair. You know how exquisite the park is these May nights."

"Come, come, Ves, draw it mild!" broke in Caddie Stevens from the bottom of the table. Sylvester shook his head reproachfully.

"Caddie, my boy, Harvard has ruined you; there is no sentiment left in your soul. There's reservoirs of it in mine, thank the gods, and as soon as I saw the misery in Savignac's face I knew it meant 'Betty,' and I sat down by him, thinking it would do him good to ease his mind a bit. You all know the kind of fellow he is—"

"Sort of a hash of Don Quixote and Bayard, with a dust of Sir Philip Sydney over the top," said Caddie, with an airy wave of his cigarette.

"Genuine, too; I've seen him treat his washerwoman with the same courtesy he'd use at the White House," added Jack, with a fervor that, considering the circumstances, was truly noble.

"Exactly," said Sylvester. "Well, we all know he has been keeping his love for Betty bottled up, but the day before I met him he had had a letter from France saying his mother was stricken with a fatal illness, and he must go home at once. He had gone up to say good-bye to Betty and broken down under her sympathy, to find she had been loving him with all the strength of her honest little American heart for nearly a year."

There was a stifled sigh from Jack Clements, but Sylvester went on, ignoring it.

"He found, too, which he didn't know before, that she had a tidy little fortune left by her mother, coming to her on her wedding day, if she married with her father's approval. This changed the face of things to Savignac. There were manufacturing interests in Normandy which he could put on their feet with a little capital, and a *dot* was to him as appropriate an accompaniment of the marriage ceremony as the priest's blessing. So he tore round to the house the next morning almost before General Carrolton had finished his breakfast, to ask him, like a gentleman and a lover, for his daughter and her dowry."

There was a subdued whistle about the table.

"Exactly," said Sylvester. "The General's a fine old boy at bottom, but he goes off like a Gatling gun about Betty. He's been looking for an archangel in a halo, with a clear record in Bradstreet, to hand her over to ever since she left school. And he's particularly wrathful against foreigners since Count de Soissons, *mé valet*, swelled round here a whole season and was making off with pretty Polly Hopkins and her fortune when he was discovered. That was before your time, Caddie, but the rest of us remember the scandal. I don't suppose the General had seen Savignac a dozen times, for you know he never troubles about Betty's followers until they grow aggressive. So when a young gentleman of France, with a bank account as intangible as the ghosts of his ancestors, walks calmly in and demands his daughter and her fortune, offering in return his princely title and impoverished estates, you can imagine the result. Luckily the Marquis' knowledge of English is limited, and the General speaks no French, so the interchange of sentiment was somewhat controlled. But Savignac had gathered the square Anglo-Saxon meaning, and his grief at losing Betty was not greater than his indignation at the slurs upon himself. I suggested his going to the French Minister and getting credentials, but his pride would not permit it. 'Nevaire!' he said. 'Am I not myself? Do I not speak for myself? To tell me I am an imposter, desiring only the fortune of his daughter! Oh, Betty—*ma belle!*' And he put out his arms with a tone that would have made even you, Caddie, you miserable cynic, believe in love."

"He had been forbidden the house, and so was on his way to the Embassy ball to catch a last glimpse of Betty and start for France the next day. I didn't see what use I was just then, and so left him to calm himself, and walked on through the park. The place seemed entirely deserted; it was after nine o'clock by that time, and I had nearly reached the H— Street entrance when I was startled by the sound of wailing, moans and sobs and broken cries. It flashed across me that Savignac's sorrow and excitement had sent him suddenly mad, and I turned and started back to him on a run. But as I rounded a clump of lilac bushes I saw him and stopped."

"It was full moon that night, you remember, and the Marquis, who had started to follow me, was standing in the open path, his thumbs in his vest pockets, and his beaver thrust back, gazing down on a huddled bunch of humanity on a bench in front of him—a bunch that had evidently been the source of the sounds I heard, and which was silent now in paralyzed terror."

Sylvester broke off here with a chuckle and leaned back shaking with laughter. Then he drew his chair to the table and told us the rest of the story, adding solemnly at the end: "I'll take my affidavit, boys, for the truth of every blessed word."

On the bench in front of the Marquis sat five little darkies, or rather four of them sat on the bench and the fifth was held in the arms of the biggest of the four. She was a small mulatto girl about ten years of age, with a face old and wizened, and wise enough for her to have been the grandmother of the children.

The baby lying across her knees, his paunchy little stomach arched up in a bow, was as round and glistening as an infant seal. His short wool was kinked into naps over his head, and he wore a brief garment of unbleached cotton and a red flannel *sacque*. A beautiful little quadroon girl, with silky curls falling over her checked apron, sat next on the bench, her arms flung about two pudgy boys of five so exactly alike and so profoundly black that but for their rolling eyes they might have been taken for duplicate shadows.

The Marquis looked down at the quintette and the quintette looked up at the Marquis, and Sylvester in the shadow of the lilac bush took in the whole.

"What is the *mattaire*?" asked the Marquis gently. "We's los'," answered the holder of the baby—the rest of them were gasping with terror. "We libs up to de Boun'ry an' we wuz gwine to see Mammy what cooks fo' de Gin'ral."

She gazed up in the Marquis' face and seemed to gather confidence from what she saw.

"Granny guv us a dime to ride in de hu'dic, but May Lily Belle, and 'Rastus, an' Willum Henry, dey wuz jes sot an' determined to git peanuts an' walk. So we got peanuts an' walked—an' heah we is! Hit growed dark an' we los' our way, an' we neuv 'spects to git nowhar no mo'."

The Marquis shook his head in bewilderment. "*L'Anglais est terriblement*," he murmured. "*Mais l'Africain!* What names have you?" he asked aloud, hoping to elicit some words he could understand.

"Mine's Mirandy Johnson," said the owner thereof, hitching the baby up into a sitting position, "an' she's May Lily Belle Johnson, an' dem two's 'Rastus an' Willum Henry Johnson; dey's twins, bofe of 'em, an' dis heah's Claude Augustus Johnson—I done name him myself."

"And you desire to go home?" "Yes, sir—we wants Mammy, but we dunno de way, an' we's clar wore out." The speaker's voice trailed into a sob, which was taken up in crescendo by the rest.

"I will call a *gendarme*—a policeman," said the Marquis hastily, but May Lily Belle's sob went into a shriek, and Miranda made a clutch toward him.

"No—mister—please?—stop!—doan!" she cried. "Doan call no p'liceman! May Lily Belle, she'll jes go clar distracted if she sees a p'liceman! We wuz dat scarified wuz de reason we cum in heah—to git shet of dem an' de night-doctors."

"Night-doctors?" queried the Marquis hopelessly.

"Yes, sir! Dey's jes de wustest of all! Dey kills black folks to fin' out what's inside white folks! Dey's allus huntin' fo' lil niggers, an' dey cotches you an' ca'ys you off in a baig, an' cuts you open an' keeps you livin' when you're daid!" went on Miranda, her voice rising with the unctuous horror of her recital, "an' dey bites babies!"

The suggestion of the boiled babies was too much for the delicate susceptibilities of May Lily Belle. She broke into a wail of anguish, clasping Claude Augustus' red-socked foot to her bosom and rocking herself to and fro, while Erastus and William Henry, as if moved by a simultaneous impulse, flung themselves bodily against the Marquis' knees roaring together:

"Wan' g' 'ome! Wan' g' 'ome!"

"*Taisez!—Taisez!—Écoutez!*—Listen!" cried the Marquis in despair, "I will conduct you—" he put his hands over his ears. Miranda came to the rescue:

"You, Willum Henry an' 'Rastus, shet yo' haid!" she commanded. "Hain't you got no manners? I sh'd think you wuz Irish!" she went on, with a withering scorn that smote her brothers into silence.

The Marquis looked helplessly about him. There was not a soul in sight. Lafayette Square, being surrounded by the homes of the aristocracy, is not much frequented by stragglers even on moonlight nights; and Sylvester was safe behind the lilac bush. The exigency before him was plainly and simply his to meet: five little children to be taken to their mother. That they were black made no difference to the Marquis; in France the color line is not drawn.

"I will take you home," he said. "Will you tek us to Mammy? We mus' be somewhars near her, kase we all started frum Granny's at fo' o'clock an' bin trapesin' ever sence. De Gin'ral's is over yonner," she pointed in the direction of the State Department. "Long F— Street somewhars, not so fur frum de house wid de hants."

"De 'ants?" queried the Marquis. "Ghostises," explained Miranda. "De big yaller house wid de corners cut offen hit."

A light broke on the Marquis. "*La maison octogone*—I comprehend!" He knew that portion of Washington and its landmarks and traditions only too well.

"Come—let us go!" he said, holding out his hand. "Git up, 'Rastus," said Miranda. Then she looked doubtfully up at the gentleman in his evening clothes. "Please, mister, please tell me who you is? You ain't, oh, you sho'ly ain't, one dem night—" the horrible possibility choked her utterance.

A gleam of fun flashed over the Marquis' face and twitched the corners of eyes and lips. Then he lifted his hat in one hand, placed the other upon his heart, and made his most courtly bow:

"Mademoiselle, permit me to myself present—M. le Marquis Victor Marie St. Bernardine du Savignac."

Miranda gave a satisfied sigh.

"He's quality, sho'," she said to May Lily Belle. She started to rise, but fell back again weakly. "I jes cymar tote Claude Augustus anudder step. Ise jes clar wore out," she said, her voice breaking.

The Marquis bent and lifted the baby upon his arm.

"*La pauvre petite!*" he said gently. He held out his left hand, smiling, to May Lily Belle, who, after a moment's gazing through her shielding cu ls, clung to him like a kitten. The twins each grasped one of the long, satin-lined coat-tails in a grimy fist, and Miranda prepared to guard the rear of the company.

"*Allons, mes enfants!*" said the Marquis gayly, and the procession started.

They passed out of the southwest entrance of the square, crossed the avenue, and took their way via the State Department and Seventeenth Street, along F—. They proceeded slowly; May Lily Belle wavered with drowsiness and fatigue, and the twins dragged heavily on the coat-tails. There were few people abroad in that quiet quarter, and no one noticed them, though they walked in the full moonlight. Opposite, the black shadows of the houses stretched nearly to the middle of the street, and along this coign of vantage slipped Sylvester, as any other man born of woman would have done, to see the outcome.

"Why didn't you help him?" broke in Caddie Stevens at this juncture, as the tale was told. "Why didn't you step up like a man and a brother and carry one of the twins pig-a-back?"

"Dear boy!" said Sylvester sweetly, "I am not posing as an emancipation proclamation. Besides I would not have deprived his brow of its halo."

"Sentiment for 'stove-pipe!'" murmured Caddie, but Jack Clements threatened him with personal violence, and Sylvester was allowed to continue.)

The Marquis seemed hardly conscious of his companions or where he was going. Every foot of that pavement was filled with memories for him, and he had never thought to traverse it again. He dropped his chin upon his breast, full of the bitter-sweet recollections of the past.

Suddenly Miranda gave a cry of rapturous relief: "Heah 'tis! Heah's we-all's house—an' Miss Betty an' de Gin'ral!"

The Marquis looked up: that house, that house of all on F— Street, of all in Washington! In front of it stood a carriage, and down the broad steps she came, her opera cloak gathered about her filmy skirts, and the General's red face and fierce mustachios glooming behind her.

The hot blood surged up under Savignac's pale olive skin, and burnt like a coal in either cheek. Not for the ludicrousness of his position—he was entirely unconscious of it—but that her father should ever again find him at his door.

Betty stopped with a little cry and shrank back. The General was looking as if he wished he could thrash somebody, or somebody could thrash him, he wasn't quite sure which, and he brought up all standing before this tableau, which the moonlight from above and the lamplight from the hall threw into startling relief.

"What the deuce—" he began. Miranda darted forward and clutched Betty's gown.

"Oh, Miss Betty, Miss Betty, hit sho'ly is you! We-alls had de mos' awfulest time ever wuz! Me an' May Lily Belle an' de chilluns wuz dat los' we'd neuv foun' ourselves no mo' ef dis gemman hadn't cum long an' brung us hisself, brung us de hull way."

The Marquis stood proudly erect. Claude Augustus, drooping in sleep, was silhouetted against his shirt-front; a round, woolly head, with a background of coat-tail, peered from either side of him, and May Lily Belle was cuddling his hand beneath her chin.

"I beg pardon to so intrude," he said, addressing the space above the General's head, with that dignity of the *vieille noblesse* no circumstances could subdue. "I was *en route* for the Embassy, and met these unfortunates in the Gardens. I knew not their destination." He stopped; his eyes met Betty's and dropped suddenly.

Betty bent and loosened Miranda's hands. "Go in and bring your mother," she said. "Papa," she went on, turning toward him, a little reproachful tremble in her voice, "do you not see? It is the Marquis du Savignac."

The General was staring beneath his bristling eyebrows like a man on whom a light is breaking.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said slowly, "that you came all the way up here with those little niggers—and carried the baby?"

The Marquis gave a little shrug of mingled amusement and nonchalance.

"*Que voulez-vous?*" he said lightly. "They desired their mothaire."

General Carrolton sat heavily down on the broad, stone balustrade, and dropped his hands on his outspread knees.

"Well, I'll be—" "A precious old darling!" It was Betty's voice in his ears, and Betty's eyes looking straight into his—eyes so like her dead mother's, and shining through the big drops that chased down to the corners of her dimpling, quivering, red mouth.

The Marquis had deposited Claude Augustus on the capacious bosom of his mammy. He lifted his hat with his old-world grace.

"I have the honaire to wish you a good-night."

"Here!—stop—hold on!—come back!" The General was off the steps and after him like a shot from a mortar. "I'm not saying what I'm going to do, or giving my girl up yet, but if I made an old fool of myself this morning, or didn't say anything I ought not to be sorry for—" the General was getting frightfully mixed; his tongue was not wanted to apologize. But he looked Savignac straight in the eyes and held out his hand, and the Marquis, after an instant's scrutiny, gave back a regular Anglo-Saxon grip.

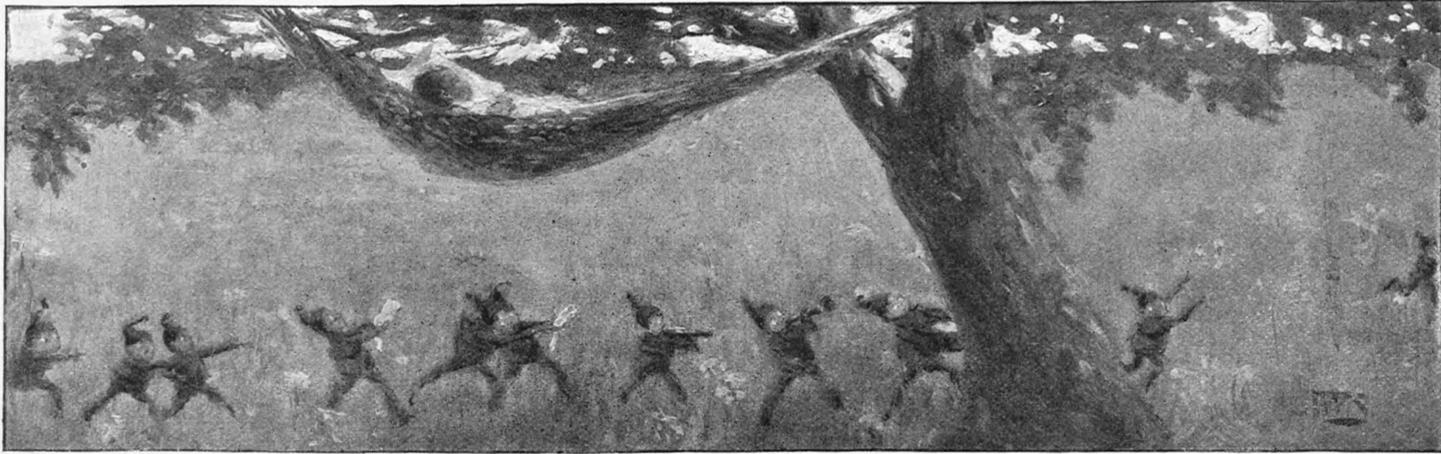
"And Mademoiselle?" he faltered, "and Mademoiselle?" He looked past the General to the house.

Betty had sent the carriage to the stable, and she stood in the black frame of the doorway, her cloak fallen at her feet, the moonbeams kissing her gleaming hair, bare shoulders and little outstretched hands. Her words were only a whisper, but they reached him:

"*Mon ami!*"

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD

WITH DRAWINGS BY JESSIE W. SMITH



BABY IN THE HAMMOCK SLUMBER SONG

BY RUFUS WAY SMITH

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

SNUG in her hammock here,
Under green trees,
Swinging so languidly,
Lulled by the breeze.

Softly, with silken cords,
Baby is tied—
One little dimpled foot
Straying outside!

Beauty lines lavishly
Fashion her face;
Rosy blooms blushing
Touch it with grace!

Down through the orchard boughs
Comes the soft air;
Tenderly kisses her—
Plays with her hair!

Perched on an apple bough,
Bending above,
Swings a sweet oriole,
Singing of love!

Hushed are the katydids,
Hid in the grass,
List'ning while Brownie folks
Sing as they pass!

Here comes a honey bee
From his retreat,
Drowsily humming home,
Heavy with sweet!

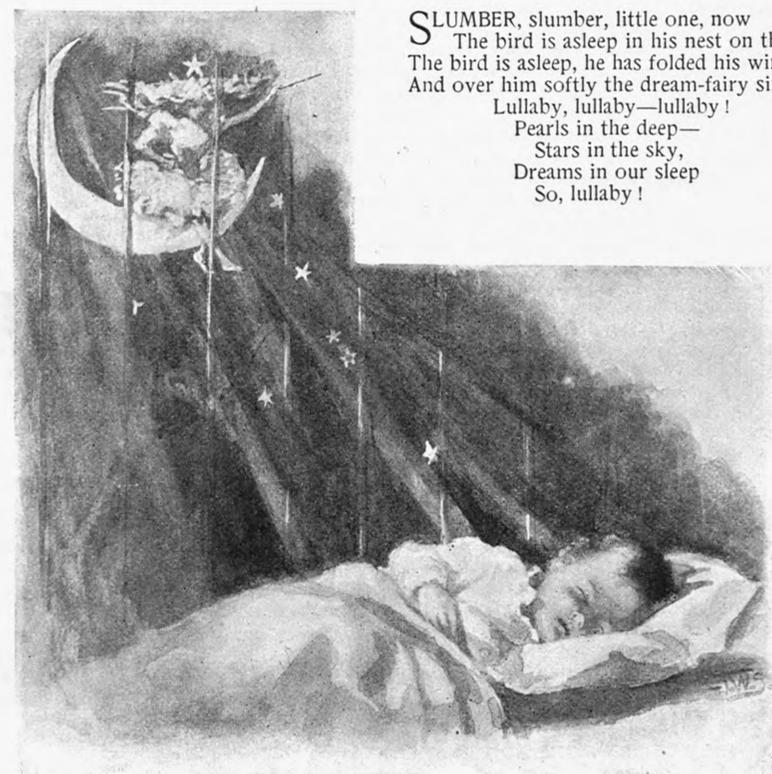
Softly some drowsy god
Closes her eyes,
Fair as forget-me-nots
Under blue skies!

Walking in Wonderland,
Baby's asleep—
Dreaming of Brownie folks,
Or of Bo-Peep!

SLUMBER, slumber, little one, now
The bird is asleep in his nest on the bough;
The bird is asleep, he has folded his wings,
And over him softly the dream-fairy sings:
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep—
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep
So, lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, soon
The fairy will come in the ship of the moon;
The fairy will come with the pearls and the stars,
And dreams will come singing through shadowy bars:
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep—
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep;
So, lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, so;
The stars are the pearls that the dream-fairies know,
The stars are the pearls, and the bird in the nest,
A dear little fellow the fairies love best:
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep—
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep;
So, lullaby!



THE KING OF LAPLAND

BY ALICE CRARY

I KNOW a tiny monarch who has taken his command
Within a quiet region, where a faithful little band
Of people do his bidding, or yield him homage true,
And watch his faintest gesture, as old vassals used to do.

His territory's bordered by two encircling arms,
And keeping in their shelter, he is safe from all alarms,
This land is sometimes "rocky" if he feels inclined for jest,
Or lies at peace, a quiet plain, when he would stay at rest.

One mountain rises northward, and is known as Mother's Brow,
While east and west are twin-gray lakes, reflecting, I avow,
The prettiest bit of Nature that a human heart can see
Whene'er the little monarch is alert for jubilee.

But when he's feeling weary from the riding out in state,
Or bowing to his subjects and serfs importunate,
Retiring to the castle, his regal head, our King
Lays down in princely grandeur, while loving minstrels sing.

If you would find his royal seat you need not sail the sea,
For—strange enough—his throne is set in this home of the free.
Just find the nearest nursery, and bow to the command
Of the loving little monarch, who is King of all Lapland.



BUTTERFLIES

BY AMELIA SANFORD

OUT in the churchyard the grass grew deep,
Where the peaceful dead were lying;
Over their quiet and holy sleep
The butterflies white were flying,
And one little child was playing there
In the churchyard, sunny and still;
He'd wandered away, in his innocent play,
From the little white house on the hill.
"Butterflies, butterflies!" cried the child,
As he played on the grassy sod,
"You're the souls of the little dead children here
Fluttering up to God!"

Out in the churchyard a place new-made,
Waits for the innocent dead;
Still, for the dear little sleeper, there
Waited his quiet bed.
And a long farewell they say over him,
With kisses on lip and brow;
And, with flowers sweet at head and feet,
He goes from his mother now.
Butterflies flutter above her head,
As she kneels on the grassy sod,
And the little white soul of her precious one
Flutters away to God.





By Hon. Benjamin Harrison

* IX—THREE DEPARTMENTS OF THE GOVERNMENT

MILITARY affairs under the Confederation were first conducted by a Committee of Congress, then by a Board of War, and after 1781 by a Secretary of War. The War Department was established under the Constitution by an Act of Congress of date August 7, 1789, and

General Henry Knox, who had been holding the office since 1785, was named as Secretary by President Washington. In 1890 Congress provided an Assistant Secretary. Before that there had been none. The larger duties of the Secretary of War are not very particularly described in the statutes. The law reads: He

"shall perform such duties as shall from time to time be enjoined on or entrusted to him by the President relative to military commissions, the military forces, the warlike stores of the United States, or to other matters respecting military affairs; and he shall conduct the business of the department in such manner as the President shall direct." The law defining the duties of the Secretary of the Navy runs much in the same terms. The thought of the law-makers seems to have been that as these departments had to do with the organization, equipment and subsistence of the land and naval forces of the United States, and the movement of troops and ships, and as the President is by the Constitution the Commander-in-Chief of such forces, the action of the heads of these departments must proceed theoretically, at least, upon the President's direction. "By order of the Secretary of War" is the equivalent of "by order of the President," and perhaps War Department orders should run so. It would avoid in great measure the not infrequent differences between the Secretary and the General commanding the Army. In fact, the Secretary acts in great part upon his own judgment, and only consults the President and takes his directions in important matters.

HOW THE WAR DEPARTMENT IS CONDUCTED

ALL of the principal officers of the War Department, except the Secretary and the Assistant Secretary, are Army officers, the heads of the several staff corps, thus: the Adjutant General, the Inspector General, the Judge Advocate General, the Chief Signal Officer, the Quartermaster General, the Commissary General, the Chief of Engineers, the Paymaster General, the Surgeon General and the Chief of Ordnance. Each of these officers has the Army rank and pay of a Brigadier General, and conducts his office under the Secretary of War.

The titles they bear, perhaps, sufficiently indicate their general duties. The Adjutant General's office has to do with the muster of troops, the organization of the Army, the preservation of the muster in and out rolls, and the various regimental, company and post returns and reports required by the Army regulations; and it is through this office that orders are issued directing the movement of officers and troops. The Inspector General visits all military posts and detachments, the military academy and prisons, inspects and reports upon matters relating to the equipment and discipline of the troops, the sanitary condition of the posts and prisons, and examines the accounts of disbursing and issuing officers. The Judge Advocate General is the military law officer of the department, receives and reviews the records of Army courts-martial, and gives to the Secretary opinions upon law questions submitted to him. The Chief Signal Officer is the head of the Signal Corps of the Army, and his military duty relates to Army signaling, either with the flag (what the soldiers used to call "wig-wag") or the heliograph, and to the construction and use of field telegraph lines. There was added to these military duties a meteorological service, designed to observe and report storms, freshets and changes in temperature that involved danger to the mariner or to the farmer. This service has now been transferred to the Agricultural Department. The Quartermaster General is charged with providing practically all Army supplies, except arms, rations and medicines, and these are supplied respectively by the Chief of Ordnance, the Commissary General and the Surgeon General. Upon the Engineer officers of the Army important civil duties have been devolved, in addition to those of a military nature. The military duties of the corps embrace the location and construction of fortifications, military bridges, pontoons, etc. The officers of the corps are also employed in the location and construction of light-houses, and in the important and very extensive works undertaken by the Government for the improvement of harbors and navigable rivers.

THE STRENGTH OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY

IT HAS never been the policy of the United States to maintain a large standing Army. At the close of the Revolutionary War, when it might have been supposed the Army would have been held in high and grateful appreciation by the people, the popular jealousy and apprehension of the National troops was absurdly intense. Congress refused to authorize the enlistment of eight hundred men to garrison the frontier posts about to be surrendered by Great Britain. McMaster says: "The history of Greece, the history of Rome and the history of England were then ransacked for examples of the ills of a standing army." The Army of the general Government was disbanded—only eighty men being retained to protect the public stores at Fort Pitt and at West Point. The Army is now limited by law to twenty-five thousand enlisted men. There are five regiments of artillery, of

twelve batteries each; ten regiments of cavalry, of twelve troops each, and twenty-five regiments of infantry, of ten companies each. The enlisted men of two regiments of cavalry and two of infantry are colored men, and they have attained a high record for efficiency.

The officers of the Army are chiefly graduates of the West Point Military Academy, though a door is open for the promotion of meritorious soldiers who, as non-commissioned officers, have made a good record and have passed an examination as to their qualifications, and now and then, when there happen to be an unusual number of vacancies, appointments to the grade of second lieutenant are made from civil life. The graduates of the Academy are assigned to vacant second lieutenantancies, and, if there are not enough such vacancies, are borne on the rolls as additional second lieutenants until vacancies occur. The corps of cadets at the Academy is composed of one from each Congressional district, one from each Territory, one from the District of Columbia, and ten from the United States at large, and all save these ten must be residents of the places from which they purport to be appointed. They are all appointed by the President, but those from the Congressional districts and the Territories have by custom for many years been selected by the representatives and delegates in Congress—each naming the cadet from his district. The cadets receive five hundred and forty dollars a year.

OUR ARMY SMALL AND INACTIVE

OUR Army is small, in fact, and minute, when compared with any of the armies of the great powers, but, under the operation of recent laws relating to enlistments, and of laws intended to protect the rights and promote the self-respect of the private soldier, and to relieve him from assignments to menial duties, the quality and *esprit de corps* of the enlisted men are higher, I think, than ever before, and the character and military skill of the officers are of a very high order.

There is little call upon the Army now for war service. The Indian wars that for so long kept our Army constantly on the alert and often in the field seem to have been ended, and the necessity for maintaining many small and isolated posts for the defense of the frontier settlements to have ceased—now that we have no frontier. The policy of the War Department is now to bring the companies of each regiment together in larger posts.

The use of the Army—either upon the call of a State to preserve the peace of the State, or under the direct orders of the President to suppress resistance to the laws of the United States—has become more frequent of late years, and more than one community has owed its deliverance from the frenzy of a mob to the presence of a small detachment of United States troops—men who would do what they were ordered to do, and nothing without orders. There is no menace to the liberties of the people in our little Army, but its trained and patriotic officers may again, in the case of a great war, as in 1861, become the organizers and leaders of great armies; and, with the little army of trained men they now command, will, within the Constitution and the laws, during our longer years of peace, be the conservators of public order.

THE DUTIES OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL

THE Judiciary Act of 1789, which established and defined the jurisdiction of the courts of the United States below the Supreme Court, provided for an Attorney-General. The Attorney-General was always a member of the Cabinet, but it was not until 1870 that the Department of Justice was established, with the Attorney-General as its chief officer. The duties of the Attorney-General are: to give his advice and opinion upon questions of law when asked by the President, or by the head of any other department, as to any question of law arising in his department; to examine and report upon the title to lands to be purchased as sites for public buildings; to conduct and argue, with the Solicitor-General, all suits, writs of error and appeals in the Supreme Court and the Court of Claims, in which the United States is interested; to exercise a supervision over the United States attorneys and marshals of all the districts in the States and Territories, and to require and receive their reports and supervise their accounts, as well as those of the clerks and other officers of the United States courts; to examine and report to the President on all applications for pardon, and to send to Congress annually a report of the business of the department for the preceding fiscal year. The general organization of the department is: a Solicitor-General, who is next in rank to the Attorney-General, and in his absence becomes the acting head of the department; four Assistant Attorneys-General and eleven assistant attorneys, who do such work as may be assigned to them. These have their offices in the Department of Justice building, and act directly under the orders of the Attorney-General. There are, in addition, the following officers belonging to the Department of Justice, but serving in other departments: a Solicitor and Assistant Solicitor of the Treasury, a Solicitor of Internal Revenue, a Solicitor for the State Department, an Assistant Attorney-General for the Post-Office Department and one for the Interior Department.

The work of the Department of Justice is very large, very responsible and very various. Many new law questions are constantly arising in the administration of public affairs, and the active litigation, both of a civil and of a criminal nature, in which the United States is a party, is constantly enlarging. The Court of Claims hears claims against the Government—often involving millions of dollars—and the discovery and collection of the evidence for the Government and the presentation of its case demand laborious, intelligent and conscientious work. Great questions, involving large amounts of money, arise under every new tariff law; and the relations of the Government to the Pacific railways also give rise to important litigation.

THE ORIGIN OF THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT

THE Postmaster-General was, in the beginning, a very unimportant personage. Washington thought the office too insignificant to entitle the holder of it to a place in the Cabinet. Referring to this low estimation of the office McMaster says: "Yet there is now no other department of Government in which the people take so lively an interest as in that over which the Postmaster-General presides. The number of men who care whether the Indians get their blankets and their rations on the frontier, whether one company or two are stationed at Fort Dodge, whether there is a fleet of gun-boats in the Mediterranean Sea, is extremely small. But the sun never sets without millions upon millions of our citizens entrusting to the mails letters and postal cards, money-orders and packages, in the safe and speedy delivery of which they are deeply concerned." It is essentially a business department, and requires for its successful administration a trained business man, who knows the significance of every hour saved in the transmission of a letter. Perhaps more than any other of the executive departments its growth measures the growth of the country. Its daily transactions give us a pretty sure indication of the state of our commerce.

The Post-Office Department was created in 1789, and more permanently established and settled in 1794. In early Colonial times letters went by the hands of special messengers when of the highest importance, but usually by the hands of casual travelers, or of accommodating captains of coasting vessels. When population increased and commerce could no longer depend on casual opportunities, posts were established and riders dispatched when enough letters to pay the cost had been accumulated. Finally the mother country introduced a limited postal system in the American Colonies.

In his autobiography Franklin says: "In 1737 Colonel Spotswood, late Governor of Virginia, and then Postmaster-General, being dissatisfied with the conduct of his deputy at Philadelphia. . . . took from him the commission and offered it to me. I accepted it readily, and found it of great advantage; for, though the salary was small, it facilitated the correspondence that improved my newspaper, increased the number demanded, as well as the advertisements to be inserted, so that it came to afford me a considerable income. My old competitor's newspaper declined proportionately, and I was satisfied without retaliating his refusal, while postmaster, to permit my papers being carried by the riders."

The Postal Service has not lost the characteristics revealed by this early incident; small post-offices and small newspapers still exhibit an affinity for each other, and the rival newspaper still complains of injurious discriminations. It was not until 1792 that newspapers were received as mail matter.

WHEN THE MAILS MOVED LIKE SNAILS

IN 1753 Franklin and Mr. William Hunter were appointed Postmasters-General upon the terms that they were to have six hundred pounds a year between them if they could make so much out of the office. It seems from Franklin's account that during the first four years they expended nine hundred pounds more than they received. After that the revenues improved and the office became a paying one and yielded a not inconsiderable surplus to the Crown.

In Washington's first term an effort was made to speed the mails—to move them at the rate of one hundred miles in twenty-four hours, or about four and a half miles an hour. This would have been a notable advance, for the carriers were then taking nearly thirty hours between Philadelphia and New York. The roads were bad and there were many slow ferries. What a contrast! How slow the fast things of our fathers appear to us. The special mail trains now run at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour; mails are taken up and delivered without stops, and are sorted and put up in the postal cars so as to go on their way without going to distributing offices. In 1776 there were only twenty-eight post-offices in the Colonies; in 1795 there were four hundred and fifty-three, and in 1895 there were 70,064.

BEFORE THE DAY OF STAMPS AND NOW

THE rates of postage when the department was organized under the Constitution were high: for thirty miles, six cents for one letter sheet; for sixty miles, eight cents; for one hundred miles, ten cents, and so increasing with the increased distance to the maximum, twenty-five cents for distances over four hundred and fifty miles. Stamps were not in use in those days, nor was the sender of a letter required to pay the postage in advance. The postage, six cents or twenty-five cents, as the case might be, was written by the postmaster on the letter, and if the sender paid the postage the word "paid" was added; if he did not the postage was collected of the person to whom the letter was addressed. These rates soon yielded a surplus over the cost of the service, spite of the franking privilege which the law gave to Congressmen and the heads of departments. But with larger public revenues from other sources the policy of making net revenues from the Postal Service was abandoned, and for many years the policy has been to extend and improve the service, and to reduce postal rates, even at the cost of large annual deficits to be made good from the Treasury. The scattered frontier settlements have been provided with mail facilities, even when the cost of the service was several hundred times more than the receipts. A letter weighing one ounce is now carried to any post-office in the United States for a uniform rate of two cents.

The demand of the newspapers and periodicals of every class for cheap postage, seconded by their subscribers, has led to a reduction of rates greatly below the actual cost to the Government. In his report for 1892 the Postmaster-General, after stating that the present letter rate pays twice the cost of the letter mail, says that the book and newspaper mail is carried at a loss of six cents a pound. In recent years the Post-Office Department has been characterized by a very progressive spirit, and it is now rendering, not a perfect service, but a high-class service. No other department has more nearly kept pace with the marvelous development of our country.

Only a very brief notice of a few of the most interesting subdivisions of its work is possible here. The free collection of mail matter, several times a day, from deposit boxes so thickly scattered over our cities that one may reach them in his slippers, and the free and frequent delivery of mail at our doors, is a wondrous advance

(CONTINUATION ON PAGE 26 OF THIS ISSUE)

* Previous articles of the series by ex-President Harrison published in the JOURNAL: Introductory, December, 1895; "The Constitution," January; "The Presidential Office," February; "The Duties of the President," March; "The Enforcement of the Law," April; "The Veto and Treating-Making Powers," May; "The Pardoning Power and Impeachment," June; "The Secretary of State," July; "The Secretary of the Treasury," August, 1896. Other articles of "This Country of Ours" series will appear in successive issues of the JOURNAL during the year.

THE EXPERIMENT IN THE CLOISTER *

By Jane G. Austin

Author of "Outposts," "Cipher," "A Nameless Nobleman," "Nantucket," etc.

DRAWINGS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS



HE was a lone woman, so much loner than most women that her name was Lona, a far prettier name, to my mind, than Mona, inasmuch as one may remain alone and silent with self-respect, but so soon as the world is taken into confidence and one becomes a mourner the privilege of resentment is gone, and the Mona must accept sympathy and advice from every one, two commodities which, like musk, are only tolerable when so disguised as to lose their identity.

Lona was loner than most women for several reasons: one was that she was a member of a large family, possessing a dozen or so of brothers and sisters, with most of whom she had never become acquainted, or in doing so had found that she did not like them; and several persons since Solomon have discovered that better is a friend that is near than a kindness that is far off. One wishes that Solomon had gone a little farther into the matter and mentioned how many friends he had found in a somewhat extended experience. Lona, after a great deal of experience, found one whom she called Dulcie, but Dulcie had complicated her duties of friendship with various other obligations to a husband, some children, a house and servants and several similar details. This left Lona—she knew quite too much to engage in any such affairs—still loner than she had been before, and rather at a loss when and how to live.

"It is very simple," said Dulcie. "Live with me and pay for your cup and crust like the dear independent creature you are."

"The idea is charming, my Dulcie, and apparently reasonable, a trait not distinguishing all your dear ideas; but turn it inside out, look at the seamy side of the tapestry. A person living among others must not be a hermit; now I like to be a hermit—"

"You! Why you are one of the most social creatures alive! Everybody says—"

"Wait, my sweet, wait! If you had not interrupted you would have heard me say that I like to be a hermit when I feel like it."

"O—h!"

"Yes. Now if I lived with you alone I could trust you to let me alone when I was a hermit, and meet me half way when I was social. But you have extended your personality into four or five different concretes—"

"Dear Lona, please."

"Well, I could trust you to see and indulge my moods like the dear Dulcie that you are, but here, you see, are the best of men and the most charming of children to be con-

should, in submitting to them, soon become so distracted that I should lose my own identity. Besides, dear, there is my mission."

"Oh, your mission! Pity about your mission!" exclaimed Dulcie in what were, for her, tones of withering contempt. And here comes in the second reason: its Lona was loner than most women. She had a mission, and it was not a social mission, and rather rejected than invited coöperation. It was not the woman's rights mission, wherein she would have had so much and such clamorous companionship, for Lona held that the very fact of being a woman conferred upon her more rights than she found time or strength to use, and, so far as she had meddled with this question, it had been to try to open the eyes of her sisters to the tremendous powers, opportunities and privileges they enjoyed by birthright, and to beg them not to insist upon mounting the box of the carriage and handling reins and whip, when they could remain inside and direct the coachman.

Neither was it the flower mission, nor the holiday mission, nor the children's, nor the crèche, nor the Christmas-cards-to-the-poor mission, for she observed that these most amiable and laudable industries were all supplied with workers. Nor was it the Indian, nor the Freedmen's, nor the Oriental missions that claimed her labors, although she most sincerely wished them well, and put her modest contribution in their several hats as they went round. Nor was it the

pleased when in about the second day of their career they broke down and became monuments of uselessness. She used to say it was as good as going to the play, and far less tiresome.

"What shape does your mission take just at present, Lona?" inquired Dulcie presently, and the other replied:

"I am going to open a bureau for smart sayings. I shall give two or three loquacious persons of my acquaintance information that I am ready to furnish impromptus, repartees, happy thoughts, best men's speeches for wedding breakfasts, a "few words" for chairmen of dining committees, and so forth, and so forth, and trust to the nature of things to have the news get round faster than in the "Herald."

"How absurd!"

"Isn't it! Not half so absurd, however, as most of the efforts these classes of speakers make in their own behalf."



"Ladies that live in The Cloisters ain't generally much on muscle, and lots of 'em have hearts"



"After her weary guest's departure Lona turned to take a possessive view of her new home"

sidered, not to mention your dear five hundred friends, each one of whom is so infinitely more valuable than myself, but who, nevertheless, I am not always ready to see. No, in your home, my Dulcie, I should not like to play hermit in face of any one of these distractions, and still I

and always was conscious of her surroundings—in fact, painfully so; but for all this, she wrote because she could not help doing so any more than a toy engine wound up and set on the floor can help traveling; the journey is oblique, absurd and useless, but the toy has to accomplish the end of its creation, and must have a clear field to do it in, else disaster. Lona was fond of buying engines and presenting them to Dulcie's children, and she was always

A, B, C mission, nor the write-five-copies-and-send-them-on mission, nor the card-with-a-hole-in-the-middle-for-a-quarter mission; nor was it the coffee-house, nor lemonade stall, nor Christmas dinner, nor even the soup kitchen mission that appealed to Lona, although she was rejoiced to know that they all went merrily on propelled by abler and worthier hands than her own, and to these, too, she gave her pennies as the frequent hat went round.

No, poor Lona's mission was a much narrower and less popular one than any of these; it was simply to put into the English tongue and write down upon paper the songs, the stories, the confessions, the laments and the buried secrets that unseen companions whispered into her ear, and for which they demanded expression. I don't mean that she was a spiritualist, as we use the word to-day; she never felt herself "controlled" by Shakespeare, or Milton, or Scott, or anybody else; she couldn't have written a single word without quite knowing she did it, and meaning to; she never became rigid and cataleptic,

Just recall the struggles at conversation of your partners in the last dance you attended—"

"Oh, if you mean—"

"My dear, I mean nobody in particular, but dancing men in general; of course one doesn't expect treatises upon the solar spectrum, or the origin of evil, in the pauses of a cotillion, but one need not be so frightfully bored as one generally is; similarly tennis, or picnics, or afternoon teas, or even dinners sometimes, although here is less danger, for dining is so serious an occupation that men generally prepare themselves; still, many do not know how or what to prepare, and many more are quite oblivious of what would be acceptable. Now, Dulcie mine, you perceive that here is a wide, a fruitful field of labor; here is a mission worthy of one who could fain leave the world a little more tolerable than she found it; in fact, so the idea grows upon me, I think I shall establish a society for the suppression of social stupidity, and educate a staff of teachers of talk—you see one must be alliterative or nothing."

"But I thought you didn't want to be social, or talk; I thought you wanted to be a hermit."

"Dulcie, I stand reproved; you are quite right. I renounce the S. S. S. and the staff of T. of T. in the very moment of their conception. I will be a hermit, a recluse, a Delphic oracle, and deliver my golden utterances through a pipe—"

"With a faucet for your clients to turn on wit or wisdom as they desire?"

"Dulcie, please don't stray out of your record and become sarcastic. Bittersweet is nauseous. No, I will remain hermetically inclosed in my den for certain hours, concocting reports and things, and at the proper time I can open the door and admit my clientele. Social needs, in the way of brilliancy, are really so limited both in number and quality that I shall probably have something ready for everybody."

"But they won't like each other to know. The others would tell, as soon as they heard the repartee, where it came from."

"Yes, that is a difficulty. In fact, it did happen once in a little amateur trial that I gave my theory. I shall have to get a grotto, and admit the inquirers one by one. I fancy our friend Chips could make one."

"Twenty-five cents a head and liberal terms to children and parties," suggested Dulcie.

"Children! I should learn of them rather than to attempt improving upon their natural method. Com-

* Posthumous. "The Experiment in the Cloister" is one of the few unpublished stories left by Mrs. Austin.

mend me to an *enfant terrible* for repartee, or epigram, or piquant remarks, yes, as piquant as a pin in the seat of a chair."

"You mean poor Tot asking you why nobody ever called you 'wifey,'" remarked Dulcie plaintively, and Lona rather viciously replied:

"Nothing of the sort, that was simple stupidity. Well, I'm going."

"Where, dear? After all, what is your plan? You have got to eat, you know, and to sleep, and have a fire, and a roof, and a bath, and lots of things like that. You would have to go to board, and I don't see why any other place is so much more desirable than this."

"Simply because it could not be so agreeable, and therefore, so distracting."

"How much do you charge for one in that style, dear?"

"Dulcie! Boarding, as a general thing, is not a condition subject to the laws of civilization. One feels gregariously, to be sure, but a little gentle firmness soon convinces one's fellow-feeders that one's mouth and throat are engaged in their lowest functions, to the exclusion of their higher. If I wanted to be coarse I would suggest chewing versus conversation."

"Please don't!"

"I won't; consider it unsuspected; but in all sadness, it is very easy to surround one's self with an atmosphere which the horn of a rhinoceros could hardly penetrate. This defense, however, requires some thought and attention, and one doesn't like to waste one's mind in that way. Besides, a divided attention induces dyspepsia, the modern disguise of Satan."

"But practically, Lona, what do you mean to do?"

"I mean to do light housekeeping in apartments—that is, to cook and eat, and clear away what food is necessary, and to do it in a lodging-room with a bed masquerading in the daytime as a sofa, a bookcase, a sideboard, a piano, a wardrobe or a draped fireplace. I suppose I had better have a bookcase; it looks literary and inspiring."

"Cook for yourself!" and Dulcie's intonation spoke volumes.

"Yes. One of the woman's rights I feel, inherent but dormant through neglect, is that of preparing food."

"So dormant, dear, that I am afraid you'll never be able to wake it up."

"Trust a woman to wake sounder sleepers than those of Ephesus. Besides, one doesn't need to cook much; there are always tins to be had."

"In the first place, Lona, you know you couldn't open a tin, and if you did you'd cut your fingers, and spill it all over; and even then, to sit down all alone to a tin, and call it dinner! I can't imagine anything more forlorn."

"Say much more, you raven, and I'll cook and eat you, like poor Sir Federigo's falcon."

"You might kill me but you never could cook me. And do you really mean to carry out this crazy scheme, Lona?"

"I do indeed, my Dulcie. Put on your hat and come with me to look for apartments."

"I thought you said one room."

"Hush, my dear! At night you have a bedroom, in the day you have a parlor, drawing-room, study, library, reception-room, dining-hall, boudoir, what you will. Isn't that apartments, or rather an apartment?"

Somebody, Dyspepsia, I suppose, always puts the means of self-destruction within easy grasp of the suicide, and Lona and Dulcie had hardly begun to look, before they found what the former declared was the ideal apartment, while the latter sniffed at it in a manner at once disparaging and lachrymose. It was in a building called The Cloisters, and was designed for the occupancy of Lonas, of whom there is a large and increasing sisterhood; unattached, or detached women with a mission, either public or personal, requiring for its pursuits an amount of quiet and isolation not to be attained in family life. In fact, children, parrots and vocalists were not allowed in The Cloisters, and musical instruments might only be used from two o'clock until six in the afternoon, those being the dearest hours of the twenty-four so far as intellectual effort is concerned.

A janitor and janitor's wife (childless) had charge of the building, and an enterprising caterer had established himself hard by the entrance, filled his window with cakes, rusks, long French and Vienna loaves, potted meats, and sweets, and posted an enormous placard advertising, "Best of tea made fresh every half hour!"

"See there, my dear!" exclaimed Dulcie in a tragic tone as she pointed to this placard, "I give you just about a fortnight to drink yourself to death, or at least, mad! Bad you are already."

"Perhaps no more than sad," replied Lona, in a voice more sincerely tragic.

"Don't set up that fancy, for then you will drink to drown sorrow, and so have an excuse."

"Well, come in. Here is the office, and that nice woman must be Mrs. Janitor."

"Mrs. Bloxome," replied the comely, middle-aged woman, who was endowed with a supernatural sense of hearing except when she was called in the night.

"Ah, yes, Bloxome—excuse me," began Lona with assured suavity. "You have some apartments to let?"

"Single lady, no children, parrots, nor vocal pursuits?" inquired Mrs. Bloxome, her hand pausing half way toward a key-rack.

"Single and unencumbered," replied Lona, while Dulcie added, *sotto voce*,

"Even with vocal powers."

"*Tu quoque*," retorted Lona.

"Elevator this way, ladies."

"Oh, there is an elevator!"

"Yes'm. Ladies that live in The Cloisters ain't generally much on muscle, and lots of 'em have hearts."

"Never having had opportunity to dispose of them, I suppose."

"Er—yes'm. Step right in, and I'll take you up. The boy goes of errands, ten cents an hour; but I can show you how to elevate yourself."

"With tea, I suppose," murmured Dulcie.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Bloxome, throwing open a door. "That's as nice a little 'sweet' as a lady need ask for; study, chamber, and 'ante,' all for five."

"Five dollars a week?" asked Lona, who was very precise in making her bargains, and then held herself and others to them.

"Yes, five a week. Steam heat a dollar more, or you've got a lovely little coal-cellar and can have your grate-fire, and the janitor brings up the coal and clears the

grate every day, a dollar a week. You have your own metre, or a lamp, if you provide yourself with one."

"Naturally. Oh, Dulcie, darling, see that lovely English grate with positively hobs at each side. Don't you see and hear my copper tea-kettle glittering and hissing there in the twilight, with my blue and gold teapot and a plate of muffins on the other side?"

"But it won't keep glittering unless it's cleaned, and who is to clean it?" inquired Dulcie, who was a pattern housekeeper.

"Oh—well—"

"I might do any little odd jobs like that, though service is extry," suggested Mrs. Bloxome. Lona's brow cleared.

"Oh, of course, of course, although I shall not need much. My wants are very simple, and I shall enjoy waiting on myself—"

"It will have the charm of novelty," said Dulcie.

"Well, I don't know. However, we will try it. Now, about furnishing."

"I can lend you almost everything you need, just for an experiment, my dear Lona," interposed Dulcie anxiously. "And I really hope you won't insist upon buying a lot of things."

"There's some the lady that had these rooms before left stored here," said Mrs. Bloxome. "She was an English lady, and she had them things you call hobs put in to make her feel at home. She used to sit with her feet upon one of them and cry a good part of the time, and I guess she hadn't got much but her feet to put on 'em. She sold her copper tea-kettle."

"Good gracious! What did she cry about, and why didn't she have—things?"

"Well'm, I'm most afraid she didn't have means. She was a French rubber—"

"I thought you said she was English."

"Yes, she was English, but the rubbing part has got a French name."

"Massage?"

"Yes, I never can think of it twice. Well, she didn't get any to do, not to be worth mentioning, and so she didn't have the means to buy much stren'thening food, and that kind o' weakened her."

"Oh, poor, poor thing," interrupted Dulcie. "Come, Lona, you don't want to see these rooms any longer."

"And what became of her?" sternly demanded Lona, resisting Dulcie's gentle pull at her arm.

"Well'm she became deranged," replied Mrs. Bloxome with an apologetic little cough veiled behind her left hand, "and was took to the hospital and died pretty soon."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Dulcie again. "Lona, do come out of this room."

"Nonsense, child. What was her name, Mrs. Bloxome?"

"There now—such a head as I have got for names—'twas—well the first name was Perdita, I took notice of that on a letter she got—the only one she ever had; it had a black edge. I reckon some of her folks in England died, but they didn't seem to leave her any more means."

"Poor Perdita! I can see her now, sitting there with her feet on the hob, and the black-edged letter in her lap, and the tears dripping down on it."

"Excuse me, but are you a meejum?" inquired Mrs. Bloxome with enthusiasm, at which question Dulcie's nerves gave way, and she rushed into the "ante" stifling her laughter.

"Have you the chair Perdita sat in?" inquired Lona after rather indignantly repudiating "meejumship."

"Oh, yes'm, we've got all her things. The landlord kep' 'em for the rent, and they're for sale."

"Very well. Please put them all back in the rooms just as they stood and I will come in to-morrow and see what else is needed. I will use the open fire, and probably the janitor can buy me some coal."

"Yes'm—a little commission—"

"Certainly. Do everything and charge what it is worth. I will come in to-morrow and see about the rest."

"She's got means," said Mrs. Bloxome as she watched her new tenant out of the door; the truth being that Lona's bank lay in the point of her pen, and her "means" depended altogether upon her moods, while, at the same time, a native love of elegance and impatience of sordid detail was always leading herself and others astray, and giving her all unconsciously the air of a person to whom money was "no object," and who might, therefore, be fleeced safely.

The next day the two friends arrived at The Cloisters prepared for business. The sparse and cheap bits of furniture bequeathed by Perdita were arranged around the rooms in a pathetic attempt to look sufficient for the occasion, drawing from tender-hearted Dulcie the cry:

"Oh, poor dear! No wonder she went crazy and died. Do, Lona, send away every one of these mementoes and take enough from our house to make up the deficiency."

"Not at all, my Dulcie. I value them exceedingly. They give an atmosphere to the rooms—"

"They're all aired and dusted beautiful, ma'am," interposed Mrs. Bloxome in an injured tone.

"I see that they are. I mean they seem as if somebody had lived here before me—"

"And died," interposed Dulcie in a sepulchral voice.

"And died," cheerfully echoed Lona, "which, after all, is not a singular fate. And this was her chair!"

"She didn't like a rocker, being English, you know, but you might put one in," suggested Mrs. Bloxome.

"I shall, and a good many other things, of which I have a list here. Please, Mrs. Bloxome, have a fire lighted, and have this kettle filled and put on the hob. When we come back from our shopping, Dulcie, I shall invite you to tea."

"Yes, dear. I had Jane pack a basket in preparation for such an invitation."

"I hope she remembered some cream! Mrs. Bloxome, how shall I get cream every day?"

"Well'm, they mostly have a pint of milk from the milkman, but if you're particular about cream—"

"Indeed, I am. One might as well give up life as give up cream."

"Then I'll see if our man can bring it. It's fifty cents a quart, 'm."

"I sha'n't require a quart every day, shall I, Dulcie?"

"Why, of course not, you goose. A half pint is plenty."

"I'm most afraid they don't have half-pint cans," said Mrs. Bloxome, more than ever sure that Lona had "means."

"I might have a refrigerator and ice, and keep it two or three days."

"Yes'm, but wouldn't it come about as high as to take a pint every day and make griddles of the sour?"

"Griddles?"

"Did you ever make griddle-cakes, Lona?" demanded Dulcie, growing very pink in the face.

"No, dear."

"And I doubt if you ever will. Well, for to-day we will get a bottle of Deerfoot cream and you can see about the milkman later."

"Come then!" And the friends sallied out to buy, and buy, and buy, until Lona remarked:

"I've only twenty cents left in my purse out of forty-five dollars."

"You dreadful girl! Why didn't you tell me sooner? I never would have let you buy that screen."

"Oh, but I needed it, and I shall soon earn some more money. Perhaps I'd better write a little poem this afternoon and arrange the furniture to-morrow."

"Oh, you dear, unpractical old thing. Come straight home with me, and leave The Cloisters to its own solitude until you have replenished your purse."

"Why no. That kettle is singing on the hob by this time, and do you think I'd be so unmerciful as to turn my back on it? Let us go and see it."

But the kettle only grumbled instead of singing, and the fire was sulkily struggling against a damp chimney, and the new teapot had hayseed in it, and the cups needed washing, and the dish-towels hadn't come, so, as Dulcie remarked to her husband in the evening, she felt, before that tea was over and cleared away, what the "struggle for existence" means.

Closing the door of her apartment after her weary guest's departure Lona turned to take a possessive view of her new home, for since the moral of it was solitude she could not really tell how she liked it until she was alone.

"Yes, very cozy and comfortable," pronounced she. Then with a whimsical smile she pushed the little cheap basket chair belonging to the room up to the fireplace, and added aloud, "There, poor Perdita, sit there and toast your ghostly toes upon your favorite hob. I will take the other side."

And from that moment out, when Lona sat down by herself she always took the other side, and left that poor little chair vacant in its old position. She was not a spiritualist, and she was not a lunatic, but like a good many other people more or less misunderstood by the world, she lived in a less precisely defined atmosphere than the world believes in; her thoughts, or, if you like, her fancies, were higher, deeper, broader than positive lines could bound; she did not find that one had to pass through an iron door in a high wall to be in "the other world" as it is called; she felt as if it were all one world, and everybody would see everything if they had the right sort of eyes, but at present most of us are the oysters or mussels of the wider universe—in it, but seeing as little of it as actual oysters and mussels do of this planet.

(CONCLUSION IN OCTOBER JOURNAL)



THE LITTLE RECRUIT

By Annie S. Churchill

NO WE haven't any children, Mary and I, at least not round here. There was a little fellow, born after I went to the war. He favored me so much they said there wa'n't but one name for him; but I never saw Johnnie—never saw my boy

in his mother's arms. When a man loses that picture out of his life it can't be made up to him, and I ain't a bit ashamed to own up to an awful feeling of loss when I got home on a furlough, and found Mary, sittin' pale and lonely, with empty hands. We had a good cry together, and she felt better, and told me all 'bout his peaceful little life of nearly three months, and how, one night, as she was soothin' him to sleep, and thinkin' 'bout me, the breath came slower and feebler, and suddenly stopped, and she knew the little fellow had gone—gone beyond the need of our care—but not, oh, not beyond the reach of our love. That's the comfort of it all to this day. The doctor said it was some heart trouble, and told Mary nothing could 've been done. She showed me the little grave under a big pine tree, in the church-yard near by, and said, 'Perhaps you'll think it was foolish, John, but I had him buried with his little face toward the south, just as if he was lookin' out for you, John, the way he would have done if he'd have lived.' Well, I didn't think 'twas 'foolish,' and the thought of that baby face watchin' me mayhap from the home 'over there'—we don't know exactly where—has held me back many times from the rough word and rougher deed I might have been left to say and do. There's nothing new 'bout this. Other fathers have felt just so, but you see every man's experience is his own—the same, yet never quite the same, his brother men go through.

"It's amazin' what a hold that little boy I never saw has had on my life. Mary and I always think of him as our 'treasure laid up in Heaven,' for there isn't a person left, leastways no sane person, that b'lieves that awful doctrine of 'infant damnation.' Johnnie was a soldier's boy, 'a little recruit,' his mother wrote after he came, and every Memorial Day, toward evenin', when it won't tract attention—for we don't want to put our feelin's on dress parade—Mary and I go over to the cemetery, and put a little, tiny flag on his grave. It don't seem no more than right, comin' as he did, and I know he'd have been a brave-hearted boy if he'd lived. Every time I see the young fellows connected with our Post, meetin' and paradin' round, I says to myself, 'John Winslow, you've got a part in all this Sons of Veterans' business, only your boy wa'n't left to make his way along the dark and windin' paths of earth.' No, no—afore he'd had a chance to stumble he was called up there—up to that beautiful city with streets of gold, where 'the Lamb is the light thereof.' And mabbe it's better so. He can't be lonesome, for there must be other little fellows, quite a company of 'em, who went from soldiers' homes up to our Great Captain, and He'll look out for 'em. How strange it seems! There's some, like those martyrs in 'Story of Liberty,' has to toil and struggle, and go through fiery trials before they overcome, and wear a victor's crown, and some passes straight from their mothers' arms to Him who said, 'Suffer the little ones to come unto me.' Well, I reckon we sha'n't know the *why* of it till we get where

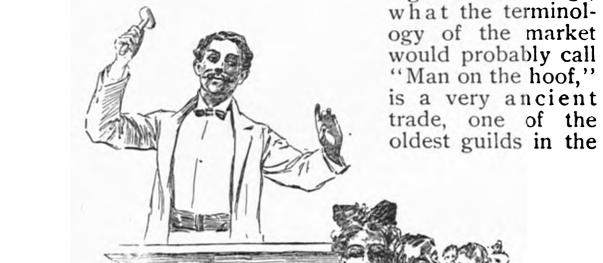
"All is made right,
That so puzzles us here."

MARKETABLE MEN AND WOMEN

By Robert F. Burdette

DRAWINGS BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

THE prophet Amos, with whose writings, I take it, all my readers are slightly, very slightly indeed, acquainted, speaks of a time, some 2600 years ago, when certain dealers in human chattels said—impatiently waiting for the close of divine service and the opening of the market—"When will the new moon be gone, that we may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes?" These were hard times for the needy when they were going so cheaply as that, and the poor must have been, even in those ancient days, a drug in the market. This traffic in living human beings, what the terminology of the market would probably call "Man on the hoof," is a very ancient trade, one of the oldest guilds in the



world, probably. And it is far more universal than the chattels like to believe. I have been sold—sometimes very cheaply, although, I suppose, it was all I was worth; at least, I am certain that I brought all I would fetch. I have gone into the market, a buyer sometimes, going forth in the morning to buy what the dictionary calls a horse, but which the dealer invariably terms a "hoss"; and I have returned at the going down of the sun the worst sold man that ever fell into the hands of an honest "hoss-trader." True, at the same time, I had bought a "hoss"—but we will not speak of that now; "there are cords in the human heart—"

One day, after I had been most cruelly sold by a very funny man who carried about on his person more cells than there are also in the honey and the honeycomb, and not one of them filled with sweetness, pondering upon this brutal traffic in the delicate sensibilities and organic life of man, it occurred to me, as it had occurred to everybody else long, long before it occurred to me to think of it, that this traffic in humanity was merely an evolution of trade; that we had bought and sold everything else in the world for so many generations that at last we fell into the way of buying and selling each other merely to keep our hands in—in and out, that is, of each other's pockets. But when I came to look the matter up I began to think that I was far, far away from the safe environment of my base, with the ball in the hostile hands of an agile in-fielder—which, as a rule, is my habitual position long before the game begins to grow interesting. I suppose that men did buy and sell other things long ago; I cannot see how Cain builded the city of Enoch without at least two eligible corners—one for the grocery and post-office, and the other for the drug store. Tubal Cain must have had a market for his justly-celebrated iron and brass foundry. "Abraham was very rich in cattle, in silver and in gold," and all the farmers tell us that a man will starve to death in a very few years on a farm, and the stock men assure us that the cattle business is nothing but a respectable annex to the almshouse. Therefore, Abraham must have made his wealth in some other way. Moreover, his herdsmen and Lot's herdsmen quarreled, and money has been at the root of all the quarrels between property owners since the world began, somewhere and some way. All the land Abraham had in the world was given to him, until he bought the field of Machpelah, and long before that we read that he had members of his household not born in his house, but "bought with money, of the stranger." Verily, men and sisters, we are marketable chattels unto this day, measurable by the shekels of the merchant, even as were our fathers before us. Small wonder that the late unlamented Boss Tweed asked concerning every man: "What is his price?" It's in the blood of the race.

One thing about the men or women who are purchasable: they are such merchandise as was real estate in old Judea, which could not be sold forever. Not that there is any year of redemption for the fellow you buy; oh, no, but you have to keep on buying him! It's like cornering oats: you have to keep on buying all of him that offers all the time, to corner the market of him. A mercenary



there is in the man, the more noise he can make, the more surely is he in the market, empty as the drum, to be sure, but quite as useful in the procession.

Sometimes you buy the man to make a noise about some things, and keep silent about others. That is done every year. "The needy man?" Oh, by no means, no! Not so very needy. You can't buy him for a pair of shoes. Not new shoes, anyhow. Sometimes if you will let him stand in another man's shoes, that will do. Very often that is the price he sets upon himself. So, after all, men have not appreciated in market value very much since the days of Amos. And, singular as it may seem to you, the man who sells himself for a pair of shoes—old, second-hand shoes at that—is not very particular as to the fit. No, indeed. In fact, he is apt to bargain for a pair much too large for him. When you go into the market and buy a pigmy for a pair of shoes you take notice next time and see if he does not specify the shoes of a giant. The bigger they are the better he likes them. The small politician always asks for the shoes of a statesman; the ward heeler must have the place of some good, honest, respectable, clear-headed citizen in the city council; the woman who can't manage her own children wants to "run" the convention; the man whose farm was sold under two mortgages wants to be land commissioner; the man who failed in business for eighteen cents on the dollar wants you to endorse his application for a position in the Treasury Department. After Cromwell, Charles II; after Napoleon, Louis Philippe; after the thunderstorm, the drizzle; after the flood, the mud.

Nevertheless, although the man who sells himself always wants more for himself than he is worth—and always gets it—it remains an indisputable fact that he is perishable merchandise. He deteriorates rapidly. Nothing in the market gets so quickly shelf-worn; nothing so quickly shows the dust and finger-marks and grime of handling. So soon as it becomes known that he can be bought he becomes cheaper. He is like furniture—the slightest scratch or stain marks him down "second-hand." Cheaper and cheaper he becomes until, at last, he stands in the market-place with his price, "plainly printed on a tag," pinned to the lapel of his coat. And men who are buyers in the market laugh as they pass him by, looking for a higher-priced article that will last a campaign or two longer. It is an old curse, this of deterioration, upon the marketable people. Moses spake it in the law: "Ye shall be sold for bondmen and bondwomen, and no man shall buy you."

Somehow or other, too, disguise it as they will, buyer and seller alike being anxious to keep it secret, everybody comes to know the chattel. There used to be, a few years ago—is now, for that matter—a class of bright, clever entertainers who have such a gift of natural happiness and gaiety that they are frequently hired—that is, employed—I mean, they are invited, under the persuasive flattery of a "complimentary stipend"—to attend dinner-parties and other social functions, there to make merry for the host and his friends at so much per function. Mr. Merryman attends in his court dress—the solemn livery of the gentleman and the head waiter—fills all the dull and narcotic pauses with the spirit of mirthfulness, shortens the hours and promotes digestion. He bids his host good-night, and under the friendly hand-shake the grateful check is pressed into his well-deserving palm, and the guests, glowing into good feeling under the influence of his sunny words and

manner, say as they roll homeward: "What a pleasant home to visit." But before long so many people got to maintaining court jesters by the night that the illusion of the guest habit was dispelled. So that many times an innocent guest who happens to be endowed by nature with a mirthful spirit, and "keeps things going" merrily, is looked upon with dark suspicion, and is secretly believed to be in the pay of the common enemy, the host.

he; not a free-born citizen, nor even a naturalized one in our little world enterprise. You hire him as you do the band to play in the Republican procession to-day, the Democratic to-morrow, the Populist rally the next day, the Prohibition convention the day after that. And he blows his horn for you—you providing the horn—just as cheerfully, and pounds the resounding echoes out of the big bass drum just as lustily for your cause, so long as you pay him, as he will for the enemy to-morrow. Does not make any difference to the trumpeter; that's what the band is organized for. "I care not who make the laws of the country," remarks the drum-major, "if only I may play for the processions." And the more brass

In politics, in religion, in parties and organizations of any character, the purchased man is often recognized by the fact that while he makes a little more noise than do the retainers "to the manner born," he always waits for a signal. He never erupts naturally, like a volcano bursting out upon the world, fed by its own soul-hidden fires; not burning out, but blazing away now and again, always keeping you in lively anticipation of another eruption, scattering lava on this side, cinders to the other, flames to the skies, and ashes everywhere. No, the "boughten" man goes off at the proper time, like a carefully-tamped charge in a stone quarry, or a load in a cannon, fired with friction primer, electric wire, or time fuse—Boom! Then you must load him up again.

So many people you see as you pass along the way, with their price-tags on. It is said, so quietly that perhaps you have never heard the gossipy whisper, that some of them are office-holders—politicians or statesmen, as you choose. At any rate, for some reason or other, men have got into the habit of treating the phrase, "honest election," as a jest. Orators on the rostrum, like the augurs in the Roman temples, pay homage to honesty, and honor, and patriotism, and integrity, and truth, with averted faces, stifling the lurking laughter, and the tongue in the cheek. Masculine horror and disgust at the shameless sale of women for establishment and title, for wealth and position, has been on tap for, lo, these many years, until it began to be believed in some circles that only women could be had in the world's market. It is now, however, suspected by several thoughtful observers that a buyer with plenty of ready money or good appointments might pick up a man or two for spot cash, if he got up right early and went out shaking the trees before everybody else had been there. It is thought by some that when women take a hand in practical politics this sort of traffic will be reformed, if not entirely stopped. Well, maybe! Maybe! Sometimes it does work that way. Sometimes it doesn't. During the Seven Years' War, the great Silesian wars of Frederick the Great, the war that dug graves for nearly a million men, once and again, men, tired of war, prayed for peace. But three women in politics, Catherine, of Russia; Maria Theresa, of Austria, and Pompadour, of France, wanted more war; so the war and the grave-digging went on. This sort of thing isn't a matter



of sex. While the world stands we will never get through the discussion of a question forever open: "Who was the more to blame, Adam or Eve?" The Three Graces are offset by the Furies, also women, every one of them. And all the angels in the Bible are men. There is nothing in all this world a daughter of Eve resembles so closely as a son of Adam. You would think they belonged to the same race, as sometimes I am inclined to think they do—by marriage, at least. It can, perhaps, be partially accounted for by the fact that daughters usually inherit the traits of the father, while boys are more apt to derive their manly qualities from their mother.

But then, again, some day you may have pressing need for a man or woman—crying need; you must have one, and one of the right kind; solid; no veneer; pure gold; no tinsel; no pinchbeck article. Then, when you get to the market-place, you learn something about men and women—a truth a little deeper than all the surface froth and driftwood. No use wasting your time in the market-place, jingling your money in your hand, when you are searching for that kind of a woman or man. That is an article you can't buy—not with money. The woman "whose price is far above rubies" isn't standing in the market-place, tagged with her quality and price. Her husband is known in the gates, but "she looketh well to the ways of her household"; "her children rise up and call her blessed," for they see a great deal more of their mother than they do of a French nurse with a Galway accent. There is something that can't be bought with



money or title, fame or flattery, or threat: a real man and a real woman—so far above all price that you can get them for nothing, if only you have a need that is worthy of their labor, their thought, their voice. Many of them? Oh, plenty! At least "seven thousand—all the knees that have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him." But you will have to look for them at their work; you'll not find them idling about the market-place. That's one reason why they are so hard to find. Diogenes, hunting about the streets at noonday with his lighted lantern, looking for an honest man, was never farther away from one than at that very time, although he was carrying the lantern himself. He wasn't honest, not even with himself. He knew very well that the man for whom he was looking was not loafing about the streets.

THREE DAUGHTERS OF FAMOUS MEN

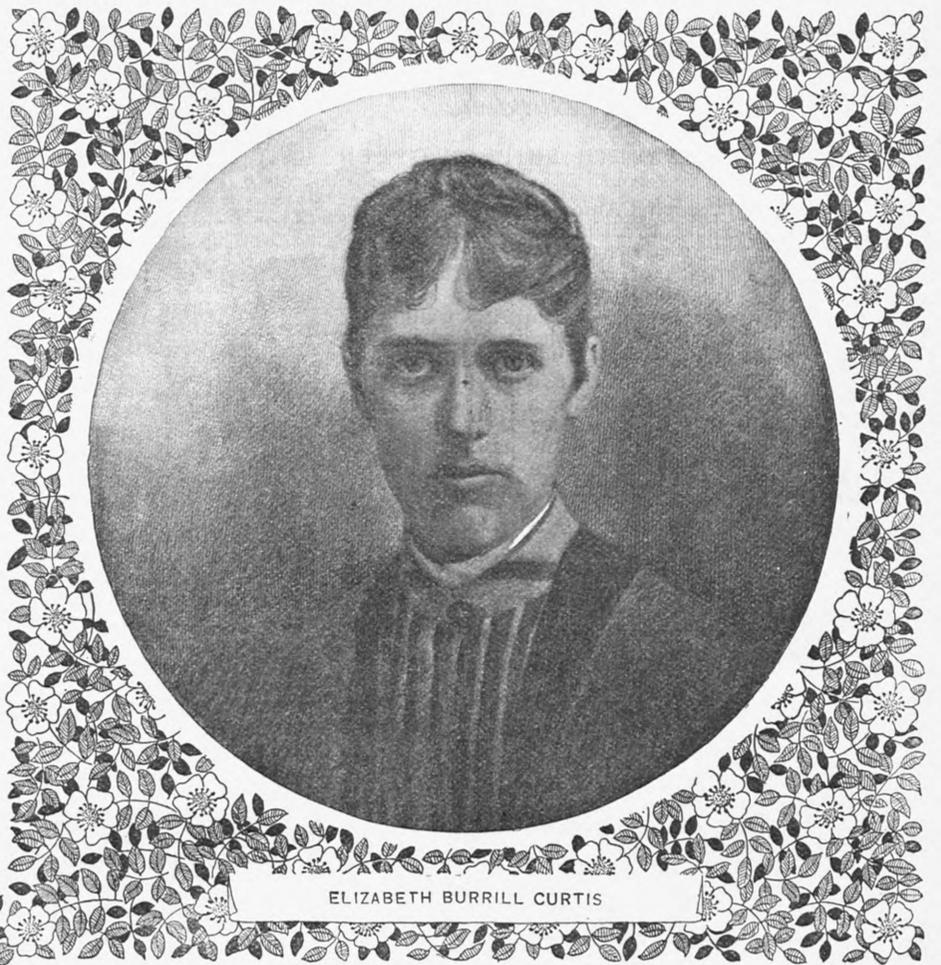
THE DAUGHTER OF "THE EASY CHAIR"

ELIZABETH BURRILL CURTIS must necessarily possess a certain attraction as the daughter of a man so distinguished and beloved as the late George William Curtis. But her own strong personality, her accomplishments and natural gifts, her faithful work and helpful sympathy, invest this clever young woman with additional and individual interest. Miss Curtis has always lived on Staten Island in the house in which she was born, a rather noteworthy fact in these nomadic days. She is purely American, a type of the vigorous womanhood which has become such an essential factor in our National life. Miss Curtis was so young when she learned to read that she has no recollection of the first step on the road to knowledge. Her delight in Shakespeare is one of her first memories, and she vividly recalls the incredulity of a relative who questioned her power of appreciation at such an early age. Her love of reading is undoubtedly innate, yet it must have been fostered and wisely directed by Mr. Curtis' charming habit of reading to his children when they were very young, and while he had that leisure of which increasing duties robbed him later. Miss Curtis is intensely fond of history, the "story tending to an end," and for several winters has been the leader of a reading circle devoted principally to American history. Being an excellent French and German scholar she is also well read in the literature of those languages.

Miss Curtis is a fine musician, and has advanced as far in her art as a young girl may who does not wish to make music the business of her life. But it is in the more practical things that the daughter of "The Easy Chair" manifests her inheritance of that energy of character and executive ability which years ago her relatives consecrated to the Union cause. She is active in the direction of a Working-Girls' Club; is serving her third consecutive term as President of the Samaritan Circle of King's Daughters; is Secretary of the Charitable Organization of Richmond County, and teacher of a class of boys and girls in the Sunday-school of the Unitarian church near her home.

Physically, also, Miss Curtis is wonderfully like her father. Her dark blue eyes are lovely, with the soft depth and limpid clearness of childhood and a fearless frankness of expression. The perfect truthfulness of her nature shines through them. Faithful in all she undertakes, she is an untiring worker. Self-possessed, but never self-conscious, her mind is always ready, her thoughts expressing themselves appropriately and fluently, and while tenacious of her own opinions and ably maintaining them, she is invariably a courteous opponent. Life is attractive to her in its light as well as its serious moods, for she prizes its humor and enjoys its recreations as thoroughly as she fulfills its responsibilities. She is fittingly characterized in the words of a friend as "having the mind of a man, with a woman's heart and tenderness."

MARTHA H. NORVELL.



ELIZABETH BURRILL CURTIS

"RIP VAN WINKLE'S" DAUGHTER

THOSE who are fortunate enough to know, in private life, the famous "Rip Van Winkle" of the stage—Joseph Jefferson—and to have seen Mrs. Farjeon, wife of an English author, scarcely need be told they are father and daughter. Mrs. Farjeon was born in New York City, and her loyalty to her native land has a double inspiration from the patriotic circumstance that she was born on the Fourth of July. Her first voyage to England was when, as Margaret Jefferson, she crossed the ocean with her brother and sister, to join her father, who was just concluding a professional tour of the world. Father and children had not met for five years, during which interval the wife and mother had died, so the joy of the meeting was mingled with sorrow. While in England she first met Benjamin Farjeon, and there is a pretty touch of romance in her life here. She had eagerly looked forward to an introduction to Mr. Farjeon, whose books she was fond of. Her father and the novelist were friends; yet she had never asked questions about him, and was content with drawing on her imagination for the likeness of the man she admired. She pictured him old and imposing, and her desire to meet him was mingled with awe. She frankly confesses that she was bitterly disappointed when he was introduced to her, as he was not nearly old enough to impress a young girl. However, she soon recovered from her disappointment, for they were married in London in 1877, and shortly afterward came to America for a visit of some months. It was here that their first baby was born, in May, 1878, and when the child was a few weeks old they returned to England, where they have ever since made their home. They live in St. John's Wood, a part of London very dear to the artistic world, actors, authors and artists abounding in their neighborhood.

In their children Mr. and Mrs. Farjeon find their greatest pleasure. A bright, interesting, well-grown group it is. Harry, the eldest, is a fine musician, and will pursue the art as a vocation; Nellie, the only daughter, inherits her father's talents, and writes clever prose and verse for a girl of her years; Joseph's bent of mind inclines him to the histrionic art, and he will follow his grandfather, whose name he proudly bears; Herbert, the youngest, a merry, manly little lad, is scarcely old enough to show the inclination of his mind. Mrs. Farjeon's friends rally her on her devotion to her home, and declare that they can sum her up in nine words: "Her father's daughter; her husband's wife; her children's mother."

ETHEL MACKENZIE MCKENNA.



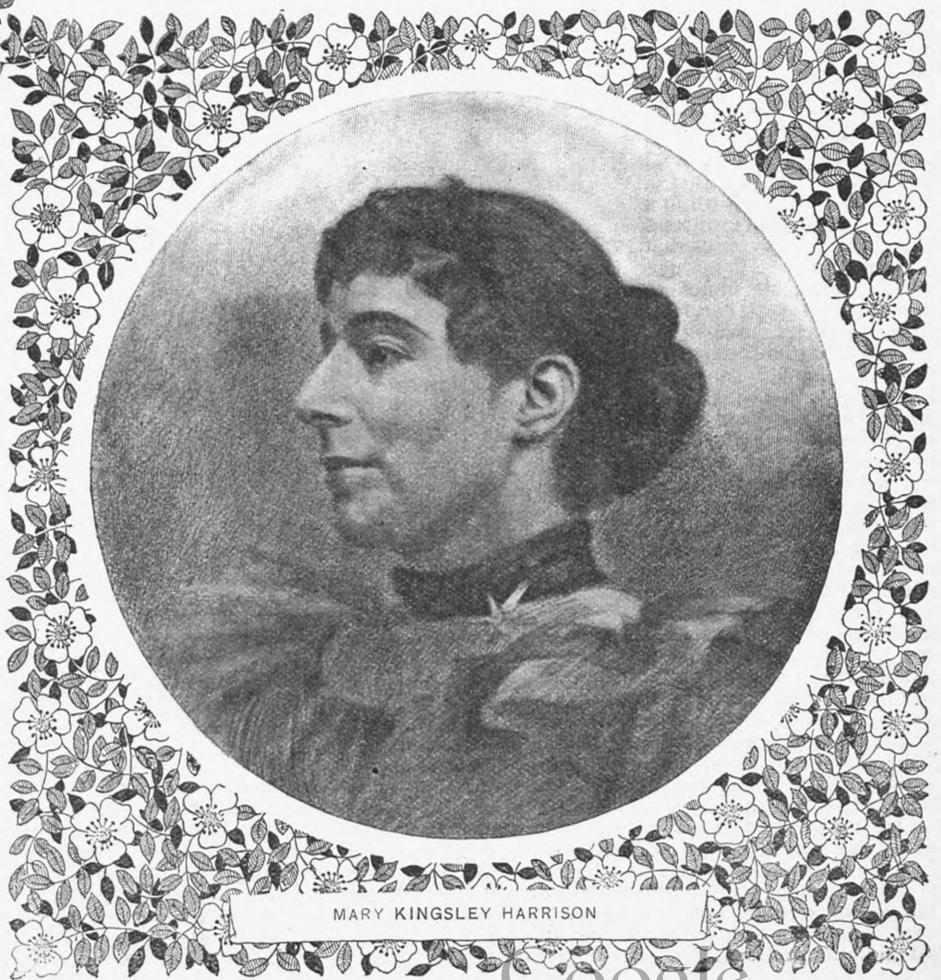
MARGARET JEFFERSON FARJEON

A DAUGHTER OF CHARLES KINGSLEY

"MARY ST. LEGER KINGSLEY was born in June, 1852." That much but no more is to be learned regarding her from the late Mrs. Kingsley's collection of her husband's letters. She was born at Eversley, England, and practically the first half of her life was, of course, spent in the little Hampshire village, where Charles Kingsley, her father, was beloved as never village parson was beloved before. Of their childhood and girlhood there both of Kingsley's daughters speak with a rapture that is itself the best possible tribute to "Parson Lot's" fine qualities as a father. In their up-bringing the predominant note was freedom—the freedom of the open air, innocent pleasure and healthy sport. They read few books, but in their father they had the most delightful and the most inexhaustible font of knowledge, for his conversation in itself was a liberal education for them. Shortly after her father's death, in 1875, Mary Kingsley married the Rev. William Harrison, a young clergyman in whom Mr. Kingsley had taken a very friendly interest. Mr. Harrison's first living was at a little village in Warwickshire, and here it was, in 1882, that his wife wrote her first book, "Mrs. Lorimer." To have her work judged upon its merits, quite apart from and uninfluenced by the personality of her distinguished father, she adopted the pen name of "Lucas Malet," and it was a considerable time before the true name of the author of "Mrs. Lorimer," "The Wages of Sin," "Colonel Enderby's Wife" and "Little Peter" became known to the general reading public. "Lucas Malet" has a positive dislike for the actual work of penmanship and does her writing slowly. "Mrs. Lorimer," her first novel, was not completed until three years after its first chapter had been written.

Mrs. Harrison's health has for some years been a matter of concern to her husband and friends, and her books have been written in spite of physical suffering, though she is by no means an invalid in appearance. For several years asthma has driven Mrs. Harrison abroad at the beginning of every English winter, to obtain the benefit of the warmer and dryer climate of the Mediterranean. Clovelly, in North Devon, to the rectory of which Mr. Harrison was appointed a few years ago, has a climate peculiarly unsuitable to asthma, and his wife can only spend the brief summer months there with comfort and safety. Mrs. Harrison is mistress of the house which her grandfather occupied as rector of Clovelly, and which is endeared to her by the associations of her father's boyhood. To the gain of her novels "Lucas Malet" sees much of society in London and at Continental health resorts. A good talker and a clever musician, she is one of the "bright particular stars" of a company should it prove congenial to her. For the dullness of mere conventionality, the artificiality of the ultra-fashionable, she has small tolerance. Social intercourse of the right kind she has found the best possible stimulant to her in her literary work.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.



MARY KINGSLEY HARRISON

THREE WRITERS OF THE SOUTH

THE CREATOR OF "OLD MAN GILBERT"

WHEN "Old Man Gilbert" appeared several years ago there was unusual curiosity as to the author's identity. Aside from its artistic literary merit Southern critics pronounced the book the most perfect reproduction of negro dialect yet attempted—not even excepting "Uncle Remus"; so it seemed a bit strange that a writer who was the recipient of such unqualified praise should be comparatively unknown to her fellow-craftsmen as well as to the general public. However, it was the signature only that was misleading, as Mrs. E. W. Bellamy, over the *nom de plume* "Kamba Thorpe," had long been a contributor to leading periodicals, and had also published two novels, "Four Oaks" and "The Little Joanna."

Mrs. Bellamy, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Whitfield Croom, is a native of Florida, where her father, a man of distinguished family and great wealth, owned handsome estates. There she passed her childhood and girlhood, until at the age of fifteen she matriculated at a collegiate school in New York, to remain until her graduation three years later. Shortly after she married a physician and planter of the Mississippi Valley, and upon the early loss of her husband and two children returned to her father's home, at that time in Eutaw, Alabama, but eventually removed to Mobile, Alabama, where she has a delightful home.

Mrs. Bellamy has a delightful personality that pervades equally the commonplace and æsthetic features of her life. In appearance she is slightly above medium height, very erect and slender in figure, great nervous energy of movement, and somewhat bearing the impress of frailty. She has a profusion of wavy, iron-gray hair, limpid hazel eyes, and a mobility of feature which makes her face a study in expression, and contributes incalculably to her irresistible charm as a story-teller and conversationalist. Her first book, "Four Oaks," composed partly to divert her own melancholy thoughts and partly to amuse her mother, appeared in 1867, and was, to borrow her own words, "wholly accidental." It was followed by "The Little Joanna." After this she wrote scarcely anything for a time, until her silence was broken by "Old Man Gilbert" and "Penny Lancaster," which were brought out within a year of each other, 1888 to 1889.

Two of Mrs. Bellamy's most pleasing short articles were "Tilly Bones" and "Vagaries of Childhood." Of her descriptive short pieces, perhaps the most graphic was published under the title of "Eyes and No Eyes: a New Version." Mrs. Bellamy's admirable work is familiar to all magazine readers; she has been a generous contributor to the leading periodicals. Her latest and one of her best serials, "The Luck of the Pendennings," was given to the public through THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, its conclusion being reached in November, 1895.

ORLINE GATES.



MRS. ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY

THE ORIGINATOR OF "MONSIEUR MOTTE"

MISS GRACE KING'S line of ancestry—English and Irish on the paternal, French and Scotch on the maternal side—shows that interesting admixture of races which seems so often productive of talent. She was born and resides in New Orleans, there finding the material for her most delightful Creole stories. Her first story, "Monsieur Motte," was printed in a magazine about eleven years ago, and subsequently, with other stories, was issued in book form. In 1891 appeared another volume of stories, "Tales of a Time and Place," and in the same year Miss King wrote a novelette, "The Chevalier Alain de Triton," a story poetic in theme and treatment, one of those veritable chronicles of old Louisiana that are handed down from parent to child. Another of Miss King's works of fiction is "Earthlings," which was published in 1888; and about three years ago appeared another, "Balcony Stories," a charming book, wherein each little tale is a literary gem.

Miss King has the conscientiousness, patience and perseverance necessary for historical work. When preparing her "Life of Bienville" original researches were carried on at her instance in Paris, and upon visiting that city she made additional researches, which were incorporated in her sketch of "Iberville." Miss King is President of the Louisiana Historical Society. In collaboration with Professor Ficklen, of Tulane University, she wrote the "History of Louisiana," which has been adopted by the State Board of Education for use in the public schools, and a leading publishing house has recently brought out another historical work from her pen: "New Orleans; the Place and the People." She is rarely gifted as a linguist, reading and speaking French, German and Spanish, and is thus able to keep herself thoroughly posted on foreign literature. In return she has many foreign readers. Some time since Madame Blanc devoted an article in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" to Miss King's work. Some of her writings have been translated into French, and others have been published in German and Russian.

No one can know Miss King without realizing how high is her ideal of the author's vocation, yet at the same time she is guiltless of posing or affectation. Her dislike of publicity is another marked trait; she would be known to the reading world rather as an intellect than as a personality. The vivacity of her mind shows itself in a face bright with expression, and her frank comments upon life and letters sparkle with humor and discernment.

JULIE K. WETHERILL.



MISS GRACE KING

THE AUTHOR OF "BUD ZUNT'S MAIL"

A DAUGHTER of a long line of aristocratic Southern ancestry, the Rouths and the Stirlings on the one side, and the McEnerys on the other, distinguished in ante-bellum days, both socially and politically, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart is possessed of all the inherent qualities which characterize a typical high-bred Southern woman. She was born in Marksville, Aroyelles Parish, Louisiana, but has lived the most of her life, and received her education and the childish impressions which always cling to one, in New Orleans. In 1879 she married Mr. Alfred O. Stuart, a well-known planter in Southwestern Arkansas, where she lived until her husband's death. During her brief married life—four years—and while living in Arkansas she came into close contact with the after-the-war negro of the Southern plantation, and those interesting types of inland country folk whose simple lives and quaint speech have become so familiar to us through the "Woman's Exchange," "Bud Zunt's Mail" and the delightful "Sonny" series. Mrs. Stuart's first printed story was "Uncle Mingo's Speculations," and immediately after, "Lamentations of Jeremiah Johnson" was given to the public; since then her fame has been steadily growing. She has lived in New York for five years, where she is established in pretty apartments, indicative of the dainty refinement of their presiding spirit.

Mrs. Stuart's sense of humor is so keen, her wit so ready, her memory so retentive, that she is as interesting a *raconteur* as she is a story writer. It has been said that it was as good as reading a novel to talk to her. She is overflowing with bright anecdotes, some of which she seems to consider her especial pets. Her immediate family consists of herself and her boy, a lad of fourteen years, who bears the name of Stirling McEnery Stuart. Mrs. Stuart, laughingly professing to apologize for writing dialect, says she does so only because the people she writes about talk just that way, and she does not see her way out of it. She has been asked why she did not write stories of New York life, which she promises to do in time, when she shall more thoroughly know her new ground. She has so far confined herself to Southern fields, because, having lived so long among Southern people, she is able to write with a full and sympathetic acquaintance with their lives as well as their vernacular. Mrs. Stuart realizes, in addition to her substantial earnings as a writer, a handsome income from giving public readings of her sketches. "A Golden Wedding, and Other Tales," "Carlotta's Intended, and Other Tales," and "The Story of Babette" are thus far her only published volumes, though she promises another collection before very long. In these volumes are found, also, jolly plantation verses, which Mrs. Stuart playfully refuses to call poems, but which in their rhythm and music prove her to be as graceful a versifier as she is a writer of most poetic prose. Mrs. Stuart may turn poet in all seriousness when she will.

CHARA R. JEMISON.



MRS. RUTH McENERY STUART

Friendly Letter to Girl Friends

*IX—By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney

DEAR GIRL FRIENDS: You of to-day are ushered into a life of very recent order, under a quite new dispensation. In my time we hardly looked beyond the family horizon, or the natural circle that radiated gently out of that, as we grew to its circumference. Now a girl is confronted from the beginning with some personal necessity and some vague accountability to all things.

"What in the world am I to do?"

"What am I to do in the world?"

This is the double demand that comes upon her before her school days are over. She puts it hurriedly to herself, very probably wrong end foremost. She steps forth into her untried place, trig, alert, eager, like a new housemaid, and says to Life, "If you please, ma'am, what am I to do?" And Life, the housewife, glances at her quietly, and answers, "Be ready, I will show you as the work comes." I do not see that that young housemaid need rush about, in superfluous good will, turning out china-closets, investigating linen-presses, winding up clocks, or even holding discussions with her fellow-servants in self-constituted committee, as to the best future methods for running the establishment. What if she should modestly look on a while? Work is the active process by which something is wrought out. A great deal of energy may exhaust itself in preliminary fussing. There is such a thing as a reversed engine with wheels whirling in the air. Another definition and likeness of work is ferment; a multiplying and seething of the germs of force to the point where, if closely bottled up, they tend to an explosion. The careful use of this is to communicate healthful action to inert substance. Just now, however, is there not possibly more yeast brewing than can serve or keep, to raise good, needed bread? (That pun is accidental.)

Woman power is the dominant force of to-day. It is making more stir and question than anything else. It is moving like a thunder-storm. But it is an episode. It is not a permanent atmospheric condition. When a happy equilibrium is again established the mighty currents will slip invisible and innocuous into safe, ordinary channels, and once more work out the harmonies of life and the world. A great deal that seems confused, abnormal, dangerous, is only phasal, transitional.

WOMEN must have something to do. Our grandmothers and great grandmothers used to spin, and weave, and distil, and knit, and sew. We do not. Everything is machine-made, chemically compounded; there is no home manufacture. We do not even play and sing, or draw in water-colors; all that is done for us, unless we are great artists, or mistaken little ones. Women's energies have been set adrift. Their capital of capacity has been returned upon their hands, and they have found no satisfying investment. The frivolous take holiday; school does not keep. The earnest ones find it incumbent upon them to make over the world; they begin valiantly by ripping it to pieces.

There is a great deal of talk about work which interferes with the doing of it. Everybody must write a paper upon something, and go and read it somewhere; and everybody else must quit work, and go and hear it. We are almost too busy demonstrating life to live.

Work is patient, particular. That way it is like God's. Very little real work can be done at a dash. When it seems so done it is at a climax when a long-trained power meets a juncture. Or it is a result—a crowning achievement—an arrival. The getting there has been by slow, careful, persistent steps. The raiment of the King's daughter was of fine needlework. Stitch by stitch it was brodered; with touch after touch perfected. It represents a life faithful and beautiful in little things.

WORK, as employment, would be more available, better rewarded, if it could be done less in the mass, made more possible to the individual; be less monopolized in centres, forcing both labor and custom to crowd to a few engorging points. I know coöperation and subdivision are great things; they enable people to buy a great deal more than they really want, and the consolidation of trade builds up big fortunes. The question is, are the right people benefited, and in the right way? The fault lies greatly with purchasers and consumers. Women will crowd to places where there are a thousand things they do not require, for one that they really do—a card of buttons or a yard of ribbon, very likely, which any little modest haberdashery close by home might supply. Hence the dying out of local trade, the cruel swallowing up of small activities, congested city streets, and disgusting general jostle.

Why must every woman within twenty miles of a large emporium make it her Mecca for devout, painful, perpetual pilgrimage? Why must she travel to and fro, push through wild throngs, risk life and limb, be rudely hustled and huddled in street cars, exhaust time and brains and money, endeavoring to explore all the stock in market, to choose the few things she can put on, or fill her house with? And why need she do it all the time? Why could not some young person of agility and good taste represent a whole suburban neighborhood in all necessary reconnoitring, patterning, selecting—making her own living thereby? Why might she not consult, modify, adapt, to the exceeding relief, comfort, advantage of her employers? And why might not a suburban dealer be encouraged to "carry" such a stock of chosen goods that far less retail shopping need be done at the importing and trade centres? The trouble is that women won't depute; they will not be satisfied without ransacking for themselves; and, also, it is one of the devices—this "going to town"—for filling up the time left empty by the superseding of the old home employments. But is it a real getting and having? Is it life—worth living?

AFTER all, you may say, are you coming to the first and final question: What in the world are we to do, we girls who want to work, and who, some of us, must work? Certainly all of us ought to do something with our lives. Here we are, ever so many of us, with the chance so strong of being among the superfluous that no one dares wait to be left out, but each is impatient to take herself out, and make for herself a straight and independent trail. Only, which way? Among the tangles of the bypaths and thoroughfares which way is the one to turn?

Perhaps you have just touched one point of cause in the growing difficulty. Because many women are said to be superfluous in present population, as proportioned to masculine numbers, all women are jumping to the conclusion that they are to be among the unappropriated, who must fend for themselves; and so outside work is crowded, and the preponderance of things is getting reversed. There is always tendency, through human impulse, to alternation of one-sidedness; everybody makes to the light side, to trim the boat's balance, and the danger is transferred. Opportunity for the wise comes often through the abdication of the foolish. If you would play "Puss in the Corner," make for the corner somebody has left. Men utilize this principle in their stock markets, and start their runs accordingly; let us be wise in our generation, and leave off stampeding, even if it be after higher education and college honors.

Before any girl determines upon outside training for outside work would she not do well to weigh and measure strictly her capacity, opportunity, need, and be relatively sure of all? Are you capable, in any marked and special degree, for one particular pursuit and use? Is it right and feasible, in the apparent providential ordering, that you should take time and money to fit and equip yourself for it, and then can you reasonably expect chance and scope to do your chosen errand? Is there need of others to meet, need of your own to supply? Answer truly. Do not resolve to be this or that because you think it a pretty thing to be, or because some one else has succeeded in it. It may have been her work, and yet not be yours. A young girl once wrote me, "I have set my heart on being an authoress. If I cannot be one my life will be a failure." Her letter, and the specimens of authorship inclosed, were themselves argument for, at least, very patient study and practice. She needed, also, to live longer and deeper before she would find a true message to deliver. I told her so, in the solicited answer. I tell them so; for this was only one appeal of many.

THE external pose—the *éclat* of name and circumstance— attracts many a young, crude imagination. To be the personage, rather than to realize a fact of being, is the desire that sets many off on a false or disappointing track. It demands the utmost candor to detect this motive and confess it to one's self; but beware of letting it enter, however subtly, into your vital decisions. Where there is not absolute truth, in life or work, there must be loss, there may be wreck.

Next to your calling, by capacity and sincerity, look for your leadings, weigh your obstructions. If nothing favors, if difficulties and duties stringently oppose, it will not be a weak irresolution to pause and watch for other signs. These may appear in quite different direction. They may be already open to sight, were you not looking so fixedly one precluded way. Abraham did not see the ram in the thicket; he was bent upon the glory of a supreme sacrifice in offering up his son. You may be offering up some one, or something, truly meant for you to serve or do, by too single persistence in your own high, personal aim.

And then, the need. Are you wanted for this thing? Or are there so many already in the same pursuit and ambition that the trouble and defeat will be, after all, in the crowd at the top? Things are getting top-heavy; all are climbing, shouting "Excelsior!" There is sweet, comfortable room left at the bottom—in foundation work.

ONE thing is perfectly plain: that a girl who must work must choose and fit herself for something that must be done. If it can be a specialty, for which there is special and certain demand—educational, mechanical, professional—very well; but for the many to whom such ways are not open, and for the too many who could never all get in, the sure thing is some common, practical craft or service, wanted everywhere. Let each one make her business exceptional by doing it exceptionally well; then let her find the nearest place where her skill can answer requirement. All about her, no doubt, is demand; for all about her are life and every-day necessity.

Look around you, hearken; see and learn the needs; get yourself ready to meet one or more of them. Perfect yourself in something; make, if you can, original method and departure. Be superior, and then take hold and do. A worker can find work. Too many people wait to have work made for them. Go and say to somebody, "I can make beautiful pie-crust; will you and your friends let me make it for you?" Or, "I am capable at a house renovation, or a removal; a cleaning, or a packing up, or a setting up. I can plan and put such matter through from beginning to end, without confusion, if you will just tell me what you want in the result." Or, "I love little children, and I will come to them or take them home, and make little matinées or afternoons for them, when you are busy or have engagements. I can keep them happy and teach them little things." Or, again, "I can manage an entertainment for you, either the amusement or the *cuisine*, or both. I make a study of new ideas, devices; I can submit them to you, and you will only sit still and choose, and order. I will lay out the campaign with you, and carry it through; you shall keep fresh and preside." Or, in a different way still, "I can write and copy; I can sort papers, books; I understand library work; I can manage accounts and make up balances. I could act as secretary to a literary man or woman. I can read proof," etc., etc. Speak first to people whom you know, or who know about you; get a start, and the wheel once running, the machine will almost go of itself. Learn how, and begin, even if you begin for nothing.

TO YOU others, who only have a little more time than money, and would like something to busy you and help fill your portemonnaie, there are different things to say. Compare your need with that of others before you take up occupation that may be their livelihood. To intrude into a crowded rank of workers only to add a pleasure or an elegance to your comforts would be extreme fracture of the eighth commandment. Forbearance from this might leave many a chance open to real necessity which now is barred, or neutralized by cheapening competition. Make conscience of this, as you would make conscience against robbery direct.

You girls who have homes where you are welcome to stay, where your going away or your engrossment elsewhere would be a pain and loss, or a missing, do you ever think that your mothers want you for the little while that they may have to keep you? And this bit of life between your school days and your own home-making is all you can render them back, perhaps, for all their relinquishments in your behalf. A mother is always resigning. She contracts life for herself that she may expand it for her children. There is just this brief space in which you may come close beside her, still all her own, and share her daily life, and let her delight in you. Will you stint her of her little perquisite? Will you give up yourself what you may never have again?

I THINK mothers are pathetically left alone in these days. Perhaps that is greatly why, as they advance in years, and the family drops off from them, they are driven forth in their turn to begin new vocations: to take hold of public affairs—a great many women to every separate affair, and a great deal of organizing, that everybody may catch hold somewhere. Again, is it all really needed? And is not some central power lost in the breaking up of home organisms?

To say nothing of the busy, useful mornings, where are the blessed old afternoons, in which, when what we now call luncheon had been the timely, comfortable dinner, mothers and daughters used to sit down together with needles and books, in a quietness of enjoyment, but badly made up for now in a round of "At Homes," with no home in them, and continual cups of tea at interfering hours? In the dear old time if neighbors came in between dinner and tea they were neighbors, not formal callers; they shared and enjoyed the real, the personal, the everyday. Lives touched; intercourse was not diluted in the terrible ratio of the square of its extension.

"But you are quite behind the time," I hear you rejoin, "and we should be if we followed your suggestions. We should be left out. We should be nowhere. The world won't stop, and we can't jump off." I know it. We cannot even stay passively on. There are whirls upon whirls. Bicycles and electrics run over us unless we get on and ride. Occupation, fortune and the blessings of posterity are waiting for whomsoever will invent and apply a brake which will slacken us up.

COULD we not draw in a little, both socially and as to work and employ, by shortening our radiuses? Could we not be a little more local? Might not a good deal more be done upon the spot, and paid for on the spot, instead of the labor all transferring itself to the big cities for production, and the purchasing capital all rushing after it to buy and bring back? Might we not ignore rapid transit for a while, and slip back into some happy limits and simplicities? Would not personal sympathies and human relations be the sweeter?

There is no strange, charming homeliness to get away into now, except in Miss Jewett's and Miss Wilkins' legends. Why must the whole country become metropolitan? Why must the selfsame things be done and worn—the same festivities and trivialities of custom be gotten up and observed, from Bar Harbor to Sitka, from the River St. John to the La Platte? There is nothing novel to find anywhere. Travel is but a surging about the globe with our things and ways, in a tide of people and things precisely similar. The problem is double: what is there satisfactorily to do, and what can we blessedly leave off doing?

BUT would you cut off the interchanges of the world? Would you turn back progress? Would you try to get the *génie* back into the bottle? Would you stop the advance and assimilation of knowledges, tastes, refinements? To some degree, and in certain matters, yes; what might remain and continue would be the truer, deeper, better. Explorers would have something to discover. Stayers at home would have something fresh brought back to them.

"But the ways and the channels? Where would these be if only the few demanded them?" Less complicated, less branched out, less speculated in, I grant; nobody would have to go so far, or so often. There would be more self-supplying centres; less struggle, more satisfying; more thoroughness of use and knowledge in the things about us. No fear for intercourse and exchanges. The world is filling up. Spread and increase would go on; we should be kept in touch, each with our next, all along and around. The passing from neighborhood to neighborhood upon fair and rational occasion would be charming as strolls in Arcadia. Great lines of communication would link us, for trade, for distant, heavy supplies, even for speech; there might not be so many tangling routes, so many passenger trains; there would be fewer crushed and mangled passengers.

After all, *ne vous dérangez pas*; I do not expect to get the *génie* back into the bottle! I would only be glad to persuade him to accommodate his dimensions a little more comfortably to the limits of the human.

Truly, I do think women could do something toward restoring a more settled life; their restlessness has done much toward the unsettling. And the restoring must be that of home administration; no outside agitation will bring it about; it must be that of simpler aims, more quiet, faithful, personal doing; a wiser, larger, yet more internal plan and economy of the family. "House-keeping," says Emery Ann, "ain't just startin' up a little world, and leavin' it to run mostly by itself. It's a continual, overrulin' Providence."

Home rule, if anything, must save the nation. "Puss, puss!" Run for the chimney corner! Leave something outside for the men to do, that there may still be chimney corners.

Adeline D. T. Whitney

* The first of Mrs. Whitney's "Friendly Letters to Girl Friends" appeared in the JOURNAL of December, 1893. Subsequent ones were published in the issues of March, August and November, 1894, February and December, 1895, June and July, 1896.

EMBROIDERING THE CALIFORNIA VIOLET

By Helen Mar Adams



ILLUSTRATION No. 5



ILLUSTRATION No. 6

GREAT deal has been written about the new California violet, its size, its fragrance and its cultivation; and it is deserving of all the praise that has been bestowed upon it. Of all the Golden State's native flowers it is one of the most beautiful. In its developed condition it is not more than two years old, and its present perfection is so phenomenal that it is not overstating the fact to say that its size is equal to a small pansy, and its fragrance superior to any double sweet violet of hot-house culture. Its colorings are rich and strong: the deep and middle tones of violet predominate, but are relieved with almost clear white centres, radiating from which deep-colored lines extend out for a quarter of an inch or more and gradually die in the medium colorings of the petals. The pistil of each flower is a rich chrome yellow, and the stems are of a soft, light brownish-green, darker near the blossom, but gradually lightening as they near the plant. The latter vary in length—from three or four inches to eight or ten—and to find a violet the size of a pansy having a stem a foot long is not unusual. As the size of the growth of the California violet seems to be unlimited it may be possible to force it until it is as large as the iris, but if carried to that extent the beauty and delicacy of the true violet will undoubtedly be lost.

For embroidery work these large violets can be used in charming designs for almost everything, as may be seen from the illustrations, and as their shading is so beautiful and their coloring so soft they offer a delightful contrast in combination with certain shades of pink or corn-colored ribbon. The grouping and arrangement of the violets to work out any design can be done so gracefully and easily that they may be used in application to almost any piece of useful or fancy work, and their varied sizes readily give them the preference for both large and small pieces of every description.

For a centrepiece of unique shape Illustration No. 1 offers a suggestion. It should be laid out to measure

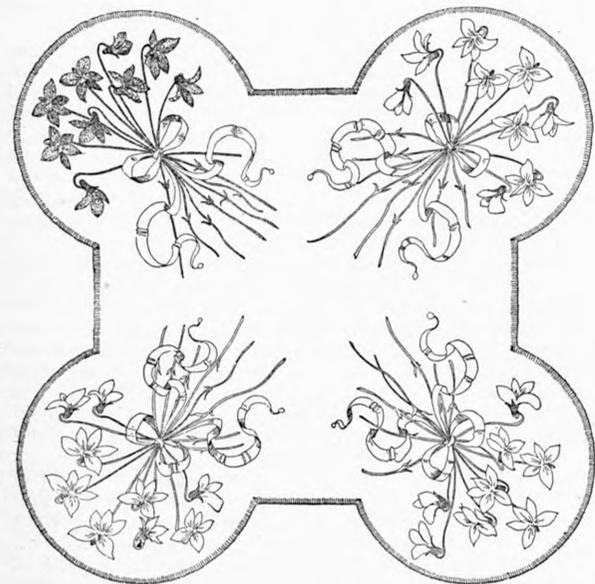


ILLUSTRATION No. 1

about eighteen inches square, or across the widest part, from outside to outside of rounded corners. The edge may be buttonholed and left plain, as shown in the drawing, but if a fringed edge is desired the linen or body

material is to be treated in the same manner as that for a round centrepiece. In each corner a bunch of the violets is gracefully arranged and tied with a bow of ribbon. Violets enough are to be used to fill the spaces nicely, but not to overcrowd the corners. The stems may be extended in toward the centre of the linen as far as necessary to counterbalance their length from the bowknots to the blossoms, and they should be spread out enough to give them the appearance of freedom. The solid treatment for the flowers is, of course, the most satisfactory, and three violet shades may be used to good advantage in obtaining the most satisfactory results. Pure or cream white may be used in the centres with a few stitches of the lightest violet shade, and for the pistils two shades of vivid chrome yellow will be required. Very little of the yellow must be used, however, as the pistil is very small and shows but a single spot of yellow on the field of violet, so a very few stitches only will be necessary to obtain the effect.

The stems, as well as the petals, should be worked solid, but the bows and ribbons may be outlined in two or three shades of pink, obtaining the rippled effect by the judicious use of the various shades. If a good quality of round-thread linen is selected for this piece a beautiful effect can be obtained by working the violets and stems solid in their natural colors, the ribbons and bows in pink, and for the buttonholing around the edge a light corn color or cream white, adding a few stitches here and there of a darker shade.

Illustration No. 2 is the design for a doily to match the centrepiece just described. It should be about seven inches square, and the violets drawn in the right proportion to the size of the linen. The piece is too small to arrange each bunch of violets with a separate bow and ribbons, so each is tied and the ribbons connected, and in this way a pleasing effect is obtained.

For the arrangement of violets on a round centrepiece a dainty and effective result can be had by carrying out the scheme suggested by Illustration No. 3. This draw-

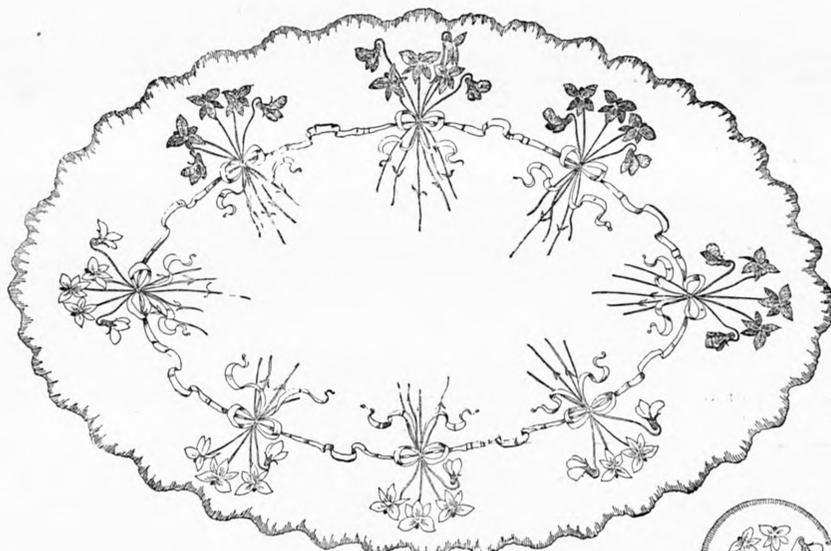


ILLUSTRATION No. 7

ing represents a centrepiece about eighteen inches in diameter, with small bunches of violets caught at intervals under a circular band of ribbon. The edge is quite a novel feature to this centrepiece, and while not original it is worthy of recognition and repetition. The effect is attained by buttonholing the edge as shown, using long and short stitches; the projecting edges are worked with a light shade of corn color, while the recessed ones are finished in a darker shade, which gives the effect of fullness or a fringed edge. Other shades than corn color may be used with equally good results. Two shades of light brown, for instance, or some of the pink or green tones are very satisfactory, but care should be taken not to employ any colors, or shades of them, that would in any way detract from the violets and ribbon.

To accompany this centrepiece the design for a doily is shown in Illustration No. 4. Owing to the decreased space the violets are not placed in bunches, but are arranged singly, and they must be drawn quite small or they will not look well on a doily of not more than six or seven inches diameter. The edge is to be treated in the same manner as suggested for the larger piece. Half a dozen of these doilies and a centrepiece will form dainty underlays for a handsome carafe and cut-glass finger-bowls.

For the ends of a handsome dresser-scarf Illustration No. 5 offers an attractive and simple design that may be carried out in a graceful manner by arranging the bunches of violets and the ribbons as suggested in the drawing. The width and length of the scarf must, of course, be governed by the size of the dresser-top, and if made with the irregular buttonholed edge it will prove very effective. If preferred the back edge may be left plain where the scarf lies on the dresser-top, but to retain the uneven effect it would be well to continue the serrated edge down the sides. The ribbon is to be continued along both edges of the scarf to meet the ends, and finally come together at the centre of each end, where the bow and ribbons tie a large bunch of the violets having long stems. Under the ribbon, along the edges, small bunches of three

or four violets are caught at even distances apart, and if desired a few single violet heads and buds may be scattered through the centre. The effect, however, will be quite as good if the central part is left plain.

For pincushions or mats either of the small designs shown in Illustrations Nos. 2 or 4 may be used to good advantage with this scarf, and they may be of any size to meet the requirements. For scheme the given for the are good in scarf, unless is to be folded that case the

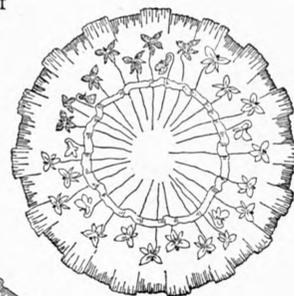


ILLUSTRATION No. 4

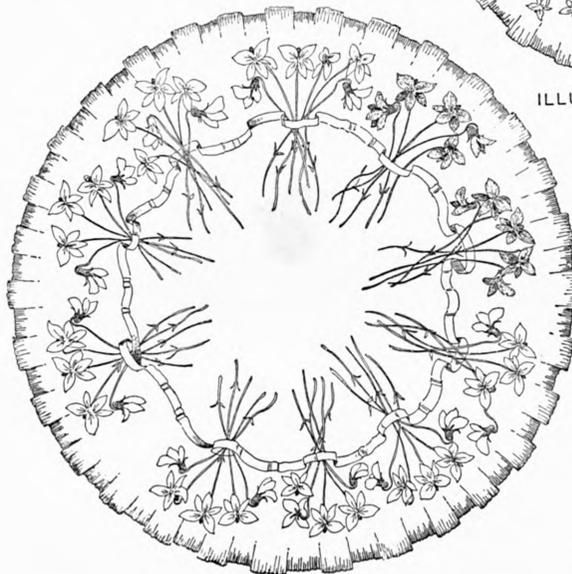


ILLUSTRATION No. 3

any desired the require- the color suggestions centrepieces working the a room color lowed. In ribbon and edging may be worked to harmonize, but care should be taken if blue is used not to select a shade that will clash with the tones of violet. This may be found a difficult matter, but there are shades of blue that will not, and they may be had in filo silks and in linen floss. This design for a scarf end is not only adapted to that use but may be carried out nicely on a lambrequin, omitting the back edge if desired, using only the front edge and the ends. The ribbon at the ends, if not carried around on the back edge, will have to be terminated in a graceful manner at the inner edge of the ends. The design is quite as well adapted to antique linen portières, employing the pattern for the lower ends and carrying the rib-

bons and bunches of violets up each edge or only the inner one, as a matter of choice. For a carving-napkin or a large tray-cover it is well adapted also—in fact, there are many uses to which a design of this nature may be put, or the suggestion of arrangement used to meet almost any desire.

A bunch of violets tied with a bow and ribbons is shown in Illustration No. 6. This may be used, perhaps, for the centre of a pillow-sham, for the corners of a lambrequin or table-cover, or for the decoration of other linen pieces, as may suit the fancy. A bunch of California violets, arranged as shown in the drawing, would measure about nine inches in height and six in width, but if this is too large the size can be diminished proportionately.

When arranging a bunch of violets to be embroidered it is well to bear in mind that a few blossoms nicely arranged and carefully worked are much better in appearance than a thickly-massed number, when the lines may be so confusing as to mislead one in their meaning, and when in attempting to shade the petals the original form of the violet is lost. The bunch illustrated contains but nine blossoms, but when worked solid and nicely shaded, to give each petal its form and color, it would appear at a glance to contain many more.

Illustration No. 7 is an attractive design for a tray-cover or a centrepiece for the dining-table. It may be used also for carving-napkins or a small table-cover and other pieces when an oval effect is desired. For a dining-table a very good size will be twenty-six or twenty-eight inches long by eighteen wide, or larger or smaller—in proportion—if preferred. Round-thread linen is, of course, the most satisfactory body material to use for a piece of this nature. It holds its shape better and has body enough to make it most desirable for all fancy linen for table use. A pleasing effect can be had by embroidering the violets in their natural colors, white for the edging, and cream white for the ribbons and bows. If more color is desired the ribbon and bows can be of two shades, in light pink or a delicate shade of green, to match the color of ferns that may be in an oval silver fernery placed on the centre of the piece. A still lighter effect may be had by embroidering the violets in white and cream-colored silks, using a very pale green for the stems, and for the ribbons

and edging pure white, with occasional cream-colored stitches to represent shadows. The pistils of the violets are of yellow the same as the violet-colored ones, and very pale violet-colored veins radiate from the centres and are lost a short distance away in the color of the petals. For a running border and corner a suggestion is given in Illustration No. 8. This arrangement of violets is very pleasing, and is quite effective when carried around the edge of a table-cover or a lambrequin. It is well adapted to any large piece where space is not limited. When arranging the design take care not to crowd the violets too closely together, as the simplicity and beauty of the poses may be lost. Any of the color schemes suggested for the other designs will, if carefully wrought, be appropriate for this border.



ILLUSTRATION No. 8



THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

SEPTEMBER, 1896

SHALL CURFEW RING FOR CHILDREN?

IT LOOKS very much as if during the ensuing autumn and winter months we should, in all the States, be confronted with a curfew ordinance designed to keep children off the streets at night. Last winter such an ordinance was passed in a number of cities. Thus far the movement has been confined to the cities west of the Mississippi River, but gradually it is spreading toward the East, and the effort made in the New York Legislature to make a similar ordinance a law is significant. The curfew ordinance may be explained in a few words. It differs in details in some of the cities where it has become a law. But its main idea is to keep children under fifteen or eighteen years off the streets at night after a certain hour, unless accompanied by parent or guardian. This hour is generally fixed at nine p. m., although in some towns it is as early as eight o'clock. At the stated hour, curfew is sounded by tolling nine strokes on the fire-bell, the City Hall bell or the principal bell of the town. If a child is found on the streets after the tolling of curfew, unaccompanied by a guardian, it is arrested, and upon the first offense is taken home to the parents and cautioned. To the second offense is attached a fine ranging from three to ten dollars, or the child may be imprisoned, as the magistrate deems best. This is the simple ordinance, although, as I say, it varies in respect to the curfew hour, the ages of children, and the penalties.

WHEN the curfew idea for children was first suggested in a Minnesota town a year or so ago, and the fact published in the newspapers, it was received with ridicule. But other towns and cities took it up, and when the idea began to spread more serious views of it were taken and direct opposition was arrayed. It was denounced in one city, for example, as rank paternalism, the argument being advanced that the ordinance delegated duties to the municipality which rightly and solely belonged to parents, and should be carried out only by them. This argument was found to be inadequate, however, because it was shown that the ordinance was mainly aimed at the young hoodlum element, which, existent in every town, congregates on street corners and in public places after nightfall, not only to its own detriment but to that of other children, and to the annoyance and very often the disgust of pedestrians. The fact was also proven that these hoodlums exercised considerable influence in causing ordinarily well-behaved children to become unruly, and that through these young corner-loafers children of another kind were often persuaded to be out at night when otherwise they would be content to remain at home. It has been shown, too, that the curfew ordinance, instead of taking any power away from parents, is a distinct help to them, particularly to those parents who failed, for some reason or other, to exercise proper supervision over their children. To these parents the curfew law comes as a distinct help. In fact, wherever opposition has been shown to the curfew ordinance its greater advantages have been shown, understood and accepted.

THE proof of the pudding lies always in the eating, and wherever the curfew ordinance has gone into effect its advantages have been conceded. This is true now of over three hundred towns and cities, some as large in population as Omaha and Topeka. In each case the excellence of the law has become apparent, opposing parents have conceded its wisdom, and even children are said to be pleased with it. It has placed in the hands of the police a most effective weapon for clearing the streets of hoodlums at night, and in many cases where disorder reigned at street corners quietness, law and order now prevail. So well has the ordinance worked that reports, gathered from not less than forty of the towns where it is a law, show that the fine or imprisonment penalty has not been inflicted in a single case. The first caution has served the purpose. These reports show, too, that the ordinance is not enforced in any oppressive manner. In the case of evening winter or summer entertainments, which would keep the children out later than the curfew hour, authority is easily obtained and readily granted by the mayor or town official for an extension of the time. Its rigid enforcement is applied most strictly to the hoodlum element, and with this class the police claim they have never been able to deal so successfully.

It will be at once obvious to all right-minded parents, I think, that they should give the weight of their influence to the curfew ordinance wherever it may be presented. It does not imply paternalism in any respect. On the contrary, the law is aimed to help the parent in carrying out his duties, and it does this most effectually when, for some cause or other, the child gets beyond home influence. It is an allied force for the protection of all children. More than that, the curfew ordinance aims most directly at the hoodlum element, which it is the duty of every parent to aid in suppressing in the town, village or city in which he may live. This is the special excellence of the ordinance, and it is this phase of it of which the parent should not lose sight. It is well for his own peace of mind, for the protection of his family, particularly if he has grown daughters, and for the safety of his property, that each citizen should assist in enforcing a law which has for its main object the keeping of the streets at night free from any element calculated to cause unrest or unlawful practices. Taken from any and every standpoint the curfew ordinance for children is an excellent thing, and it may wisely be encouraged by parents all over our land.

THE TOUCH OF A WOMAN'S HAND

IT IS a curious fallacy which exists among poor people that to live tastefully is possible only to the rich. Nor is this notion confined to the poor: it extends to people of moderate incomes. True as it is that the very poor and the moderate classes of America live better than do those of equal means in any other nation, it is also true that they might live much better if a little more taste were brought into play, if more common sense were used. Take the average poor man's table, for example, and it is uninviting in its appearance when it might just as well be made attractive. Expensive table appointments are, of course, not possible where the income is limited. But expensive things are not always the most tasteful nor even the most attractive. Napery and crockery have been brought down to such moderate cost that tasteful things in this direction are within the reach of all. A working-man's table has no longer an excuse for having an uninviting air. Pretty table things, if a little time and discretion are used, can be had just as cheap as stone china and pressed glass, and it costs no more to keep the former in order than it does the latter. I sit down every once in a while at a family table where the income of the household is five hundred dollars per year. But instead of the dull, ill-smelling kerosene lamp without a shade, usually found in the centre of such tables, two smaller lamps are used, one placed at each end; the daughter, in her only leisure time during the evening, has made a simple but tasteful shade of silk with a trimming of lace for each lamp. In the centre of the table always stands a potted plant. The entire cost of these shades and plant was less than one dollar and a half, and yet they add a thousand-fold to the appearance of the table.

IN ANOTHER home where I visit, and where the income is almost as moderate, I never enter the dining-room but I am impressed by the cheerful glow of a lamp which throws its rays of light through a warm-colored silk shade. Two daughters are in the home, and they give up their evening leisure moments toward adding a touch here and a touch there. Expensive these touches are not; in this instance they could not be. But they are tasteful. The result is that those girls regard their home as the brightest place on earth, and prefer an evening at home to one outside of it. Living green is never absent from the table, even though it consist only of a saucer with some earth and a few grass seeds sown in it, which blossom fresh and green. The table-cloth and napkins are immaculate, and have on them embroidered initials worked by the girls. If you go into the sitting-room you are struck at once by the warm light of the lamps, each decorated with a shade of simple design. A potted plant stands here and there, a scarf hangs over some picture, and wherever the eye looks it rests on something pleasing. And yet the cost of these things is almost nothing. It is in the taste shown, in the little trouble expended, in the thought used. A man comes into such a home with a feeling of restful pleasure after a hard day's work. Unconsciously he imbibes the air of refinement and neatness which pervades the rooms of his house, and before long this has its effect upon his work in the outer world. A neat man works better than does a slovenly man. He gets along quicker. This is the invariable result when taste and an air of domestic daintiness pervade a home. One reason why some men do not get along better in this world is because they have not the proper stimulant in their homes. Their homes lack those little touches of refinement which bring the best out of them. Neatness and taste are possible in the poorest homes. Let a woman make that atmosphere as dainty as her means allow, and she will raise her husband to the same standard. And as she elevates him the effect is felt upon herself, her children, her home and her future. Some men respond more slowly to the touch of a woman's hand displayed in their homes and upon their surroundings. The task may seem hopeless to the wife at times. But sooner or later the effect will show itself. There is something in every man which responds to a higher and gentler influence. Let his home be rough and he will be rough. But infuse into that home a softening touch, be it ever so simple, and the man feels it even though he may not directly notice it. He imbibes it unconsciously, and its effect is sure upon him. Money does not enter into it; it is simply the bringing into play of that softer instinct which is part of every woman. And the result is always to her benefit.

A POTENT LITERARY FACTOR

EVERY once in a while there comes to me from one of my readers a letter in which the writer decries the advertisements published in this magazine. It is either that my correspondent thinks we have too many advertisements, or that they are not properly placed. Then, almost invariably, comes the suggestion that this magazine shall stand alone among its contemporaries, and publish a periodical which shall exclude all advertisements, printing only the literary portions and the illustrations. Such a suggestion sounds well, and in a sense, is attractive. But suppose this or any other magazine were to publish a number without advertisements, does any one fancy for a moment that the issue would be more attractive because of the omission? I am quite sure that it would not. The art of advertising has grown to such a point of excellence during the past few years that it has become almost a science. I am certain the magazines of to-day would lose a third of their attractiveness if they were issued barren of advertisements. The attractiveness of the modern advertisement on its highest plane has an unconscious charm to the reader, and the advertisements of our magazines are to-day classed among their most interesting qualities.

THE advertisement, too, has become a literary factor, and this is the point which has escaped the readers of magazines. Without the rapid growth of the art of advertising, and the substantial growth of income which such progress means, our magazines could not possibly be made what they are to-day. The advertisement has made the modern magazine, in point of literary and artistic excellence, possible. It has become a distinct literary factor, and as potent and all-powerful a factor as ever entered into literary considerations. Which of our magazines published in these days, for example, could continue to give its tables of contents if all advertisements were withheld from its pages? Not a single one of them, and I except none. The actual cost of the single num-

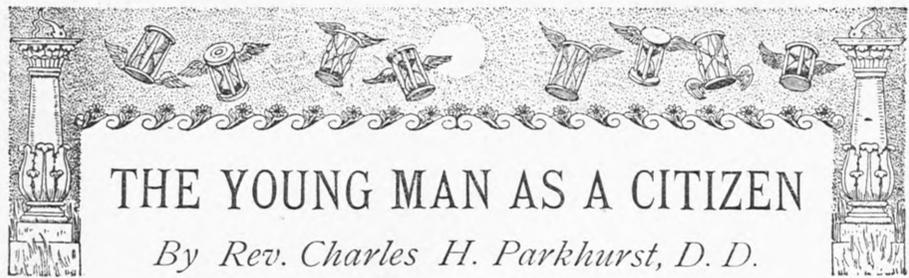
ber of any of our magazines is beyond average public conception. That cost is possible to their owners only and solely because of the income derived from the advertisements. At the low price for which the majority of our periodicals are sold to-day no profit whatever ensues from that source. This is an important point which the reader who cavils at the advertisement overlooks. Or, it may be, that he is not aware of it. But the fact remains, however, that his magazine is what it is because of the advertisements contained within it. It is for this reason that every reader of a periodical should approve of, rather than oppose, the advertisement. And the reader's support of the magazine's advertisements means a direct return to him. If the reader patronizes the advertisers of the magazine which he reads he necessarily helps to make the advertisements in that periodical profitable, and naturally the advertiser is willing to continue to announce his wares in that particular magazine. This adds to the income of the periodical, and enables the owners of it to enter into larger and better literary and artistic undertakings. Thus, not alone does the reader benefit the advertiser and the magazine, but he indirectly benefits himself. His money returns to him two-fold: in the article which he purchases and in the better magazine which he helps to make possible. It is not the purpose of these words to attract attention to the advertisements contained in this or in any other magazine. They are simply intended to give a point of view to the reader which it is possible may not have occurred to him: that the advertisement is not his enemy, but his friend; that it is a distinct literary force, and one which makes the excellence of the modern magazine possible.

"THE WESTERN IDEA"

THOSE of us whose lives have been cast and whose homes are in the more Eastern portions of our country have a most ingenious and inexplicable manner of referring to things which may happen to be done on the other side of the Alleghenies as typical of what we curiously call "the Western idea." That is, we have associated and employed this remark to designate anything either thought or done which may not be exactly in line with our own way of thinking and doing. If a woman does anything out of the common or usual custom, and she happens to live in the East, we say: "Strange woman. Isn't she odd?" Or we class her among the "eccentrics." But let the same thing be done by a woman residing in the West, and we immediately say: "That's Western; that's the Western idea of doing things." The two women may have done precisely the same thing, exactly in the same way, and yet our points of view are radically different. And if any of us were asked to explain what we really meant by "the Western idea," there is not a soul among us who could give an intelligent explanation.

REALLY, it is not a wonder to me that the foreigner, coming to America on his first visit, should be afraid to risk his life beyond the Alleghenies, when he hears the way Eastern folks speak of the West, its people and their ways of doing things. And why? In all fairness let us ask ourselves: Why? Are the people, the customs, the ways of our West so radically different from those of the East that they should be specially designated, and that in a derisive way? That they differ, no one can deny. But surely in no respect sufficient to make the customs of the one wrong as compared with the superior correctness of the customs of the other! Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston and like cities may be more conservative in spirit, as undoubtedly they are, than, for example, is Chicago. But it must not be forgotten that neither of those cities has the problems of the Western city to contend with, nor the same conditions to meet. Being older cities, for one thing, different means are necessary to them and to the people who thrive under their municipal rule. But does this fact make Chicago an offender because she employs the best means to meet the conditions which exist there? When the spirit of enterprise actuated Chicago to secure the World's Fair we cried out: "Isn't that Western?" Then, when amid obstacles almost insurmountable she erected her buildings and opened them, we said once more: "That's Western, isn't it?" Then, when we went to the White City and saw its glories and beauties, we said: "Well, this is Western." And so we use the phrase in derision, in astonishment and in seeming praise. And yet when we wish to condemn something which occurs in the West we also say: "Oh, that's Western."

IT SEEMS just a bit strange and awkward that as we grow older as a people we cannot get away from this "Western idea," this stigmatizing a portion of our country because it is accomplishing with certain enterprising methods what could not possibly be accomplished by any other. It cannot be that we are jealous in the East, because we attach so much importance to the West. It cannot be that we are ashamed of the West, because we like to speak with pride of it. Its people cannot differ so very much from us since half of the American West is really made up of Eastern folks. But yet we go on and on, and everything in the West that is not to our taste is "the Western idea of things." We are a strange people, we are, forsooth! Madly proud of our country, we yet try to deprecate a portion of it whenever we can, forgetful of the fact that each time we speak ill of a Western man, woman or institution, we slap ourselves, as Americans, in the face. Surfeited with sectionalism, we are full of the notion that one part of our country is superior to another. We have still to learn and imbibe the idea that America is America whether it be New York, Boston, Chicago, Denver or San Francisco. We have still to copy the Englishman, who never scoffs at a thing because it is Lancashire or Yorkshire or Devonshire, but who is proud of everything in Great Britain because it is English, and classifies all things under that name. It is England with the Englishman; it is Germany with the German; it is France with the French. But it is the West, the South, the North or the East with the American! And in that division he makes his mistake. The Dutchman does not jeer at the people of the Island of Marka because its people dress, live and act differently than do the people of Amsterdam. To him they are Dutch. And that is a lesson we have to learn in this country: to accept a man as an American whether he lives in Chicago or in Portland, in New York or in Tacoma! He lives in America, and that makes him not an Eastern man, nor a Western man, nor a Southern man, but an American, living not after an Eastern idea, a Western fashion nor a Southern fancy, but under one central American idea: equality.



THE YOUNG MAN AS A CITIZEN

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

CHRISTIANITY is an impulse lodged in the heart, but asserting itself in all the relations of life and in all life's activities. Whether or not it is becoming more intense as an interior impulse this is not the place to consider, but there is no doubt of its being held in closer and closer connection with the transactions of community and with the events of our every-day world. Meditation, worship and orthodoxy have, through most of the centuries of church history, constituted the area within which Christianity has confined its interests and its endeavors. It has been thought of as a commodity that best fulfills its purposes, not by mixing itself with the affairs and events of the world we now live in, but by isolating itself from all such concerns and concentrating its ambitions upon the world we hope to live in by-and-by. In this way its votaries have tacitly confessed the devil's kingship over the earth, and have reconciled themselves to the disgrace of leaving him to his own devices by transferring their anticipations to some new Jerusalem, where they hope to secure comfortable citizenship without the inconvenience of being obliged heroically to fight for it. What the world has commonly designated as "going into a nunnery" or a monastery is only a disguised form of "running to cover," and is a confession of indisposition or inability to cope with the devil on even ground. And the same stripe of unsanctified cowardliness is manifested whenever a man declines combat with the evil that is at work about him.

AS ALREADY intimated, however, this way of looking at the situation is being gradually exchanged for one that is more valorous and wholesome. It is coming to be considered that candidacy for a Heaven that has no Satan in it can best be shown by making, at least, the attempt to clear the earth of him. It is even surmised in some quarters that earth with the devil exterminated would be Heaven, and that destroying the devil and his works is the only direct means of answer to our frequent petition, "Thy kingdom come." Without entering into the doctrinal niceties of the matter the fact remains that earnest Christians are becoming increasingly confident that Christianity of the sterling type takes a very lively and devout interest in what is transpiring to-day on our own globe, and that the Christian spirit is one that asserts itself and makes a way for itself in all the stations in which men are placed.

The sentiment which I have just mentioned as being the increase is one, probably, with which the laity are becoming more rapidly imbued than the clergy. Perhaps it is because the clergy are so holy. A man may have his eyes so focused to the stars as to forget how to look at his own dooryard.

It may not be too disrespectful to the cloth to say that it is safer to deal with the abstract than it is to deal with the concrete, and to declaim against sin in general or against historic sin, than it is to pay one's homiletical respects to sin in particular and sin that is up to date. Beside that, also, it is a great deal easier for a preacher to address himself to a hearer when such hearer is thought of as being complete in himself, and dissociated from the world and its relations, duties and situations, than it is for the preacher to have sufficient knowledge of the world to be able to shape his address in a manner to take cognizance of all the way in which the hearer stands complicated with the world. Whatever may be the reason for clerical backwardness the pulpit always has to follow when the pew gets its face intelligently to the front, and we may be certain that the times are on the way when the church and the promoters of the church will become a paramount factor, not only in shaping men's religious views, but in fixing the relation in which men shall stand to their own day, and in communicating to the events of the times their direction and pressure.

What I have now stated furnishes the requisite groundwork for what I have to say of the Christian obligation of citizenship. It is necessary to have it felt that a man's proper relation to the State or city and to his fellow-citizens has its foundations in the Christian fitness of things. The duties and privileges of citizenship have pertaining to them no flavor of option. The State is one particular aspect of human brotherhood, and cannot, therefore, be considered and treated according to one's own particular whim any more than human brotherhood in any other one of its aspects can be so considered and treated.

A CITIZEN has no more right to be neglectful of the interests of the civic whole in which he is a member than a parent or child has to be neglectful of the interests of the domestic whole in which he is a member. There is the same quality of un-Christian disregard involved in both cases, and whether a man lets his State or city shift for itself or whether he lets his family shift for itself, in the one instance, as well as in the other, he is false to his corporate duty and is a despicable shirk.

THE doctrine just enunciated needs to be preached and pushed. A great deal of our political misery is due to the fact that men, who are fairly faithful in most of the relations in which they are placed, do not hesitate, and are not ashamed, to be drones and renegades in their relations to the town or nation that they belong to. They would consider themselves reprobates were they to allow a neighbor to suffer abuse without an attempt at intervention, but would see their entire city with all its machinery of government go to the dogs and the harpies without one definite effort at rescue or one distinct thought that such inaction was wicked and inhuman. Nothing will correct this evil but the creation of a sentiment so energetic and pervasive that decent people will not have the cowardly audacity to neglect the primary duties that pertain to them in their civic capacity. Citizens will attend the primaries, register and vote when the prevalent sentiment of attachment to our institutions is so pronounced and compelling, that failure to discharge the functions of a citizen will be branded as contemptible. Mr. Cleveland said something recently about the decadence of the patriotic spirit, and, of course, his utterance was greeted with an outburst of clamorous indignation by that class of mind that bases its estimate of any opinion, not on the merits of what is said, but on the personal favor or disfavor with which it regards the person by whom it is said. The appearance is that when Mr. Cleveland spoke in the way just mentioned he had, at least, a measure of truth on his side. Patriotism has come rather generally to be interpreted as a willingness to fight and die for one's country and its institutions. That answers very well for a definition of patriotism during times of war, but is generally deficient in that it allows no room for patriotism in times of peace. We should consider that a very cheap specimen of conjugal fidelity which put a man upon caring for his wife and devoting himself to her necessities only on occasions when she was threatened by ruffians. A husband's love has its sphere of service at all times and in all situations. So has patriotism. If a man loves his country, and is true to her institutions and affectionately concerned for their quality and permanence, there will be something which he will be all the time doing in her behalf. Shooting our National enemies is only a small and accidental part of the matter. What our country needs most is men who will love her and—not die for her, but live for her while there is no shooting going on.

IN WHAT I have just stated lies the most insuperable difficulty of the present situation, and young men who have brains enough to take the measure of the situation and heart enough keenly to realize it ought to have civic virtue equal to meeting it. The thing we have the most to fear is not the depravity and the criminality that are rampant, but the decency that is languid and the respectability that is indifferent, and that will go junketing when a State is on the edge of a crisis, or go fishing on a day when the city is having its destiny determined for it at the polls. Would that there could be some legislative enactment by which every reputable traitor of the sort could be denaturalized, and branded with some stigma of civic outlawry that should extinguish him as an American and cancel his kinship with Columbus, Fourth of July and "My country, 'tis of thee." I speak with full assurance when I say, for instance, in regard to the city of New York, that there is no single moral issue capable of being raised in regard to its administration where the great preponderance of sentiment would not be found to be on the side of honesty as against corruption, provided only that sentiment were sufficiently resolute and alert to come forward and declare itself. The purpose of a campaign under such circumstances is not to convince people of what is right, but to stimulate to the point of action those who are already convinced. That was the entire scope of the rather notable campaign in New York City in 1894.

NEW YORK was no more virtuous in November of '94 than it had been in February of '92, but the course of events had enabled it to discover itself, to become conscious of itself, and in that way to develop into a working factor. What I would like in this connection to say to the young man is this: "What is the use in being a young man with warm blood in your veins and live brains in your skull, if in matters of such vast import as those I am now considering you have to be wound up every year or two years in order to make you strike when the hour comes around, and to be held over a slow fire of campaign agitation every election in order to make you hot enough to be passionately interested in the welfare of your country or town, and speak and act with a fiery decision that shall help secure that welfare?" When a man is eighty or one hundred years old we do not expect him to be tropically enthusiastic the year through however virtuous he may be and however devoted to his city. We are prepared to keep such a one in fuel on occasion, to tend his fires, to put him in touch with the issues of the campaign, and to furnish him a carriage that will convey him to the polling place on election day without too much of a jolt to his old bones. But the annual or biennial coddling of men who are on the sunny side of eighty is a permanent insult to young blood, and ought to make the juniors among us ashamed that what was meant to be fluid, and hot and palpitating at that, will so soon coagulate into tepid jelly.

UNDoubtedly the proper meeting of our civic obligations involves a certain expenditure of time and energy. It presupposes on our part a degree of familiarity with public concerns and with the details of a situation that is constantly fluctuating. All such familiarity, along with the activity in which it is bound to issue, necessarily costs us something. We could sublet our responsibilities to that breed of public tricksters popularly known as the politicians, to the relief of our own shoulders; and to the delectation of the tricksters; but every such evasion is a direct stab at the heart of our American institutions, which, if they mean anything, mean the personal participation of each citizen in the determination and the maintenance of the Government. There is springing up among us a class of men, unauthorized and irresponsible, who are insinuatingly coaxing Governmental responsibility into their own hands. A few months ago there was held in New York City a convention composed of some hundreds of members supposedly possessed, each of them, of a measure of autonomy—and yet the general and even the detailed results of that convention were accurately published in all the papers before the convention had transpired! And the deluded fools who went through the show of organizing, resolving, electing and adjourning went home presumably congratulating themselves on the constructive part they were privileged to play in shaping the destiny of the State and Nation, notwithstanding the fact that the same results would have been reached, and reached just as well and a good deal more economically, if, instead of the six hundred men gathering themselves together from all over the State, the one man who held the whip hand over them had gathered himself together, organized himself, resolved himself, and adjourned himself. Every such performance is solid comedy, and so solid as to be tragic. The point is reached where it has ceased to be funny. If there is any young man knowing to the real intent of our institutions, familiar with the proper function of the people, and of every man of the people, as voiced in the famous dictum of Lincoln, who yet can survey the scene just described without his heart burning within him to the point of outraged indignation, may God have mercy upon his colorless and desiccated soul.

THERE is nothing in all this present situation, however, that need work disheartenment. It is not infrequently the case that even deterioration contains within itself the seeds of its own recovery. It is a lesson that has many times been taught in the course of history, that decadence has to reach a certain point before its symptoms are sufficient to arrest effective attention. That attention is now, to all appearances, being arrested. Notwithstanding all the wily manoeuvring that is being practiced by our political tricksters there is growing up among our young men an amount of serious thinking and of quiet observation that contains the possibilities of large effect. Personally, I have never known the like of it. The politicians may love their country for what they can wring out of it, but there are thousands of young men in our cities, and hundreds of thousands of young men in the country at large, who have souls as well as pockets, and who, if wisely directed and felicitously united, can, as a very easy thing, wrest our institutions from the hands of the spoilers and devote them to the behests of the people.

C. H. Parkhurst



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THE GRAMMAR TREE

By Ruth Ashmore



STRANGE title? Well, perhaps. And yet it came by reading an English translation of something which a Latin writer had said; often titles are born, not made:

"Who climbs the grammar tree distinctly knows Where noun and verb and participle grows."

And the good climber should know more than this. I want every one of my girls to climb this grammar tree, and to learn to speak in the best manner possible. We all make mistakes. English undefiled is seldom heard, but we can all try to speak as we should, and beware, as far as possible, of local phrases. The girl of the South inclines to be a little stilted and a little flowery; sometimes she mixes her metaphors, and then what she says sounds most ridiculous. The girl of the West is quick to speak, has a decided tendency toward slang, and except for her inclination to use short words she is to be commended. The girl of the East is apt in her speech to use what the newspapers call "localisms," and the girl of the North is very much like the girl of the East.

When climbing the grammar tree one must learn not only to speak correctly, but to speak properly, and when I say to speak properly I mean do not speak in shrill tones, do not speak through the nose, do not speak in a drawing fashion, but strike the keynote that results in melodious sounds. The voice of a woman should be low and sweet, but clear. Dolly, who very properly signs her name Dorothy, was a member of the graduating class in a well-known college. She thinks that she understands the English language perfectly, and when I suggest to her the possibility of her not having reached the very top of the grammar tree she looks at me and says with scorn: "My teachers were good ones and I learned me all that was necessary." Oh, Dolly! Frogs and toads are tumbling out of your mouth instead of diamonds and pearls. You were the person to learn, and your professors were the ones to teach. That is your very first mistake. And you are the typical girl, and no more ignorant than many others who were graduated this year. Your pretty cousin from down South asks me, "What are you looking at?" or "Where are you going to?" forgetting entirely a little leaf on the grammar tree that has written upon it an objection to a preposition appearing at the end of a sentence. Dolly laughs at her English cousin, and yet her English cousin is very often correct. The English girl is right in asking for a biscuit when Dolly demands a cracker. The English girl is also right in saying that in some large building she went up in the lift when Dolly would talk about riding in the elevator. But the English cousin is wrong when she says "dimonds," forgetting entirely the "a" that belongs to the word, and she is also speaking improperly when she drops her "g's" altogether and talks about "goin'" and "havin'" and "travelin'."

SOME COMMON MISTAKES

A WELL-KNOWN writer not long ago used the phrase, "She sensed it," meaning that she understood it, or knew it. This is undoubtedly a localism, but it is not a pleasant one.

Now, Dorothy, here are some words that you must not use. Do not say "calculate" when you mean "intend," as, "I calculate to go to Boston to-morrow." Do not say "ad." for "advertisement." Do not say "purchase" for "buy." Do not say "retire" for "go to bed." Do not say "donate" for "give." Do not say "residence" for "house," and do not, my Dolly, do not be too exaggerative in your mode of speech, nor too ecstatic about small things. If you "love" cake what emotion are you going to give to your mother or your sweetheart? If you find a pudding "beautiful" how are you going to describe a woman whose face is perfect in its Greek outlines, whose color is exquisite, and whose appearance would delight a painter? I know you would not say "I seen," but I think it was Dolly the other evening who, when she was asked about some flowers, said they were given to "Mary and I." And it was Dolly, I am sure, who announced that "Mary and myself are going down town."

Do not say "thanks" for "thank you," and do not, when you wish to encourage somebody in conversation, continue to use the interrogative "yes?" Do not pronounce "route" as if it were spelled "rowt." Do not say "depot" with any of its pronunciations when you mean "station." You thought it very funny when you heard an old lady say that she

"enjoyed dreadful health," but you were quite as ignorant, and made a much greater mistake when, laughing about the phrase, you announced, "Between you and I, I think it was perfectly ridiculous." It is possible that the old lady did enjoy her invalidism, but it seemed strange for a girl who was graduated last year to make such a grave mistake as this. Do not say, "I met everybody and their friends," when you mean "everybody and his friends." It is so easy to forget all these things, but if you wish to be considered a girl of good breeding you must cultivate a good memory.

THE EVERY-DAY ERRORS

YESTERDAY you invited some one to come and eat lunch with you; it is all right to ask people to lunch with you, but when you use the noun you must say luncheon. Then, too, do not be afraid to call the pretty little room in which you receive your friends a parlor; it is a much better word than drawing-room, although you think that sounds so fine, but there is really no meaning whatever to the English word. "Parlor" comes from the French word "*parler*," to talk, and consequently it is proper to use it in describing a room where there is polite conversation. When you think a little child is amusing do not say he is "cute," for the real meaning of the word is "cunning" and "cunning" in the sense of being able to detect certain weakness or wickedness, as a detective might. Who was it said "those kind" for "that kind"? A great English writer? Possibly, but it was another great English writer who said the purest English he had ever heard was spoken by an American gentleman who lived in Virginia.

Drop that harsh-sounding little word "got"; you have said all that is necessary when you say that you have a book, or a flower, or a friend, without adding "got" to the have. And do not say "I guess" or "I reckon" when you mean "I think" or "I hope." It was Dolly who, the other day, meant to say "sentence," and pronounced it as if the second "e" were a "u," and Dolly is one of the many American girls who seem unable to pronounce their "u's" with the clearness that should be given to them. Acknowledge the existence of all the "s's," but do not hiss them, and do not make the mistake that your Southern cousin does, and say "sir" and "ma'am" too often. In the nursery you were taught to say "Yes, mother," and "No, Mrs. Gordon," since nobody wished to have you speak in a servile manner. I am glad they taught you to say "mother" and "father," and that you do not vulgarize these beautiful names into "momma" and "poppa." Remember this, too, my Dorothy: in speaking use people's names, and do not say "he" or "she" so continually that you cause people to wonder about whom you are talking. Do not speak of the people whom you employ to work in your household as "girls." If you discuss them at all say the "cook," or the "housemaid," or the "laundress," but do not tell of some one who "keeps three girls." When a service is asked of you do not announce your willingness with an "All right." Avoid running your words together, and when you wish to say that you are going "to stop at home," meaning "to stay at home," do not cause your listeners to shudder by saying that you are going to "stop at home." Remember those funny little marks that represent divisions in sentences, and also remember that, in speaking, every word has a special value and deserves special consideration.

MANY CARELESS SPEECHES

PROBABLY you do know better, but the world judges you by what it hears you say, and you set yourself down as vulgar when you are simply thoughtless. You find many slang words expressive. You think it rather clever to be well informed as to the latest slang, and to be liberal with it. At one time everything is "nice" with you. You listen to a nice sermon, you meet a nice girl, you eat some nice sweets, and I once heard a girl say that she went to a nice funeral. It is a poor little word, and I would advise you to drop it from your vocabulary.

You laughed when hearing of a man from the country who, registering at the hotel, wrote "Mr. Brown and Lady." Of course he meant "wife," and, of course, he made a foolish mistake, but not an unpardonable one. Often, in your desire to use the word "lady" properly, you speak of "women" until a certain harsh sound results, and one almost wishes that you would confess your acquaintance with a few ladies.

DISCRIMINATE WISELY

A SOCIETY paper, eager to be correct, referred to the "unbonneted women who received with the hostess," and oddly enough the effect on every reader was the same. Before her arose the vision of a loud-voiced, loud-mannered, overdressed woman who had literally thrown off her bonnet. Discriminate, my Dorothy, and use the words "lady" and "gentleman" when they should be used, and "men" and "women" as they are most proper. Remember, too, that the charming girl you met yesterday is an "acquaintance" and not a "friend"; friends are gained after a long acquaintance, followed by a close intimacy.

Do not announce that you are going to "inaugurate" something, meaning that you are going to begin or start, and do not, my dear Dorothy, ever say of anybody, no matter how charming her manners may be, that she is "quite the lady." You are indignant—you never do say it—but, oh, Dorothy, we never know to what base uses we may come.

THE SECRET OF IT ALL

IT IS carelessness. You know better, or you can be taught better, but you seem to prefer to pluck the errors from off some poisonous plant rather than to take the trouble to climb the stately grammar tree and gain wisdom through work. That somebody else talks about "gums," or "rubbers," does not excuse you, nor should you fall into the same error when you mean to say "overshoes." And, generalizing, the people who ride are on horses, and the people who drive are in carriages. Little things? Yes, but these little things make or mar conversation. Your grandmamma may make many errors as she speaks to you, and yet if she wrote a letter these mistakes would not appear. As the years have gone on she has grown careless, and some rude young people will laugh at her. But you—you who would not be so wicked—will, in a kindly way, look upon that affectionate grandmother as an awful example, and guard your words as you do your jewels, else, from sheer carelessness, you will find when you are an old lady that pearls of price, in the form of proper words, will not fall from your lips, but that frogs and toads, in the form of horrid mistakes, will issue forth, and make you a laughing-stock to those who forget that age demands respect, no matter what its mistakes may be.

Then, too, when you speak, do it distinctly and clearly, but not with shrillness. There is no necessity for you to scream in order to be emphatic. Neither need you mumble and swallow half your words as though you were afraid to be too generous with them. Avoid slang as you do all vulgarity. Avoid long words when short ones will answer just as well. Pretension in language is like pretension in dress—meretricious. Time-worn quotations are tiresome; forget them. If you happen to be enough of an actress to be able to tell a story well and can amuse your friends with anecdotes, do it, but do not bore them with old stories, nor worry them with stupid ones. And remember that different words sometimes have different meanings in different places. When you say that a woman is "homely" you mean that she is not pleasant to look upon; when your English cousin says a woman is "homely" she means that she is not beautiful, but that she has a kindly expression in her face, suggestive of cheerfulness, hospitality and friendliness. And the English definition is, perhaps, the best.

THE END OF THE SERMON

MOST sermons are words, and words, and words. This is one preached about words, and it is preached with a kindly feeling, for the preacher knows that her own mistakes are many. It is always easier to preach than to practice, but it pleases me to think that some of my girls—one, or two, or three—will think over this little sermon about words, and use the right word in the right place; that one, or two, or three of my girls will drop all that slang, which may make speech picturesque, but certainly does not sound well when it issues from the lips of a gentlewoman. The American girl is rich as far as ideas are concerned, is quick-witted, and ought to be sufficiently eager, because she is an American girl, to speak correctly. She need not be a prig, she need not suggest the schoolroom, but she should speak intelligently and correctly. There are two books to which my girls may always turn for English undefiled: first, the Bible; second, the works of Shakespeare. Vulgar language suggests a vulgar mind, therefore, my Dorothy, be careful about your speech. Let your words mirror beautiful thoughts, and when Prince Charming is strolling through that wood in which the grammar tree grows he will know that you surely are the princess, for in your answer to him there will be diamonds and pearls, in the form of pure English, coming from your lips, and he will learn to reverence all women for "your sweet sake."

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

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CHINA-CABINETS OF MODERATE COST

By F. Harry Adams

THE illustrations here given suggest several attractive cabinets and corner shelves for the display of dainty china and bric-à-brac. Any one of these designs may be made by a carpenter at a moderate cost. They may be of hardwood, finished nicely to

match the door and window casings in the room, or they may be of pine or white-wood, and painted any color.

The design given for a corner cabinet of four shelves, and two side or wall plates, to which the shelves are fastened, will be found quite practicable and very ornamental. A strip of moulding is bent, and secured to the front of the top shelf to form a cornice and improve the appearance of the upper part.

The shelves may be made wider by rounding them out at the front, as shown in Figure A. The solid lines represent the outline of the rounded shelf, and the dotted lines indicate the straight front.

By using shelves with curved fronts less space is required for wall plates, and an equal amount of useful width space is obtained. Curtains of some light, clinging material may be hung on small brass rings from a curved rod that is fastened under the cornice moulding.

It will be found necessary to support the rod at the centre with a piece of fine wire to prevent its sagging.

In the under side of each shelf screw a few brass hooks from which to hang cups and small pitchers, and to the top of each shelf one inch and a half out from the side or wall plates fasten a very small stop rail or strip of wood with slim steel wire nails, to prevent saucers and plates from sliding down. This nest of corner shelves may be made any size desired, but the place they are to occupy must be considered before constructing them.

When fastening a cabinet to the wall it must be anchored in a very secure manner, and the screws or nails driven into the upright joist or studs in the wall; screws should never be driven into the lath, as that sort of a fastening is never safe.

The design for a long wall cabinet or nest of shelves to be hung against a wall suggests an idea where a very limited space only is available. Thirty or forty inches high and ten or twelve inches in width will be a good proportion; in depth it need not be more than four or five inches, allowing room enough for plates to rest against the back, and for cups to hang from hooks screwed into the under side of the shelves.

For the side wall in a dining or living room the design given for two wall shelves suggests a manner in which shelves may be arranged with side pieces to hold them in place, and a cornice moulding and deck rail to elaborate the top shelf.

These wall shelves may be made of four pieces of pine board securely fastened together; the lower end of each side piece is cut in the form of a bracket, and around the top shelf a moulding is mitred and fastened with steel wire nails and glue. The little deck rail can be made of round or square sticks, but perhaps the best result can be had by using square pieces. The woodwork may be given several successive coats of enamel paint of some light shade, and if the side pieces are decorated with sprays of flowers or fruit nicely painted in oil colors a beautiful effect is given. A curtain and some odd and pretty pieces of old china will complete a pretty china-cabinet.

The use of a stick, into which hooks are screwed and on which cups may be hung, is an original and unique idea. The cup stick shown in illustration is a very simple and effective manner of decorating a corner.

A shelf may be cut from a piece of pine or whitewood board, using as a pattern the solid line in Figure A. This shelf may be stained and varnished or painted, and, when dry, securely fastened in a corner.

In the centre of the under side a large brass hook is to be screwed, from which to suspend the stick, and at either side the hook smaller ones may be fastened, from which to hang cups. Make a round or square stick from fifteen to twenty inches long and three-quarters of an inch thick, and finish it the same color as the shelf. Arrange hooks along the stick in such a manner that when cups are hung on them they will be clustered nicely, but not so close together but that one may be easily removed without disturbing the others. Bind the upper end of the stick for a space of an inch with linen thread, and into the end of the stick fasten a screw-eye; the thread wound round the stick will prevent its splitting when the eye is screwed in.

An attractive design for a wall cupboard is shown in the illustration for the wall cabinet. It is a trifle less complicated than the cabinets shown in the other illustrations, and it will be an easy matter for a carpenter to construct one on these lines that will be quite satisfactory if the proportions of the drawing are carried out.

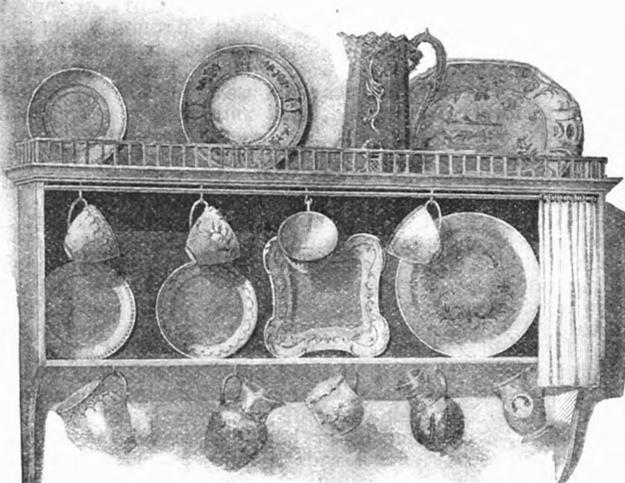
A good size for this cupboard will be from three to four feet high, and from twelve to fifteen inches wide; the depth should not be more than four or five inches, as that will be quite deep enough to accommodate a plate standing against the wall and a cup hanging from a hook.

A cornice moulding may be arranged around the top of the cabinet to take away the blunt box corner appearance.

The shelves can be spaced from five to seven inches apart near the top, but at the lower end they may be separated from eight to ten inches.

A rod and curtain may be arranged as shown, and hooks fastened at random to the under sides of shelves, on which to hang cups and pitchers.

Care should be taken to fasten the cabinet securely to the wall, as it will neces-

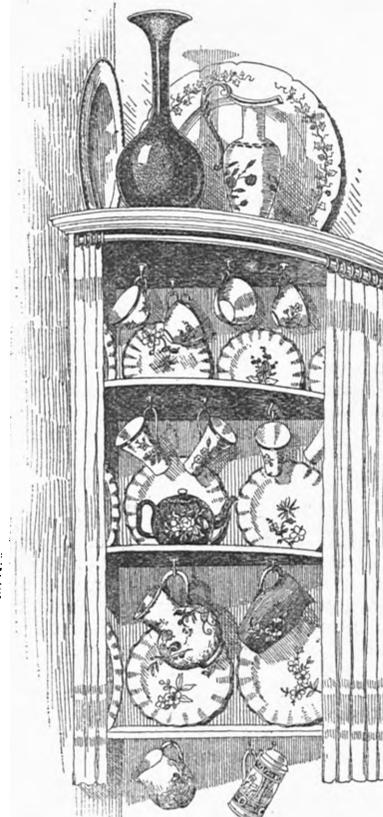


TWO SHELVES FOR CHINA

sarily be a heavy one when filled with china and bric-à-brac.

Where practicable the shelf may be brought out a few inches to form a small platform, as shown at either side of the china-closet; these shelves will support quite a large piece of bric-à-brac that will lend contrast to the small plates that may be arranged along the narrow part of the ledge. At the right of the china-closet an under shelf is shown on which to stand a choice plate; a small curtain on a rod hangs to one side of the little niche to improve the appearance.

For a dining-room in which the walls are plain a suggestion is given for a wain-



A CORNER CHINA-CABINET

scot shelf and china-closet in illustration. The illustration suggests the design for a Colonial dining-room having a wainscot from four to five feet high. The wainscotting may be carried entirely around the room, breaking it at the windows and the doors and at the mantel or chimney breast. At one side of a room a double china cupboard may be built as shown; it need not be more than ten inches at the base, and five or six inches in depth above the shelf.

Around the top of the wainscot a cornice is to be brought out and supported with brackets so as to form a ledge or shelf of sufficient width to hold tall, slim pitchers and plates of various sizes. Any or all of these designs for china-cabinets may be modified to suit any interior.



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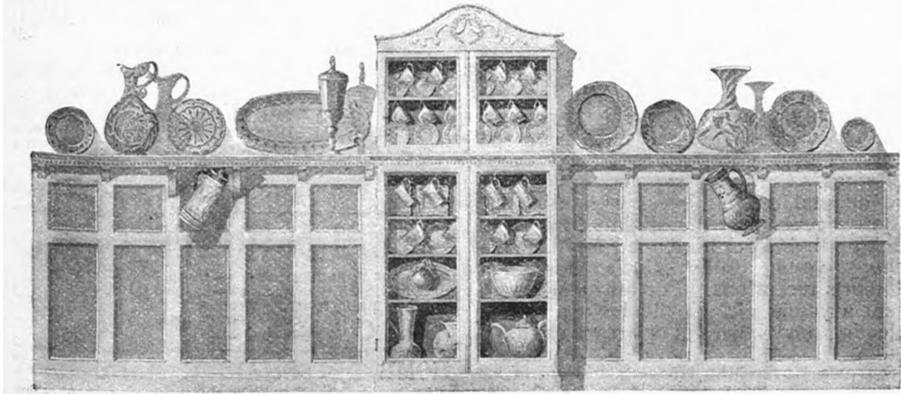
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THE CUP STICK



FIGURE A

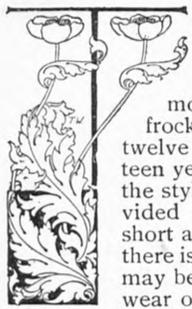


WAINSCOT SHELF AND CHINA-CLOSET



FROCKS FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES

By Emma M. Hooper



THE American child is noted the world over for its pretty clothes, but even American mothers puzzle over the frocking of girls from eight to twelve and from that up to sixteen years of age. Under eight the styles are babyish, and provided the skirt is sufficiently short and the waist amply long there is no trouble. The frocks may be of pretty colors and not wear out any sooner nor show soil any the easier. These little frocks should not be overtrimmed, and care should be taken to make them appear both youthful and suitable. Many of them are made low-necked and short-sleeved, but there is danger in this for delicate children.

The deep hems now in vogue leave ample material for the necessary "letting down." In buying a frock get sufficient for new sleeves, as they are the first part to wear out. They can be lengthened on an old dress by piecing them down and adding a row of insertion or cuff of embroidery.

SOME GENERAL RULES

THE belt or lower edge of the waist of a child's frock is usually worn at the natural waist-line, and is fastened in the back until the child has reached the age of sixteen. The sleeves are either made full leg-of-mutton or with puff at the top with the bishop or full shirt sleeves for misses. Skirts are made according to the age and size of the child—a tall girl of four wearing the usual six years' length in her skirts. Until a child is three years old little frocks are worn as long as they can be without interfering with the child's motions; then the skirt is cut off, like the little old woman's in Mother Goose, until it is "up to the knees," in the French fashion. English children still trip over the very long Kate Greenaway frocks. Every two years the skirt is lengthened an inch until at fourteen it is a couple of inches above the shoe tops, and reaching quite to them at sixteen. Where it is possible girls are dressed entirely in white until they are three years old, but this means many changes and a large washing, and I cannot advise any style of dress that will entail much work for the mother. Rather let her take time to rest and dress her children in plainer garments. Children's skirts are best when made in straight full widths with the back laid in French gathers, one long and one short stitch alternately. The hems should be from four to six inches in depth. Skirts are fuller than of yore: five yards is the usual width for a sixteen-year girl, four for a twelve, three for a six, and two breadths of wide cashmere constitute the skirt for a tot of three years.

THE FIRST CHANGES

GIRLS from three to six years wear gingham, challie, serge, cashmere, plaids, crépon and fancy woolen mixtures through the fall and winter. Cotton cheviot is also a serviceable material for every-day frocks. White *guimpes* are not as much worn as they have been. A dress of checked gingham has the skirt of four straight widths gathered to the edge of the round, high waist, which is laid in six tucks in front, three on each side turned toward the centre, the back being fastened with small pearl buttons. Outlining a tiny round yoke is a ruffle of the material fully six inches deep and edged with Hamburg insertion. This ruffle is cut straight, gathered full and separates three inches across the front and back. Sleeves close-fitting to the elbow and then in a full gathered puff. The collar band of white insertion. A pretty challie gown is made up with similar effect. The waist is cut square-necked, and a blue silk yoke finished with a little crush collar is inserted. The ruffle is finished with three rows of baby blue ribbon, and where it ends on each side of the front and back is placed a rosette of ribbon. A blue and white striped flannelette is made with leg-of-mutton sleeves, and a low blouse waist having a frill of blue and white embroidery around the low neck. Sleeves in a puff to the elbow and plain below, with turn-over cuffs of blue edged with the embroidery. Tucked yoke of plain blue having a little turn-over collar edged with narrow embroidery. The necks and sleeves of these dainty little frocks are finished very much as are those made for older girls.

FOR BETTER WEAR

LITTLE girls from three to six years old have crépon, Henrietta or cashmere frocks for Sunday and best wear made with gathered skirts, square-necked blouses gathered to form an erect frill, back and front, and dropping low over the waist-line free from the percaline lining. Full puffed sleeves and yokes of embroidered batiste and Valenciennes insertion over surah, with a frill of lace standing up around the neck and a bow of satin ribbon on each shoulder. For dancing-school or for a party dress a white Japanese silk covered with pink and green figures, which costs only sixty cents a yard, makes a pretty frock. It should be made with a full gored skirt and a four-inch hem. Round baby waist cut low and gathered at the top and bottom. Elbow sleeves in two puffs, with two bands of lace insertion or beading with open spaces to run inch-wide ribbon through; belt of the same with the ribbon tied in bows on each side. Ruffles of Valenciennes lace around the low neck, and yoke of strips of beading and ribbon and Valenciennes insertion, or yoke of fine nainsook and lace insertion. Such a dress is not expensive if made at home. Fancy suitings of several colors are made into frocks with epaulettes, square-shaped pieces of velvet on the shoulders falling over the sleeves, with collars to match. Small plaids are made up with trimmings of plain goods and *vice-versa*. In making over children's frocks two materials may be easily combined, but do not put odd waists and skirts on the little ones.

FROCKS FOR OLDER GIRLS

SCHOOL frocks for girls from eight to twelve years of age are as important as the better ones. These are oftenest made of serge, cheviot, plaid and mixed woolens. A most serviceable design of green and brown mixed cheviot has a lining of brown percaline, full skirt three yards and a half wide, full-topped sleeves, and high waist having the front dropping a little over the belt of green velveteen. Collar of velveteen, and tabs from each shoulder seam two inches wide and six long, reaching a third of the way to the belt. Epaulette pieces over the shoulders reach to the bottom of the tabs. A row of small gilt or steel buttons trims each edge of the velveteen tabs. A brown serge may be made with a similar skirt, large sleeves, and a round waist close-fitting at the back and sides, and loose and drooping in front like a blouse, with a box-plait and two side plaits bordering it laid at the top. These are held in place by four fancy buttons down each plait, falling loosely below; the back fastens with fancy buttons that should not be larger than a ten-cent-piece. Cherry-colored taffeta ribbon three inches wide folded around a narrow standing collar and tied at the back.

MORE ELABORATE MODELS

A BEIGE crépon having dots of stem-green silk answers for winter and cool summer evening wear. The round waist has a double box-plait in front that drops over the waist-line, though the rest of the waist is snug in fit. Pointed collarette of the goods interlined with crinoline and sharply pointed over each sleeve, at the back and in front, with a row of cream guipure insertion laid all around the edge over inch-wide green satin ribbon. High collar of ribbon bowed at the back and overlaid with the lace. Sleeves in a full puff to the elbow and plain to the wrist. A deep cherry-colored Henrietta made with a square neck and five narrow tucks on each side is worn with a white *guimpe* of tucks and insertion. This gay little frock is relieved by belt and revers turned back from the square neck, back and front, of black velvet. Good qualities of velveteen for trimming will outwear ordinary velvet. Mohair braid makes a serviceable trimming. *Guimpes* are finished around the neck with a plain or gathered edging. Ribbon velvet in the narrow baby width still edges many frock accessories, and numbers seven and nine are used for knots at the waist, on the shoulders, etc. Fancy Dresden-patterned ribbon is more worn than plain satin nowadays on the little frocks with white grounds and blue, pink or green designs. The net lace called Liesse, which has Oriental designs, is used in white and cream; also the popular Valenciennes and heavy guipure insertion.

FROM TWELVE TO FIFTEEN

FROCKS for girls from twelve to fifteen years of age are made with full sleeves sewed in the armholes in French gathers or with a box-plait in the centre, with several kilt plaits on the sides. Plaid silk yokes are pretty, with a twist of the silk around the square neck of the dress material ending in a bow on either side. Light and bright shades of cloth form yokes and cuffs on dresses of mixed goods. A plaid canvas dress of blue and green with red bars may be made with a red cloth yoke and cuffs edged with gilt braid, and belt and collar of red taffeta ribbon. Rough, speckled, shot and flecked dress goods are worn by girls of ten years and over. Smooth fabrics are promised better favor this season than they have had for years. Smaller girls wear sailor blouses and gathered skirts of blue or red serge. A blue diagonal wool may be made with a skirt four yards wide, bishop sleeves, and a round waist to which the skirt is gathered. Soft vest of plaid wool, over the lower part of which are three blue cord loops fastening to steel buttons on either side. Crush collar and cuffs of the plaid. With full waists the lining is close-fitting, the outside fabric being left full. Such waists are made with round back and blouse front laid in three box-plaits, large sleeves and cuffs, with belt and collar of velveteen. Velvet edged with guipure insertion makes a dressy trimming for the frock of a girl of thirteen, for whom a golden-brown and green cheviot may be made with bishop sleeves and round waist slightly full in front. Large square collarette of green velvet edged with cream guipure insertion an inch wide and of a vine pattern. High collar of velvet and plain belt. Cuffs of velvet overlaid with lace. Pearl buttons fastening the back of the frock. Dainty little blondes wear gowns of gray finished with collars and belts of cherry or scarlet taffeta ribbon.

THE GIRL OF SIXTEEN

GIRLS of sixteen have jacket waists and round corsages to select from for school and best dresses, the matter of trimming making the only difference. For the former serge and cheviot outwear other fabrics, though the rough bouclés are also serviceable. Short, pointed jacket fronts are made with little basque backs in godet plaits forming a square, with ribbon belts over the back and under the front of silk which droop nearly over the waist-line. The crush collar matches the vest and revers of the material on the jacket fronts. Bishop or full-topped sleeves having narrow straight or flaring gauntlet cuffs. Velvet crush collars or those of ribbon are universally worn by young girls. Round waists of blue or brown wool are made with gathers at the neck and waist-line, fastening invisibly at the back. Three tabs of brown or blue velvet start from the collar, the centre one reaching nearly to the waist-line and the others shorter; each is pointed and finished with a fancy button. Collars of the velvet, and belts of folds unless the figure is short-waisted, when a fitted girdle belt pointed slightly in front and well boned will prove more becoming. Odd waists are worn by young girls, those of plaid combining particularly well with skirts of plain material. Last year's skirts may be worn in the early fall with regular shirt-waists of heavy cotton cheviot or those of plaid serge. Black, blue and brown are the most useful colors, the mohairs in heavy lines similar to serge wearing well. Bright blue diagonals are finished with black mohair braid. Plaid, striped and figured taffeta is used for the loose vests.

SOME MODEL GOWNS

BRIGHT green, orange and red mixed suiting made up with gored skirt five yards wide to the shoe tops, bishop sleeves, short Eton jacket fronts and close-fitting back having a little godet basque piece. Full vest of deep cardinal velvet and crush collar having a square bow at the back; belt of black satin ribbon folded once outside of the basque and under the jacket fronts, gauntlet cuffs of the velvet. Light blue ladies' cloth may be made with a round waist and full-topped sleeves box-plaited into the armholes. Yoke of changeable blue and green velvet simulating a large collar, widened on the shoulders to form square epaulettes and finishing in front with a point to the waist-line. A tiny edging of black ostrich feathers is around this. Collar of velvet with a ruche of blue chiffon at the top. Belt of velvet, and narrow cuffs with a frill of chiffon over the hands. Later in the season large collar or yoke effects, edged with narrow colored passementerie, heavy lace insertion or a tiny finish of brown fur, will be noticed. Odd waists of taffeta are correct in brown, blue, cherry, pink, peacock and green colorings. Chiffon vests and collar ruffs are adaptable for misses, who also like elbow sleeves and the slightly low round neck on their frocks intended for dancing-school, young folks' parties and their mother's receptions. For an outside garment a young girl should have a jacket, selecting navy blue, tan or brown cloth.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "The Home Dressmaker," will be found on page 30 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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SUITABLE MOURNING COSTUMES

By Isabel A. Mallon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

THE wearing of black is so common among women nowadays that those women who are in mourning are using more crape on their gowns than ever before. It is curious that, while fashions may



A SUITABLE HOUSE GOWN

A SUITABLE costume to be worn by one who has lost a parent is made of Henrietta cloth. The skirt is quite plain, though it flares in the usual fashionable manner. The bodice is a jacket-shaped basque with a fitted back and flaring fronts; under this in front is a waistcoat of black crape, closing with hooks and eyes. The shawl collar and revers of the jacket are faced with crape, while the stock of the waistcoat is of dull black ribbon. The sleeves are the wrinkled ones that fit the arms, but they have flaring caps of crape over them. The edge finish at the wrists consists of three pipings of crape. With this would be worn a small crape bonnet, with a crape veil reaching just below the waist.

FOR A PARENT

A girl of fifteen, wearing mourning for a parent, a brother or a sister, would have a gown of Eudora cloth made with a flaring skirt, a draped bodice, confined at the waist by a belt of folded crape, and finished at the neck by a folded collar of the crape. The full sleeves shape in to the arms, and have deep cuffs of crape reaching almost to the elbow. A small hat of felt trimmed with dull black ribbon is proper for a young girl.

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MOURNING COSTUMES

WHEN the first year of mourning has passed and crape

is still worn by a widow it is used, after the English fashion, as a rather elaborate trimming. A typical costume to be worn by a widow in the second year of her mourning shows a flaring skirt of Eudora cloth with a front breadth of crape in long plaits. The basque is of the Eudora cloth with a ripple skirt, and wide, flaring revers faced with crape. The waistcoat of crape, closing with small bullet buttons, is between the basque fronts, and shows a neck finish of Eudora cloth with pointed pieces of crape on each side of the front. The bishop sleeves are of crape and shape in to the arms, being

change, the fabrics used for mourning costumes remain the same. Henrietta cloth is, when trimmed with crape, considered the deepest mourning. Serge and cr pon, showing long, deep waves exactly like crape, are also worn.

The mourning period for a widow, one young enough to expect to lay aside her black, lasts two years. During the first year she is limited to gowns of Henrietta cloth trimmed with crape. The next six months she may wear Eudora cloth with lighter trimmings of crape, and for the next six months Eudora cloth, cr pon, serge or any all-black material she may select, without crape decorations. Mourning for a parent requires a dress of Henrietta or Eudora cloth rather simply trimmed with crape, and having on the bonnet a crape veil that reaches just below the belt. For a brother or sister a gown of black serge, with collar, belt and cuffs of crape, and very short crape veil, is proper. The bonnet worn by a widow is really nothing more than a foundation for holding the veil. The milliner fits a frame to the head, covers it plainly with crape, and then drapes the veil over it. This veil hangs below the knees in front and is about the same length behind. Almost all widows wear white crimped ruching inside their bonnets.

A WIDOW'S COSTUME

THE first costume worn by a widow is made of Henrietta cloth and crape. Usually the skirt is made in the received flaring fashion, and is decorated with one deep fold of crape headed by a narrower one, so that the crape trimming reaches quite to the knees. A plain, close-fitting basque, pointed at the front and back and arching over the hips, is the design counted most proper for the bodice. A crape collar, crape cuffs and a fold of crape around the edge of the basque are the only decorations. The bodice closes in front in such a way that the hooks and eyes are hidden under the few soft folds of Henrietta cloth that are down the front. The bonnet is a pointed toque covered with crape, and having the usual long veil draped over it. For the first three months the veil is worn over the face.

A house gown to be worn by a widow has a skirt of Eudora cloth trimmed with a deep fold of crape, so deep that it reaches above the knees. The bodice is a short basque with a ripple finish, buttoned on each side with dull jet buttons of the bullet shape over a waistcoat of crape. The sleeves are full and of the cloth, but below the elbow they shape in and are close-fitting, and made of the crape, coming to a sharp point over each hand. The collar is a folded one of black crape, with a square-looking bow of the crape in the back.



A WIDOW'S COSTUME

finished with a narrow beading of dull jet. The bonnet worn with this is of crape, and has draped over it a shorter veil than that worn at first. The gloves are of black undressed kid.

Pretty gowns for house wear may be made of Henrietta cloth trimmed with folds of crape.

COMPLIMENTARY mourning, assumed for a distant relative or a dear friend, is, in reality, black worn for three months. For this purpose cr pons in deep waves are specially liked. Black mohair is also permitted for the black that is to be worn three months. A complimentary mourning costume shows a flaring skirt of cr pon with a short basque of the same material. The full sleeves, that shape in to fit the arms, come to a point over each hand, and just above each point is a bow of black satin ribbon. Black satin ribbon in pipings outlines the basque, terminating under loops on each side of the back, loops so arranged that one stands up and one lies down on each side. The collar is a stock of black satin ribbon with a flaring bow in the back. A jet bonnet having an agrette of black at the back and black satin ties is worn with this toilette. Black glac  gloves are proper and are chosen in preference to the undressed kid. In complimentary mourning black silk trimmed with jet may be worn in the house.

After a widow has laid aside her veil and wishes to appear at some special affair she may, with propriety, wear a dull black



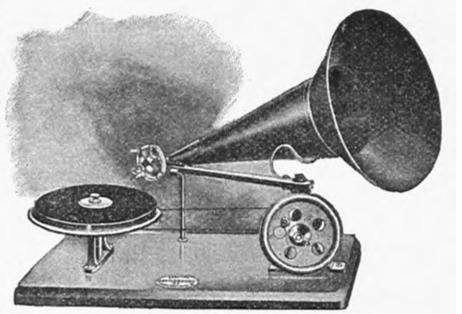
THE SECOND YEAR OF WIDOWHOOD

silk, trimmed with crape. The fancy that the French show for dull bead passementeries, feathers, spangled chiffons and embroidered nets, all, of course, in black, does not exist either in America or in England. Indeed, it may be said that in our mourning fashions we follow the English rather than the French designs.

Nothing is uglier than a crape hat, and the best milliners no longer make such abominations. If one is old enough to wear crape one is old enough to assume a bonnet. The only exception made to this is that of a young girl of fifteen, who, in mourning for a parent, wears crape belt, cuffs and collar. The crape bonnet is not put upon her, but, according to the season, either a felt or straw is given her, and it is trimmed with dull black ribbon. Many ladies, objecting to the crape veil and wearing light mourning, assume the net veil bordered with crape. This is not wise. The net veil, except when it is worn simply as a face veil, will grow stringy, is ugly and lacks the dignity of a crape veil, so that unless a veil of crape is worn it is wisest to assume none at all. The fan carried by a woman wearing crape should be a dead black silk one with black sticks. Black-bordered handkerchiefs are no longer in vogue; fine linen ones with a narrow hemstitched edge, but having no embroidery upon them, are in best form.

AN ANSWER TO SOME QUESTIONS

SOME one has asked about mourning for a gentleman. This is seldom assumed except for a wife or a mother, and then it is worn for one year. During the year the business suit is of rough black cloth, and the frock coat, assumed for afternoon, is of the same material. The latter puts a black band, which is of fine cloth and not crape, on the hat. The gloves are black glac  kid and the handkerchief is all white. The scarf should be of dead black silk and no pin should be worn. The cuff links are of white enamel or black onyx. The watch chain is a black silk guard.



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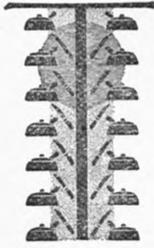
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WHAT MAY BE DONE WITH APPLES

By Ella Rodman Church



THE apple would seem to rank among fruits very much as bread does among other foods—not so pleasing, perhaps, to the taste, but far more indispensable than the showier products of nurseries and vines. Below I have given some receipts in which apples bear a prominent part:

APPLE SAUCE THAT WILL KEEP

THIS is as great a convenience as preserves, the preparation of apples for sauce not being always convenient for the busy housekeeper. Inferior apples may be used in this way, and the windfalls of early autumn, when one is fortunate enough to own an orchard, will be found quite available. They should be peeled, cored and freed from every blemish, then cut up in quite small pieces. A large earthen jar with a cover should be ready to receive them. Into this put first a liberal sprinkling of sugar, with cinnamon to taste, then a layer of apples, then more sugar and cinnamon, and so on till the jar is full. The sugar should be regulated according to the tartness of the apples, from a quarter to a half pound for one pound of apples being the rule. The jar should be placed at the back of the range and the fruit kept covered and gently simmering through the day. It should then be set away to cool, and the apples taken out only as they are needed for sauce or desserts. Having no water mixed with them, apples prepared in this way are very palatable.

APPLE SAUCE

APPLES intended for sauce should be pared, cored, and put into cold water until they are placed over the fire, to keep them from discoloration. Pour a very little water over them in the saucepan, and allow them to cook very gently. They should be tightly covered and frequently looked at to see if they need more water. When the apples are quite soft, stir and mash them; add a little butter, pass them through a colander. If the sauce is to be used with meat, sweeten moderately before setting away to cool, otherwise a liberal use of sugar is more agreeable. A generous sprinkling of cinnamon or a dash of nutmeg, according to taste, may be added. Another method of making apple sauce is the following: Make a syrup and when it is thoroughly boiled drop the peeled and quartered apples in it. They should boil until soft and then be well mashed. This makes a richer sauce than when the apples and sugar are boiled together, or when the latter is added after the fruit is taken from the fire.

APPLE SHORTCAKE

THIS is not so well known as strawberry shortcake, but it is equally good when well made. The above preparation of apples makes a particularly delicious one. The usual directions for the shortcake part result in the plainest of soda biscuits; but this is a great mistake, as such dishes are not supposed to be concocted with a single eye to the benefit of the nursery. What is needed is a reasonably plain pie-crust, which, by being handled like puff-paste, can be made very nice. This paste should be rolled in two thin layers and lightly baked on a jelly-tin, placing one on top of the other, but being careful not to press them together. When baked they can be separated with much greater ease than if made into one cake and pulled apart. The rich apple sauce should then be liberally spread between the two layers of crust and on top, and served with cream.

APPLE DUMPLINGS

QUARTER and core, after peeling, one apple for each dumpling, then put the parts together with sugar in the middle. Envelop each apple in pie-crust, and if they are to be baked set them in a pan like biscuits; if boiled, put each dumpling in a cloth and tie securely, leaving room for the dumpling to swell a little. After boiling one hour turn out and serve with sauce. In putting the crust around the dumpling care is needed to avoid too much overlapping. Little bags crocheted of very coarse tidy cotton, and drawn up when finished with stout cord, are particularly nice for boiling dumplings in.

ENGLISH APPLE PIE

LINE a pudding-dish with paste, and pare, quarter and core enough apples to fill it; add sugar to taste, one clove to every three apples, a large pinch of powdered cinnamon, half the grated rind of a lemon. An inverted cup should be placed in the centre to hold the juice. This pie can be made in a large, medium or small dish, and the ingredients regulated accordingly. It should be eaten hot.

APPLE BISCUITS

IN SPITE of their name these do not belong to the bread family at all, as neither flour nor yeast enters into their composition. Peel and core some ripe apples, and reduce them to pulp; flavor with essence of lemon, and mix while warm with their weight of powdered sugar; drop on plates, or into paper cases, and dry in a slow oven for several days. The heat should never be sufficient to bake, only to dry them. When thoroughly dried they should be packed in glass or tin for winter use. Apricots, pears, raspberries, strawberries, plums, etc., may be done in the same way.

PLAIN BAKED APPLES

THESE are exceedingly nice when care is taken to prepare them properly. They should be put in a shallow pan that will hold about half a dozen and set in an oven that will bake them slowly. To prevent burning turn them two or three times while cooking and baste with the juice. If the apples are not very juicy a little water and two or three tablespoonfuls of sugar should be added when they are first put into the pan. A very nice way of baking apples is to peel and core them before putting them into the oven, filling the cavities with sugar and a little cinnamon.

DELICIOUS APPLE BREAD

BOIL a dozen good-sized apples that have been carefully peeled and cored, until they are perfectly tender. While still warm, mash them in double the amount of flour, and add the proper proportion of yeast. The mass should then be thoroughly kneaded without water, as the juice of the apples will make it sufficiently soft. It should be left to rise for twelve hours, then formed into loaves, and baked when quite light. Apple bread was the invention of a scientific Frenchman, and it has always been highly commended for its healthfulness.

GREEN APPLE PIE

IS MADE from the fruit that drops from early apple trees, which is boiled until tender, and then peeled and cut up. A syrup is then made of sugar and some of the water the apples were cooked in. When this boils add the apples and cook them for a few moments. The filling is then ready for the pie, which should be baked in a shallow pie-plate. This pie can be finished either with an upper crust or with cross-bars of pastry. When the crust is a light golden-brown it should be taken from the oven and fine sugar sifted over the top.

MOULD APPLE PUDDING

BUTTER the mould well and line it with a nice crust of medium thickness, for if too thin it will not turn out well. Fill up with quartered apples, flavored with small bits of preserved ginger and well sugared; finish with a well-fitting lid of pastry, and put on the cover of the mould very securely. Boil continuously for two or three hours, according to the size, and turn out on a flat dish with great care. When it comes out firm and shapely this is a very attractive-looking pudding. Serve with a hard sauce.

BOILED APPLE PUDDING

MAKE a nice pie-crust, and line with it a bowl that has been well buttered; then fill with sliced apples and sugar enough to moisten them, and the peel and juice of one lemon; cover with paste and pinch the edges together; then tie the bowl securely in a floured cloth, and put into rapidly-boiling water. It should boil from two hours to two hours and a half, according to size, and should not be allowed to stop boiling for one moment. It is very nice served with cream alone, or with a sauce of butter and sugar.

OLD-FASHIONED APPLE PIE

FILL a deep, yellow pie-dish with pared apples sliced very thin; then cover with a substantial crust and bake; when browned to a turn, slip a knife around the inner edge, take off the cover and turn bottom upward on a plate; then add a generous supply of sugar, cinnamon and cloves to the apples; mash all together and spread evenly on the inverted crust. After grating nutmeg over it the dish is served cold with cream.

DELICIOUS BROWN BETTY

BUTTER a deep pudding-dish and place a layer of finely-chopped apples in the bottom; then add a layer of very fine breadcrumbs, sprinkle with sugar and spice; add a little butter, then another layer of apples, and so on until the dish is filled. The top layer should be of the crumbs seasoned to taste. Bake in a moderate oven until quite brown, and serve while hot, either with sweetened cream or a hard sauce.

BAKED APPLE PUDDING

PAKE, quarter and core six good-sized apples, and boil them in a small quantity of water until they are soft enough to mash. Pour off the water, and when thoroughly mashed add half a pint of breadcrumbs, sugar to taste, the grated peel of a lemon, three eggs well beaten, and one ounce of melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven, and serve with a hard sauce, made by stirring to a cream one cup of butter and two of pulverized sugar, and flavoring with vanilla.

ANOTHER BAKED PUDDING

TO A PINT of grated apples, after peeling and coring, add about two ounces of butter, a quarter of a pound of granulated sugar, and spice—nutmeg, cloves and cinnamon—to taste; also four eggs, beating the whites and yolks separately. Line a deep dish with paste, fill with the mixture and bake until brown.

SPICED APPLE TARTS

STEWE the apples, sweeten them, and flavor with mace and cinnamon; add the juice and grated rind of one lemon if the apples have not much flavor. Line pie-dishes with paste, fill them with the prepared apples, and bake until the tarts are thoroughly done. Bars of paste, about a quarter of an inch wide, crossing the top of the tarts, are quite ornamental.

APPLE POTPIE

PAKE and quarter half a dozen russet apples; put them in a porcelain kettle, sprinkle over them a cup of crushed sugar, a small quantity of nutmeg and cinnamon, and add a bit of butter; spread a coverlet of dough made like shortcake; pour into the kettle a quart of boiling water; cover closely and boil forty minutes.

PASTIES TO FRY

TAKE twenty tart apples; pare, core and cut into bits like dice. Then stew them in butter; add three ounces of biscuit bread, six ounces of grated cheese, six yolks of eggs, six ounces of sugar, cinnamon to taste. Pound all together in a mortar; shape into half moons, and fry in boiling lard.

THE USES OF HONEY

By Lena Thatcher

FOR human consumption no article can be found more delicious than honey, and none more beneficial to health.

There are three classes of honey: honey in the comb, honey extracted from the comb, and strained honey. Honey made by the bees in small sectional boxes comprises the first class.

Honey extracted from the comb is the pure liquid, without the comb, and is sold cheaper than in the comb because the comb is of more value than the honey. It takes twenty pounds of honey to make one pound of comb.

Strained honey is the result of mashing up combs and catching all that will pass through a cloth. Thus it is inferior to pure extracted honey. The mashing of the comb and straining gives it a cloudy appearance and destroys the flavor.

The following are a few of the many good things that may be made with honey as an ingredient:

HONEY FRUIT-CAKE

FOUR eggs, five cups of flour, two cups of honey, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, half a pound of citron, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake in a slow oven. This cake will keep a long time.

HONEY COOKIES

ONE quart of honey mixed with half a pound of white sugar, half a pound of butter and the juice of two lemons. Stir this mixture very hard, then mix in gradually flour enough to make a stiff paste. Cut into round cakes and bake in buttered pans.

HONEY GINGER SNAPS

ONE pint of honey, three-quarters of a pound of butter, two teaspoonfuls of ginger. Boil together for a few minutes and when nearly cold sift in flour until it is stiff enough to roll. Cut in small cakes and bake quickly.

HONEY SPONGE-CAKE

ONE cupful of honey, one cup of flour, five eggs. Beat the yolks and honey together; beat the whites to a froth; mix all together, stirring as little as possible; flavor with lemon and bake quickly.

HONEY TEA-CAKE

ONE cup of honey, half a cup of sour cream, two eggs, half a cup of butter, two cups of flour, scant half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Flavor to taste.

HONEY POPCORN BALLS

ONE pint of honey. Put it in a frying-pan and boil until very thick, then stir in freshly-parched corn, and mould into balls when nearly cold.



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A SET OF SEAWEED DESIGNS

By Elisabeth Moore Hallowell

DESIGNS BY THE AUTHOR

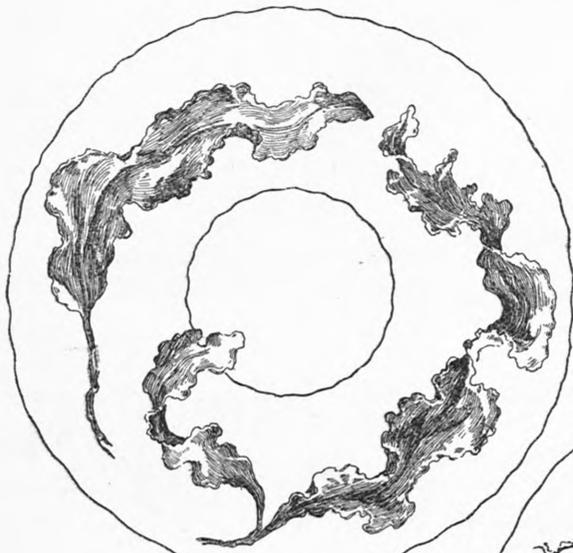


SHOULD seaweeds be chosen by the china painter as a subject for a set of fish or oyster plates, care must be taken in drawing them upon the china to follow exactly the manner of growth of the special seaweed under consideration. If, however, the seaweeds themselves cannot be obtained the designs given on this page may be enlarged to cover a plate eight inches in diameter, and may be treated either conventionally or realistically.

be expressed by yellow-brown and any of the very deep browns for the stems. As every china painter knows, black should be used very sparingly or not at all.

It is, of course, impossible to give more than the slightest hint of the wonderful coloring in these plants. Those who are skillful with the needle may often secure in floss or silk a more brilliant effect than any china painting can give; and there is also the reflection that while china may be easily broken, the work of a good needlewoman often becomes an heirloom to be treasured as an example of patient industry, as well as a

strong linen, not coarse, but firm in fibre, and of a texture that will be consistent with the heavy needlework to be put upon it. The mistake is frequently made of



NUMBER TWO

If conventional treatment appeals most strongly to the worker, keep the tints flat, varying in color, and outline each with a warm shade of brown. The ground should be of a sea-green tone, deeper or lighter as the color of each seaweed shall indicate, and with occasional lines, an inch or two in length, of raised gold, running straight across—a conventional suggestion of water.

Should it be decided to adopt a more naturalistic manner of treatment the native colors of the seaweed call for careful attention. Number one, being chiefly in light and dark tones of yellow, may be best expressed (in Lacroix china colors) by yellow-brown and olive-green, with a touch of "carmine tendre"; the roots and buds of the stems tending always to the darkest tones. Number two is of a deep warm red, with touches of green about the edges; for it the color known as

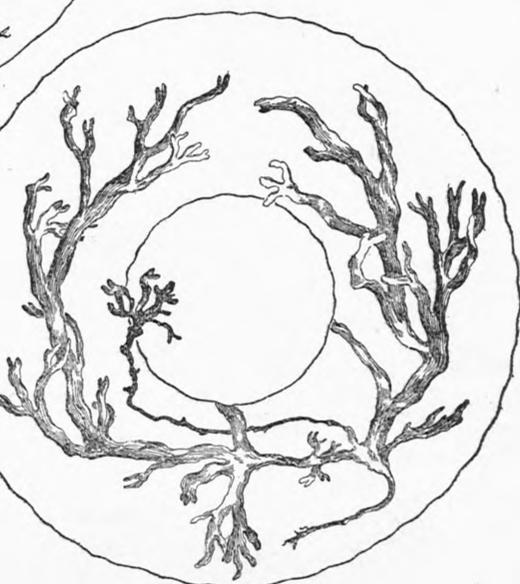
matter of historical interest. We all know how expressive of the times in which the workers lived are such embroideries, whether they be the Bayeux tapestries supposed to have been made by Queen Matilda, or the homelier samplers of our grandmothers.

When embroidering these designs for doilies or similar articles the first step to consider is the selection of a suitable groundwork. For this purpose secure a

considering a thin and light-weight linen to be necessarily fine and of good quality. The two are not always synonymous; a thin linen may be of good quality, but more frequently it is poor, and rumples very easily.

Since the designs here given are circular in shape the doilies must either follow this form and be fringed around, or they may be made square with a hem and hemstitched. Perhaps so far as temporary beauty is concerned, the former may be the more attractive way; but for usefulness there can be no doubt that the hemstitched table-linen is always most acceptable. Especially is this the case where the heavy work, such as these designs suggest, promises to outlast the fringe.

The colors mentioned for the plates will give some idea of the shades to be

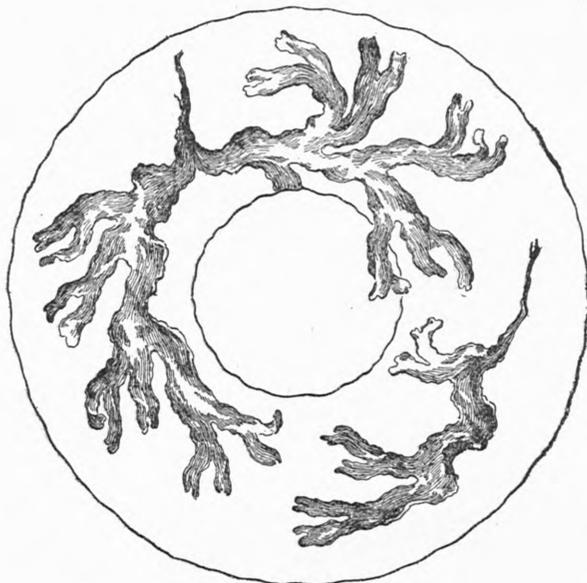


NUMBER SIX

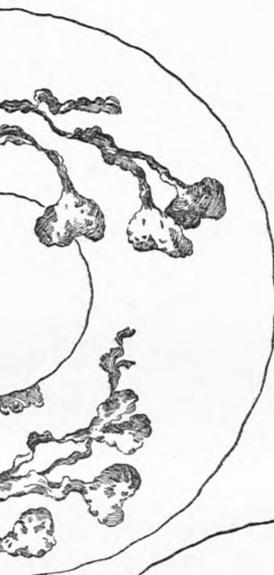


NUMBER THREE

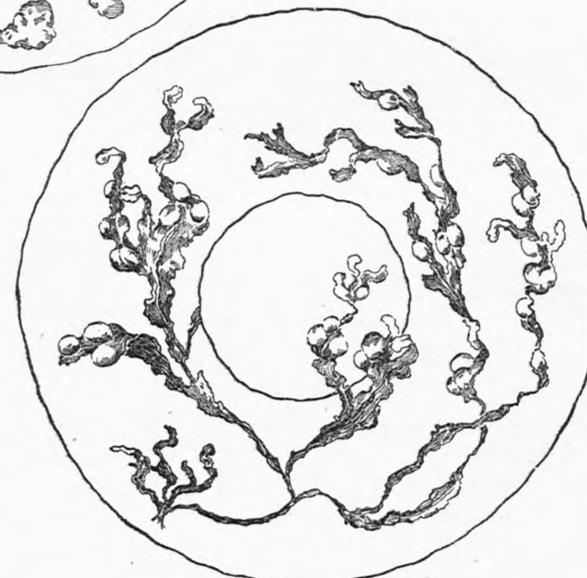
"pourpre riche" may take the chief part, using with it a little of brown number one hundred and eight, and some moss-green. Number three is entirely in varying shades of olive, and number four, in like manner, of brown. So for the former olive-green and black-green number seven would answer, and for the latter brown number one hundred and eight and brown number seventeen—in both cases relieving the darker tones by ivory yellow upon the high lights on the little bladder-like knobs. The deep carmine tones of number five call for ruby-purple, "carmine tendre," and a touch of "pourpre riche"; while number six, being pale olive and black, may



NUMBER FIVE

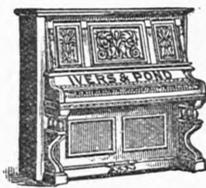


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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Edited by Mrs. Margaret Bottome

HEART TO HEART TALKS

HIS is what I call a luxury—a half hour with my mother. It would not have been strange if I had said to the busy man as he passed out, "It was a comfort to have you all to myself," but, instead, it was he who said that it was a luxury to be with his mother half an hour. And in a flash it came to me, this is the need of many a mother to-day; not so much to have daughter or son spend a half hour with the mother, as to have the joy of feeling that it was a luxury to the son or daughter to do so! What shall we do to bring mothers and their children, fathers and their children, nearer together—to have it a "luxury" for them to be together? It does seem, from the way things are tending, as if it were a luxury for sons and daughters to get away from the mother and father, and alas, often for the husband to get away from the wife, and the wife from the husband. Why is it so? What is the cause? What can be done to have it otherwise? There are wives who sit alone the long evenings; the husbands are at the club or elsewhere—their wives don't know where. The sons are away too. God pity that wife and mother if she does not come to know the unseen One, so that she can say truly, "I did not miss you, I have had a lovely evening alone—indeed, I did not feel that I was alone." Perhaps you say, "But there must have been something wrong about that mother. Maybe she had made some mistakes—yes, maybe there had been mistakes on both sides." I fancy there usually are in such cases. But was it not a mercy that she had come to the point where she could say, "I was not alone"?



CONFIDENCE MUST BE CULTIVATED

I ASKED a son of mine not long ago what impressed him most in my care of him when he was a little child. He said, "You trusted me. You had a way of saying take good care of yourself." You may think I did not like to take care of him myself; well, maybe not, but one thing I did cultivate, and that was the thought that my children were individuals, and I did not reckon much on the fact that I was merely their mother. That they could not help, but what I did want was some day to be a friend of theirs. So, of course, I had to be what they would like, and I succeeded, and I have four friends in my four sons. And as I was, and am, far from being a perfect woman, I think that most mothers could do the same. I do not mean that I tried to get them to tell me everything. Not at all. I recognized that I could not claim all their confidence, so I devoted myself to the One who knew me better than my children knew me, and knew my children better than I knew them. And so it happened that I thus became an intimate friend of my children.



THOSE WHO NEED HELP

HOW I wish I could help parents and children, husbands and wives who need help. Thank God all do not. I met a charming woman when crossing the ocean last summer. I was told by a friend before the steamer left the dock that the lady in question was extremely clever, and I was introduced to her before we left the shore. I found her all that my friend had said she was. She said something bright every time she spoke. I noticed a gentleman at her side at table and she introduced me to him, but I did not catch his name. I explained that I had not caught the relationship, but supposed it was her brother. "No, indeed," she said quietly. "He is my husband, but I introduce him often as my dear friend," and she laughed such a musical little laugh as she added, "We are such great friends that I call him my immortal chum." Ah, me, there is such a lack of the immortal relationship between so many, and I feel as I write that it is almost impossible to help on these lines, yet I know what cultivation will do on other lines, and why not cultivate friendship in those we call our nearest of kin? Why not do as we do with others whose good opinion we crave? We make ourselves agreeable and entertaining when with them. Why not do this with husband and child, and do it from the highest motive, make a service of it to Christ, and then if it is not appreciated there is One that we serve who always appreciates the least service we do in His Name?

"THE COURSE OF THIS WORLD"

"**Y**E WALKED according to the course of this world." What is the course of this world? What is the meaning of the word "course"? I suppose it is the same as track. The daily course, the line of one's life. Now, what is the line or course of this world in distinction from the Christian's course which has reference to another world? I unhesitatingly say the course of this world is the course or line of pride. The course of this world is a course of selfishness.

I heard a very holy man say last summer that he could tell whether a mother was worldly by the way in which she regarded the marriage of her daughters. If she felt that her daughters must marry where there was money, instead of true manliness and nobility of character, she was a worldly mother no matter what her profession of Christianity might be.

I am sure we are in great danger. The lines between what the Bible calls the world—"the course of this world"—and the Christian's course have become indefinite; there has been an obliterating of such lines, and the world and Christians have become one. So the world or worldly people profess to be Christians, and Christians seem to give the world to understand that there is no particular difference between them. Now, what is the result? Christians, so-called, have little power with those who do not profess to be Christians—and Christians, so-called, have very little joy in their religion. Their real pleasure is usually outside of their religion. Their religion is what they call their duty, but the "course," the line of their thoughts, their ambitions, are really the same as with what is called "the world"—"the course of this world." Study the word, the New Testament word, "disciples," look carefully into its meaning, and take in what Christ said: "He that forsaketh not all that he hath he cannot be My disciple." Then let us ask ourselves, "Am I a disciple, am I a real follower of Christ?" In the great galleries of art this past summer I saw so many disciples of art sitting before the great pictures of the world copying, imitating. I never saw one of them take his eyes off the picture or his own work. I watched their care in copying the least shading, that they might be as exact as possible. They were disciples. Now if we are really disciples of Jesus, it should be our one business, our one care, in our families and wherever duty calls us, to be like Jesus. What would Jesus do? Are our dispositions like His? Is there the great love, the pitying tone, the waiting love, the caring for the lost sheep, the hope of their return? Are there such looks of love in our eyes as will haunt our loved ones when we are gone, and the very memory of their holy mothers will at last bind them to Christ? Do they see that the worldly spirit is in us, though, perhaps, not in just the way that it works in them, that we have more pride in our church than in the Spirit of Christ, that we are just as fond of dress and display, just as ambitious that they should "get on" in the world as they themselves are? Have we taught them that there is only one thing of vital importance, and that is a holy character?



"HIS THOUGHTS ARE NOT OUR THOUGHTS"

WHAT an amount of thinking we do that does not amount to anything or that amounts to positive harm. I know people who say, "The trouble with me is, I cannot sleep. I get to thinking and I cannot stop thinking." Now, I believe, in the great majority of such cases, they are not thinking God's thoughts at all. They have not cultivated thinking God's thoughts. The Psalmist said, "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, how great is the sum of them." He was in the habit of thinking God's thoughts after Him. I have known women to be carried through the most awful places that a soul could go through, and I believe they would have lost their reason only they would not think their own thoughts. They shut themselves up to God's thoughts. I have a friend who had a daughter that was the light of her eyes, and she told me that when she saw her child stricken with malignant scarlet fever she shut herself up as in a fortress, and would let nothing into her mind but "Thy will be done." And "Thy will be done" carried her through, and she read the burial service herself over the body of that child, for it was not safe for any one to be there. But there are worse sorrows than hers. And woe be to us if we have never taken in His thoughts, never learned that the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting.

HOPE IN HIS MERCY

A LADY wrote me once that she was on the verge of despair in regard to herself. The sins of her life stood so vividly before her. I wrote her that "the Lord taketh pleasure in those who hope in His mercy"; it was a word in season. She wrote me not long after that she changed from that moment her line of thinking—in fact, she commenced to think God's thoughts instead of her own, and she came out into such a different place. You and I must get into God's current of thought. You have no right to the thoughts you have of yourself, you must get God's thought of you, and think that, and if you do you will come out into green pastures and beside still waters. But maybe you say, "I wish I did know what He thinks of me." Well, don't you judge of what people think of you by what they do for you? What they do is an expression of what they think. Now, what has He done for you? Ah, rather, what has He not done for you? Did He not send His only begotten Son? Bethlehem is yours, Calvary is yours. For you He walked the streets of Palestine; for you He was weary; for you He wept; for you He suffered; for you He died; for you He rose from the dead; for you He ascended into Heaven; for you He is coming again. Oh, do you realize it all?



"WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE"

SCALES had a peculiar fascination for me when I was a child. I had a brother near my own age, and the first thing that I ever remember trying to construct with the aid of this little brother was a pair of scales, and my favorite play was keeping store so that I could weigh something; and to this day the dainty scales have a real interest for me. I like to watch to see the just weight.

Here in this remarkable passage that was written by an unseen One on the walls of the Palace we see that the King was in the scales. "Thou art weighed in the balance (or scales) and found wanting." Now, the truth is we are all in God's scales, and we want to make sure that in God's balances we are not found wanting.

One of the most serious passages in this Book, to my mind, is, "By His actions are weighed." So we see what goes into the scales. There is one Person with whom God is eternally pleased. He says of Him to-day, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." Now, everything in Christ will weigh; everything done for Christ will weigh; it may be a very little thing in the sight of men, and would not weigh in society's scales, and, perhaps, not much in what is called Christian society's scales, but the balances that concern us most are balances that have to do with eternity.

I was present a short time ago at a convention of Christian women, where there was a great display of banners of all sorts. One banner was foremost and remained when all the others were removed, and it was because the State (and the name of the State was, of course, on the banner) had given more new members to the organization this year than any other State. Of course, it told of earnest labor on the part of many women, and if those women worked for the glory of Christ as well as for the glory of the organization they represented, in God's balances they will not be found wanting. It would make a wonderful difference in our heart life and outer life if we realized that God weighs every action. And as I read my Bible I see that just as much of the spirit of Christ as there is in our actions weighs, and no more. All the pride, religious or otherwise, all that exalts self, all the spirit suggested by, "Come and see this great Babylon that I have builded"—all that has no weight with God at all. His holy law that demands truth in the inward parts is in one scale and we go into the other scale—we ourselves. Thou art weighed, not only what you do, but what you are! The one thing God wants and must have is a holy character. He is holy, and His heart is set on our being like Him; and every thought of ours and every action are telling on our characters. And it is this that is making life so grand and so serious. And our one work, the work He has given us to do, is, not this nor that charitable work. That only comes as an incident. The work is the perfection of our own characters, and the growing more patient as the days are going by, more gentle, more loving, more kind. This is the work that He watches with the most intense interest. "But," you say, "how can I be all that He requires me to be? What shall I do that I may become complete in His sight, so that He can say to me, 'Thou art weighed in the balance and found not wanting?'" I answer: Simplify your life—live to please God, and this is the easy life; if you try to please everybody you will be weary, if you live to please One you will be at rest. This living to please Him will be your completeness in His sight.

Margaret Bottome

"Modern Iron Clads"

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IGNACE PADEREWSKI

The Long-Promised Minuet by Paderewski

WILL appear in the next (the October) issue of the JOURNAL. This, the Polish pianist's most recent composition, was written expressly for this magazine, and it has been given the charming title "Menuet Moderne." This title was given in contradistinction to Mr. Paderewski's famous "Menuet à L'Antique," written in 1883, and of which over seven millions of copies have been sold in America alone. The "Menuet Moderne" will be found as charmingly melodious, as simple and spontaneous as its famous predecessor, and we are quite sure will obtain as great a vogue, and become quite as famous.

A NEW ART COURSE

HAS been arranged for by this magazine, by which free instruction may be secured in Oil Painting, Water-Coloring, Modeling, Decorative Designing, etc., at the Cowles Art School in Boston. This offer will be explained in detail upon application to the Educational Bureau, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

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"IAN MACLAREN"

A NEW STORY BY "IAN MACLAREN"

"IAN MACLAREN'S" most recent story, "The Minister of St. Bede's," will begin in the next (the October) issue of the JOURNAL. The real name of the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush" is John Maclaren Watson. He is the popular minister of a Presbyterian church in Liverpool, and makes his first visit to the United States this month. "The Minister of St. Bede's," which will appear exclusively in this magazine, is the only short story of "Ian Maclaren's" which will be published during the author's visit to this country. It is a Scotch tale, and recites the story of a young minister's love for a Scotch lassie, whom his rich congregation deemed it wise he should not marry.

WAIFS OF A GREAT CITY

IS THE name given by Mr. M. Woolf to the stray specimens of child life which he depicts with such skill and faithfulness in pen and ink. These sketches and their portrayer are famous everywhere, and it is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we announce that in the next issue of the JOURNAL another page of these inimitable drawings will appear.

THE MOST MYSTERIOUS PEOPLE

IN AMERICA will be described in the October issue of the JOURNAL by Hamlin Garland, who has made a special



study of the life, habits and occupation of this wonderful people. Mr. Garland's article has been illustrated by F. H. Lungren.

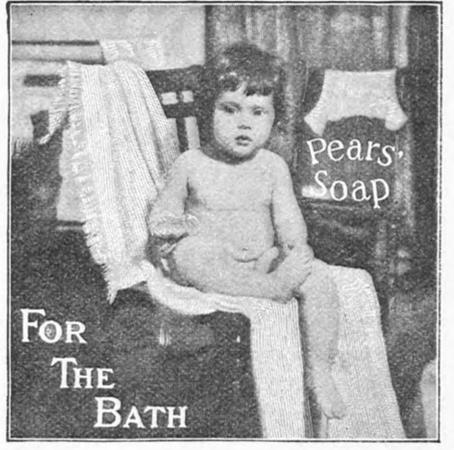
BOOKS FOR THE AUTUMN

THE chill of gray days, with intervals of sunshine, suggests the comfort of the evening fire in sitting-room or library, and the companionship of books. Many a reader bent upon substantial pleasures will choose the immortal books which are read again and again because of the quick sympathies which they stir.

The ferment of the autumn Presidential campaign will demand books dealing with public and social questions, such as Taussig's "Wages and Capital," Walker's "International Bimetallism," Del Mar's "History of Monetary Systems" and "The Science of Money," Waldron's "Handbook of Currency and Wealth," Lloyd's "Wealth Against Commonwealth," etc., etc. The Literary Bureau of the JOURNAL will furnish any standard work or any recent publication that may be desired at special, advantageous prices.

THE YOUNG MAN IN BUSINESS

MR. BOK'S famous little booklet gives most practical advice as to the qualities most needed to win success in the business world. The JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau will supply this little book at the special price of ten cents, postage paid. It has been pronounced the most practical and sensible book for young men that has been published in years. Only a few hundred copies now remain.



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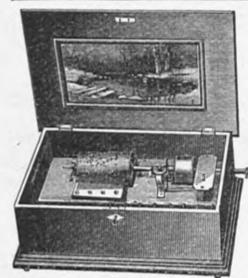
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THIS COUNTRY OF OURS

(CONTINUATION FROM PAGE 6)

over the time, not yet old, when those who spent the day in the home had to commit their letters to the inside pockets of unofficial, and often unfaithful, carriers, and those who worked in offices or shops had to go or send messengers long distances to deposit and receive their mail, or, it may be, to stand a half hour in line before a general delivery window. It has recently been proposed to make the collections by mail wagons making continuous instead of stated rounds, and provided with a mail clerk and appliances for assorting the mail collected, and sending outgoing mail matter directly to the proper railway station. The money-order system, now so familiar to all, has been extended to the smaller offices until there are now more than twenty thousand offices where such orders can be procured. The Dead Letter Office, always an object of curious interest to visitors, collects the unsolved puzzles from all the post-offices, and by hook or by crook gets the unclaimed letter to its destination, or returns it to the sender. The Railway Mail Service is the centre and strength of the whole postal system, and has been brought to a high state of efficiency. Each railroad mail car is a post-office, and all night long on hundreds of such cars faithful men are separating and assorting mail matter in order to hasten the delivery of our letters.

THE FOREIGN MAIL SERVICE

The Postmaster-General is authorized by, and with the consent of, the President, to conclude postal treaties with foreign countries. Under this power, in 1891, the United States became a party to a convention signed by the representatives of over fifty distinct powers, including all of the great powers and their dependencies, and very many minor ones, revising the previous conventions, and establishing, under the name of the "Universal Postal Union," a single postal territory for the reciprocal exchange of articles of correspondence between their post-offices. A uniform rate of postage which can be prepaid to destination is fixed, and every facility of their mail systems is extended by each country to the mails of all the others. An accounting takes place at stated intervals to adjust the balances. The Universal Postal Union is not only a great agency for the promotion of commerce, but by facilitating the exchanges of thought is a potent agency in the promotion of peace and good will.



PADEREWSKI'S RHYTHM

By Ella Shearman Partridge

A LITTLE weary of waiting for the appearance of his hostess, the great pianist rose from his cozy chair, and crossing to the other side of the room seated himself at the piano. With idle fingers he formed exquisite harmonies, gently touching the keys as if loath to break the silence in the beautiful room. But under the spell of his magic fingers there came a warmth, a glow, as though something living were creeping over the stillness.

He felt rather than saw the grace of the silken hangings, the beauty of the priceless pictures, the rich colors and luxurious depths of the satin chairs. Under his feet a rug of velvety softness covered the glistening floor. The perfume of a handful of roses carelessly thrown on a table near by was wafted toward him. The quaint old song he played was like a rose, and its "fragrance was melody which filled the charmed space around with sweet blossoms of sound."

"As the rich cadences were falling liquid clear" a wee sigh just at his side startled him, and turning he beheld a tiny little maid daintily dressed, regarding him with speechless awe and wonder. Encouraged by his bright smile and outstretched hand she lisped:

"Are you Mr. Paderewski?"
After being assured that he was, she gravely asked him if he would like to see her dance, her only accomplishment with which she could entertain him.

"Well, please play something for me."
Skipping across the room she posed with charming grace, waiting for the music to begin. When the sparkling rhythm of an irresistible mazourka rippled from the piano she tripped lightly to and fro until her little face was rosy from the exertion. Tired at last she ran back to her new friend and climbed upon his knee.
"What did you think of the music, little one?" he asked.

"The dance was very nice," she said politely, "but I don't think you keep quite as good time as my teacher does, sir."

With a bright laugh Paderewski quickly changed the subject, and when his hostess entered the room to greet her illustrious guest she found him wisely discussing the relative merits of wax and china dolls, with a most sympathetic interest in the maternal cares of her very small daughter.

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I consider Sozodont a peerless dentifrice.

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*In view of statements made in certain quarters to the effect that the above testimonials were paid for, the Proprietors of Sozodont deem it proper to assure the public that such is not the fact.

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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS
BY RUTH ASHMORE

Correspondents desirous of being answered by mail will please address Miss Ashmore, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. But a self-addressed stamped envelope, or stamps, must be inclosed in each case.

N. S.—Ice cream may be eaten with either a fork or a spoon.

M. R. E.—Letters of congratulation or of condolence require no answers.

ALICE—Flowers may, with perfect propriety, be accepted from gentlemen.

HOPE—Even leap year does not make it proper for ladies to call upon gentlemen.

MYRTLE—A girl of sixteen should be in the school-room and not entertaining gentlemen.

U.—A girl of sixteen could, with propriety, wear, either in cotton or silk, a bright red dress.

G. B.—At a quiet evening at home one could, with propriety, simply serve ices and small cakes.

MARGUERITE—A bow and a smile from a lady is sufficient acknowledgment of a toast in her honor.

E. H.—Unless it is an absolute necessity I would not advise allowing a very young girl to travel alone.

FRIEND—A little borax thrown in the water used for bathing will subdue the shine to which you object.

G. T. H.—A polite man raises his hat to a lady and does not simply touch it, no matter what kind the hat may be.

ELINOR—In eating an egg from the shell the top is broken off, and the regular, small, long-handled egg-spoon is used.

MAY H.—Shampooing the hair once a month and giving it a regular brushing once a day will keep it healthy and glossy.

VICTORINE—Crape bonnets with long veils are worn for parents, for husbands, and by parents for grown-up children.

BRUNETTE—One does not congratulate a lady to whom one has just been presented, even if she is a bride of recent date.

J. S.—White slippers tend to make the feet look larger. With a magenta dress black satin slippers would be in better taste.

INEXPERIENCE—It is not proper to make a formal call so early in the day as one o'clock. Fashionable visiting hours are from four to six.

RENE—A seal may show the first letter of the Christian name or of the last name, or the two may be combined in monogram fashion.

H. L.—When writing to a lady begin your letter "My Dear Miss Gray." (2) A dinner call should be made within two weeks after the dinner.

B. C.—In buying shoes with the long, pointed toes it is wise to get a size larger than would be bought if the round or square toed shoes were chosen.

S. B.—Party calls should be made within two weeks after the function. (2) When walking with a gentleman the lady should take the inner side.

G. L. M. H.—A physician has upon his visiting-cards "Doctor James Brown"; it is proper to have the address on the cards, but not the office hours.

M. N.—In a hotel one only tips those servants who have rendered one some special service. It is not necessary to tip servants for doing their usual work.

AN EARNEST READER—At a dinner where ladies are present the hostess is the last lady to be served, but where she is the only lady she should be served first.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—Yellow marks on the face are usually caused by a disordered liver. I would advise you to consult a good physician about your general health.

LATE READER—Simply say to the gentleman that the smell of tobacco is unpleasant to you and that you do not care to have any one smoke in your presence.

K. C. W.—The lady decides as to the wedding day, though there is usually a consultation about it, so that the bridegroom's as well as the bride's family may be pleased.

JUNE BRIDE—It is not customary for the bride to give the bridegroom a present. (2) It is quite proper to send out the "at home" cards after the wedding cards have been sent.

A READER—There would be no impropriety in accepting the invitation to visit her given you by the mother of your betrothed. (2) The birth stone for December is the turquoise.

CALIFORNIAN—A visit is proper after an evening reception. (2) Long paragraphs are not considered pleasant reading. (3) A letter to a gentleman should begin "My Dear Mr. Brown."

S. A.—Notwithstanding the position and wealth that the young man has I would advise breaking the engagement, if, as you say, his habits are bad and your love for him is not strong.

VIOLET—It would not be in good taste to wear a gown cut low in the neck at a luncheon party. (2) There would be no impropriety in sending some flowers to a gentleman who is ill.

JOYCE—In sending a birthday, engagement or wedding present it is only necessary to attach one's card. (2) There would be no impropriety whatever in a young girl giving her betrothed a ring.

G. F. M.—In presenting a gentleman to a lady simply say, "Miss Robinson, may I have the pleasure of presenting Mr. Brown to you?" (2) A lady need not rise when a gentleman is presented to her.

LILY—At the table where there were present the hostess, her sister, an elderly gentleman, a visitor, and the host, the host would serve the sister first, then the hostess, then the gentleman, then himself.

LUCY—Before sending out cards for the reception given in honor of your brother you should ask him for a list of those ladies he wishes invited, and then you should call upon them before sending the invitations.

M. R.—The best man at a daytime wedding should wear dark fancy trousers, a black frock coat with waistcoat to match, patent leather shoes, a white silk four-in-hand scarf, tan or pearl kid gloves, and a silk hat.

MARGARET—Rub vaseline well on the scalp and allow it to remain on twenty-four hours. It will then be easy to remove the dandruff with a stiff brush. After this treatment give your head a thorough shampoo.

X. Y. Z.—When walking with a lady a gentleman usually takes the outer side, but he does not change about each time a corner is turned. (2) In the daytime a gentleman only offers his arm to a very elderly lady or an invalid.

AMBITION AND OTHERS—A good list of books was given in the JOURNAL of November, 1895, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. By sending ten cents to the office of the JOURNAL the issue containing the list will be forwarded to you.

M. B. J.—The first occupant of a pew should move up when others wish to enter. This rule always applies unless a gentleman should be the first occupant; then he rises, steps out into the aisle, and allows the ladies to enter.

PINKIE—Write and ask your friend to permit you to bring the gentleman who wishes to meet her, and who is an old friend of yours, to call upon her. If she desires to meet this gentleman she will answer, suggesting a time for you to come.

A READER—The maid of honor could, with propriety, wear a cloth dress of dark brown as the bride is to wear a brown traveling dress. (2) It would not be in good taste for the maid of honor to wear white when the bride is in dark colors.

BELL R.—A widow does not pay formal visits for one year after her bereavement. (2) Black-bordered cards are used as long as crape is worn. (3) While wearing deep mourning it would not be in good taste to go even to a church entertainment.

PAULINE—The skin of a banana should be removed with a knife; the banana itself broken in small pieces and eaten from the fingers. An orange may be divided into quarters and eaten from the fingers, or it may be separated and eaten with a fork.

DIEMPLE—Lay a piece of common brown paper over the grease spot, and then hold a hot iron over this. The grease will gradually come up into the paper, but the paper must be drawn off before the grease has time to go back into the material.

LYNN—As the professional cleaners charge very little for making white kid gloves fresh, and really they can make them look as good as new, I would advise sending those you have to a good cleaner in preference to attempting to clean them yourself.

AGATHA—Washing the face with hot water and soapsuds and then with cold water will keep the skin smooth and free from small imperfections in the way of pimples. Occasionally rub some good cream into the skin before retiring and let it remain on all night.

CLARA—Address your acknowledgment to the lady whose name is first on the list of those receiving and at whose house the entertainment will take place. (2) As you are the only unmarried daughter your cards should have "Miss Calvert" engraved upon them.

AMY—A call should be made after a luncheon. (2) It is not proper to wear white slippers on the street with a white costume. (3) When the cards of three ladies are received with an invitation to an "at home" a card should be left for each on the day of the "at home."

L. I. M.—The editor of a magazine usually decides whether a story is worth illustrating or not, and he makes all arrangements for the illustrations. Of course, if one is well known as a good illustrator and a clever writer, one's illustrated stories would be gladly accepted.

LOUISE—After your return home you should write to your hostess, but unless you are in the habit of interchanging letters with her you need not expect an answer. (2) On dinner napkins the initial letters are usually an inch high; on bed-linen they are usually two inches.

PINK—A suitable collation at a wedding consists of salads, sandwiches, ices, bride's cake, small cakes, coffee and lemonade. (2) With a white silk gown white undressed kid gloves should be worn. (3) It is not customary for the bride to give the bridegroom a wedding present.

AGNES L.—It is not wise for you to accept so many courtesies from your employer—a divorced man. The world is very prone to criticise women who are out in the workaday world. You need to be as careful as possible so that not even the suspicion of wrong can attach itself to you.

EURIPIDES—If the one gentleman were the only visitor he should leave about ten o'clock; if there were several visitors enjoying music and different games a later departure would be permissible. (2) It is very improper to recognize an acquaintance during service in church.

OLD ADMIRER—A married woman signs her name, when she writes a letter in the first person, "Mary Robinson Smith"; when she writes a note in the third person she calls herself "Mrs. James Smith," and when answering an invitation in the third person, including herself and husband, she says "Mr. and Mrs. James Smith."

F. R. L.—As you are not strong enough to stand sea bathing, baths of hot water made briny with coarse salt will be found strengthening. (2) A mixture that will, it is said, fade out freckles is made of one part of Jamaica rum to two parts of lemon juice. Dabble this on your face just before going to bed, and wash it off in the morning with clear, tepid water.

LEAH R.—Precedence is given to a bride for one month in the large cities and for three months in the smaller ones. (2) If the ladies leave the dinner-table, after the English fashion, the hostess inclines her head so that the guest of honor, the lady taken in by the host and sitting on his right, can see her. Then the hostess rises and the ladies file out in the order of precedence. The hostess is always last; the matrons precede the unmarried ladies.

UNDINE—It would be in very bad taste for a bride to wear a white veil with a traveling dress. A bonnet rather than a hat is fancied for a bride. The bridegroom furnishes nothing but his own carriage, the clergyman's fee, the ring, the bride's bouquet (if she carries one), and whatever souvenirs he may present to the ushers. (2) Husband and wife have separate visiting-cards. When calling, a lady leaves one of her own and one of her husband's cards for each lady in the family who is out in society, and, in addition, one of her husband's cards for the host and for each grown-up son.

MRS. M.—At the cake table at the bazaar sell what is known as a "Scripture Cake." With each cake should go a typewritten copy of the receipt inclosed in a sealed envelope:

Four and a half cups of I Kings 4: 22;
One and a half cups of Judges 5: 25 (last clause);
Two cups of Jeremiah 6: 20 (sugar);
Two cups of I Samuel 30: 12 (raisins);
Two cups of Nahum 3: 12;
One cup of Numbers 17: 8;
Two tablespoonfuls of I Samuel 14: 25;
Season to taste of II Chronicles 9: 9;
Six of Jeremiah 17: 11;
A pinch of Leviticus 2: 13;
Half cup of Judges 4: 19 (last clause);
Two teaspoonfuls of Amos 4: 5 (baking powder).

Follow Solomon's prescription for making a good boy, Proverbs 23: 14, and you will have a good cake.



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LITERARY QUERIES
 BY THE LITERARY EDITOR

Under this heading the Literary Editor will endeavor to answer any possible question of general interest concerning Literary matters. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

ROSHA LEE—A sketch of Rosa Nouchette Carey appeared in the JOURNAL in July, 1893.

M. F. C.—Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson is living at her country home near Mobile, Alabama.

BESSIE—"Leaves have their time to fall" is from a poem, "The Hour of Death," by Mrs. Hemans.

BRIDGET—"In Longfellow's poem, "The Bridge" written of is the one which crosses the Charles River between Boston and Cambridge.

L. E. B.—The quotation, "Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? To be great is to be misunderstood," is from Emerson's essay on "Self-Reliance."

OLD SUBSCRIBER—The characters, "Captain Storm," "Haleyon" and "Berenice," occur in Mrs. Southworth's "Capitola: a Hallowe'en Mystery."

KATHARINE—You will find, "Sermons in stones, and good in everything," in Shakespeare's "As You Like It," Act II, Scene I.

PANSY—The often-quoted poem, "If I should die to-night," was written by Belle Eugenia Smith, of Tabor, Iowa. It appeared in the "Christian Union," June 18, 1873.

READER—"Casa Braccio," the title of Crawford's latest novel, is pronounced Káh-sah Bráh-chó; the Italian "a" as in "far," "o" as in "no," and "ce" followed by "i" with the sound of "ch" in "charm."

ANXIOUS INQUIRER—If you will send me your personal address I shall be glad to reply more fully than is possible here, to your inquiry concerning Marie Corelli's delineation of Christ's character in "Barabbas."

PHILISTINE—Hamilton W. Mabie is one of the editors of "The Outlook," published at 13 Astor Place, New York. He will, no doubt, be glad to reply directly to your question as to his estimate of "The Scarlet Letter."

CHIMMIE F.—Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, the novelist, was born in Newton, Massachusetts, in 1854. She is the eldest daughter of Dr. George F. Root, the noted musical composer, and resides in Chicago. She has no children.

BOOK-WORM, MRS. H. B. R. AND OTHERS—For the lowest prices at which any desired books can be obtained, inquire by postal addressed to the Literary Bureau, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, as prices cannot be given in this column.

ARRIVERDICI—Maarten Maartens spends much of his time in London, and has a country home in Holland. His novels are written in English. (2) If you will send your personal address your other queries will be answered by letter.

E. F. S.—Hi-á-wá-thá is the prevailing pronunciation, with "i" as in "kite," and "a" as in "far"; the alternative pronunciation, corresponding more nearly with actual Indian names, is "Hi-á-wá-tá," with "i" as in "caprice" and "th" like "t."

CARLOTTA—By the "lady with the lamp," Longfellow refers to Florence Nightingale, whom he likens to Saint Philomena, because of her devotion to the sick and suffering. Moreover, the name suggests "philomela," which is the Latin for "nightingale."

SUBSCRIBER—"The moon looks On many brooks, The brook can see no moon but this," is from Thomas Moore's poem, "While gazing on the moon's light."

M. P. M.—Among the best books which tell the legends of the old Greek and Roman gods and heroes and those of other ancient nations, are Murray's "Manual of Mythology" (new edition), Bulfinch's "Age of Fable," and Gayley's "Classic Myths in English Literature."

E. K.—For the origin of National songs consult Chorley's "National Music of the World," Engel's "Literature of National Music," Neumann's "History of Music in All Ages and Nations," and Ritter's "History of Music," "Music in America" and "Music in England."

MAYME—The lines, "We may live without friends; we may live without books: But civilized man cannot live without cooks," occur in "Lucile," written by Owen Meredith (Lord Lytton), who died in 1891.

AURORA BOREALIS—In Jessie Fothergill's "First Violin" there is excellent character drawing, a well-managed succession of entertaining incidents, of course involving a love story, and on the whole a true and lifelike portrayal of the professional musician's life in Germany.

FLETA—The name "Worrosquoyacke," in Mrs. Burton Harrison's story published in the JOURNAL in December, 1895, is correctly pronounced Wor-squawk-ee, I believe, although in the story itself it is remarked that "the negroes and the country people call it 'Wurrsqueak.'"

MRS. M. K.—Miss Leslie's magazine was first published in Philadelphia in January, 1843. In the April number of that year appeared a specimen of "litho-tinting," said to be the first that had been attempted in America, which answers to your description of the picture mentioned.

YOOJANE KILLY—Julian Ralph, an American journalist, has written some bright stories, but his recent books of travel are winning greater favor than any of his earlier literary efforts. "On the Canadian Frontier," "Our Great West" and "The People We Pass" are among his most enjoyable books.

MARGARET—The modern discoveries on the site of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus were described in the "Century Magazine," November, 1886, and in the "Popular Science Monthly," June, 1875; also in the volumes, "Temple of Diana at Ephesus," by James Ferguson, and "Discoveries at Ephesus," by J. T. Wood.

THEODORE—Rev. James A. Weston's book "Historic Doubts as to the Execution of Marshal Ney," has been published, and the author is apparently in earnest in maintaining his theory that Ney escaped execution and came to America. The book has been received with interest, but the "proofs" are not generally accepted.

D. R. H.—The lines quoted, "Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing Ever made by the Hand above, A woman's heart and a woman's life, And a woman's wonderful love?" are from a poem of ten stanzas entitled "A Woman's Answer to a Man's Question," by Mary T. Lathrop.

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MUSICAL HELPS
AND HINTS

Questions of a Musical nature will be cheerfully answered in this department by a special corps of Musical experts. Any books mentioned may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

NELDA—Richard Wagner died in 1883.

GUNHILD—Robert Schumann is the composer of "Ich Grolle Nicht."

STELLA—Frederic Chopin, the pianist, died at Paris on October 17, 1849.

DOROTHY—We do not consider that at the age of nineteen a person is too old to cultivate his voice.

W. B. K.—A movement marked "Andantino" is to be played in slower time than one marked "Andante."

ISABEL—The name Paderewski is pronounced Pah-ter-ef-sky, with the accent upon the first and third syllables.

NEBRASKA SUBSCRIBER—If you will send us a stamped and addressed envelope we will give you a personal answer.

PUZZLED—Secure a competent piano teacher and abide by his instruction and you will find that your difficulties will disappear.

F. P. T.—The piano arrangement of "The American Girl Waltz," by Richard Stahl, can be obtained only in the July, 1895, issue of the JOURNAL.

L. W. S.—If you will send us an addressed stamped envelope, repeating your request, we will inform you by mail where you can secure the song of which you write.

MARIE—Physical exercise, such as the use of dumbbells, etc., is excellent as a means of lung development, but we do not consider it otherwise a fundamental part of vocal training.

S. T. GRANBERRY—We consider it practically impossible for a person to learn the violin correctly without competent instruction. "Hohman's Practical Violin School" is a work which may assist you somewhat.

E. L. S.—There are two vocal arrangements of Jean Ingelow's "I leaned out of the window," one by A. W. Stewart and one by Claribel. The latter is probably the one you desire. It can be secured from almost any music dealer.

C. H. N.—The only person able to judge of the suitability of the selection you name would be the musical instructor. If the young woman in question is able to perform it, there would seem to be no reason against its selection, as it is a most beautiful composition.

A. S. D.—Some of the Mendelssohn "Songs Without Words," Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2," Thalberg's transcription of "Home, Sweet Home," Moszkowski's "Serenata," Rubinstein's "Melody in F," Scharwenka's "Polish Dance," Handel's "Largo," Paderewski's "Menuet"—all of these compositions are likely to please any audience, musically trained or untrained.

DELLE LIND—The range you claim for your voice is very remarkable, and if its quality is excellent we would certainly advise you to continue its cultivation. (2) We cannot give in this column an estimate of any teacher professionally. (3) We believe in securing the best teacher possible and in giving him absolute obedience. As to the matter of terms, it is in each case a personal arrangement. (4) We will send you the names you wish if you will send us a stamped and addressed envelope repeating your request.

NATALIE V.—The inscription inside the old violin in your possession, which reads "Andreas Guarnerius made this at the sign of St. Theresa, Cremona, 1670," does not necessarily indicate that it is a genuine Guarnerius. If it is it would be very valuable, but there are many imitations of these old instruments, and the only person who could pronounce upon the genuineness of the one in your possession, and its value, would be an expert. If you will send us a stamped envelope with your name and address we will give you the addresses of a couple of reliable violin experts.

P. Z.—Eduard Remenyi, the famous Hungarian violinist, was born in 1850, and received his early musical education at the Vienna Conservatoire during the years 1842-1845. His master on the violin was Joseph Böhm, also the instructor of Joachim. At the age of eighteen he took part in a Hungarian insurrection, which, proving unsuccessful, necessitated his flight. He came to America, where he attained considerable fame as a virtuoso. Later he returned to Europe, meeting with the greatest success and most enthusiastic praise. He is regarded by musicians as one of the greatest of living violinists, and as possessing distinct genius in his line of work.

MARGARET—The following songs are suitable for a mezzo-soprano voice, and are of the kind you request—not emotional love songs:

- Henschel, "I once had a sweet little doll, dears."
- Cowen, "Snowflakes."
- Osgood, "A flower may hide its lovely face."
- Mendelssohn, "The first violet."
- Haydn, "My mother bids me bind my hair."
- Chaminade, "If I were a gardener."
- Liszt, "The Lorelei."
- Neidlinger, "My lullaby."
- Hahr, "Bye, baby, bye."
- De Koven, "Wynten, Blynten and Nod."

The last two named are lullabies.

G. E. M.—The double stem does not affect the time value of a note at all. In the example you give it indicates merely that the notes so written are common to the two or more voices, or parts, in the harmony of the composition—that is to say that the voices or parts which in preceding or succeeding measures have separate and different notes are here in unison. Where two voice parts are written in the same staff the notes assigned to the upper voice are properly indicated by having the stems turned up, and those belonging to the lower voice by having the stems turned down. Therefore, when the two voices are to be heard in unison the common note has the double stem to indicate that both voices are to sound it.

MRS. F. M. BRUSH—Chopin's "Grand Studies," Opus 10 and 25, are a good succession to the Clementi "Gradus ad Parnassum." (2) The compositions you mention are about the fifth grade in difficulty. (3) The compositions by Madame Carreina to which you allude are excellent concert music, but are not strictly classical. (4) Classical is a term applied in music, as in art and literature, to such works as have held their place in general estimation for a considerable time, and to such new works as are generally considered to be of the same type and style. The term is especially applied to the works of the old masters in sonata form and to operas constructed after received traditions, and was used in contradistinction to "romantic," a phrase descriptive of compositions of the newer musicians, who, like Schumann, desired a freer form than that permitted by the old masters. But Schumann's music is now classical as well as "romantic," and the term classical is still definitive of all that is greatest and best.

ART HELPS FOR
ART WORKERS

Questions of general interest relating to Art and Art work will be answered. Any books mentioned may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.—EMMA HAYWOOD

E. S.—Write either to the School of Applied Design for Women in New York City, or to the School for Artist-Artisans for a prospectus giving you full particulars.

B. V.—The best way for an artist's model to secure work is to go the round of the studios and also make inquiries at the different art schools. The fall is the best time for finding such employment.

M. E. McC.—The best advice I can give you is to stick to your bookkeeping unless you can find means to devote yourself to the study of art for several years before expecting any emolument therefrom.

A. M. M.—There is a proper outfit sold with necessary instructions for rendering photographs transparent and painting them on the back. It should be obtainable at stores for the supply of artists' materials.

M. M. B.—Try some ox gall in the water; this will help to make the paint lay smooth on the slippery surface presented by the celluloid. You can buy the prepared ox gall at any store where they sell artists' materials.

J. S. P.—I cannot publish addresses of individual firms in this column. You will find that colored studies are rented at most of the leading stores for artists' materials. Their location can be gleaned from the advertising columns.

A SUBSCRIBER—There is no need for a special dryer for oil painting. Any proper medium employed helps the process somewhat, but the immediate object of its use in legitimate oil painting is to thin the paints when necessary. For painting on textiles pure spirits of turpentine is employed as a dryer, to which is sometimes added a little gold size.

E. L. M.—For china painting with a dull finish take Royal Worcester colors. Be careful to avoid the flux belonging to paints with a glaze like the Lacroix colors. The dull finish is not recommended for hard wear; for instance, a tea-set for family use needing frequent washings. The designs for such a set may be varied, but it would be well to preserve one scheme of color throughout. Your other questions are inadmissible.

IDA—For painting ripe strawberries in oils take raw umber, crimson lake, rose madder, scarlet vermilion, raw sienna, ivory black and white. If any part of the fruit is still green add to these cobalt blue and yellow ochre, with possibly a touch of lemon yellow. There is an excellent series of handbooks on the various branches of painting, published by the well-known firm of Winsor and Newton. Possibly you might find some of these helpful, especially that entitled "The Principles of Coloring in Painting."

J. L. G.—The legitimate use of megilp in oil painting is to thin the colors with it when necessary. In ordinary painting, especially in beginning a picture, it should be used as sparingly as possible. For glazing only should it be used freely, otherwise it imparts a wiped down appearance to the painting very undesirable. (2) Study and practice are the best aids for sketching well. It takes a finished artist to make a really good sketch. (3) For white pond lilies set your palette with white, lemon yellow, yellow ochre, raw sienna, ivory black, Indian or light red, cobalt blue and raw umber.

B. D. G.—Only two or three of your questions are pertinent to the study of art. These I will gladly answer. An object is foreshortened when it directly faces you—for instance, if a person facing you stretches out an arm to its full length and points at you, the length of the arm from shoulder to wrist is lost to view, therefore only what you see of its form must be transferred to the drawing of it. (2) A good background for reddish hair is a neutral green or soft gray. Avoid violent contrasts. (3) A feeling for artistic study is the delicate perception of the fitness of things, whether demonstrated in color or harmony of lines.

A. R. H.—To paint a group of leaves just touched by the frost is not easy, but the variety of coloring in them is beautiful, the reddish tints being specially effective. For the leaves turned yellow at the edges mix yellow ochre with white. For the pale green tints toward the centre add to pale lemon yellow some ivory black; glaze here and there with raw sienna. A gray green can be made with yellow ochre, cobalt blue and white, add raw umber in the shadows. A rich green can be made with light cadmium and indigo. For a brighter green substitute Prussian blue for the indigo. For the reddish tints crimson lake slightly modified with raw umber is good, while burnt sienna gives the rich, bright brown tone into which the crimson generally merges. When the greens are too bright in parts glaze them with ivory black. When too gray glaze with raw or burnt sienna, according to the tone desired.

X. Y. Z.—I assure you that it is impossible to guarantee any reply in the issue following a communication. (2) It is possible in skillful hands to make geraniums an effective study for a panel, but the flower being so stiff and varying so little in its growth, presents more than ordinary difficulties in its arrangement. In a panel nine by eighteen inches you might depict them in their natural growth. There is no objection to blending the red and white blossoms. The background would come well in a neutral green, somewhat broken and suggestive of more foliage. I prefer pale copal or mastic to the varnish you mention; they are more reliable. For painting scarlet blossoms take scarlet vermilion (this is not the same as ordinary vermilion), white, pale lemon yellow, rose madder, raw umber, crimson lake and ivory black. Remember not to use too much of the bright local coloring which appears neither in strong lights nor in broad shadows.

R. W.—It ought not to be necessary to go over a good clear drawing, or rather outline, in charcoal with paint—indeed, it would tend to harden. Lay in at once the broad shadows. This may be done, if preferred, in raw umber only, or in the proper coloring; anything like a decided outline is to be avoided. When the broad shadows are placed, then follow the half tones and masses of light. This completes what is called a first painting. When quite dry it helps the second painting to rub a little prepared linseed oil over the whole picture; then proceed to improve, to correct, to finish up—in fact, as far as possible, for a third or more paintings proceed in the same way. Do not, on any account, touch the painting with varnish until after it has been finished for some months, so that it is hardened as well as dry. Sometimes a mixture of equal parts of pale copal varnish, turpentine and linseed oil is used as a megilp in preference to a ready-made preparation. The less medium used of any kind, however, the better, especially in commencing. An overdose imparts a glazed, sticky look to the painting that is very inartistic. Megilp is chiefly needed for thinning the paint when necessary for glazing or scumbling.



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THE HOME DRESSMAKER

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

Correspondents desirous of being answered by mail will please address Miss Hooper, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. But a self-addressed stamped envelope must be inclosed in each case.

LOUISA—A becoming shade of red for a blonde with dark red hair is of a coppery cast yet very deep in tone.

MRS. D. L.—Brown, bright blue, gray and green will be the chief fall colors; black will remain in high favor.

DOUBTFUL—For mourning wear you cannot use grass linen even though a waist of it should have black collar and cuffs.

HYDE PARK—To refresh a badly-crushed taffeta ribbon dip it in naphtha, hang up until nearly dry, and then fold smoothly and lay it under a weight to dry. Remember that naphtha is very explosive, so do not use it near either fire or light.

FASHION—The events that set the coming fashions for us are the Grand Prix in June, the Vamishing Day of the Salon, the Concours Hippique in April, the steeplechases in October in Paris, and the Horse Show in New York in November.

SALLOW BRUNETTE—To make navy blue becoming to a sallow skin combine rich bright cardinal with it, silk or cloth, for a flat or full vest, according to your figure. Then wear a crush collar of red taffeta ribbon five inches wide, tied in a short bow at the back.

COUNTRY LASS—The white materials selected for wedding gowns are satin, silver and satin brocade, taffeta silk, mousseline over silk, peau de soie and silk crepon. If you wish inexpensive goods select Swiss, mull, fine woolen crepon, plain or figured Japanese silk.

MARGARET—Printed China silks are not in the height of fashion, but they are very pretty for tea-gowns with a front of plain silk. They are reduced in price until in the large cities handsome patterns and an excellent texture sell for fifty to seventy-five cents a yard.

FALL GIRL—The skirts to be worn this autumn will flare on the lower edge, be five yards wide, have a stiff interlining from ten to fifteen inches deep all around to give the very desirable flare, as only the proper interlining can do, and remain as close-fitting around the hips as they are now.

NOVELTY—A shirt-waist that will be both thin and cool may be made from warp-printed Japanese silk. (2) Cravenette serge in blue or brown makes a durable bicycle suit. Have a stitched hat of the Alpine shape—a hatter charges five dollars to make one—and leggings of the same dress material.

F. P.—The outing waist called a Guernsey is nothing less than a woolen sweater. Such waists have not the favor here that they obtain in England, where they originated. They are now woven in quite an elaborate manner in contrasting stripes, collar and cuffs; all of the large dry goods houses keep them.

DISGUSTED—In making a seven-gore skirt of diagonal or any other sort of goods you should have four godet plaits or gores at the back, each seam being bias, one gore on either side and a front gore. Such a skirt will only have a straight and a bias edge meeting on each side of the front; the others are bias.

MRS. WILLIAMS—A child of two years wears its skirts to the instep—in fact, as long as the little one can walk comfortably in. At three years of age the skirts are shortened to the knees, just cover them; they are then lengthened at the average rate of an inch a year, but the height of the child regulates this, as well as the age.

CARRIE—Make a silk waist out of your plaid silk skirt, and wear it with a black, blue or green woolen skirt. A blue and green plaid having lines of yellow will look well with any one of these skirts. Wear a yellow ribbon stock collar and a gold belt with the waist for very nice occasions, and have a second set of collar and belt of bright green velvet.

MRS. S. S.—As expense is an object, in making over your thin light crepon gown for the evening use pale green ribbon cloth for the lining, which will bring out the green figures on the white ground of your goods. Then have a loose vest of white chiffon, and collar, belt and shoulder bows of Dresden ribbon, white having green leaves and pink buds.

MRS. T. V. S.—Capes will be worn for fall wraps, but the novelty of the season will be the Empire or Watteau jackets, which are short and hang full from the neck, with only side and shoulder seams; they have large sleeves, are only suitable for tall, slender figures, and while really an ugly garment yet they have an unmistakable air of chic when worn by just the right person.

CORA T.—You will be perfectly safe in buying a plain black satin skirt to wear with odd silk waists on dressy occasions where full dress is not required. Every indication points to a continuance of this fashion of contrasting skirts and waists during the fall and winter for home, visiting, theatre and dinner wear. A black satin or a black silk skirt is always a good thing to be provided with.

TWO TRAVELERS—The time for a trip to the mountains of North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee is undoubtedly October and the early part of November. (2) You will find traveling gowns of mixed tweed or chevrot or of Cravenette serge very serviceable, whether you take the trip by water, or by cars and stage coach. Navy blue and mixed brownish gray are good colors for such gowns.

B. B.—A white silk petticoat suitable to wear with an evening gown should be of taffeta at seventy cents a yard, and which is twenty inches wide. Nine yards will make one three yards wide, with a yoke, two-inch dust ruffle on edge, and two four-inch ruffles above, or one deep ruffle, with a flounce of lace above, held here and there with bows of white satin ribbon. Cut the ruffles bias and hem them by hand.

A. M. H.—I cannot give you the names of different makers of corsets in these columns. There are corsets made for all sorts of figures, and if you will write me, inclosing a stamped envelope, I will send you the names of makers for both you and your mother. Give the waist and bust measure taken outside of a dress, and state if long, short or medium in the waist, and the general appearance of the hips.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—White Swiss waists were written of in the May and June numbers, especially the latter, where pretty cotton waists were described. A trimming of the narrow yellow Valenciennes lace and ribbon for belt and collar is always used. Many of these waists are lined with silk or colored cotton ribbon cloth, and then the ribbon is of the same color. (2) White alpaca dress skirts can be worn with a silk or dressy cotton waist.

MISS MABEL A.—For an inexpensive evening wrap for the fall get a tan, bright blue or silver-gray zibeline, a camel's hair material. Make as a round, full cape coming five inches below the waist-line; line with Japanese silk, pink, blue, green or yellow, and interline with one of the goods used especially for a warm interlining. Have a full neck ruche of mousseline de soie and a bow of satin ribbon in front with ends to the lower edge of the cape.

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COLORS: black, navy blue, cardinal, brown, natural and gray



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The Cassimere fulled flannel from which these skirts are made is woven 102 inches and shrunk by fulling to 84 inches.

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THE FINISH

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer any question relating to flowers or their culture. EBEN E. REXFORD.

C. R.—Specimen sent seems to be a Primula.
 A. L. A.—Specimen sent is Clematis *flamula*.
 G. K.—I would advise the use of Aspidistra, Agave and Cacti.
 J. B. A.—Gray's Manual of Botany is a standard work on the subject.
 N. M. H.—A forthcoming article on the Azalea will furnish the information you want.
 E. R.—No one can determine the variety to which a Rose belongs by the foliage of the plant.
 A. F. O.—Specimen sent, Aucuba, *Japonica variegata*. Grown for its foliage. Seldom blooms.
 ADA—You can get the Snow Pink and the Luxembourg Rose of J. W. Manning, Reading, Massachusetts.

Miss M. E. C.—Powdered borax will drive ants away. (2) Callas are injured by overwatering, or lack of good drainage.

Mrs. J. C. O.—Evidently your Begonia needs re-potting. Give a light, rich, fibrous soil, and be sure to provide perfect drainage.

Mrs. G. W. K.—Apply Fir-Tree oil soap. Wash every leaf of the Ivy on which you find the brown spots. The trouble is scale.

B.—Specimen sent, Maranta. (2) The action of the plant which you describe is largely due to the condition of the soil and temperature.

Mrs. R. C. H.—The plant of which you send specimen is not found growing here. It is evidently a member of the Wormwood family.

AMATEUR—Repeat your Palm when the roots fill the old pot—not before. It will live in a room heated with a coal stove if the stove is tight.

I. C. D.—You need not be afraid of injuring your Palm by showering it. Not enough water will come in contact with the soil to do the least harm.

F. A. M.—Geraniums are best for winter use when two years old. One-year-old plants lack development. The Sea Onion requires the same treatment as the Amaryllis.

H. N. P.—Asparagus can be canned. (2) Flower and vegetable seeds are not injured by freezing, as there is not enough moisture in them to be affected by the low temperature.

M. H. K.—I have never experienced any trouble from the caterpillar, therefore cannot tell you what to do to get rid of them. You might, however, try kerosene emulsion.

Mrs. G. W. K.—Prune your Rose when it begins to make new growth. (2) I think you would find an oil stove just what you need to furnish warmth for your little greenhouse.

Mrs. E. L.—Lavender does best in a sunny spot. So does Marjoram. Both plants should be grown from seed. (2) I do not think the Eucalyptus hardy north of the Ohio River.

Miss J. E. B.—If your Palm has been in the same soil and pot for two years, during which time it has been making regular growth, it doubtless requires fresh soil and more root room.

M. L. G.—By consulting catalogues of reliable dealers you will be able to gain complete information concerning the various kinds of Immortelles or Everlasting Flowers used by florists.

VELMA—A Rubber Plant should have about the same amount of water as that given to Geraniums, and be placed in good light. Sunshine is not really necessary, but it will improve the plant.

Mrs. J. M. D.—The falling off of the leaves of your Hoya, as they develop, would indicate defective root action. Examine the plant and see if you do not find that something is amiss with its roots.

CHARLOTTE V.—Leaf sent is a variegated form of Astilbe. I do not know where seed of it can be procured. (2) Myrtle is seldom grown from seed. Small plants can be procured of any dealer at a low price.

MINNIE B.—The Literary Bureau of the JOURNAL may be able to give you the name of a book containing information concerning the making of paper flowers. I regret that, personally, I know of no book of the kind.

M. C. S.—The Quince is neither an Apple nor a Pear, though it may combine some of the characteristics of both. Perhaps it is possible to graft it on these trees, but that would not change the character of the fruit.

R. M. P.—I do not think your soil responsible for the worms and insects which you complain of. As you do not tell me what kind of worm or insect you are troubled with I can give no information in relation to them.

F. W. M.—Make cuttings of Roses from half-ripened wood. Insert them in clear sand. Keep this moist and warm. (2) Roses and Carnations intended for winter use should not be allowed to bloom in summer.

J. H. B.—A Norfolk Island Pine twenty-three inches high ought to have a larger pot than the one yours is growing in. Shift it. As it has grown so well in the soil it is now in try to give it a similar compost when you repot it.

E. J. M.—You have encouraged your Calla to make constant growth by giving stimulants. The result has been a great deal of foliage and few flowers. Withhold fertilizers and note results. Do not remove the young plants.

Mrs. R. W. T.—There is a variety of Pelargonium, Fred Dorner, which is said to bloom almost as freely as a Geranium, but it is not a very handsome sort. I know of no variety which blooms constantly. Most sorts bloom in spring and early summer.

W. H. S.—It is not an easy matter to draw the line between a fruit and a vegetable. The principal distinction is that fruits as a general thing consist of seed formations, while vegetables may be the roots or leaves of a plant, and sometimes the stalks.

H. M.—I am not able to tell you why your seedling Heliotropes were odorless, but I know that some varieties of nearly all plants are lacking in some of the characteristics of the family to which they belong. The cause or reason has not been found out as yet.

Mrs. H. S. P.—In making Rose-jars, put the leaves, or petals, of the Roses in the jar as soon as gathered, scattering coarse salt over them. Then close tightly, and place in the sunshine. Add other petals and more salt from day to day. (2) Magnonette is fond of sunshine.

L. F. G.—Sometimes the Rubber Plant will branch without pinching off its top, but generally it is necessary to stop its upward growth in order to make it put out branches. Your plant probably lost its leaves after being brought into the house because the conditions there were so unlike those out-of-doors.

PHELPS—The leaf and flower sent seem to be from a variety of the Cherry which grows wild in many localities. I do not know its botanical name. Its common name in this section is Chokey Cherry—so called because its dark crimson fruit has an acrid taste which makes it difficult for one to swallow.

I. F. S.—If you will study the structure of the bulb you will readily understand that it cannot produce several stalks at the same time. A clump of flower stalks is secured by planting several bulbs together. Bulbs which have been forced are generally worthless afterward. Get fresh, strong bulbs each season.

SUBSCRIBER—The Wistaria ought to bloom when three years old if it does not lose its branches in winter. (2) Boston Ivy (*Ampelopsis Veitchii*) does best when planted where it can have a brick or stone wall to cling to. It stands the winter well in some localities at the North, but in most places it is not hardy enough.

ELEANOR—If your Ficus looks healthy, but does not grow, I presume it is taking a rest. Do not attempt to force it into growth, but let it take its time. The turning yellow of the lower leaves is nothing out of the common. The plant ripens its old leaves from time to time, and those at the base of the plant fall off.

M. A. H.—I think you can obtain Lavender seed of any of the large seed houses. I am not familiar with its cultivation, as one seldom sees it growing nowadays, but I think you would be likely to succeed with it in any ordinary soil of moderate richness. Thank you very much for your kind words. They were appreciated, I assure you.

K. A. C.—Lime-water will drive the worms out of the soil in pots when nothing else will. Use fresh lime. Put a piece as large as a teacup in a pailful of water. When it is dissolved pour off the clear water—leaving sediment—and apply enough to each pot to thoroughly saturate all the soil in it. It may be necessary to repeat the operation.

FRANCES E.—Canna seed should be soaked in warm water for several hours before planting. Unless this is done it often fails to germinate, as it has a thick, hard shell which the young plant finds difficult or impossible to break away. (2) Palm seed germinates very slowly, as a general thing. Young plants should be potted off singly as soon as they have made two or three leaves.

S. E. B.—If all your plants except the two named do well in winter, the natural inference is that they must require special treatment—that is, a treatment differing in some respect from that given the other plants. They may require a special kind of soil, more or less water, or a higher or lower temperature. This can only be determined by study and observation, with careful experimenting.

Mrs. W. H. P.—Put enough water about the Chinese Lily to cover the bulb. (2) The leaves of the Palm ought to last at least a year before becoming brown. (3) For mealy bug, scale and aphid apply Fir-Tree oil soap. (4) You can winter your Water Hyacinths in the cellar. Keep them from frost. Pour off nearly all the water from the tub. (5) Black flies in the soil of pot plants generally come from manure used in the compost.

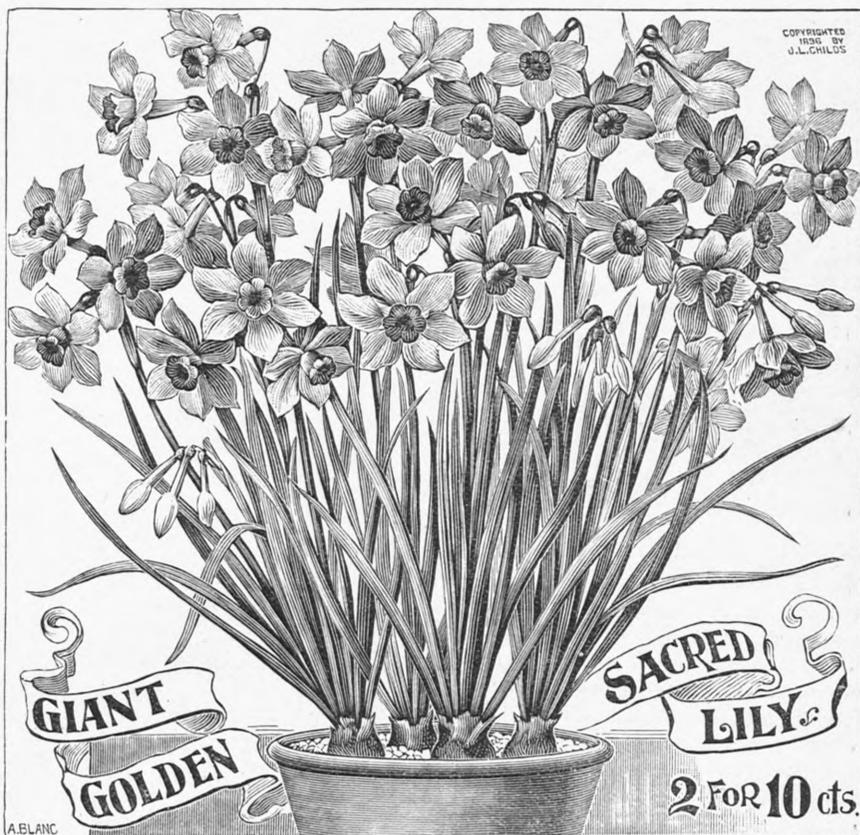
Miss N.—Your treatment of Roses was correct. This flower requires a rich soil and much pruning. The hybrid perpetuals must have a great deal of the old wood cut away each season, thus keeping the plant renewed each year. Dormant plants are preferable for outdoor spring planting to house-grown plants. (2) I do not answer your other questions here because it is now too late in the season for you to profit by the information if it were given.

Miss A. C. B.—The leaves of your Aspidistra may turn yellow from many causes: drought, attack of insects, lack of root room, or too dry an atmosphere. You simply name your trouble but give no information as to the treatment given your plant, therefore I have no knowledge on which to base an opinion. If you had told me how you cared for the plant, and the conditions under which it has been grown, I might have been able to help you, as I will gladly do if you will write me more in detail.

E. V. T.—When plants become so large that they are unmanageable it is well to start young plants to take their place. The old ones can be put out-of-doors and made to do duty during the summer. (2) I do not quite understand your question about six plants for the garden, but presume that you refer to hardy border plants. I would advise Phlox, Aquilegia, Hollyhock, Delphinium, Dicentra and Iris. (3) For vines nothing better can be found than Honey-suckle and Clematis (*Paniculata grandiflora*).

Mrs. W. E. C.—Tulips and Hyacinths for garden culture ought not to be kept out of the ground during winter. They should be planted in September or October. If not advisable to leave them in the ground over summer they may be taken up as soon as the tops have died off, dried in the sun for a day or two, and stored away in a cool, dry place till the time comes to plant them again. (2) You can move a Cape Jessamine most safely in spring. Prune the plant, if necessary, at the time of its removal. (3) Bulbs require a rich, light, well-drained soil. (4) I have never used nitrate of soda as a fertilizer. I consider bone-dust good enough for any plant.

SEVERAL INQUIRERS—The availability of oil stoves for heating small plant houses is not a matter of theory. I have received a great many letters from parties who have tried them, and they tell me that if one gets a good stove satisfaction invariably results unless one has a room too large for the capacity of the stove. Plants grow well in rooms heated by these stoves, and no disagreeable odor is perceptible if the stove is properly constructed and cared for. This I know to be a fact, for I use one in my own greenhouse, fall and spring, when the hot-water heater is not in operation, and my plants are just as healthy with this heat as with that of hot water. The cost of running a stove is much less than that of firing a heater, and the temperature is much more even. You need not be afraid of unpleasant results if your rooms are not too large, and you get a stove that is constructed on right principles. I consider them quite safe. The best ones are made on exactly the same principle as the Rochester lamp. There are many cheap stoves advertised, but these are, as a general thing, as cheap in quality and operation as in price. If a plant room is well made, and has double sashes at the sides, one of the ordinary sized stoves will heat a space 8x12 or 10x10 very easily. Larger houses or rooms might require an additional supply of heat in intensely cold weather, and for this a smaller oil stove could be held in reserve.



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The Chinese Sacred Lily is the most popular winter-flowering bulb, but this Great Golden variety surpasses it. The bulb is smaller than the Chinese, hence cheaper, but the flowers are larger and sweeter. Like the Chinese it blooms very quickly after planting, either in soil, sand, or pebbles and water. May be had in bloom by the holidays, each bulb producing several spikes, the exquisite beauty and fragrance of which will surpass everything. To introduce it we will send (together with 64-page Catalogue, and sample copy of "MAYFLOWER," with two lovely colored plates) by Mail, postpaid, 2 Fine, Large Bulbs for 10 cents, or 6 for 25 cents.

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NOTICE

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EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE

The Domestic Editor will be glad to answer, on this page, questions of a general domestic nature. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

MYRTLE—A first call should be returned within a week.

R. I. H.—Colored table-linen is very little used nowadays.

M. D. C.—Terrapin is becoming more scarce and more expensive.

LYONS—Oysters for salad should be parboiled and then chilled on ice.

EDNA—Alum will purify water. Any druggist will give you the formula.

F. L. B.—One vegetable is usually served with the *entree* at a dinner-party.

MIRIAM—If your wall papers are plain have figured draperies, and *vice-versa*.

LUCETTE—An average-sized steak should take about eight minutes to broil.

CLARA T.—Green in any of the shades is probably the most satisfactory color for a library.

EMMELINE—In using the finger-bowl only the tips of the fingers should be dipped in the water.

GRACE—It is said that a piece of camphor placed in a silver-chest will keep the silver from tarnishing.

CAIRO—Wedding receptions usually begin about half an hour after the marriage ceremony ends.

FLUSHING—Dinner cards are still very much used and are generally kept as souvenirs of the dinner.

C. P. C.—Parsley, watercress and the green tops of celery are more used than anything else as a garnish.

FLORENCE—When ready to leave the table, simply place your table napkin unfolded at the side of your plate.

R. S. T.—Green vegetables should always be put on to cook in boiling water which has been slightly salted.

E. D. A.—When waiting upon the table the waitress should hand the plates on the left side and remove them on the right.

MARQUETTE—Bread-and-butter-plates are placed to the left, beside the fork; the goblet or tumbler is placed to the right.

SEATTLE—Dinner invitations should be acknowledged, and either accepted or declined, as soon after their receipt as possible.

CHARLEMONT—Powdered borax if scattered plentifully, and frequently about your pantry will certainly drive away all the roaches.

A. B. C.—The fashion of folding table napkins in odd shapes and designs has entirely gone out; napkins are nowadays simply folded square.

AURORA—A salamander is a round iron plate with a handle. It is used to brown the surface of anything which does not become sufficiently brown in the oven.

E. M.—Broiling is the most wholesome method of cooking meat. (2) The waitress should not remove the plates from the table until all the guests have finished eating.

CLARICE—Wedding invitations should not be addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. — and family," but to "Mr. and Mrs. —," "The Misses —," and "The Messrs. —."

PHOEBE—Little-neck clams may be served as the first course at a dinner. They are served on the half shell just as oysters are, with an accompaniment of lemon, and bread and butter.

FRANCES—Linoleum makes the best covering for a kitchen floor. (2) Carpets with a heavy pile should be swept with the pile, not against it. (3) "Old Chelsea" china is a deep claret red in color.

ARTHASASKA—An excellent furniture polish may be made by thoroughly mixing one part of raw linseed oil with two of turpentine. Apply vigorously with a piece of soft flannel after the furniture has been carefully dusted.

C. R. D.—When arranging a table either for breakfast, luncheon or dinner place the forks to the left and the knives and spoons to the right, the bread-and-butter-plate beside the forks, and the goblet or tumbler beside the knives.

LETTY M.—Chocolate mousse may be made by melting an ounce of chocolate, sweetening it thoroughly, and adding to it one pint of whipped cream. It should then be frozen in an ice cream freezer, and served in cups of either glass or china.

MRS. L. C.—A "tutti frutti" filling for layer cake is made by mixing chopped raisins and a small quantity of lemon, orange and citron peel, currants and nuts with soft icing. It must be very thoroughly mixed, so that no one ingredient shall predominate.

GALLY—A delicious lemon sauce may be made by beating together two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cup of sugar, and one teaspoonful of flour; add half a cup of boiling water, and cook until clear; flavor to taste with the juice and part of the grated rind of a lemon.

MOLLIE—Mix a very little cornstarch with the salt which you use in your salt-shakers; it will keep it from caking and clogging the perforations. (2) Quartered white oak, birch and maple all make excellent flooring. Select narrow boards, they make the most desirable floors.

W. W. V.—The following polish for shirt bosoms is recommended: Melt together one ounce of white wax and two ounces of spermaceti; turn into a clean shallow pan. When cold break into pieces about the size of a chestnut and put in a box until required. When making boiled starch add a piece of this wax.

GRETTCHEN—Colored bedspreads of cretonne or China silk are very much used on brass bedsteads. They are made with a frill about ten inches in depth, and in color are usually either blue and white or pink and white. White bedspreads are always in demand, and the Marseilles quilts still continue to be the favorites.

STELLA—Denim comes in almost all colors. Art denim is very much used for library table-covers; these covers are usually made with a ruffle, and above the ruffle in each corner often is embroidered a small figure of Pegasus. The colors chosen in the denim are sage-green, yellow, Delft blue or terracotta, with the embroidery done in black.

VERNONDALE—A simple menu for a wedding breakfast is the following: Scalloped lobster in individual shells, chicken salad, rolled bread and butter, very carefully-prepared tongue, chicken and lettuce sandwiches cut into pretty shapes, bread sticks, ice cream and fancy cake, the wedding cake, hot tea, coffee, chocolate and iced lemonade.

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

GLASTONBURY—Deviled ham loaf may be made in the following manner: Take two spoonfuls of cracker or bread crumbs, a quarter of a pound of deviled ham, two cups of milk, using a portion to moisten the ham. Stir in two eggs, add salt to taste, put into a buttered bread-pan and bake one hour in a moderate oven. Serve cold, cut in thin slices and garnish with parsley.

LILLIAN B. J.—To make a good soft sauce, cream together a teaspoonful of pulverized sugar and half a cupful of fresh butter, add a well-beaten egg and the juice and grated peel of a lemon. Have ready in a double saucepan some boiling water which has been thickened with a scant teaspoonful of cornstarch; when thoroughly boiled add to this your other ingredients, and stir slowly until the sauce is very hot. Add a little grated nutmeg and it will be ready to serve.

MARATHENE—Eggs will not poach satisfactorily unless they are absolutely fresh—indeed, new-laid eggs should, if possible, be used. Into a flat pan pour some water, place it over the fire and allow it to come to a boil; add a few drops of vinegar and a very tiny pinch of salt; into this drop the egg; draw the pan to one side and allow the egg to cook until the white is formed. Have ready a slice of buttered toast sprinkled very lightly with chopped parsley; upon it place the egg and serve immediately.

ALICIA—P. P. C. cards should be left on the occasion of an intended absence of over three months, on leaving town at the close of the season, on leaving a neighborhood where you have resided for years, or where you have resided for months and sometimes only for weeks, but not when changing houses in the same neighborhood, not even when about to be married, unless your future home is to be in another city. The words, *pour prendre congé*, signify to take leave, and when good-by is not intended, and future meetings are anticipated, there is no ostensible motive for leaving P. P. C. cards.

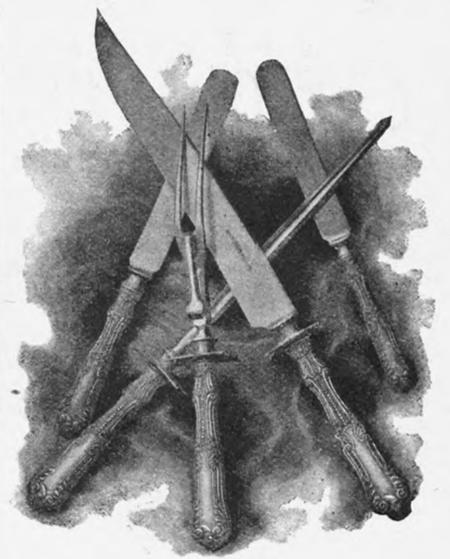
SARAH—The following receipt will, if followed closely, make a delicious orange cake: Beat the yolks of five eggs and the whites of two with two cups of white sugar; add half a cup of cold water and the grated rind and juice of one orange; then stir in gradually two and a half cups of finely-sifted flour and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in three layers. Place between each layer, and on top, an icing made from the beaten whites of three eggs, a pound of pulverized sugar, the grated rind and juice of one orange, and lastly half a teaspoonful of vinegar.

MRS. CHARLES E.—Pillows are made in three sizes: twenty by twenty-seven, twenty-seven by twenty-eight, and twenty by thirty inches. (2) Pillow-slips should be about three inches longer than the pillow after they are hemmed, and wide enough to slip easily over it; they may be either plainly hemmed or hemstitched. (3) Pillow-shams should be sufficiently large to completely cover the pillows that they are to be used for. (4) Sheets should be made amply large for the beds for which they are intended. (5) The prettiest and most serviceable bedspreads are those of white Marseilles.

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

DAKOTA GIRL—The following three receipts will, I trust, answer your purpose, they are all good, economical and reliable: (1) Beefsteak pudding is made by mixing one cupful of beef suet, chopped fine, with two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, mixing them together with enough water to make a dough, easily handled. Roll out the dough and line a buttered pudding-dish, fill with one pound of beefsteak and a beef kidney, cut into small pieces; season with salt and pepper. Flour a pudding-cloth and tie tightly over the top of the bowl; immerse in a kettle of briskly boiling water and allow the pudding to boil steadily for from four to five hours. Serve very hot. (2) Potato pie may be made by lining pie-tins with ordinary pie-crust, and filling with mashed potatoes seasoned with a little fried onion and summer savory. Put on an upper crust, and bake from twenty to thirty minutes. Serve hot. (3) Graham biscuits are made by mixing one pint of graham flour with one pint of wheat flour, one cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cup of butter or dripping, and sufficient milk or water to make a soft dough. Bake in greased gem-pans in a quick oven for about twenty minutes.

SEVERAL INQUIRERS—The following receipt will serve for the "jellied veal and tongue" mentioned in "The Peach Luncheon" in the June issue: Take an ox tongue out of pickle and allow it to soak for twelve hours. Boil it until tender, then remove the skin, and cut off all the root and horny tip. Have a breast of veal boned. Spread it out very carefully as flat as possible; rub with salt and pepper. Lay the tongue in the centre of the veal, and roll it around the tongue. Take a piece of thin muslin and wrap securely around the veal and place it in an earthen jar of sufficient size to accommodate it, no larger. Add a seasoning of six cloves, one onion, a stalk of celery, a few sprigs of parsley, salt and whole pepper; cover with a cup of hot water; place a lid on the jar and bake in a moderately hot oven for about three hours, when remove from the water; place between two plates, under a weight, until cold. Strain the stock left in the jar and color it a delicate shade of yellow with a few drops of saffron (tincture); pour half into an oblong mould. Remove the cloth from the veal; lay it in the mould, when pour in the remainder of the stock, and place on ice to become thoroughly chilled. When about to serve remove from the mould, and cut in thin, even slices with a sharp knife. The centre (the tongue) will be pink, surrounded by the white veal, the whole incased in jelly. Garnish with tiny pink radishes, a few sprigs of tender green parsley, and slices of cut lemon.



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