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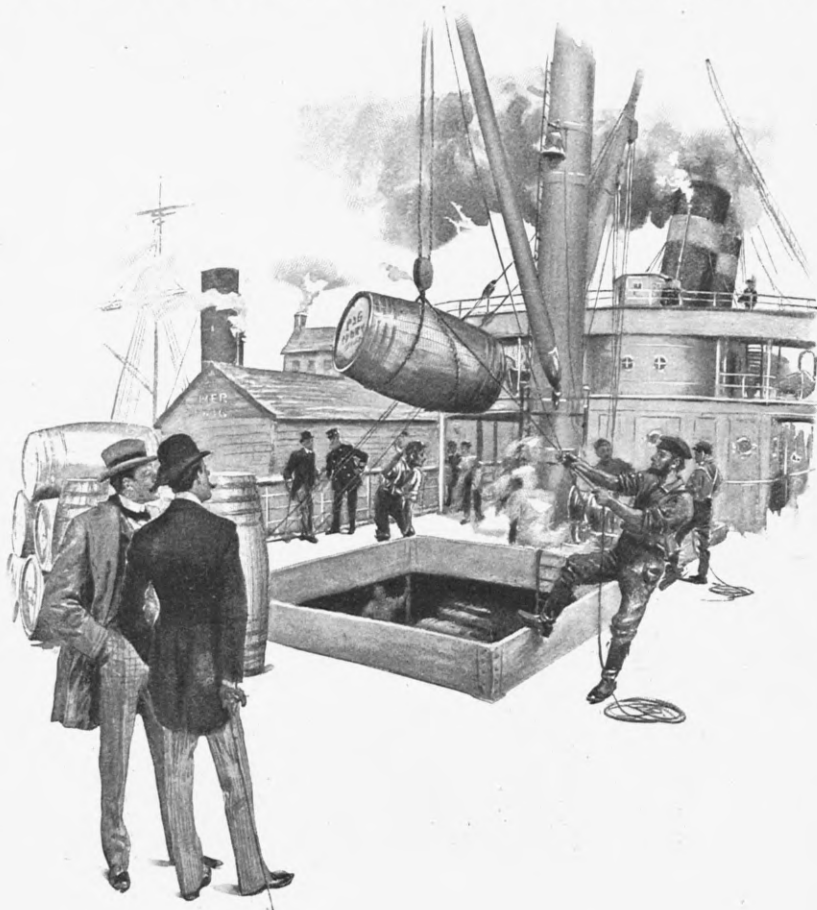
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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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IN AN OLD FASHIONED GARDEN

By Elizabeth Robinson Drawing by Maude A. Cowles

THE front door of my grandmother's house opened into a long, wide and high hall. At the further end of this hall, and directly under the handsome carved staircase, was the door that was always called the "garden door." In summer it stood open all day long. From it one stepped out upon a doorstep rudely shaped from one enormous flat stone which was found in the vicinity. At the sides and over the door was lattice work, on which an old-fashioned vine with dull, pink, star-shaped flowers and a purple Noisette Rose were trained. Grandmother called the vine Jessamine, or Matrimony Vine; it is rarely seen in gardens at the present time.

On the bank, at either side of the door, were shrubs. The Mock-orange (*Syringa*) with its pure white flowers, and another *Syringa* with smaller cream-colored blossoms, were overpowering in their sweetness when in full bloom. The *Calycanthus*, with its chocolate-colored flowers smelling so strongly of Pineapple, we greatly prized. There were Cinnamon Rose bushes, with their pinched-looking little pink Roses, and a bush of large, creamy-white Roses; a tall *Spiræa*, a Snowberry bush, a Japan Rose, with its odd, double, orange-yellow flowers, and several others. One whose name I cannot now recall we valued for its white pith, which could be easily pushed out from the cut stems and with the aid of some small pins fashioned into dainty little tables and chairs.

A brick walk laid in herring-bone pattern and edged with box led to the garden. Near its entrance stood the well-house, through whose open sides we often leaned to see our faces reflected in the clear water so far below. The sides of the well were green and mossy, and many tiny, fragile ferns sprang from between the stones. With much tugging and straining we would pull up the dripping bucket and rest it upon its shelf in the well-house, and from the long-handled coconut dipper, always hanging there, drink copious draughts of the pure, icy-cold water—the best water in the world we thought it, and so, perhaps, it was.

WHERE GREW THE FRUITS AND PUNGENT HERBS

ON THE roof of the well-house grew a large Houseleek (*Sempervivum*), Hen and Chickens some people called it. There were several "Hens" and numerous "Chickens" in our brood. Not far away was a tall, half-dead tree, upon whose trunk a lovely Baltimore Belle Rose had been trained. Pushing aside a little wicket gate we entered the garden proper, and what a dream of delight that garden was. In it grew almost everything then cultivated in the way of vegetables. There were small fruits also. Currant worms were unknown in those happy days, so there was no poisoning going on, and we could safely eat the delicious red and white Currants; but we felt sure no one could really like the black ones.

There were only a few fruit trees. I remember especially the dwarf Peach trees, on which grew the largest and most luscious of Peaches.

Grandmother "set great store" by her bed of useful herbs. Often we helped her to gather and tie them in neat bunches, which were hung to dry in the great, sunny attic. The Sage, Sweet Marjoram, Summer Savory, Thyme, etc., for seasoning the dressing of the Thanksgiving turkey, came from this bed. Dill, Coriander and Caraway (Meeting Seed) were also there. Thoroughwort and Motherwort too, "for sickness," which dear grandmother was always preparing for; Lavender, to perfume closets and bureau drawers; Spearmint and Peppermint, also, had their place. A great plant of Sweet Lovage had a post of honor all to itself. We were permitted to eat often of its leaves, and now and then, as a great treat, to dig up a bit of the highly-flavored root.

BESIDE THE BOX-BORDERED, GRAVELED PATH

NEARLY half the garden was given up to flowers. A wide, box-bordered, graveled path made the dividing line. This path was a curiosity in itself, as many of the pebbles were very beautiful and had been collected by my grandmother in a great many places. We were allowed to play with these pebbles all we wished, but none were to be carried away. I remember that there were many small, smooth, white ones that came from Little Compton, that we called sugar plums, and our little visitors were often sadly deceived by them. Midway this walk was a large arbor thickly covered with a Grapevine, which bore bunches of small dark grapes, Clintons perhaps, but we only knew them as Frost Grapes. This arbor was our chosen resort, and many were the happy hours we spent playing in it, but it was the home of numerous creeping, crawling things. We were rather afraid and stopped our ears whenever we saw one of the innocent, many-legged little crustaceans known as ear-wigs. We were not really afraid, but did not like most of the spiders seen, and, like children in general, had no fear whatever of the one known as "Grandfather Long-legs," to whom we addressed a rhyme adapted or adopted from "Mother Goose," which ran thus:

"Old Grandpa Long-legs
If you don't say your prayers,
I'll take you by the hind-leg
And throw you down stairs."

How he said his prayers, or if he ever said them at all, I cannot now tell, but I am sure we never threw him "down stairs."

PLAYTHINGS PLUCKED FROM BUSH AND VINE

WE MADE friends with the little chipping sparrows, or "chipnies," as we called them, which built their nests in the arbor, and would come close to our feet to eat crumbs scattered for them. Near the arbor was a tall pole, on which was a many-storied martin house; we

watched these birds build their nests and carry food to their young with great interest. I wonder why martins are never seen nowadays.

We found almost all our playthings in the garden; its resources seemed inexhaustible. The leaves of the variegated, ornamental *Sedum* made as good bags and purses as those of its wild relative. We squeaked on striped grass, and blew many a blast on a Squash Vine trumpet, or "Trombone," as Whittier calls it. We plucked the petals of Roses and Peonies, and gathered them up into bags and burst them on the backs of our own or each other's hands; from the Roses my grandmother called "Grandmother Roses" came the best petals, as they were very large. The Ladies' Eardrops, or *Dicentra*, afforded us much pleasure and also pain, for we fastened the pretty pink flowers to our ears with bent pins that had to be squeezed very tightly in order to be kept upon our tortured ears. We were so fond of these gay adornments that they disputed the place with peanuts, which would fasten very closely to the ears by opening slightly one end of the shell. We made sets of tiny dishes from the green Grapes, and fine baskets from their folded leaves, and nibbled the acid tendrils, but it would take too much space to tell of all the games we played in this dear arbor of ours.

WITH THE HOSTS OF WINGED COMRADES

HUMMING-BIRDS were daily visitors to the old garden so full of sweet flowers; crowds of bumble-bees were on the tallest and gayest Hollyhocks that I have ever seen; there were honey-bees galore; but it was a red-letter day for us when the pretty sesia (humming-bird moth) came. We watched its every movement with breathless awe, and followed it stealthily as it darted from flower to flower. How mysterious the rolling and unrolling of the long, honey-seeking tongue seemed to our childish eyes. We always called this pretty creature "ladybird," and looked eagerly for its visits, which were, we thought, much too infrequent.

Occasionally we made little pens or yards for the big common toads, but never found them very interesting playfellows. Now and then we were fortunate enough to discover a tree toad. I remember one that we had great fun feeding; he would eagerly seize, with a lightning-like movement of his queer tongue, the ants and flies carefully impaled on pins, with which we plied him; but when it came to having bits of meat and bread pressed upon him he would jerk his head to one side, and with his little paw, like a pettish child, strike at and brush from his mouth the offending morsels. Birds loved my grandmother's garden, and their bright and livening presence was always encouraged.

Early in the spring we begged lozenge boxes of the grocer, and from them made houses for the bluebirds, simply by securely fastening the sliding cover, and cutting a door in one side. Each box was mounted on a slender pole that a cat could not easily climb, usually a

bean pole, set firmly in the ground, and it seldom failed of occupants. With the aid of a chair we were able to keep an eye on the subsequent housekeeping proceedings. Only one visit a day was made to these nests for fear of driving away the birds, which, however, by gentle treatment, soon grew very tame, and seemed to lose all fear of their young visitors. No rough games were allowed in this cherished garden; we were to go elsewhere if we wished to "race and tear." What was grandmother's horror when she found us one day making sad havoc in the Asparagus bed. The big bed was one forest of feathery Asparagus bushes going to seed; it was inclosed by a fence, which we had mounted and were reciting this verse:

"One to make ready,
Two to repair (prepare),
Three to go slam bang
Right down there."

At the last line all leaped into the Asparagus. This game was brought to an untimely end by grandmother appearing on the scene. We were doing no real harm, I fancy, to the Asparagus, but we certainly destroyed the trim appearance of the bed, and grandmother took great pride in her garden and wished everything kept in the best of order. If I should tell you all the plants in this wonderful and delightful old garden you might be reminded of Homer's catalogue of the ships, and find my list as tiresome, so I will try to refrain from mentioning any but those of special and pleasing interest, though to me all have most tender associations and memories.

GAY BLOOMERS OF SWEET FRAGRANCE

BESIDE the Grape arbor, and showing well against its green walls, were rows of pink and white Foxgloves that the Irish call "Fairy Thimbles"—such handsome, stately plants. Another tall plant was the Valerian, or Garden Heliotrope. This plant was beloved by cats; they came from far and near to roll upon it as soon as the frost was out of the ground, and ate the tender young shoots and roots. It was only because there was so much of it that any came to maturity. Then there were great perennial Larkspurs in various shades of blue, besides quantities of the annual in pink and blue.

We children were fond of Goose Tongue, or Sweet Mary; its pungent odor, and that of Bergamot and Balm Greatly pleased us. Southernwood we called Boy's Love. This, with Runaway Robin, Gill Go-Over-the-Ground, and other inconspicuous plants, grew in out-of-the-way corners. The blue and white Canterbury Bells, scarlet London Pride, Tiger Lilies, Ragged Sailor and Prince's Feather made the garden gay indeed. Besides the yellow and white Day Lilies were the rarer blue or lavender ones, and hosts of bright and pretty plants that are seen in gardens to-day. One rare plant in grandmother's garden was the pink, trailing Daphne; there was a bed a yard square of this pretty, sweet-scented flower. The Ice Plants and Sensitive Plants interested us. There was one very old shrub in the garden, an Althæa, which we were forbidden to even touch! It had been set out by my grandmother's father, and was over seventy years old. Though gnarled and weather-beaten it bloomed well year after year. We thought the large clump of Striped Grass looked tropical when in full bloom. A Prickly-Pear Cactus grew well in a dry, sunny corner of this old New England garden (originally it came, a single leaf, from New Jersey); it bloomed profusely each year, and increased rapidly in size until, as I remember it, it was over a yard square. We children admired the large, pale yellow flowers, and often nibbled, cautiously, the insipid, reddish-green "Pears" that formed on it. The neighbors considered this plant a great curiosity. On the wall at one side of the garden grew much of the golden-flowered moss, known by the romantic name of "Love-in-Tangle." "Love-in-a-Mist" also found place to thrive in this old garden. We often lingered by the garden wall to watch the birds drink and bathe in a hollow in one of the large stones which we took special care to always keep filled with water.

FILLED WITH SWEET, SAD MEMORIES OF LONG AGO

THE hours passed swiftly in the old garden; like the birds and bees we flitted from flower to flower, now eating a bit of this, sipping a drop of dew from that, and playing with other flowers. One great amusement was pinching the Snapdragon heads so their mouths would open, and feeding them bits of grass. We had sham fights with fingers covered with the orange-red flowers of the Trumpet Vine, kept time by the Four-o'Clocks, and had many well-known incantations which we addressed to various flowers. When cloyed with much tasting of sweets we nibbled rather gingerly a Grapevine tendril, and the hardiest of us essayed a small stalk of Pie Plant (Rhubarb), but that was really too sour, and consequently it met with but little favor.

The garden ended at a high board fence; beyond that was a few feet of shore where the waters of the bay gently lapped. Mounted on chairs or boxes we would lean on the fence and with most keen enjoyment watch the glorious sunsets. Nowhere in the world, we thought then, and do now, could there be finer sunsets; the sky and calm waters of the bay were one great blaze of glorious color.

Often grandmother would be with us, and the lovely scene would bring back days past and gone. Once, I remember, she told us that when she was a young girl grandfather and other young men used to row across the bay directly to the garden fence, and, leaping over it, make a "short cut" to the house. We were eager to hear more of those days, and of the young grandfather before he was our grandfather, whom we only knew by his pictures, but it made grandmother sad to talk much about him and the happy days so long ago. She said he loved the old garden as well as she did, and was interested in having it kept up as it had been for many years before their time; he had repaired the martin house, and adjusted anew the sun-dial with his own hands. Sometimes we would linger in the garden until all the bright color had faded, and bats and chimney-swallows began to fly about.

How many strange, sweet, damp odors came from the shadowy garden. Some of the flowers were drooping, evidently gone to sleep; others, like the large Evening Primrose, were just unfolding; some we fancied smelled much sweeter than in the daylight; but it was rather strange and eerie in the garden at nightfall, and we were glad to cling closely to grandmother as we went slowly back to the house.

NATURE'S LESSON

By Flavel Scott Mines

THE pink Apple blossom is just out of reach,
Though you stand on the tips of your toes—
A lesson has Nature she wishes to teach,
You will learn it before Autumn goes.

Strive not for the blossom, nor weep at defeat,
But patiently wait for a while—
All things come in time—and the moments are fleet,
Soon your frown will give place to a smile.

The blossoms will die, but the good fruit will grow,
It will ripen in sun and in rain,
The weight of the Apple will bend the bough low—
And the waiting will be to your gain.

Seek not the bright buds that will fade in a day,
But await the sweet fruit God will send—
The buds may be high and be out of your way,
While the boughs at the harvest will bend.

THE FLOWERS AND THE BIRDS

By Edith M. Thomas

DAY BY DAY

Day by day the year unfolds
All its treasure-chamber holds;
Day by day the leaves expand
Till the green wood tents the land;
Then we ask some smiling morn,
"When was Summer born?"
Day by day some beauty wanes
From the forest, from the plains;
Now the swath—and now the sheaf—
Day by day the falling leaf;
Then, some lonely eve, we sigh,
"When did Summer die?"

ASIDE from the satisfaction which in themselves the flowers afford us, I have always had great pleasure in the resemblances they suggest—resemblances to other beautiful things in Nature. The Cinnamon Fern, which I found to-day with its fleecy fronds not yet unrolled, reminded me of a snail shell, and again of a moth's cocoon. A tuft of Liverwort blossoms, with their varying tints, pink, blue, lavender, paling to white, with the pale green of the leaves and yellowish green of the stamens, suggested the colors of the pearl. Mother-of-pearl flowers I would call these delicate blossoms; and, half closing my eyes, the whole mass of color mingles and shimmers with a true pearly iridescence, in which the form of the flower is lost.

Happening to look into the deep slender tube of the blue wild Phlox in which the anthers are yellow and placed far down the tube, I saw some tiny beetle there within. What a little vista of marvel and beauty for that infinitesimal spectator! Like "Alice in Wonderland" I was privileged to make myself small, when I beheld a long, shady corridor opening before me, with an uncertain gorgeous pageant at the extreme end—or else what I saw might have been a long, covered bridge, with the flame of sunset at the oval opening thereof.

In a Sumach glen I once found a bird's nest placed in a little dimple of the ground, verily as though Earth had put it in her pocket for safe keeping. The nest was made of grasses and stems, and when I found it four cream-colored, brown-flecked eggs comprised its contents. The earthy pocket was full of young birds—song-sparrows, I think. Coming near at dusk I frightened the old bird away. I could hear (without seeing her) a sharp, small, querulous note of protest on her part. This pocketful of birds, their heads just level with the surface of the ground, made a curious impression, for they looked like one live, palpitating mass, covered with feathers—having one body and several heads.

I have just heard that a robin's nestling has been found in the abode of a summer yellowbird, and that the latter is bringing up the clumsy foundling with its own brood. Very creditable to the benevolent yellowbird, but the cuckoo-like trait which the vagrant robin illustrated is sad to think of in a member of the reputable thrush family. . . . I found a second nest placed close beside, literally joining, the robin's nest in the old Grapevine, which I watched last year with so much interest. The two nests looked as much one as do the two valves of an open clam shell. The new nest was the cradle in which this year's birds were rocked, but the old one gave more house room, when the young folks were growing in size and activity. Occasionally one hopped into the old nest, and doubtless the builders knew what they were about when they added an "L" to the old "upright" instead of placing another story upon the original foundation (a contrivance to which the robin very often resorts). I shall look to see if next year these birds, or their progeny perhaps, add a third nest to those now standing.

An odd belief as to bird-mother methods has just come to my ear. A neighbor tells me, "as 'twas told" her in childhood, that it was supposed the old robin in the early infancy of her brood tied them together by a long horse-hair, fastened to the foot, thus securing any unwary chick from falling out of the nest. Now, it is not difficult to find an explanation for this singular notion. Doubtless a nest had been found, in which the young birds were apparently thus bound together. But as every robin's nest is pretty sure to contain not one but many horse-hairs, that a straggling hair should have become by accident entangled with the occupants of the nest is highly probable. . . . I have found two new names for our old friend, robin redbreast, *viz.*, the ridgepole bird and

the vesper thrush; the former from a favorite habit with him, of perching on the roof as if for purposes of a wider survey; the latter from his continued vocal performance in the evening twilight.

MAN AND BIRD

"Robin redbreast calling cheerily
From the blossoming Apple tree,
Robin, robin redbreast, clearly
Thou art glad, and glad with me.
Thou art singing love's dear praises
With joy that is divine;
Thou art singing thy love's praises,
As I am singing mine."

So I said in joy's elation,
With the error of our race,
That the rest of God's creation
With the moods of man keep pace—
For the bird a dirge was trying,
On the grass his mate was lying,
Mute to the voice above.
'Twas a dirge the bird was trying,
While I sang life and love!

One of our shade trees was trimmed early in the spring. Off dropped the lower flounces of its green robe, as the saw cut its way through branch and limb. I thought I heard the fluttering protest of the little attendant wood-spirits; aye, the grieving of the dryad herself in the snapping of woody fibres and the swish of the falling branches! What a work of destruction is the felling of a tree. It is the pulling down of a live edifice which has been three-score and ten years in building, or even longer. In how short a time from the first taste of hostile steel is this stout architect of its own fortunes laid low. The blind, good faith of a tree that God loves it, even when man has slain it, has always been most wonderful to me. The stump of the Sycamore cut down last year has put out a bushy head of foliage. An immense bouquet of ornate leaves, it reaches eight feet from the ground. Like great, idle green hands are the leaves themselves, by measurement proving to be eleven by sixteen inches.

What uncounted numbers of creatures steal into life, unobserved, through the portal of the chrysalis! This I thought, observing the frequency of "little brown jugs" in the garden—the pupa cases of the Tomato worm.

Three ants drag off the carcass of a worm an inch in length. Such is the grip of what answers for teeth in these little insects that the skin of the worm is drawn up in a wrinkle where they seize it, just as the hide of some animal taken between the teeth of a dog. Despite the general repute for cleverness enjoyed by the ant family these individuals did not give proof positive of acute intelligence. They were not good engineers, did not seem to choose their route, made no detours for obstacles, but pushed or pulled on through rough and smooth, quite as it happened. Generally two pulled, while the third pushed, sometimes dragging the worm over a stout grass blade instead of going under or around it. They were occasionally met by other ants, but whether from pride or a mere lack of genius for coöperation, the company of transporters did not increase.

So to save these little workers the long transcontinental journey I picked up the valiant three with their prize and carried them to their supposed destination. Instantly, what "commotion in camp"! My travelers were so soon surrounded, that, being without insignia of any sort, they were at once lost in the crowd, and I was left without any clew as to whether they were welcome returning citizens, or aliens whom I had introduced and betrayed to a mercenary mob. I removed the worm some distance (say a league in Lilliputian measurements) outside the city walls. But the *bonne bouche* was soon retaken and dragged in. This was, of course, intended to go into the underground department of supplies, whither, in fact, I saw it vanish—after some debate and evident disagreement among the commissarial authorities.

However that may be, I could but notice how like a vast political and social centre was this great ant-hill, some three feet in circumference, while each way from it were smaller communities, lesser *tumuli*. It was as though in the insect world, as in the world of men, the distinctions of *rus* and *urbs* were inevitable and necessary. Perhaps the metropolitans, in this lowly microcosm were indeed slightly different in race from the rustics. How should I know? Wonderful silent enterprise of these black minims! If they go to war—as more patient observers than I affirm they do—they have no martial music to encourage the van, no leader's voice to rally the broken ranks! Bees and flies, and doubtless gnats even, communicate articulately among themselves, in a language of humming or of rasping wings. Not so with the ants, those extraordinary mutes. And yet, how well they understand each other! No town crier, and yet the news speeds. Thus Rumor, or Fame, must be well painted, since she has not even one tongue. Is their language, perhaps, pantomimic?

CHARITY IN JUDGING CHARACTER

HASTY judgment of the actions of others is dangerous and often unjust. We measure too much by some superficial appearance, and condemn hastily, when, if we knew all and understood the motives and reasons, we would warmly approve. We sometimes say of some one, "This pain, sorrow or loss has not deeply affected him." But we do not know. It is like the death of a few of the soldiers in front of a regiment. The broken ranks close up again into the solid phalanx and the loss is not apparent. There may be no disorganization, no surrender, no craving for pity, no display of despair. It is like the calm, dazzling play of the waves warmed by the morning's sun after a night of storm and disaster. There is no sign of the wreck; the tide has carried the débris away far out on the ocean; the treacherous water has swallowed all signs and tokens of the night's awful work. We see only the fairness of the morning, not the suffering of the night. Let us be charitable in our judgment and condemn not when we do not know.



DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON

THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GRANT AND HIS PARTY AT YOKOHAMA

WHEN GENERAL GRANT WENT ROUND THE WORLD

By Hon. John Russell Young

GENERAL GRANT'S tour round the world, of which so much has been written, was rather a series of trips, each taken for an independent purpose, than a continuous, consecutive journey. It was neither prearranged nor anticipated. General Grant left Philadelphia May 17, to arrive in Liverpool May 28, 1877. He spent the summer and autumn of the year in Great Britain, France, the Rhine countries, and the Alps. In December, 1877, he embarked at Villefranche for Egypt, the Holy Land and Asia Minor, and returned to Paris in May of the succeeding year. General Grant made, in 1878, special journeys to Germany, Russia and other Northern countries, as well as to Portugal and Spain, with runs into Holland and Ireland. He returned from Spain in November, 1878, believing his journeyings over and done, intending to spend the winter in England with his daughter, Mrs. Sartoris. A letter from General Sherman, however, which was construed as an expression of the wish of President Hayes, that he would extend his travels into the East, determined what was to be the ultimate stage of General Grant's journey round the world. Accordingly on January 24, 1879, accompanied by his wife, and his eldest son, Colonel F. D. Grant; A. E. Borie, Grant's Secretary of the Navy; Dr. J. M. Keating, of Philadelphia, and the writer, he embarked at Marseilles. After journeying through Hindustan, Siam, China and Japan, General Grant reached our Pacific coast, and thence returned to Philadelphia on December 16, 1879. The tour round the world occupied two years and seven months.

ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME TO "THE HERO OF FREEDOM"

THE early days of the General's tour were spent in England. There were banquets, parades, and, as a rule, the "freedom" of towns and cities was presented. From the Queen to the Newcastle laborer every one strove to welcome and honor him. Volumes would be required to recite these courtesies: At the Oaks, where he first met the Prince of Wales; dinner with the Queen, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Lorne, the Marquis of Salisbury, and other renowned noblemen; the freedom of the city of London at Guild Hall; a visit to Crystal Palace with Tom Hughes; some hours with the famous Lord Russell, then in retirement, who talked to Grant of his interviews with Napoleon at Elba; his meetings through Mr. Smalley with Huxley, Kinglake, Matthew Arnold and others of world-wide fame; his reception at the United Service Club by the Duke of Cambridge, and Sir George Sartorius, who had fought with Nelson at Trafalgar. On June 26 the General and wife visited the Queen at

Windsor Castle as Her Majesty's guests. There were rambles into Scotland; special honors from Edinburgh, Glasgow and other municipalities; days at Dunrobin with the late Duke of Sutherland, and at Inverary with the present Duke of Argyll. There was a tour of the English manufacturing districts—Newcastle, Sunderland, Sheffield and so on. The visit to Newcastle may be given as typical of the welcome given to General Grant throughout what may be called the working districts of England. The day with the Tyneside colliers will ever be memorable

for the volume and sincerity of the popular enthusiasm. The democracy of Britain seemed to join hands with the democracy of America. When General Grant advanced to the platform to receive the workingmen's address he saw before him a multitude of one hundred thousand—men, women and children. Newcastle had a holiday! Thousands of pitmen were in parade, and with them were dockmen, Odd Fellows, plumbers, brassmoulders and Sons of Temperance. Banners of welcome to "The Hero of Freedom" were everywhere. The General was deeply moved by the demonstration, and in a reply to the address, audible, because of the noise and the shouting, to the newspaper reporters alone, said that although he had gone into war he never of his own accord had advocated war.

In October, when General Grant visited Paris, Marshal MacMahon, President of the French Republic, met him with a soldier's welcome, and in a few days the General found himself at home and spending idle days wandering about the beautiful suburbs and sight-seeing on the boulevards of the magnificent capital of France.

In December General Grant sailed from Villefranche on board the war vessel, "Vandalia," under command of Captain Robeson, to journey in the lands of mythology and revelation. Naples was our first station, and there were memorable days at Vesuvius and Pompeii. After Pompeii our way was toward Egypt, the Holy Land and

Asia Minor. Ismail was Khedive, and much was seen in Cairo and on the Nile. We had a palace for our sojourn in Cairo, and a special steam yacht for our seventeen days' journey to Karnak and the cataracts of the Nile. Passing through the Suez Canal and the cataracts of the Nile. Land from Joppa to Jerusalem; studied the plains of Gethsemane, and made Mount Zion an abiding place. The storms of winter lingering into February limited our tour in the Holy Land to Bethany and Bethlehem. Passing Beyrout we came to Smyrna, and after studying the ruins of Ephesus crossed over to Constantinople. The Russian armies still held Saint Stefano, and the City of the Caliphs was in gloom. Santa Sophia had been desecrated; the merchants brooded over their bazars in sorrow; trailing stragglers from the Turkish armies crowded the streets in sullen mood, and it was a comfort to pass on to Athens and spend some days with the ever-courteous, gifted young monarch who still sits on the Grecian throne. From Athens we journeyed without pause to Rome, and saw the treasures and ruins of the Eternal City.

Pope Leo, who had just been chosen to the Papacy, gave personal audience to the General and his family at the Vatican. The Pope thanked the American people, through one who had ruled them, for the toleration and protection vouchsafed to his church. The scene was quite domestic in its way, and the pale Pontiff, with his robes of white, and the lustrous, carbuncle eyes—a notable, gracious personality—closed it with words of affectionate leave-taking and the Apostolic benediction.

GENERAL GRANT AT BERLIN

AS THE summer advanced the General's stay in Paris was varied by the episodes of the Northern journeyings, notably to Berlin, where the Berlin Conference was in session, striving to adjust matters between Russia and the other European powers. The writer preceded General Grant to Berlin during the late days of June.

Bayard Taylor was Minister, and there were famous days in Berlin, especially with those high ambassadors. The morning after our arrival found the General's table strewn with cards and invitations from notables of the German capital.

The Emperor met General Grant and talked military matters; Bismarck, serving as interpreter, "would not talk anything else." A dinner at Potsdam with Prince Frederick, dinners with Bismarck, Minister Taylor and others, interspersed with a review at Tempelhof, were



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

GENERAL GRANT ADDRESSING THE WORKINGMEN AT NEWCASTLE

* The seventh of a series of articles on "Great Personal Events"—retold by eyewitnesses—which will appear in successive issues of the JOURNAL. These articles will portray a succession of the most conspicuous popular enthusiasms which America has witnessed during the past fifty years. The greatest potentates, statesmen, orators, preachers and songstresses will be the central figures of this notable series, which began in the JOURNAL of November, 1896.

part of the festivities. Prince Gortchakoff, with gray, massive head that might have been carved by Phidias as a type of some wise, old, ruthless, imperative god, in the name of the Czar asked the General to visit Russia. There was Salisbury, reminding you of one of Nelson's three-deckers, the embodiment of reserved force—a governing will with dormant fire. There were, also, Waddington, of France, his Oxford training shown in his English appearance, a cross between a banker and an archbishop; Count Corti, the Italian, an old Washington friend; Mahomet Ali, whom Grant had known in Turkey, and also Lord Beaconsfield. These were among our friends. General Grant had seen much of Lord Beaconsfield in London, and was to see more of him in Berlin. They became very friendly. General Grant came to live in a kind of comradeship with Prince Bismarck, which formed in Berlin and developed later at the German springs, and there were dinners, suppers, garden walks and conversations.

AS THE GUEST OF KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN

FROM Berlin the General returned to Paris, and, the spirit of adventure coming upon him, as it had upon another Ulysses, he journeyed toward Spain and the Peninsula. There was a fine day at Biarritz, once the seat of an ephemeral kind of Napoleonic grandeur, the scene of Bismarck's bewitchment of the third Emperor. There we found greetings from the young Spanish King, a General awaiting us at the frontier. General Grant first met the illustrious Castelar at the frontier station, a meeting which resulted in a visit to Madrid. We reached Vitoria in a soft glow of rain and found the King. The young Alfonso was new to the throne from which death was to remove him in a few years. He was a modest youth of twenty, with a mustache of down, skin as soft as satin, and a frank, open face. There was a royal banquet, and a day in the royal company watching the manœuvres, and then on to Madrid. James Russell Lowell was our Minister to Spain, and one cannot easily forget that keen, fine, bearded face hunting for us in the gray dawn at the railway station. General Grant had never met Lowell, and was rather nervous over the prospect of the meeting under the awe of the Minister's literary fame. Grant's visit to Madrid resulted in the transfer of Lowell to London.

General Grant saw much of Spain—more, perhaps, than of any other country, excepting England. There was a run into Portugal, with some days at Gibraltar, as the guest of Lord Napier of Magdala, Field Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the station. Lord Napier, a stately, courteous English gentleman, with something about him recalling Washington, was, as General Grant said, one of the best-informed persons he had ever met as to the details of our civil war. Spain interested General Grant. It was all so vivid, picturesque and teeming with color. There was one sombre day at the Escorial. That monotonous, stupendous, unnecessary pile seemed to shudder in the vastness of its loneliness and gloom. At Toledo, also, with its cathedral, its ancient, sacred embroideries, relics of holy saints, priestly garniture and altar finery. Portugal was visited at the special request of the King.

IN BOMBAY, THE HOME OF THE PARSEE

WE LEFT Marseilles one chilly afternoon, and on January 12, 1879, the sea a dead calm, the horizon flushed with a purple-golden beauty, the lines of India became apparent. We came into Bombay and were received with cannon and music, and escorted by a troop of cavalry through hot, dusty ways to the Government House at Malabar Point. General Grant spent two months in India, and made special visits to Bombay, Jubbulpore, Allahabad, Agra, Jeypore, Cawnpore, Delhi, Lucknow, Benares and Calcutta. At each stage he was the guest of the British and Indian officials. Lord Lytton was Viceroy, and his cordial telegram greeted us at Bombay. From that moment until two months later, when his Lordship bade us farewell at Calcutta, we felt the ever-present grace of his forethought and consideration.

Bombay was found to be a whirling metropolis, staggering from the effects of a cotton panic. The famed city is the home of the Parsee, a mild, ingenious, thrifty people, with their sun-worship, Towers of Silence, vultures in waiting for the dead, who are given to the birds of the air, and the running streams. There was a reception at the Government House of eminent natives, distinctive in raiment, race and insignia, in procession, and, while advancing, their pedigree and achievements were announced. There came, hands folded, as if in prayer, renowned scholars "learned in the law," a Parsee merchant "knighted for his benevolence," the Hindu diamond merchant, "one of the richest in India," the Arab, the Brahmin, the descendants of men who were priests and princes while England was in the depth of barbarism.

AN ELEPHANT RIDE TO THE SACRED RIVER

FROM Bombay we journeyed to the sacred river on the elephants, spending the night at Jubbulpore. The sins of the Hindus are dissolved by the waters of the sacred river. What impressed us was the gorge of marble rocks, the home of the wild pigeon, our boat being rowed in silence so as not to disturb the wasps into an expression of undesirable hospitality. From Jubbulpore we visited Allahabad, then governed by Sir George Couper, a noted official. Thence we passed on to the scene of the mutiny—that sinister memory of 1857. Agra, Lucknow and Delhi were studied—notably Agra, which reached its splendor about the time Columbus discovered America; the home of Akbar, his palace now an English fort; the Pearl Mosque, where the god you worship must needs be the God of Beauty, and above all the Taj Mehal. The Taj Mehal is the tomb of a wife built in commemoration of her virtues, the Emperor Shah Jehan, the builder, and his wife, the exalted one. It was seventeen years in building, twenty thousand men working for their daily portion of corn.

This, indeed, is the land of the mutiny. We come to Delhi, in decay, but monumental even in its fall. Tombs, temples, mosques and monuments stud the suburbs for miles, people burrowing and huddling in the ruins. You see where grandeur was once paramount, but now hopelessly gone; a population of two millions reduced to a quarter of a million. The Peacock Throne-room of the palace, with its ceiling of solid silver, masses of jewels and gold to the value of thirty millions of dollars, is now a stripped and shabby chamber.

HISTORIC SCENES IN THE LAND OF MUTINY

WE HAD days at Lucknow, the scene of the Nana Sahib's infamy, of the mutiny whose memories are still vivid. There was one position carried by the English, and the defenders, 1700 Sepoys, killed. Holy Benares is a venerable shrine, the sacred Hindu city, one of the oldest, antedating Tyre, Athens and Rome, a city before Nebuchadnezzar had conquered Jerusalem, and even in this land teeming with marvels worthy of its traditions and its fame. We saw the holy walls, the site where the bodies of the Hindus were burned, the monuments to widows who had burned themselves alive in memory of their bereaved husbands, the temple to the god who breathes your soul into eternal bliss.

Lord Lytton reigned, and warm was the proconsular welcome to his Vice-Regal palace at Calcutta. Known as a writer of verses, as well as in diplomatic service at Lisbon and Washington, we found him ruling a vast empire. Life in Calcutta involved a trip to the scene of the mutinous outbreak, "soldiers discovering the greased cartridges," a picnic under a banyan tree, a state dinner at the Viceroy's palace, the heads of various native princely houses in attendance, the Prince of Oude among others—sidling into corners, not caring to be seen. Various and instructive are the monuments of Calcutta. As the Viceroy was leaving the city, going to the hills, General Grant became the guest of Sir Ashley Eden at his home, the Belvidere—interesting as the residence of Warren Hastings when Governor-General of India. Here the General took leave of the Viceroy and of India, hurrying on board a steamer at midnight, and over the seas to Rangoon, where we arrived March 19, 1879.

GENERAL GRANT'S FAMOUS TOAST TO ENGLAND

IT WAS readily seen that the Burmah pear was ripening. England having resolved upon annexation the authorities were seeking for a pretext. Rangoon was the dividing line between the Indian and Chinese civilization. Politically an outgrowth of Great Britain, Burmah, in a commercial sense, is an outpost of China. From Rangoon we ran across to the little town of Moulmein, dining with the Volunteer Rifles, and studying the elephant in an advanced stage of civilization—that is to say, as a master workman in a lumber-yard. Under the guidance of a lad armed with a spear the elephant is as docile as a fawn, and will good-naturedly carry heavy logs of teak with agility. It was the thirtieth of April when General Grant reached the British Colony of Hong Kong, an island mountain—in area not much larger than New York City—standing sentinel over China. The Governor's kindness was incessant, and notably I recall the farewell dinner at the Government House. The Governor had a graceful, tripping eloquence, to which General Grant responded, saying that as he was about leaving the British Empire, to be no longer under its flag, he would say that he had met no gentlemen who were kinder than the gentlemen of England. He proposed a toast, one much talked about, and which, as he said, was very near to his heart: "The perpetual friendship and alliance of the two great English-speaking nations of the world—England and America." The kindness of English friends made it difficult to leave Hong Kong, but the mighty Chinese Empire was hovering over us. Within its gates there awaited high welcome from the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang.

A CROWD OF TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE

WE FIRST saw China in the city of Canton. There had been much flurry in Canton over the prospect of seeing a real "Emperor." It was impossible to convey to the Chinese mind the fact that, once a sovereign, the title could not be taken away. In China the General could not be a private gentleman. The popular mind always clothed him with the purple. The Cantonese, upon this royal approach, simmered into a mood of revolution, and the Governor was compelled to issue a soothing proclamation to the effect that "the King of America was coming with rare presents"; that he would visit "the Governor, proceeding afterward to the Roman Catholic Cathedral to converse and pass the night," and "woe to whoever would molest or insult one of the royal party." There was no hint of unkindness when the General visited the Viceroy—simply such a multitude as has rarely, if ever, been seen. Our homely procession, the General swinging in a latticed bamboo chair, a modest retinue of naval and consular people in escort, slowly surged through a silent, brooding sea of faces. General Grant's estimate given on his return from the Governor's, was that we had seen a crowd of two hundred thousand people. The Governor of Canton, surrounded by his officials, received the General at his palace gates, and gave him a banquet remarkable for the extent and variety of the entertainment, a feast of seventy courses, which constituted our first acquaintance with the culinary resources of China.

AT A CHINESE DINNER OF SEVENTY COURSES

THE dinner ran for hours. There was no burden in the feast, it being quite courteous, after you had taken the birds' nest soups and the shark fins, to toy with chopsticks, affect an appetite, and smoke in direct, profuse American fashion. The attendants stood over you waving peacock fans. You began with cake, with apricot kernels and watermelon seeds washed in salt for a relish; then came a group of courses: ham garnished with bamboo sprouts, smoked duck and cucumbers, pickled chicken, shrimps with leeks, spiced sausage with celery, fish with fir-tree cones and sweet pickle. After this came peaches in honey, pomegranates, water chestnuts, fresh thorn-apples and honey gold cake. In my list of the seventy courses I noted that we were proffered birds' nest soup, roast duck, shark fins, mushrooms with pigeon eggs, baked white pigeons, lotus-seeds, ham in honey, a fat duck, perch, sweetmeats, the stomachs of fat fish, pears in honey, whale sinews, soles of pigeon feet, lotus-seed soup, sliced flag-bulbs, salted shrimps, prune juice, almonds with bean-curd.

Macao was visited, and we did homage at the grotto of Camoens. There were calls at Swatow and Amoy, and on May 17, two weeks after our arrival at Hong Kong, the Woosung Forts boomed a welcome as we anchored at Shanghai. General Grant remained a week in this beautiful community. Shanghai was profuse in welcomes—parades, feasts, the ships in the harbor illuminated, gasjet mottoes telling General Grant that he was "a hero and statesman," that "Washington, Lincoln and Grant were America's three immortal names," and that his "fame encircled the world."

LI HUNG CHANG'S FRIENDSHIP FOR GENERAL GRANT

THE great Viceroy sat in his Tientsin home keeping watch and ward over the Empire. Amid cannon-fire, parades, decorated gun-boats and every turbulent and fluttering token of Chinese courtesy, Li Hung Chang received General Grant and there was a long conversation. The Viceroy, with direct, inflexible, glittering eyes, studied the General long and critically, as though he were a strange being just fallen from the clouds. Thence arose a friendship on the part of both which belongs to history—Grant, in later years, ranking Li Hung Chang as one of the four greatest statesmen he had met during his journey. The Viceroy remained much with General Grant, nor would he permit the distractions and allurements of an overwhelming hospitality to deprive him of the General's society. Each in his sphere had ruled vast empires, and there was much in their talk of imperial purposes and problems. Tientsin was pressing, winning, gracious, but we were upon the threshold of Peking, and it was incumbent to pay our *devoirs* to the throne. So, embarking on house-boats, we were floated or pulled by horses up the shallow Peiho, and on the morning of the third day passing under the walls of Kublai Khan, wreathed in clouds of dust and escorted by Chinese cavalry, we swept into the American Legation.

The Emperor was in tutelage, and his uncle, Prince Kung, dominant in Imperial councils, was a kind of Prince Regent. Prince Kung was a Manchu, with face narrow, eyes half closed, and a soft, low, penetrating and somewhat severe voice, inclined to abruptness of speech, and with an Edwin Booth expression of countenance. His raiment was trimmed with yellow, the color of the Imperial family. The Prince was a study. In his conversations with General Grant Prince Kung talked with earnestness upon the relations between China and Japan. This led to a message from the Prince to the Mikado, an extraordinary incident little known in the histories, and the whole business in time to be so managed by the General that war between the two nations was postponed.

It was now home again, with a farewell call upon Li Hung Chang and a visit to Japan by the way. The Viceroy's wife gave a reception to the General's wife and the consular ladies—something unprecedented. We found Mr. Seward, the American Minister, upon our return to Tientsin. He had arrived in time to take his leave of General Grant. There came a dinner of farewell, Mr. Detring, the German commissioner, speaking in the Viceroy's name. The Viceroy begged the General not to forget him when he returned home, but ever to regard him as an admirer and friend. The General, in returning thanks, prayed that he might retain a place in the Viceroy's remembrance. The "Richmond," under Captain Benham, awaited us at the river. The Viceroy, in his yacht, came to say good-bye, and was almost affectionate in his parting words. Amid the roar of the saluting cannon our prow turned toward Japan. These illustrious men never met again. Seventeen years later the aged Viceroy, with faltering steps, entering the tomb of General Grant at Riverside Park, in New York City, laid a memento of flowers upon his coffin.

THE MOST IMPOSING PAGEANT OF THE ENTIRE JOURNEY

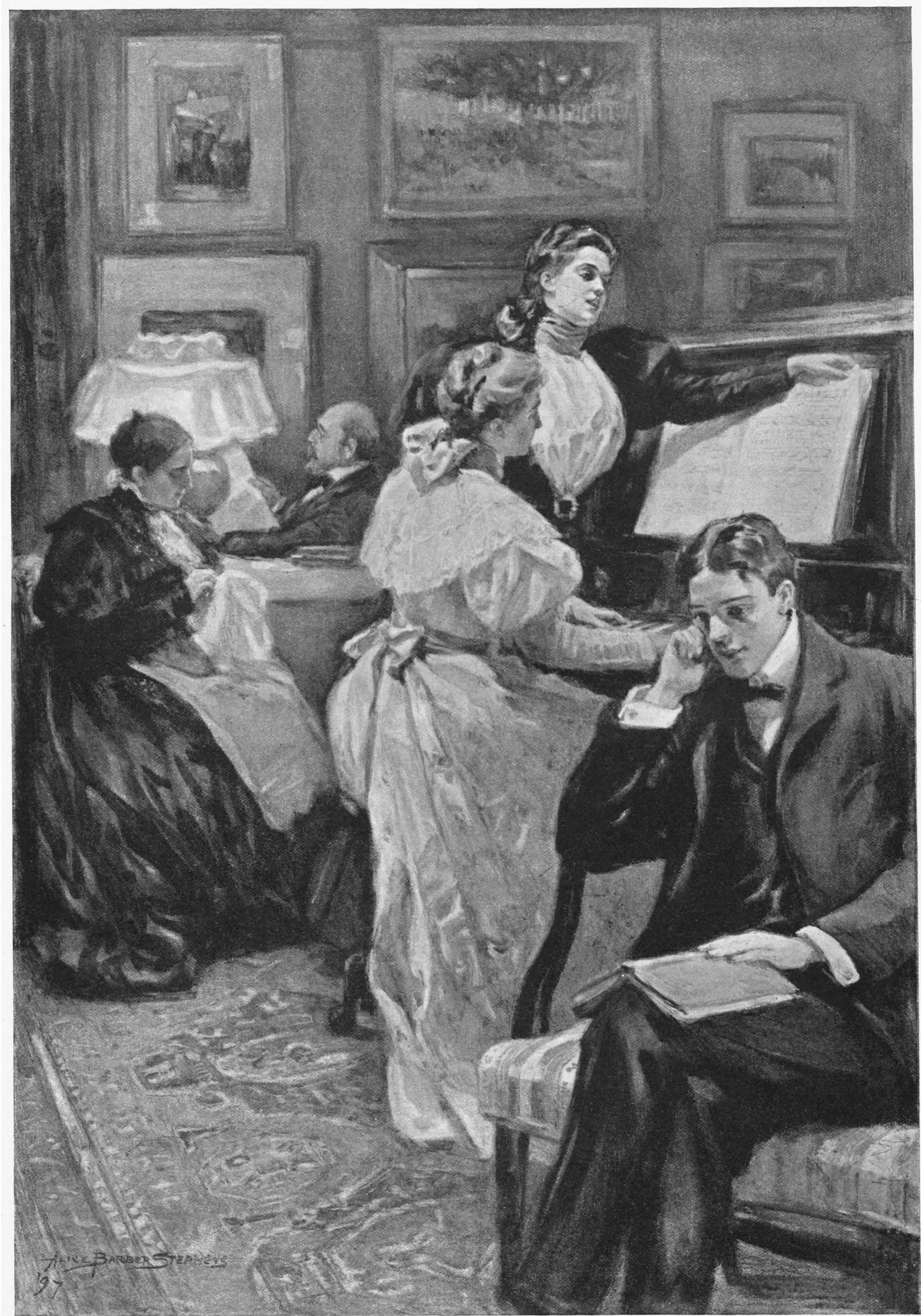
JUNE 21 the "Richmond" threaded her way into the beautiful harbor of Nagasaki. The blessed green of the hills of Japan came upon us after the brown, burning tropics, bringing a delight as of bathing. Prince Dati, in Court splendor, was on a Japanese man-of-war with a special greeting from the Mikado. We found Nagasaki *en fête*, and in the evening, Mr. Bingham, the American Minister, having arrived from Tokyo, the city gave a banquet which General Grant attended. There were tree plantings, a visit to the fair, the schools and the homes of Japanese gentlemen. There were dinners in Japanese fashion in tapestried chambers. We entered the inland sea, the most beautiful bit of water in the world. Halting at Suminda, not an open port, we had a glimpse of Japan as it was before it felt the harsh, crushing touch of our civilization.

There was no pageant in this journey round the world more impressive and imposing than the reception given by the Mikado at the capital. The "Richmond" steamed into Yokohama, the harbor of Tokyo, escorted by the "Ashuelot" and a Japanese man-of-war, on July 3, 1879. There was assembled a fleet of war ships of other powers. At noon the Admiral's barge, flying General Grant's flag as ex-President, and conveying the General and wife, Prince Dati, Minister Bingham and Minister Yoshida, slowly pushed for the shore, and on the instant every naval vessel manned yards and fired the American National salute. The day was as beautiful as days of which we dream—a blue, cloudless sky, a soothing, lapping sea. The sudden transformation from this sleepy, lazy, silent summer day, into the turbulence and clangor of war: the roar of cannon, the music—every band playing an American air—the manned yards, the officers on deck in full dress and saluting the barge as it passed, the cheers of the multitude thronging the shore, the fantastic day fireworks, the cannon smoke banking into clouds, the barge moving with slow, steady stroke, all formed a brilliant and extraordinary scene. As the Admiralty steps were approached there in waiting stood the Imperial Princes, the Ministers and the high officials of the realm, in the splendor of their rank and station. As the General stepped on shore the Japanese guns thundered their greeting, the bands played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and Mr. Iwakura, the venerable Prime Minister, advanced, and, taking the General's hand, in the name of the Emperor welcomed him to Japan. Reaching Tokyo after an hour in the train, the city authorities met us with an address, and the Mikado's state carriage, through a continuous, double line of infantry standing at "present," conveyed the General to the Imperial Palace of Enriokwan.

WHEN THE SACRED MIKADO SAT WITH AN ALIEN

ON JULY 4 the Japanese statesmen, thinking of our National anniversary, having so planned it, General Grant had official audience with the Mikado. His Majesty, a young man taller than the average Japanese, forehead full and narrow, hair and beard black, face impassive, with touch of the Hapsburgs in the full, pouting lips, shook hands while greeting the ex-President, an honor unknown in the annals of Japan.

This audience was followed by the Mikado seeking a private conversation with the General. This interview



THE AMERICAN WOMAN

A SERIES OF TYPICAL SKETCHES

BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

MY WIFE IN A TEMPEST

By Mae St. John Bramhall

A MURMUR creeps up from the languishing lanes,
And a shiver runs over the trees;
Whilst on the gray barns all the startled vanes
Turn a-flash o'er the daffodil seas.

The sun is o'erwhelmed, and the black,
scalloped feet
Of the thunder-clouds tramp o'er its wreck,
And the dove from afar to its cote flies fleet,
With the rain on its deep purple neck.

Thus the elements join in conspiracy kind
To make me everlastingly blest—
For at thunderous crash, and each groan of
the wind
Thou dost cling sweetly close to my breast.

MY THOUGHT—AND HERS?

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

THE gray of the sea and the gray of the sky,
A glimpse of the moon like a half-closed
eye;
The gleam on the waves and the lights on the
land,
A thrill in my heart—and my sweetheart's hand.

She turned from the sea with a woman's grace,
And the light fell soft on her upturned face,
And I thought of the floodtide of infinite bliss
That would flow to my soul with a single kiss.

But my sweetheart is shy, so I dared not ask
For the boon, so bravely I wore the mask;
But into her face there came a flame—
I wonder could she have been thinking the
same?

THE COLONEL AND ME

By Isabel A. Mallon

* NUMBER II



WHEN the Colonel came in he seemed to fill the room with a sunshine of cheerfulness. He was one large, ecstatic smile. I suddenly seemed to be conscious of a great happiness for which there was no particular explanation. That is the charm of a pleasant personality. Like most gentlemen the Colonel delights in being a giver of gifts, and he looked as happy as a child, when, after giving me the red rose that is his customary offering, he added a heart-shaped box marked *Confitures de Baptême*, tied with white satin ribbons, and having the name "Madeline" in silver

letters upon it. I knew then why the Colonel was so joyful. He had been to a christening, and had brought me the pretty box of sweets that is offered to each friend who has come to wish happiness to the little Christian. When he was seated he began to talk.

"My dear, do you remember the Gautier family in New Orleans? Well, after the war there was nobody left but the three Miss Gautiers, and very little money to make them comfortable. The men of the family had either been killed during the war, or had died from the fevers, from lack of food, or from the insufficient medical care so general when New Orleans was at its worst. I remember that those ladies fled, frightened, to a cellar, a damp hole, when the story went around that the city was to be bombarded, and there, with their old father, a delicate gentleman, they stayed for over a week. The consequence was he took a rheumatic fever, was ill for a little while and then they were left alone. Affairs were in such a bad condition that they hardly knew where to get the money to bury their dead, but Miss Gautier, made brave by necessity, went to a Northern officer, one whom she was sure was a gentleman, told him of their trouble, and asked him to advance her a little money on her diamonds. He was a gentleman—one of the Massachusetts Winthrops. Colonel Winthrop refused to take the jewels, and at first would not hear of even accepting Miss Gautier's note, but when he found it would make her more comfortable he acted as he should and did what best pleased the lady.

"THE day of the funeral he wrote a note to Miss Gautier asking permission to come to the house. He brought with him a few of his soldiers, and they waited outside and saw that the little cortège passed through the city and out to the cemetery without being disturbed in any way. Of course, you can imagine what happened afterward. This Colonel Winthrop fell in love with Adrienne Gautier, married her, and having been charmed (how could he help it?) with New Orleans went down there to live. He was young, handsome and energetic, and he set to work to get the Gautier estate into some sort of order, so it could yield at least a little of its former income. Life was going along smoothly when the yellow fever appeared. Winthrop would take nobody's advice, and the morning found him up early breathing that death-laden air, and night saw him drinking in great draughts of it. He was ill but a short time—indeed, in twenty-four hours after he was taken sick he died, and in twelve hours his wife also was dead. She urged her sisters with her last breath to get out of the city and take her baby daughter with them. This they did.

"The tiny girl had been named Marie after her grandmother, but she had been called, as had her grandmother, by the Russian pet name of Douscha. Well, the ladies tried to make what little money they had go as far as possible, and they trained their small niece just as they had been trained by their mother. She was as pretty as a flower, for she had that pink in her cheeks which you see on a rose, while her hair was that golden-brown peculiar to the flower of romance, the pansy.

"First one piece of land in the country and then another had to be sold, for the ladies did not know how to manage the farms, and each overseer they engaged appeared to be more dishonest than his predecessor. At last there was nothing left but the city house with its quaint old furniture, and about three hundred dollars a year for these ladies to live on. But they were happy.

Sometimes Douscha longed, when she was asked to a dance, for a new frock, but her white muslin would be washed and ironed by her 'Mammy,' and in her enjoyment she would forget there were finer frocks than hers.

"BUT one day trouble again entered the big front door, and Miss Gautier realized a sad truth—the small income was reduced one-half. She felt that something must be done. She talked with her sister as to what they should do. They got out the old-fashioned diamonds that their mother wore when she was married—they wondered whether they could sell them; but as Miss Gautier said, 'If we do sell the jewels the money will only help us for a little while. What we want is a regular income.' The ladies were not ashamed to work; there are Southern gentlewomen all over the country earning money for themselves and those they love in every imaginable way, and socially their positions are never affected by this work. But Miss Gautier felt helpless. She sewed beautifully, but so did all the people she knew. While the consultation was going on the ladies had not noticed Douscha had come into the room and was listening. Suddenly she said, 'Tante, why not take a boarder, a gentleman?' This had never suggested itself to them, but much thought was given to it now. Miss Gautier said that she felt she could make a gentleman comfortable, for Colonel Winthrop had always been perfectly satisfied, though, bless her dear heart, she forgot that it had been nineteen years since Colonel Winthrop had died, and during that time their manner of living had changed somewhat. Still Miss Gautier believed that they could, with dignity, receive a gentleman into the family. In her imagination she already saw him—elderly, dignified, polite and probably engaged in getting up a book on 'The Flowers of the South.' She went at once to prepare the guest-room for the comfort of the expected boarder, and incidentally to tell 'Mammy' and old 'Uncle Jim,' the last of their retainers, of their intention.

"THE younger Miss Gautier, who, my dear, was a saint, went off to church to pray that this great undertaking might succeed, though before going she wrote in her quaint, old-fashioned, fine little hand this notice:

"A gentleman will be received in this family as a boarder. He will be expected to furnish a social reference. An application within is suggested to him."

"That this was not a businesslike notice did not enter the head of Miss Celestine Gautier. That it was small seemed well in her eyes. In reality, when it was discovered by any one on the street, it looked like a postage stamp on the old Gautier house. Days went by and the gentleman eager to live in the Gautier family did not appear. Miss Celestine could not understand it, since she had prayed so fervently for his coming.

"On Douscha's fourteenth birthday when her 'Mammy' came home from the French Market she brought her what every Southern girl prizes, a little Saint Joseph. Of course you know, but in the North many do not, that Saint Joseph is the kindly saint who brings desirable husbands to those young ladies who are willing to wait. His image, worn on a string or chain about the neck, is a guarantee that he will not only bring a husband, but will make it a special point to fetch a good one. The Saint Joseph that 'Mammy' presented to Douscha was of silver and about an inch and a half high. Miss Gautier heartily approved of it, for had she not in her own girlhood worn a Saint Joseph? So she hunted up a long, thin gold chain, which was put about Douscha's neck, and the Saint Joseph rested, as it should, close to her warm heart. For some time she had been taunting 'Mammy,' in a pleasant way, with Saint Joseph's laziness, but 'Mammy' would say, in defense of the Saint, 'Wait a while, honey, he am sure to fetch him, and he'll fetch a gentleman.'

"ONE day Miss Celestine was struggling with a shutter that would not unhook. Douscha went to her aunt's help, reached out the window to get a good hold on the stubborn shutter, leaned a bit too far, so that her chain swayed forward, got entangled in the catch of the shutter, and snapped. In less time than it takes to tell it Saint Joseph himself whirled through the air, and after hitting the hat of a gentleman, fell on the pavement just before him. He looked up, then he looked down, then he stooped and picked up the little image. By this time Douscha was at the door, and he realized that whatever the trinket was its owner now claimed it. The beauty of the girl startled him so that, staring at her, he held Saint Joseph out and answered never a word to her thanks. Then speech came to him. He expressed his happiness at being able to return the—what was it? Douscha's face flamed. Glancing at her the little notice was in his line of vision, so he said, 'You want a boarder? I want a place to board.'

"BY THIS time 'Mammy,' realizing that the door was open, appeared on the scene and conducted the blushing applicant for a home into the parlor. It was furnished as are such rooms in the South. The old mahogany chairs and tables with their claw feet were bright from what old 'Mammy' called 'elbow grease'; the quaintly-framed mirrors, the burnished candlesticks, the great china bowls filled with flowers, all the furnishings that gave the room its air of gentility, told the story of a family, not of people who were born yesterday. Miss Gautier came in to see the gentleman who had made known his desires in such an informal way. He told her he was a stranger in the city—yes, from Boston, that is, he was born and educated in Massachusetts, but his home was in New York. His name—oh, yes, his name was John Winthrop Robinson. Then Miss Gautier grew interested. Did he belong to the Winthrop family? He did, on his mother's side. Then he was questioned until his hostess was assured that Mr. Robinson's mother must have been a cousin of their own Colonel Winthrop. There was much gracious, pleasant talk, and Mr. John Winthrop Robinson left the house, the boarder so long expected, so often prayed for, and now arrived.

"After his departure it dawned on Miss Gautier that, first of all, he was not elderly; next, that she had never spoken of the price, and she feared the five dollars he had intended to ask would be more than the young man could afford. Since he was a gentleman they would come down to three. And was he getting up a book on 'The Flowers of the South'? Well, anyhow he was a Winthrop, and that would cover almost any occupation. He appeared just before tea. He was taken into the dining-room, and presented, with much dignity, to Miss Celestine and Douscha. He was introduced as 'Mr. John Winthrop Robinson, my dear sister, who comes from Massachusetts, and who is related to our own Colonel Winthrop, and, like him, appreciates the South as it deserves.' Winthrop Robinson will never forget that supper. The table shone like a looking-glass; at each place there was laid a damask napkin; there was plenty of beautiful china, massive silver and fine cut-glass, but man cannot live on dishes alone. Miss Celestine, at the head of the table, served him with a delicate cup of coffee, while Miss Gautier, from the other end, helped their guest to some dainty preserves fragrant with the flavor of apricots. Old Jim passed around delicious little hot biscuits—biscuits the size of a half-dollar. Everything was dainty and exquisite. But there was not enough. It was just such a supper as gentlewomen, used to living alone, have for themselves. But Winthrop Robinson was hungry, and hungrier after the supper than before. However, he forgot this hunger, when, journeying back to the parlor, Douscha chatted with him and played quaint old tunes he had never heard before.

"TEN o'clock found the boarder in his room with 'Uncle Jim' offering to unpack his portmanteau. While this work was going on he was thinking. He was certain of one thing—that he was in love with this pretty Southern girl, and was equally certain of another thing—that he was going to take the opportunity offered by the saints to woo and win her. But during this time he could not starve. He made up his mind that he would inquire of 'Uncle Jim' who went to market. The old darky told him, with much grief, that 'Mammy' did the marketing nowadays, and then added that there was not much dignity in that, since in every family of any importance the gentleman of the house attended to the marketing, but he was so lame that he could not even represent the ladies. Here was the opportunity! The next morning, after breakfasting on a peach, a small hot roll and a cup of coffee, Miss Gautier felt obliged to speak about business. No, Mr. Robinson was not writing a book; he was in New Orleans about a railroad. Yes, he could amply afford to pay five dollars a week. Then the lovable villain spoke of their having no gentleman as the head of the house, and very delicately suggested to Miss Gautier that she look on him as a relative and permit him to assume some of the responsibilities that would have been his cousin's—the marketing, for instance. Miss Gautier agreed to this after he told her that he was used to it and that he would like to know the ways of the French Market, but it was with the distinct understanding that he would keep an account of the money he spent and it should be deducted from his board. He consented to this, and afterward Miss Gautier told her first cousin, Celeste Commander, that 'Really, we never knew before how we were cheated and what outrageous prices we paid for everything until Mr. Winthrop took to going to market.'

"OF COURSE, my dear, you know the end of this story. Winthrop Robinson had simply gone to New Orleans to see about buying a railroad, and when he went home he not only owned the railroad, but he had the prettiest wife in the world. For Southern women, the pretty ones, are the most beautiful in all the world. Douscha was married in the white satin gown that her grandmother wore; it had grown a cream white with age. Draped about her head was the marvelous point lace veil that had first belonged to some French ancestress, and altogether she was a picture. A good many people were surprised that she did not put on the pearls that her Aunt Madeline gave her, or the diamonds that came from her husband's people. One of her cousins said, 'Why she had nothing on her neck but her old chain and her little Saint Joseph!' Winthrop Robinson never knew what the little Saint Joseph meant until he was her husband; but when they were throwing rice at her, and 'Mammy,' with a wonderful aim, managed to hit the carriage door with a white satin slipper, as she looked from a window over the door, she chuckled and said to herself, 'I allus done told her Saint Joseph would get her a husband, though he don't generally jump out of the window to oblige people.'

"Yes, the bonbons come from her baby's christening, and dear Miss Madeline Gautier promised that the little Madeline should be all that her mother was, for she could not be a sweeter lady nor a better Christian. Winthrop told me that Douscha's little Saint Joseph stands in a small shrine on the altar in her own little room. She does not wear him any more. But this is an ingratitude that Saint Joseph understands; he ceases to be of any particular value when the wedding ring is put on.

"My dear, I cannot tell you how glad and happy I have been this afternoon. I hope you will enjoy the sweets, and may the flower beside them waft to you a perfume suggestive of an old garden that we both know so well down in Maryland."

* The first article of "The Colonel and Me" series was published in the March JOURNAL.

THE DOMESTIC SIDE OF THE WHITE HOUSE*

THE ORIGINAL WHITE HOUSE COST \$300,000

THE provision of a house for the President implied that it should be furnished by the Government. But it was only by steps, and after years, that a full equipment for the house was provided.

In August, 1814, all the public buildings, including the Capitol and the Executive Mansion, except the jail and the Patent Office, were destroyed by fire by the British. Both of the warring Nations were discredited by the incident—the United States by the failure to organize an adequate defense of its Capital, which was easily possible, and Great Britain by the wanton destruction of the library and public archives, including such art and historical treasures as were in the public buildings. The famous portrait of Washington hanging in the White House was saved by Mrs. Madison, who caused the canvas to be taken from the frame and carried it with her in her flight.

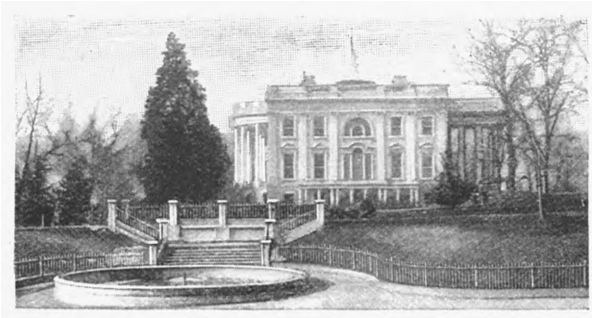
When the fugitive public officials returned to the desolated city the President was for a time housed in rented private houses. The Executive Mansion was rebuilt, and again occupied by the President (Monroe) in 1818. The original cost of the house is said to have been a little more than three hundred thousand dollars, and something more than that amount was expended in restoring it, and in the building of the north and south porticos.

The appropriations for the house were for many years expended nominally under the direction of the President. Now all purchases for the house, except for the offices, are made by the Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, the articles needed, or the work to be done, being chiefly selected, or indicated, by the President's wife.

By the Act of 1872 it is made the duty of the officer in charge of the property of the United States about the President's house to make an annual statement to the Architect of the Capitol of the things purchased and sold during the year. It is unfortunate that a detailed record was not kept in the Executive Mansion from the beginning, of all purchases of silver plate, china, bric-à-brac and furniture. Such information can only be obtained now by searching through the records of the office of the Architect of the Capitol, and the abbreviated descriptions make identification often vague.

EARLY EXTRAVAGANCE

IN APRIL, 1840, during the heated political campaign of that year, Representative Ogle, to whom I have referred in a former article, delivered a speech in the House, attacking the expenditures for the Executive Mansion under Mr. Van Buren and his predecessor. The speech was a very bitter one, and some of his criticisms were very puerile and even ridiculous; but the



THE WHITE HOUSE—VIEW FROM THE TREASURY



By Hon. Benjamin Harrison

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCES BENJAMIN JOHNSTON

Mrs. John Adams, writing immediately after entering the Executive Mansion, gives an account of a state of things which in the retrospect is amusing, but the experience of which would have utterly dismayed a woman less brave and less accustomed to strenuous exertion and sacrifice than Mrs. Adams. The proportions of the house seemed to her, as to every one who has looked upon it since, to be "grand and superb." The plan was taken from the palace of the Duke of Leinster in Dublin. "If they will put me up some bells and let me have wood enough to keep fires," wrote Mrs. Adams, "I design to be pleased." But, though literally in the woods, no one could be found to cut and cart firewood. The few cords of wood that had been provided had been expended to dry the plastering. A Pennsylvania wagon, secured

THE provision of a permanent home for the President was an obvious incident of the establishment of a permanent Capital. While the seat of Government was unsettled, and was being shifted from place to place, as the exigencies of the war and the mutinous demonstrations of our unpaid soldiers required, Congress rented a Hall of Assembly and a home for the President of Congress. Before April 30, 1789, there was no President of the United States to be housed, but in 1785—the second year after the treaty of peace—Congress appointed a commission, with power to select, on the Delaware, a site for a National Capital, and to make contracts for building a President's house, houses for the Secretaries and a Federal house. The persons to be provided for were the President of Congress and the heads of the Departments that had then been created. No action was taken by this commission.

IN THE EARLY DAYS

WHEN, in the year 1791, the Capital was finally located on the Potomac, the building of the President's house and of the Capitol proceeded together. The Congress first assembled in the new Capitol on November 17, 1800; and John Adams, then President, took up his abode in the Executive Mansion. Neither the Capitol nor the Executive Mansion was fully completed. John Cotton Smith, a Representative from Connecticut, writing at the time said: "Instead of recognizing the avenues and streets, portrayed on the plan of the city, not one was visible, unless we except a road, with two buildings on each side of it, called New Jersey Avenue. Pennsylvania Avenue, leading, as laid down on paper, from the Capitol to the Presidential Mansion, was, nearly the whole distance, a deep morass covered with alder bushes, which were cut through the width of the intended avenue during the ensuing winter." The surface of the city generally, he says, was "covered with scrub oak bushes on the higher grounds, and on the marshy soil either with trees or some sort of shrubbery."

MODELED AFTER THE DUKE OF LEINSTER'S PALACE

GOVERNEUR MORRIS wrote, in December, of the city: "We want nothing here but houses, cellars, kitchens, well-informed men, amiable women and other trifles of this kind to make our city perfect. . . . In short, it is the very best city in the world for a future residence."

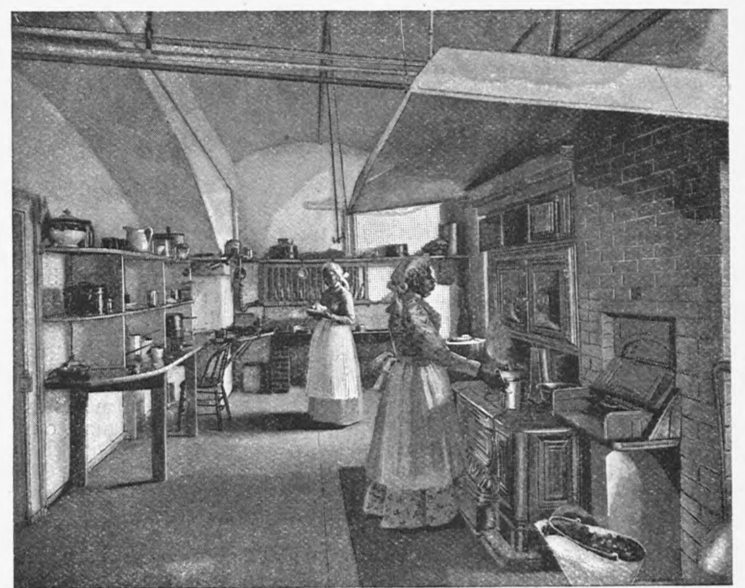


THE PRIVATE DINING-ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE

through a Treasury clerk, delivered a cord and a half of wood, "which is," wrote Mrs. Adams, "all we have for this house, where twelve fires are constantly required, and we are told the roads will soon be so bad that it cannot be drawn."

The society ladies were "impatient for a drawing-room" in the Executive Mansion, and this when Mrs. Adams had "no looking-glasses but dwarfs," and "not a twentieth part lamps enough" to light the house. There was no inclosure, and she made a drying-room for her clothes of

the great East Room. Her New England memories of wood-sheds well stocked with dry wood before snow fell, and her Yankee detestation of "dawdling" found its experience trying. "If the twelve years in which this place has been considered as the future seat of Government had been improved, as they would have been if in New England, very many of the inconveniences would have been removed." Well might Mrs. Adams say, as so many of her New England sisters have since said when the stage coach landed them in one of the paper towns of the West, "We have, indeed, come into a new country." But all this was for the eye of her daughter, not for the newspapers—"You must keep this all to yourself, and when asked how I like it, say that I write you that the situation is beautiful, which is true."



THE WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN



IN THE LIBRARY ON THE SECOND FLOOR

speech gives, from the records, a great deal of valuable historical information as to the furniture of the White House. Perhaps Mr. Ogle's rancor found its stimulation, if not its apology, in the assaults which the Democratic press had made upon the Whig candidate. From one of these, the "Globe," which he calls Mr. Van Buren's organ, he quotes as follows: "No other person is permitted to come near him but an old servant waiter, who brings his meals, and performs the necessary duties of the cage. None of the domestic animals are allowed to come near the cage; and a favorite dog, who ran away with him in all his battles, having been observed to bark very significantly, after an interview with his master, was forthwith knocked in the head, and thrown into the Ohio." Mr. Ogle felt impelled by these cruel assaults to "cast aside every sentiment of mere delicacy, and to 'cry aloud and spare not.'"

We learn that stables for the President's horses were first erected during Jackson's second term, and that the expenditure anticipated the appropriation. They are described as "externally beautiful and internally commodious"—terms that hardly apply to the present stables. The President now furnishes his own horses and carriages

* This article concludes ex-President Harrison's "Life in the White House" series. The preceding papers are "A Day with the President at His Desk" and "The Social Life of the President"—published in the March and April issues of the JOURNAL.

and the feed for the horses, and hires his own coachman. A carriage or two, with the necessary horses and a driver, are supplied by the Government for the use of the President's private secretary, and the executive clerk who carries his messages to Congress, and these are kept in the stables of the Executive Mansion.

SCANT PRIVACY FOR THE OCCUPANTS OF THE WHITE HOUSE

WE LEARN that, at least as early as 1831, a gardener was provided, and that the improvement of the grounds was quite generously provided for during the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren. Mr. Ogle expressed great horror at this waste of the public money, for "erecting stables, building dwarf walls and coping, constructing fountains, paving footways, planting, transplanting, pruning and dressing horse chestnuts, lindens, Norway spruce, and balm of Gilead; hauling and depositing rich soil for top-dressing flower-beds and borders, training and irrigating honeysuckles, trumpet creepers, primroses, lady slippers and dandelions, cultivating sweet-scented grass, and preparing beautiful bouquets for the palace saloons." It seems that the "President's garden" was then inclosed by a high stone wall, that the entrances were usually locked and that the general public was excluded. Mr. Ogle had been twice in this garden in company with another Member of Congress, and on both occasions, finding the western gate locked, was compelled to climb over the wall. The "gardener" has now become a florist and has several assistants. The lady slipper has given way to the orchid, the primrose to the American beauty, and the dandelion to the chrysanthemum—the garden to conservatories. It would seem that in Mr. Van Buren's time the gardens did not yield a sufficient supply of flowers for the President's table, as in November of that year John Thomas, of Baltimore, rendered a bill of one hundred dollars for "a set of artificial flowers for the President's table." The grounds of the Executive Mansion are now practically a public park; for, though inclosed by high iron fences, the gates stand open, save that the gates to the grounds south of the house are closed and locked at night.

The driveway in front is a thoroughfare, and the walks are used as freely as the sidewalks of the city. Until screens were placed in the windows of the private dining-room it was not an usual incident for a carriage to stop in front of them while the occupants took a gratified view of the President and his family at their breakfast or lunch. Some of the Department clerks once remonstrated against the closing of the gates to the grounds south of the house because the walk around the ellipse was a little longer. There is not a square foot of ground, not a bench nor a shade tree that the President or his family can use in privacy. The Botanical and propagating gardens, maintained by the Government, supply the parks with trees, shrubs and flowers. The President's tables and "saloons" no longer have a monopoly of cut flowers; but Mr. Ogle, if he were now in Congress, would have every now and then a handsome bouquet from one of these gardens, and would have learned that the adornments of the grounds and the furnishings of the "saloons" were public expenditures.

WHAT CHARLES DICKENS SAID OF THE EXECUTIVE MANSION

THE Executive Mansion is open to visitors from ten o'clock A. M. to two o'clock P. M.—the large East Room or parlor to every well-behaved person without any card or introduction. The other three parlors, called the Green, Blue and Red Parlors, and the conservatories, are shown to those who bring a card from a Senator or Member, or are otherwise introduced. The private dining-room is the only room on the first floor of which the President's family has an exclusive use. Charles Dickens, in his "American Notes," gives an interesting account of the freedom of the Executive Mansion in 1842. He says:

"We entered a very large hall, and having twice or thrice rung a bell which nobody answered, walked without further ceremony, through the rooms on the ground floor, as divers other gentlemen (mostly with their hats on and their hands in their pockets) were doing very leisurely. Some of these had ladies with them, to whom they were showing the premises; others were lounging on the chairs and sofas; others in a perfect state of exhaustion, and from listlessness were yawning drearily. The greater portion of this assemblage were rather asserting their supremacy than doing anything else, as they had no particular business there that any one knew of. A few were closely eyeing the movables as if to make quite sure that the President, who was far from popular, had not made way with any of the furniture, or sold the pictures for his private benefit."

The usual entrance and exit, both for the President and his family, and the public, is by the north portico. There are one head usher and not less than three ushers, and three policemen, detailed from the city force, who, stationed in the north corridor in reliefs, receive visitors and preserve order. None of these wear any uniform or badge. The entrance from the south portico is directly into the State reception-room, or Blue Parlor. This door is usually locked, and is only used by the President and his family for access to the south portico and park. It cannot be used for the entrance of guests at the receptions, for it would bring them, with their wraps, immediately into the

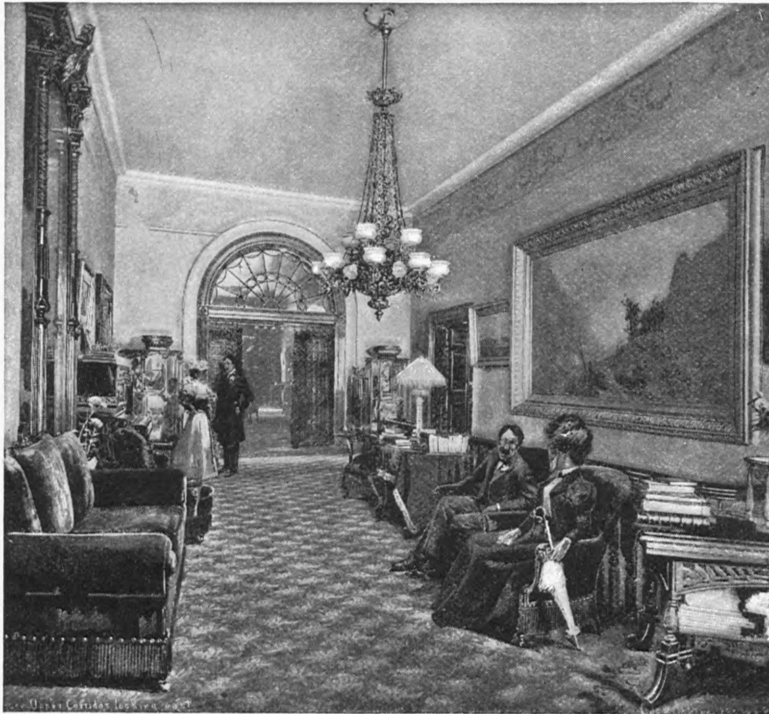
presence of the receiving party. To provide a private entrance for the members of the Cabinet and their wives (who might otherwise be unable to get into the house in time to take their places), and for the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers, one of the south windows of the Red Parlor is converted into a door by placing steps both outside and inside. All other guests must come and depart by the north entrance, unless one of the north windows is in like manner converted into a door, and, by a bridge, connected with the sidewalk. In this respect the house is illy adapted for large receptions.

WHEN THE WHITE HOUSE WAS LIGHTED BY CANDLES

A STEWARD, housekeeper, two dining-room attendants, an engineer, who is also fireman, and other persons needed to take care of the house and furniture, are provided, but the *chef* or cook, and any personal attendants that the President or his family may desire, are employed by him. All of the table stores for the use of his family and of the household force, and for all State dinners, the President supplies. Mrs. Abigail Adams said that thirty servants would be needed in the White House; but in her day gas and electricity for lighting, furnaces for heating, electric call bells and manifold other do-



THE PRESIDENT'S BED-CHAMBER



THE SPACIOUS CORRIDOR—SECOND STORY OF THE EXECUTIVE MANSION

plumber's art has superseded the water-carrier and the hand pump. The lucifer match and the lighting taper have been retired. But, if Mr. Ogle is to be trusted, the charms of the belles of the olden time were not clouded when they assembled in the East Room. He found one hundred and eighty lights in the room: "Four pair of rich, ten-light mantel lamps, three very splendid gilt chandeliers, each for eighteen candles," etc. He comments as follows: "Here, Mr. Chairman, our Democratic President shines with the overpowering lustre of one hundred and eighty lights. Had you the eyes of the fabled Argus, he would blind them all. It really appears as if he had intended not only to bedizen the vision of his Democratic friends, but to rival, by the effulgent beams of his palace, the 'glorious king of day' himself."

SLEEPING-ROOMS OF THE EXECUTIVE MANSION

THE private rooms in the second story occupy all of the space west of the Green Parlor. The space above the great East Room is used for offices, and that above the Green Parlor for the Cabinet Room. The large upper hall is separated by a partition from the office rooms, and is lighted by a skylight, and by a large, old-fashioned window at its west end. It is fitted up as a sort of sitting-room, and while the library was used by the President as an office was the only private sitting-room. There are four bedrooms looking to the north, if the small, west room intended for a dressing-room is included; and three looking to the south, if a corresponding dressing-room is included. Properly speaking there are five bedrooms in the Executive Mansion, though by the use of the two dressing-rooms and of the end of a short hall that formerly opened to a large north window, but has now been closed up to make a small bedroom, the number may be increased to eight. It is said that during Mrs. Hayes' time, when a

large and gracious hospitality was exercised at the White House, some of the younger male guests slept on the billiard table in the basement; and cots, in a screened corner of the hall, or in the library, are rather a familiar expedient. There are no suitable servants' quarters. Those provided are in the basement, and only those opening to the south are habitable. The north rooms open upon a damp brick area and are unhealthy. One of the basement rooms, having a southern exposure, is fitted up as a billiard-room, but very plainly. When this very acceptable rainy-day diversion was sanctioned by the Government is not clear, but it seems that an inventory of the White House furniture, taken in 1825, under a resolution of Congress, uncovered a billiard table, which, with the cues and balls, cost sixty-one dollars. The Jackson men in Congress made a great outcry about the

impiety and extravagance of this transaction. It seems, however, to have been developed that President Adams had paid the bill out of his own pocket.

Mr. Ogle's researches throw some light upon the introduction of the bathtub into the White House. He quotes the Commissioner of Public Buildings as saying in his report that he had constructed a reservoir in the basement, from which by means of a force pump the baths were to be supplied, and says: "I am not a little surprised that Mr. Van Buren is the first President who made the discovery

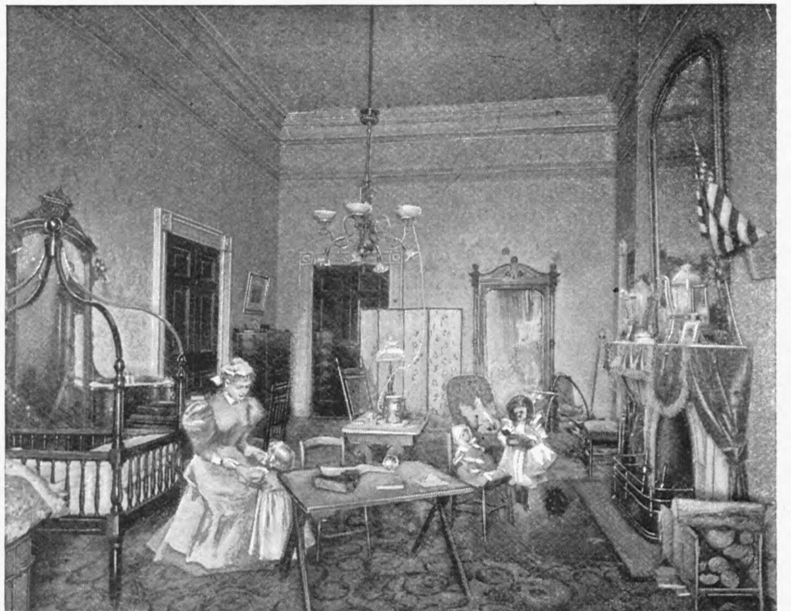
that the pleasures of the warm or tepid bath are the proper accompaniments of a palace life. For it appears that our former Presidents were content with the application, when necessary, of the simple shower bath." He then refers with high approval to the salutary side of Mr. Adams' heroic habit of bathing in the Potomac "between daybreak and sunrise."

It is said that provision for a library for the White House was first made during Mr. Fillmore's term. Neat cases are arranged about the room, and most of them are filled with books—old editions of historical and classical works. There is no catalogue, and the library has not been kept up.

There are practically no pictures in the White House belonging to the Government, except the portraits of the Presidents and a few portraits of some of the Presidents' wives. The latter have, so far as I know their history, been presented to the Government. Some of the portraits are creditable works of art, but many are not. At the close of a Presidential term Congress appropriates twenty-five hundred dollars for the portrait of the retiring President. He selects his own artist, and if he be a man who has fame as a painter the work is done and sent in a suitable frame to the Executive Mansion for much less than the customary honorarium. The large pictures, by Bierstadt, of Rocky Mountain scenes, which have for some years hung on the private stairway and in the upper hall, are the property of the artist, and not of the United States, as is generally supposed.

IMPROVING THE PRESIDENTIAL HOME

MUCH has been said and written about the inconveniences and inadequacy of the Executive Mansion, and many plans have been proposed to remedy its real or imaginary defects. Some have proposed to abandon the house as a place of residence, to give it over wholly to official uses, and to build a new home for the President; others suggest to make the house strictly and solely a place of residence, by removing the offices to a suitable new building. It would be a great shame, I think, to divert this stately and historic house to another and a meaner use than that to which it was set apart when



IN THE NURSERY OF THE WHITE HOUSE

Washington laid its corner-stone. With the offices out of it, some better provision for the accommodation of the domestics, and another large room, with a suitable exit, to relieve the overcrowded receptions, the house would be adequate and altogether creditable.

THE BURGLAR WHO MOVED PARADISE

By Herbert D. Ward

[A SEQUEL TO "AN OLD MAID'S PARADISE" AND "BURGLARS IN PARADISE," BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS]

* CHAPTER VIII

PARADISE FOUND—Continued

HE morning after the storm Puelvir woke up very early. The first blast of the squall had battered down the scant protection of curtains and blankets that she had pinned up, and had left her room entirely open on one side to the roaring blackness of the furious night. Puelvir's modesty was shocked. She sprang up to refasten the curtains. She found herself in the middle of a whirlwind. First the towels and stockings revolved about the room, and then sped out the open side. These were followed by sheets, pillow-cases, curtains, aprons, blankets, chairs and table, until Puelvir felt herself irresistibly sucked into the cyclone, and almost swept out of her room. All this took only a few moments from the time of her awaking. Then came the breaking of the cable, and the sundering of the two scows. Puelvir dimly understood what these accidents portended. She had rushed to the door that led downstairs to the kitchen. It was held by the wind, and she could hardly open it from the inside. In the struggle she began to call out hoarsely:

"Git up there, Zero! We're shipwrecked! The kitchen's overboard!"

But Zero did not answer. He was slumbering peacefully in his hammock, which did not sway with the scow. For Zero had once been on a trip to the Grand Banks as cook's boy, and neither the motion nor the commotion were sufficient to disturb his dreams. At last, Puelvir, breathing heavily, arrived at the wood-shed, and began to shake the hammock violently.

"Git up!" she called. "The kitchen's gone bust into the Atlantic Ocean, and it's blowin' like all possessed outside! Don't ye hear it?"

"Hey?" asked Zero mildly. "It's too early to get up yet. Lemme alone."

But Puelvir, without ceremony, lifted up one side of the hammock, and spilled Zero flatly out on the heaving floor. The gale roared. The kitchen trembled and shook. Puelvir thought that they were about to be bodily blown into the sea. So she stood up as firmly as she could, and grasped the side of the shed, to hold it down. But Zero, whose intelligence, like that of all Fairharbor boys, burned (like potassium) brightest upon water, cocked up his head and listened, and then scrambled to his feet.

"It's a squall," he said coolly. "I'll go on deck and look out for her."

When Puelvir struggled on deck and found Paradise gone she was overwhelmed by a stupor of fear, not so much for herself as for the safety of her mistress.

"She's drowned!" wailed Puelvir, beating her hands upon her breast. "She can't do nothin' without me. She never could. He's no good!" To her mind the husband had always been a useless encumbrance. Now Puelvir looked upon him as little less than a murderer. That her dear Miss Corona should be separated from her under these dreadful circumstances, and with him, was more than she could bear. It had not yet occurred to her to be very much frightened on her own account. She did not know enough of her danger to realize it. But Zero understood that they were in desperate straits.

"We've got to hold her, or she'll bring up on Halfway Rock, and go to kindling!" he roared at Puelvir, with an idea of giving her comfort.

As they were in total darkness, the main house having gone off with their only lantern, Zero labored at a considerable disadvantage. Besides, there was no anchor aboard, and no warp to anchor with if there had been one. Zero was greatly perplexed. But as he had never been in sole command of a craft before, and as he had seen worse gales at sea and more water aboard, he undertook his new responsibility with great zest and some sense.

"This ain't nothin'!" he bellowed again into Puelvir's face. "I've seen worse than this. If I only hed an anchor, an' a road, an' a rock bottom, we'd fetch her up soon enough." Hé crawled around to the great wooden cleats upon which the warp had been fastened that held the anchor before it parted. Zero felt of the rope, and began to pull it in. To his surprise it pulled hard, and before he knew it he had about fifteen fathoms of cable aboard. It had got fouled on the fluke of the anchor, and been chafed off by the strain. Puelvir knew nothing of this find. She stood with her gaunt hands making telescopes at her eyes, peering into the storm. "If she hadn't gone and got married," she muttered bitterly.

"I want an anchor!" Zero came up and bellowed this request into Puelvir's face, as if he had been asking for a dish-towel or a quart measure.



DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR

"WELL, MISS CORONA, HE'S COME, AN' I'VE UP 'N' GONE 'N' DONE IT"

"Why don't ye take the stove?" sobbed Puelvir. "It's heavy enough. I won't need it no more. We sha'n't never see her again."

"It mought do," said Zero doubtfully. "We mought catch on somethin'. I hain't heard of none bein' used that way. There ain't no harm tryin'. Gimme a lift!"

The scow danced and spun in the gale. It was now far out in the harbor. Puelvir began to be thoroughly alarmed. She could see nothing in the blackness. She could feel the salt tears wetting her cheeks like rain. She helped eagerly at the stove. Zero pulled at the legs, which were of the kind that stay on. The open side of the sawed-off kitchen made it easy to get the stove out and down upon the scow. The muscles stood out on Puelvir's big, strong arms. She lifted and tugged like a man.

"I'll tie the line on," she said, panting. "It's my stove."

"No, ye don't," Zero retorted. "It's my ship! Get out! You'll tie a granny."

"Call me a granny?" Puelvir wrathfully lifted up her hand to box the boy's ears. But at that moment a wail came over the sea. It was the tolling of a bell. She thought she recognized the sound.

"It's the dinner-bell!" she cried out. "Miss Corona's callin' of me! Hi there! Miss Corona! Here I be!"

"Rats!" interrupted Zero. "Here, gimme a hand on this here stove. It's the bell-buoy off Norman's Woe. If ye don't leave her over now we're goners sure!"

This practical hint as to their saline status sobered Puelvir like a dash of sea water. Choking, sobbing, dazed by gale and sea, and loss and terror, she gave the stove a mighty heave. It went over with a splash that sounded above the squall. The wind struck them more incisively than before. The bell now tolled wild and menacing. It came nearer and nearer. Zero, in the meanwhile, was feeling of the cable as the scow dragged the stove on the uneven bottom. Suddenly there was a terrible bump—a howl of the bell enveloped them—a final shriek of the squall—a surging and wrenching of the scow and a slipping of the kitchen followed. The two were thrown from their feet. Zero was the first to recover himself.

"We're all right!" he yelled above the storm. "We've brought up on the buoy. We've give her a good crack. The stove has fouled her chain! Our anchor is ketched! Hurrah for us!"

July never blossomed into a lovelier, calmer dawn than it did on the morning following this historic squall. The wrecks of gilded yachts, of trim fishermen, and of lumbering coasters, strewed the harbors from Boston to Portsmouth. Fairharbor was signally free from loss of craft. Only two yachts had dragged ashore.

At the earliest gray of the morning, long before the lobster men go to inspect their pots, long before the traps are hauled, or sloops leave their weirs for the early market, two tugs, whose black smoke seemed even in the flying darkness to desecrate the purity of the bay, coincidentally put their wheels hard down, signaled "full speed," and made for the objects of their search. One tug was scouring the harbor; the other was coming in after a fruitless trip.

Since two o'clock these anxious guardians had been vainly searching for Paradise, which, in its detached form, they must have passed and repassed in the harbor many times. In a little cove by the beach, sheltered and serene, within a biscuit's throw of a summer cottage, Paradise floated peacefully. Toward it Mr. Timbers and the house-mover, on the harbor tug, made a straight course. Quaking with the terrors of a broken contract, and the expected reproaches of an offended woman, they urged the tug to its utmost.

On the other side of the harbor—two miles out—on the edge of the channel, the bell-buoy lazily called. Here a touching meeting was taking place.

The captain of the tug that had been engaged to move the cottage leaned far out of his pilot-house, giving orders to make her fast, and to hold her this time with all the warps on board. The engineer, having shut off steam, was the first to board the derelict. He and Puelvir met on the scow's deck, and wrung each other's hands like friends who had been separated for a long time. Zero came proudly up for the nautical recognition that he felt was due to him at this crisis.

"It was a blow," began the engineer, looking around and then letting his gaze rest upon Puelvir's honest face, "an' ye've stood it, Miss, like a man."

But Puelvir looked at the engineer severely, and took her hand out of his. "Where be they?" she demanded. "Is she safe?"

For answer the engineer turned her shoulders gently to the eastward, where Paradise floated in the cove.

"See? I guess everybody's all right. I'll bet there ain't another house on the coast," he said, with a bow, "that hed rid out that squall as easy as you'n. I'd rather have her than a yacht, by a good deal. But how did ye anchor her? Ye didn't have none aboard."

"Thank the Lord o' mercy on us!" Puelvir wiped her eyes with the back of her rough hand. She was not thinking about anchors.

"We heaved over the kitchen stove," put in Zero proudly. "That ketched her!"

"Kitchen stove!" repeated the engineer. "Well, I'll be slivered! Well, Zero, you are a sailor, an' no mistake! You're a scale of the old fish!"

"It was my idee," said Puelvir, recovering herself—

"but law! let the boy have the credit on't."

"I allers said you was a corker!" said the engineer

*"The Burglar Who Moved Paradise" was begun in the December (1896) JOURNAL.

OLD GABE CARTER'S COMPANY

By Julia Truitt Bishop

DRAWINGS BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN



YOU left the town and went out northward you followed where the road trailed in an irresolute manner up hill and down dale, going out of its way to pass straggling farms. Most of these farms were ill-kept and neglected, but the most straggling and disreputable of them all belonged to old Gabe Carter.

"He ain't got no call to work hard," said a neighbor in extenuation of the farmer's sins of omission, which were many; "he ain't got nobody to take keer on but hisself, an' ef he wants to take things easy why let 'im, that's what I say."

Old Gabe Carter had never rebelled against the disrespectful title which the Fates had given him. It had clung to him for many years now, and there was a tradition in the neighborhood that he had been known by that name forty years ago—perhaps even longer than that. The time had come when he would have been surprised and disconcerted if he had heard any one call him "Mr. Carter."

Old Gabe was not beautiful to look upon. His features were thin and eager, his hair long and straggling, and the tall form was angular to the last degree. A miscellaneous assortment of ill-fitting garments generally made up what he called his "clo'es," though there was a mysterious outfit hanging up in the "spare room," known to him as his "other clo'es." When he went about the farm, he wore his "clo'es," but when he went to the church, or attended one of the rare funerals in the community, he came out in all the splendor of his "other clo'es." This was so well recognized that when Becky McGuire, glancing out from the kitchen window, saw him in the glory of the "other clo'es," jogging serenely down the road, she screamed to her mother:

"Oh, ma, ma: There goes old Gabe Carter in his 'other clo'es.' Run an' ask 'im who's dead!"

Old Gabe lived alone, with a few trifling exceptions. One of these was the hired man, who occupied the cabin at the further side of the orchard. He would not have even a hired man too near. "Comp'ny's mighty good," he explained to that functionary, "but a body can have too much of it, an' ef you an' me was to git lonesome 'tain't so fur but what we can call one another."

AND yet he was not averse to company at times. Seldom did any neighbor follow the road that trailed past the farm but he saw old Gabe leaning over the fence waiting for him. At such times the old man had strange things to tell—things which made the neighbors stare and shrug their shoulders when they were out of sight.

"Ye see that rooster, Julius Cæsar?" he would inquire with a look of pride illuminating his face. "That's the smartest critter they is in three counties. Maybe you don't know that Julius foretol' this mornin's rain, jes' as plain as ef he'd a-talked, an' been done with it. I knowed when that rooster started to bed las' night that he had somethin' on 'is mind: an' he hadn't been there more'n half a hour before he foun' out what it was. An' then he crew five times, jes' as loud as he could crew, so's to let me know; an' right then I knowed we was a-goin' to have rain. Julius has been in the foretelling' business some time, an' he ain't never made a mistake yet. Jes' look at 'im a-struttin' aroun' there like as ef he owned the earth. He knows ever' word I been a-sayin' as well as ef he'd a-said it hisself. They ain't no critter nowhere smarter than Julius."

And, indeed, Julius Cæsar strutted about with a full sense of his own importance as a rival of the Weather Bureau, which has, like him, been in the ness for some time, disadvantage, that it to make mistakes. What mysterious thing it was that whispered to Julius when it was going to rain, no one knew; but there was in him some close kinship to Nature which gave him prophetic knowledge of the times and seasons. He was not an especially beautiful fowl. His comb drooped over to one side in a rakish and slouchy manner, and his legs were scaly and disreputable; yet this "Weary Watson" of the barnyard absolutely seemed to close one eye in a most significant manner as his master talked.



"THERE GOES OLD GABE CARTER"

ANOTHER of old Gabe's companions was the cat. "Jes' look at that cat," he would say, with a smile wrinkling his thin face. "I'll tell you ole Abe knows a lot. He jes' sets there an' licks 'is paws, an' you couldn't tell from lookin' at 'im that he was thinkin' of a single thing; but, all of a sudden, Abe, he sticks 'is years up an' growls, an' I know in a minute he hears somebody a-comin'. He done that jes' now when he heard you. He ain't got much confidence in folks, Abe ain't. I'm the only one he'd trust fur a minute as fur as you could throw a cow."

But the chief object of old Gabe's affection was the dog. No shaggier and more plebeian dog ever palmed himself off on an unwary mortal as a dog to be fostered and made much of; but the deception succeeded. Old Gabe pointed him out triumphantly to every neighbor who would stop long enough to hear his many wonderful virtues recounted.

"I tell ye that dog's a sharp one," he would say, with chuckles of delight. "That Prince o' mine, he's got more sense than a lot o' folks; o' course I don't mean nothin' personal by that. He jes' simply will not go a-huntin', Prince won't. He's that tender-hearted that he can't bear to see anythin' killed, and when I say, 'Come on, Prince, less go a-huntin',' right then Prince is a-goin' to crawl under the bed."

And he beamed upon the villainous Prince, who was too lazy to walk half a mile to hunt anything, but who had just stolen a squirrel from his master's game-bag, and had devoured the last morsel of it.

"Me an' that 'ere dog is fust-rate friends," he explained. He don't 'pear to let hisself out before strangers, but the way that dog can hold 'is own in a conversation would s'prise ye. Him and me sets here some nights an' talks 'bout mos' ever'thin' they is a-goin'. I says to him las' night, 'Prince,' says I, 'this 'ere world's a holler mockery,' says I. An' what ye think that dog said? Jes' raired back his head an' gaped a mos' tremenjous gape. Jes' the same as ef he'd a-said, 'Well, now, this business makes me tired!'"

THERE must have been in this rusty and rugged old man some faculty which brought him into strange nearness to all dumb creatures. It was easy for him to find out things that were hidden from common mortals, and as he went about his work he kept up a running fire of conversation with the creatures he met. Some one found him one day crouching down in his garden and laughing the silent laugh with which he greeted some new discovery.

"I wisht you'd look a-here," he cried. "Here I go an' mighty nigh break my back packin' up palin's to pale in this 'ere garden, so's to keep the rabbits outen my peas, an' now jes' look at this." And he parted the little heap of gray hair at the foot of the peavines, and showed the two young rabbits crouched within the little hollow below, their bright eyes shining and their small bodies shaken by the wild beating of their hearts.

"Now did ye ever see anythin' to ekal that?" the old man asked jubilantly. "It does beat all how cunnin' these critters is. Along comes that ole rabbit, an' says to herself, 'I'll show that ole customer that he ain't anywhere nigh as smart as he thinks he is.' An' then she jes' delib'ately goes to housekeepin' right under the shadder of my peavines, knowin' well enough that I wa'n't a-goin' to pester her after them babies was in the nest. Well, ef that don't beat all for cute."

And the wrinkled old face was twisted with a smile of delight, as though the rabbits had conferred a special favor on him by setting up squatter sovereignty in his garden.

"Oh, you're here, are ye?" he queried, as he looked up into the little maple tree when he was clearing the "new ground," and saw the bird's nest with a frantic mother fluttering wildly over it. "Well, I s'pose that means what the tree ain't a-goin' to come down. What you fussin' fur? Didn't you hear me say the tree wa'n't a-goin' to come down? I ain't never knocked airy bird outen its nest yet, an' I don't expect to begin at this time o' day."

AND when by chance he stumbled upon the nestful of tiny foxes playing near their hole, during their mother's absence, he took one of them up and talked to it sadly.

"You're a lively little rascal," he said as he held it gently, so that its sharp teeth could not reach his hands. "I reckon ef I let you go now you'll have a many a-one o' my chickens some day to pay me back. Well, you

want to live, don't ye? an' got about as much right as I have. They ain't nobody said that I had all the rights an' you never had none. Run along home quick, sonny, or somethin' 'll ketch ye." And he thrust the fox into the hole, where it disappeared in the twinkling of an eye.

What old Gabe called his "other clo'es" hung on long, wooden pegs in the "spare room," whose window always stood open, for the old man had a lordly contempt for burglars. But one day, when he went to get this extra suit, another claimant had taken possession. In the wide-open pocket of the ridiculous old coat a handful of straw was gathered, and from the midst of it four naked heads, with gaping mouths, were lifted at his approach.

"Well, dear me," ejaculated the old man, "ef that wren ain't gone an' made a nest in my coat pocket. Did you ever see the beat o' that fur downright impudence? The plaguey little critter—she knowed I wa'n't a-goin' to pester 'er, an' I'll bet she kinder winked her eyes when she done it. She jes' says to herself, 'Well, ain't I a-playin' a joke on the ole man this time? Las' year I fooled 'im outen his 'other hat,' an' this year he kin go without his Sunday coat.' Blame the cunnin' little rascal anyway!"

WITH a grin spreading all over his face he hung the coat back on the peg, carefully arranging it as it had been, and he went coatless to church all that summer. "I got my coat rented out," was his simple explanation. "Ef that wa'n't the cutest trick," he said to those friends who found him leaning over the fence afterward, and whom he thought worthy to hear the story. "That little rascal played that on me fur a joke, jes' as plain as ef she'd a-spent the whole year a-figgerin' it out. I'll bet she watches me a-goin' about without any coat on, an' laughs tell she can't see."

Even his few flowers took part in the long conversations he carried on with the world around him.

"You're a-lookin' kinder droopy," he would remark to some blossom as he bent over it and touched its petals tenderly. "I reckon maybe ye want a little water, don't ye? Yes, to be shore. It was a good thing ye spoke; ef ye hadn't, this big, blunderin' ole fool would 'a' let ye starve to death. Always a-thinkin' about hisself, he is, an' a-lettin' ye set here an' starve."

It must be acknowledged that sometimes his companions imposed on him shamefully. Prince was especially destitute of those qualities with which the old man, in his misplaced affection, idealized him.

"Come now, Prince," he would remark to the dog as he was preparing to go to work in the morning, "come now, Prince, I'll hafter trouble ye fur them clo'es ef you're done with 'em. Come now, that's a good dog." But Prince generally refused to "come now," and even growled when the request grew urgent, and the old man abandoned the argument, and wore to the field such miscellaneous garments as he could gather together.

"Prince was a-layin' on my clo'es," he explained to the hired man on such occasions, and there dismissed the subject, as though that were all the explanation that could possibly be needed.

And the nearest approach that Prince's master ever came to injuring any human being was when, on one of these occasions, the hired man remarked, in a gruff voice, that if the dog was his he'd break his neck. The old man turned pale and lifted the hoe above his head. The next moment he lowered the hoe and he went on working. "The dog ain't your'n," he said.

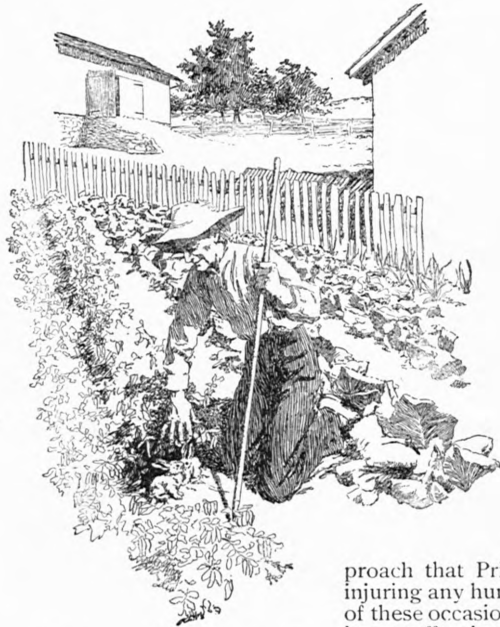
AND yet it was this same hired man who carried to the outside world the news of the last night spent by old Gabe Carter.

"The ole man was a-wanderin' pretty much all that evenin'," he said, meditatively whittling a sliver from a white pine box at the grocery store. "I set up with 'im, 'cause it didn't seem quite right to leave 'im all alone; an' he was a-talkin' about all kinds o' fool things—rabbits, an' birds, an' sech truck—tell you couldn't see. I thought maybe he wanted somethin' to eat, an' I asked 'im ef he wanted me to git a rabbit fur 'is supper; an' blamed ef he didn't mighty nigh eat me up, he was so mad. An' he was a-talkin' all the rest of the night about waterin' the flowers, an' not botherin' that bird's nes' in 'is coat pocket, an' takin' keer o' the cat an' the dog—jes' a-wanderin' all night. An' along when mornin' was jes' beginnin' he says, all of a sudden, 'The birds is a-singin' fur day.' An' then he turned over an' went to sleep, jes' like he'd been a-waitin' fur that. I was mighty sorry he was a-wanderin' on that las' night."

But no matter, since the "wanderings" had led the gentle soul across into the land of sunrise.



"WILL NOT GO A-HUNTIN'"



"AN NOW JES' LOOK AT THIS"



"FORETOL' THIS MORNIN'S RAIN"



"fortellin'" busi-but which has this has been known

MY MOTHER AS I RECALL HER

By Mrs. Raymond Maude*

ONE of the earliest remembrances of my mother, and the one that comes readiest to my mind, is associated with the "fanfare" (reprinted in this article from a friendly memoir) which she early inculcated in my willing memory. This I have always taken to be the first trumpet-blast to the ears of a little world of hers, unconscious till then of the treasure that it held in its midst. The band that passed little Jenny Lind's first home used to play this tune for the primal formation of time and measure in her baby brain. She could not have been much more than four years old when she first woke up the old spinet in the attic to repeat it—bass and all—under her tiny fingers. There is also a cat story—her voice having been noticed as singing to her cat—but I won't give any credit to that, and will pass on to her ninth year, when the director of the theatre and opera school at Stockholm was induced to hear her, and to accept her as a pupil. He first asserted that his institution was no *crèche*—and then, manlike, demurred before the want of beauty in her childish appearance. At this school she also learned deportment and gesture, in which she was always perfect, and which, all her life, made her bearing and carriage so stately as to give her the appearance of a tall woman, when she really was not more than five feet six. She was also a beautiful dancer, and loved dancing, though seldom indulging in it—refraining for her health's and art's sake, as she used to say, since it tired her too much.

HER EARLY TEACHERS

OF HER first singing-master, Croelius, she left the queer little picture, endorsed in her own writing, printed on this page. But she owed much of her musical training to her master, the Court singer, I. A. Berg, and, also, to the Swedish composer, Lindblad, from whom she imbibed her love of Swedish melody and song-singing, and many of whose writings were dedicated to her. Besides these singing-masters she had very little true guidance in the technical art of singing in her earliest years, and, feeling the need of it, she sought the help of Garcia, who, though older than she was by many years when he taught her, is still living in London, enjoying a green and honored old age. But by the time she found Garcia in Paris she had repaid a thousandfold all her indebtedness to her *alma mater*, and sustained, first, children's, and then, adults', parts in the theatre as well as in the Opera at Stockholm. She began making tours at an age when most girls are being tended and nurtured at home. She had also gained experience and knowledge of musical works by coaching and accompanying fellow-pupils less gifted than herself. No wonder, then, that her voice suffered, and that when she went to Garcia in Paris, in July, 1841, she should be met by the crushing dictum, "*Mon enfant, vous n'avez pas de voix!*" Imagine the shy, Scandinavian girl suddenly cast forth into the foreign French capital with this dead weight on her heart, but with courage in her soul. Garcia had said, as a palliative, "Come back in three months," and so, during that time, she set herself to study French and Italian, and to read music at sight. The intended three months were apparently curtailed, for, at the end of six weeks, I believe, she went back to him with restored voice and powers, and began studying again.

JENNY LIND'S FIRST "FULL-GROWN" APPEARANCE

HER methods of practicing, as I remember them, were to go over and over difficult passages, using half-voice, and generally walking up and down the room. My mother was not a real pianist, although quite equal to playing her own accompaniments; but she never did so in public except for the Scandinavian songs. I do not propose here to enumerate the operas in which my mother sang (and in none of which I heard her, for she left the operatic stage before her marriage), but her first "full-grown" appearance was on the seventh of March, 1837, when she was between sixteen and seventeen. I ought to remember the date, since she always

"kept" it, as an important day in her life, and bequeathed to me the little silver lyre-shaped candlesticks—the first public gift my mother received—presented to her on that occasion by her gratified directors.

HER PERSONAL TASTES AND FANCIES

MY MOTHER had little of woman's proverbial love of finery. Theatre clothes must have given her a distaste for it, and the clothes she wore in ordinary life were very simple, and, though many-hued and often indifferently fashioned, were always of good materials. Her sense of smell was acute, as well as her other senses; she could never be in a room with strong-smelling flowers, and always used to say that the smell of violets was especially bad for the voice. As for flowers generally, she had no



DRAWN BY HENRY B. WECHSL. JENNY LIND BLESSING HER DAUGHTER'S HOME WITH SONG

great taste, and yet she would literally "snuff" at a field of meadow-grass studded with buttercups and daisies, and address charming monologues to pimpernels or quaking grass. I think she must have loved the country in theory, but she never really lived in it for any length of time, and had neither country pursuits nor thick boots. For a short period, soon after first coming to London, she used to take occasional riding exercises, but she was too highly strung and nervous to feel at home on a horse, and used to say that she shied at things in the road before the horse did.

In the early Victorian days ladies wore their hair drawn straight over the ears, but my mother found an improvement more be coming to her features in waved bands round her face and ears, corresponding to the *ondulé* which we now-a-days affect. This style she retained ever after, but the uncharitable would have it that she had something the matter with her ears. I cannot get any one to agree with me as to the color of her hair, or even of her eyes, which used to change with her varying emotions, so that I have even heard stage enthusiasts call them brown. They really were gray-blue, and her hair, of a very fine texture, and, therefore, not luxuriant, was of a grayish brown, to my mind almost mouse-colored, and yet I have often been asked if I had not inherited my reddish hair from her. Her features were irregular, but, like her eyes, her mouth also varied with her feelings, and she could look full of love and fun one moment, and stern and uncompromising the next. In her moods, too, she was the same, charming when she liked, but woe betide the tactless or inquisitive stranger whom she thought had merited her wrath or her "ignoring."

The French would have called her *journalière*, and so she eminently was, in spirits and appearance. This was a good deal owing to her health, for the English climate was unsuited to her as she had a tendency to rheumatism, and suffered greatly from headaches as time went on—my early recollections being of a tiptoe good morning or evening in the darkened room in which she sometimes spent days. Then when she was well again she would go off on concert tours, and we children would be left to the charge of nurse and governess, with generally a faithful Swede somewhere in the

household. These tours had been started by John Mitchell, who visited my parents occasionally at Dresden, and who suggested the concerts as a necessary means of augmenting their slender income, without which they could not have afforded to settle down in England. My mother had a great admiration for English home-life; in fact, her liking for it was so strong that when my parents came to consider the matter of a permanent home they promptly decided upon England.

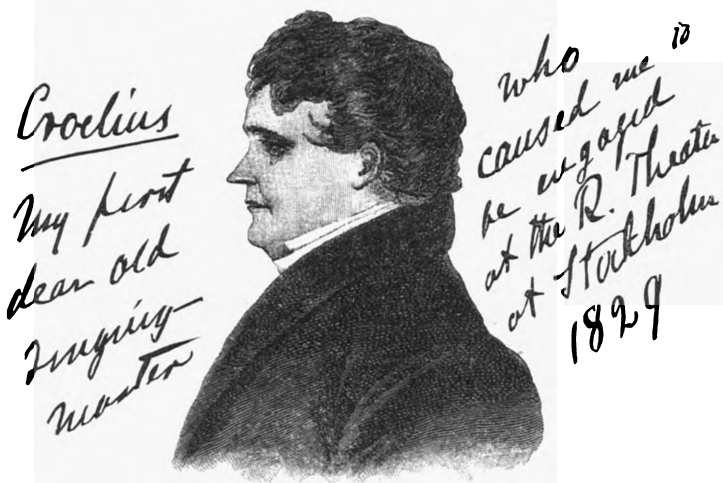
A CHERISHED SOUVENIR OF HER AMERICAN TOUR

IT WAS the crinoline period when I first remember my mother, and chenille nets were worn over the hair. I recollect she wore a blue one that to my mind was lovely. She was rather a prey to her maid and the particular shopman where she dealt, as she could easily be induced to buy colors and patterns that no one else would buy, if the stuffs were good. Who that remembers her will ever forget the shawls she was so fond of, and which she always carried with her? One was given her by Queen Victoria, and the other by the Queen Consort of Frederick William IV, of Prussia, "to keep you warm on your journey," as she said. These beautiful possessions now belong to me, but, at her special desire, her oldest and closest companion among them all was put into the grave with her, as was also a queer old patchwork quilt given her in America during her tour in 1851. This had, in alternate squares, a floral pattern, and a text or quotation, I forget which, written in ink that had become very faint. Perhaps some of my readers will be able to identify that cherished old possession which covered her bed for so many years, and was one of my earliest recollections.

I have already said that my mother's piano playing was a talent of its own—being quite an unconventional one. She never played pieces, and had no great execution, her left hand having been lamed in childhood and scarred through a mishap in the use of a flint and steel in striking a light. But her improvisations were delightful, chiefly in the minor key, threading in themes and phrases from her operas, and generally ending with the singing of a Swedish song or two. And all the evening performances for us children used to wind up with Schumann's sweet little children's song: "Wenn Fromme Kindlein Schlafen Gehn." When friends asked her to sing and she was in the mood for it my father would accompany her, in his own perfect way, and she would sing on and on selections from the composers called for by her sympathetic audience.

MY MOTHER'S FAVORITE SONGS

MENDELSSOHN and Schumann were her favorite song-writers, but not to the exclusion of Lindblad and later Kjerulf. Lindblad had been the friend of her girlhood and wrote many of his songs for her, as, also, did Mendelssohn, who, as is well known, wrote for her the soprano part of "Elijah," one aria of which, "Hear ye, Israel," commences on her celebrated F-sharp. Among the songs most closely associated with her in my mind, and which I can least bear to hear sung by any one else, are "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," "Das Schifflein," "Mein Herz ist wie die Dunkel Nacht," by Mendelssohn; Schubert's "Die Sterne"—she so liked the syncopated accompaniment—and his "Der Leiermann," the most terribly gloomy song, giving one a lump in the throat, the way she sang it. But with the exception of "Qui la Voce," from "I Puritani," and "Und ob die Wolke sie Verhuelle," from "Der Freischütz," which she sang often, she sang very few operatic airs; they seemed to have dropped completely out of her life. Never, I think, has the child of musical parents heard so few operas as I have. I had not even heard "Faust" till I was twenty-two, and with the exception of "La Sonnambula," which Miss Van Zandt sang in London, and a German rendering of "Der Freischütz," I have not seen, and barely heard the music of, any of my mother's favorite operas. But my daughter went to a child's fancy ball in her granny's "La Figlia del Reggimento" jacket, and a very tight fit it was. Those early days, in fact, all our childhood days, were spent first in a house on Wimbledon Common, where my youngest brother was born, and then in a house in Wimbledon Park, which my parents built. Many of the winters we spent at Cannes, where my mother reveled in sunshine and blue sky. The year after the Franco-Prussian war our name of Goldschmidt was deemed too German to be palatable in



1885 Expenses £ s. p.

July 6th	By labels and other labels	11
9th	24 yards rope	1. 6.
13th	Labels for long-trunks	1. -
4th	Trunks and 2 boxes & 2. charges to W. G. Street	19. 7.
17th	Labels for boxes - the above paid, as also the boxes into the house	2. -
20th	Labels for six days cleaning of horse - 1 horse	15.
	Labels for 2 days / Friday cleaning - 2.	
	Labels for 2 days / Saturday cleaning - 1. 12. 4	
	Labels for 2 days / Sunday cleaning - 1. 16. 2	
	Labels for 2 days / Monday cleaning - 1. 16. 2	

PAGE FROM JENNY LIND'S ACCOUNT-BOOK

* Daughter of Jenny Lind Goldschmidt.

France, so we spent that winter in Florence, where, with the exception of the time she had previously passed in Dresden, my mother, for the first time, lived among the giants of the old Italian school, and imbibed the same

she set down the items of her housekeeping expenses at Malvern cottage, which was called Wynd's Point. She almost invariably wrote expenses with a c, just as she did on this page of her account-book.

There were one or two words she never could spell correctly: "till" always with one l, as in Swedish, where it means something else. She spoke many languages, but English became her most natural one, and she chiefly used German to my father, so that we children might not understand; then when we knew German she retreated into Swedish, till we got a fair inkling of that.

When I was a girl I went to very few balls, but one of my earliest was a fancy-dress party, for which my mother designed, and made mostly herself, the dress, and it is one of my most precious possessions. It was supposed to be a Swedish peasant's costume, and no doubt we could nowadays procure a more authentic one by post, but we made mine ourselves; yard by yard of queer-looking trimmings were sewed together by her fingers, till they formed a beautiful big border to the regulation stuff apron. Her needlework was beautiful, and it never came undone. She could improvise splendid formal patterns and embroider as she went along, without any tracing.

SHE WAS THE MOST LOVELY GRANDMA

MY ENGAGEMENT to be married came as a great surprise to my mother. She was very rigid about the intercourse of young people, and thought anything approaching a flirtation very shocking, not that she had ever had any idea of cultivating my voice, for she never pressed it on me. The amount of music I had heard in my young days, and my

lent fund, and indeed was a red-letter day to the country folk, who came from all the country round with the modest eighteen-pence which secured them standing-room. On one of my walks, during the last sad week I helped to nurse her, I found an old woman in a remote cottage who eagerly asked for the "good lady who was so ill up there." Upon finding who I was she assured me that it would have been worth even more stinting and a further walk to have had such a treat in her old age as that singing.

My mother was too nervous to often venture in hansoms, and when chartering a four-wheeler was so innocent of fares that she would generally tell the driver to take her a shilling (or whatever it might be) distance, and I have such a good opinion of a London jehu's sense of humor that I'll be bound he did not often "take her in." It used to hurt me terribly to see her—she who ought to have driven in a coach-and-four, or at least in a brougham on C-springs—getting in and out of omnibuses in London, though she was so simple and economical in what concerned herself that she hailed the general use of omnibuses, for short distances, as a great convenience and no sort of impropriety.

TAKING A PEEP INTO HER MALVERN HOME

BUT how those dear Americans who still faithfully talk to their grandchildren of the glories of Jenny Lind would have stared if they had seen her step out of a Sloan Street "bus" at the corner of her own house in Moreton Gardens. That house does not lend itself well to photography, as it is not pretty outside and is hidden by trees, but inside it is very nice and comfortable, and full of memories of the hand and head that originally made it so. But I show you a picture of the little house at Malvern away from the madding crowd, where she spent the last summer of her life amid the scenery she was so fond of, and in splendid air. The house had been evolved out of a couple of cottages, and was already full of nooks and surprises, but after it came into her possession she further improved it and furnished it with tasty old bits of furniture which she was very clever in picking up. The grounds were well planted with nice shrubs, and walks cut in the side of a hill, and a gravel pit among gorse and bramble-bushes. There she could stroll about unseen behind her fence and trees, and smile over the personal details the Malvern fly-drivers imparted to the tourist on the highway close by. Celebrity hunters occasionally eluded the tact and watchfulness of the dear little woman who guarded "Madame" at the lodge, and penetrated to the front door, but unless properly accredited they never got further nor disturbed her seclusion.

BLESSING MY NEW HOUSE WITH SONG

BUT all this time she was in very bad health and looked very ill, and my father took her to Cannes in search of strength and sunshine in the winter. I went to join her there, arriving just in time for the memorable earthquake on Ash Wednesday, 1887. In the early summer she was brought back to England, and through London to the Malvern home, which she was never to leave again. I had just gone to live in London to be near her, and though she never got further than my drawing-room, she stood in the doorway, and in a sort of way blessed the new house by singing "God Save the Queen"—singing, not humming; she never did that, for the words she sang meant as much to her as the music—and when, during the last drive she took, she broke out with a strain of Mendelssohn's, she sang the words, "Oh, for the wings of a dove," quite distinctly. In like manner almost the last ray of sun she ever saw she greeted with Schumann's "O, Sonnenschein! O, Sonnenschein." To the end sunshine was her chief illuminator. She died at her Malvern home November 2, 1887.

I cannot enter further into detail as to the last few weeks of her illness, during which she suffered much, though less from pain than from the misery of her helplessness. But she died, as she had lived, with perfect courage and in all simplicity of faith. The custodian of "God's acre" at Malvern knows many of the pilgrims who visit her shrine to be Americans.



THE COTTAGE AT MALVERN, WHERE JENNY LIND DIED

sort of love for the paintings of Botticelli and Luini as she had for the music of Bach, of whom she would speak as that "blessed old man." We were for six months in Florence and Northern Italy, visiting and delighting in Venice, but my mother, I regret to say, never got to Rome, chiefly because of her exaggerated fear of its reputed fevers.

NERVOUS AND OVERSTRUNG BEFORE GREAT EVENTS

I DO not know whether I am glad or sorry that I so seldom heard my mother sing in public, when I recall the fearful anxiety that I felt in my small bones the only time I can clearly remember such an occasion. That was at the performance of my father's "Ruth," an oratorio in which my mother took great interest, and in which she sang the principal part, at Exeter Hall, 1869. Despite a dense, blinding fog the hall was packed as usual whenever there was a chance of hearing my mother; and I shall never forget the speechless nervousness of her, upon whom so much of the success of the evening depended. She was always nervous and overstrung before events, but became quite calm when the moment of action arrived.

Her hours of practicing were not fixed, as late as my day, as she so seldom sang in public, and then chiefly in aid of charities; but before singing she would be very careful what she ate, and would drink gruel. She was at all times a very small eater and indifferent to elaborate dishes. She took a personal interest in a few Swedish dishes, and in the preparation of them she instructed English cooks after she had ceased to import Swedes. Indeed, to the end of her days, she retained all the simplicity of habits and thoughts of her early Northern life. Her religious beliefs were very strong, her faith simple and innocent of isms and dogmas, and her Bible readings were taken literally. She had been bred a Lutheran, and was, therefore, low church.

My mother was also decidedly a respecter of persons, and had a great belief in the "Divine right of kings," and in the rulers of the earth, taking a great interest in politics when they had been carefully expounded to her, but she was very much party biased, and nurtured almost personal animosity toward political opponents.



PHOTOGRAPH BY W. & D. DOWNEY, LONDON
THE LAST PORTRAIT TAKEN OF MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT

knowledge of the very hard work that would be demanded from an aspirant, prevented my ever thinking seriously of such a step. But between my sixteenth and twentieth years several invitations came to her from across the waters to make another concert tour in America, and to bring me. And now history repeats itself, and tales are being told about my own daughter's lovely voice, with unkind references to the regulation "skipping a generation," so inconsiderate to the feelings of that generation.

This mother of mine was the most lovely "granny," and never could do enough to show her affection. Her Christmases were always real Christmases as far back as I can remember, and the six weeks preceding were periods of mystery and expectancy. It was not only an expenditure of money, but each present to relative, friend or servant was carefully thought out, tied up and labeled with some appropriate phrase or joke, and the carol-singing, which preceded the lighting of the tree, she always led, and accompanied, in a delightful way, on her dear little old harmonium.

JENNY LIND'S LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE

SHE became interested in a class of students of the Royal College of Music, and in helping my father in the famous Bach Choir which he conducted every week. She had suffered much for years from ill-health, and used to go abroad to take the waters. Despite her every-day disregard of hygiene she would, on her class days, go for hours without food or rest. And despite this carelessness of her health she walked and sat as upright as if she were thirty instead of sixty. The last time my mother sang in public was on July 23, 1883, in the Spa, Malvern Hills. The concert was in aid of the Railway Servants' Benevo-



THE FANFARE—HER FIRST MUSIC

When we lived at Wimbledon the distance from the station and London necessitated our keeping horses. My mother was very fond of taking drives, but she never took much walking exercise. Consequently her circulation was very bad, but that did not affect the color of her hands, which were waxy-white, large and well-shaped, particularly her left hand. Her skin, however, was very delicate and retentive of smuts—a despairing kind of skin for maintaining the regulation standard of cleanliness. My mother was never idle, but was always doing something—working, reading, playing or writing. She was a most difficult person to assist, as she did things quicker and better than others could do them for her.

THE FAMOUS SINGER AS AN ACCOUNTANT

I HAVE a boxful of the letters my mother wrote me after my marriage, when our interchange of them was frequent. She even wrote to my babies in magnificent, large handwriting, with affectionate superscriptions on the envelopes, much to the edification of the Surrey postman, no doubt. But none of these letters were signed with her name, and I am always quite at a loss when asked for an autograph, and lately, in order to add to a well-known collection, could give but a leaf out of an account-book. The dear woman tried to keep accounts, and I give a page from the book in which



THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE'S TOMB IN MALVERN CEMETERY



THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

MAY, 1897

THE BIRD ON A WOMAN'S HAT

THIS magazine has often been asked to exert its influence to persuade women to desist from the practice of wearing birds that have been slaughtered, as decorations for their hats and bonnets. Time and again have petitions on this subject reached this office. But while the good women who prepared these appeals impressed me with their statistics they were not as successful in convincing me with the arguments which they advanced. All women will, I think, acknowledge that it is cruel to slaughter hundreds of thousands of birds each year to satisfy certain demands of fashion. But to accuse women of taking a conscious part in such slaughter, and stamping them as vain and heartless, is carrying the matter somewhat beyond the point of reason. A woman knows, of course, that the bird which decorates her hat must, at some time, have had the breath of life in it. But that the feathered songster was solely, and with premeditation, killed so that her hat might be the more decorative or fashionable, does not, I think, occur to her. She simply does not think of it at all. She purchases a hat with a bird perched upon it with as little thought as she buys the material for her woolen gown.

IT SEEMS to me that this crusade against the slaughter of birds for millinery purposes has been carried on along unwise lines. The crusaders have proved overzealous. They have meant to do right, but very often their efforts have had just the opposite effect. They have antagonized women more than they have attracted them to the cause. It is far easier to carry a reform beyond reason and make it obnoxious to people than it is to keep it within limits and make it effective. Accusing people promiscuously never helps a cause: it retards it. To accuse women of having been the direct means of robbing our forests of their feathered songsters is unjust. The average woman has had but little to do with it. She has worn birds on her hats, it is true, but she has found them in the stores, and, recognizing in them an ornament, she has purchased them. "But she should not have bought them," shout the crusaders. Perhaps not. But what reason has been given that she should not? Has one practical reason ever been advanced? If so, I have failed to come across it. Sentimental reasons have been advanced in plenty. The rights of the birds, the humanitarian side of the subject, have been advanced, and without much result. In this practical age, practical reasons must be given as a basis for any reform. And the practical element has been almost entirely lost sight of in this matter. Women have been altogether too much censured for this indiscriminate killing of birds.

NOW, there is a practical element in this desired reform, and it is this: Anybody who has given even the most cursory attention or study to botany knows that all forms of life have their origin in plant life. Every animal which exists either lives directly on some plants, or on insects which destroy plants. The birds find their sustenance mainly in the insects that injure vegetation and oftentimes kill it entirely. A sufficiently large number of insects will kill a crop. If there are no birds, naturally the insects have everything their own way. And it is this fact which puts a practical and serious phase upon the question of this wholesale bird-killing for millinery purposes. I have recently gone to considerable pains to find out from farmers to what extent the decrease of birds is affecting their crops, and I find that the condition is more alarming than we, who live in the cities and large centres, have any idea of. All the farmers to whom I spoke or wrote agreed that last year the increase of insects was unusually great, while the decrease of birds was even greater. This will be better understood, perhaps, when it is said that the propagation of birds is not as rapid as the present slaughter of them. For every hundred birds killed, about sixty are born. Hence it is easy to see that the greater the number of birds killed the more exposed become the crops of the farmer to the insects. The bird is really the balance of Nature. To what extent this balance is being upset by fashion is easy to realize from the statement that during 1896 the plumage of over three millions of birds was received in New York. One shipment alone carried the wings of 400,000 birds to a single dealer. At one auction in October the plumage of 637,000 birds was sold. These figures are gigantic. But it must be remembered that fully eighty per cent. of our women wear birds on their hats, and the demand is enormous.

IT IS idle to say that women must not wear birds on their hats. They will continue to do so as long as the world exists. But it is one thing to do a thing blindly, and another to do it with knowledge. All that I hope these words of mine will effect is to bring to the attention of women what the present general wearing of birds and their plumage means. That it is working incalculable damage is apparent. Furthermore, the damage is being done where we can least of all stand it—to the crops.

It stands to reason that a crop failure affects every man, woman and child in America. When crops fail, prices of food, which we must have for daily consumption, naturally increase. Insects there always will be to injure

crops. But birds, and birds enough to go round, there also should be to kill the insects and protect the crops. This is the practical phase of the bird-millinery question. The greater the spread of the practice of wearing birds on women's hats the greater becomes the problem of saving the crops, and the higher prices each and all of us must pay for what is left unscourged by the insects. The same is true of our trees. We have all seen trees in mid-summer, brown and stripped bare of their leaves by insects. This would not happen if birds were plentiful. Birds are practically the guardians of the trees. Hence the question comes home with special force to every man and woman who owns a tree. We all know how trees increase the value of a plot of ground, how grateful is their shade, and how much care and money are expended upon their preservation. The birds can do for trees what often a liberal expenditure of money and the skill of the gardener cannot effect. Now, it is these things which I would like women to think about when they purchase birds for their hats. Naturally a supply depends upon a demand. If women would moderate their buying of hats adorned with birds or their plumage fewer birds would be slaughtered. Those who kill the birds cannot be rightfully attacked. They simply supply a demand. The reform in this matter lies with the women who have adopted this fashion. The birds are our protectors more than we think or realize. They are the saviors of our vegetation. Without them we would scarcely be able to live. Every bird helps to do its share toward keeping us alive by protecting what we eat as it grows in the ground. Therefore, every hat decorated with a bird that a woman buys is one protector less in helping Nature to keep her balance. That is the significant lesson of the bird as a decoration for women's hats and bonnets.

MAN'S MOST VULGAR HABIT

IF MEN were compelled to wear skirts for a period I think they would insist more than they now do that their fellow-men should stop the nasty habit of spitting in public. There is no practice of man which is more distressing to women than this disgusting habit. Women constantly complain of it, especially in our larger cities, where sometimes the sidewalks are scarcely fit for them to walk upon. They revolt at the practice, and they are right in so doing. Yet year in and year out the habit not only continues, but increases, and the protection of cleanliness, to which every woman walking upon our streets has a perfect right, is denied her. Laws are passed for every conceivable thing, and yet this dangerous and filthy habit is allowed to go on without any attempt to check it. The first step has now, however, been taken in several cities. In New York City the Board of Health has taken the matter up, and, on the grounds of public health, has started to put a stop to the abominable practice of spitting in street cars. Notices have been posted in all the surface cars, and while the ordinance has thus far not succeeded in abolishing the practice altogether it is not as prevalent as it was. Not satisfied with the half-way result achieved, the Police Commissioners in New York City have joined hands with the Board of Health, and the first platoon of policemen has been detailed upon the cars to see that the ordinance is obeyed. No action taken in New York for years is so highly to be commended, and the ordinance should quickly extend to other cities and be put into force. It is an undertaking which public opinion will sustain in whatever part of the country it is attempted. Every community should be urged to try the experiment.

THERE are thousands of American men who must have the truth forcibly impressed upon them that miscellaneous spitting is a habit simply disgusting in its nature. As things are, the American man spits without any regard to place: on the sidewalks of our streets, in cars and trains, in halls and entries—everywhere. It is a habit peculiarly American, and anything but creditable to our sense of propriety. In European capitals the sidewalks of the streets are immaculate in comparison with those in this country. Our cities are a positive disgrace in this respect. Nor is this true of our cities alone. The places of meeting of men in the smallest village present the same appearance. The sidewalk in front of the rural general store or post-office is made almost impassable to women by this offensive practice. Devoid of every instinct of decency as the habit is itself, it is perfectly revolting to a woman's sense of refinement. It is she who is most offended and injured by it. She cannot constantly keep her skirts free from the sidewalk, and yet if she wishes to avoid bedraggling her garments she must do so. Men do not appreciate this. If, as I have said, they were compelled to don skirts for a while, I think their expectorations would sooner stop. But as such a change is not probable it behooves every man to do what he can to correct the habit in other ways. He must correct himself if he is guilty of it, and for those of us who are not the time has come when we should awake to the realization that we owe some duty to the women of our homes in this matter. The practice has gone altogether too far. Women have inwardly revolted at it; at times they have publicly cried out against it. The time is ripe when every decent man should take some steps to see to it that the nastiest and most vulgar of all American habits should be entirely stopped. New York City has started the reform. Let the Boards of Health of a few of our other large cities take up the question, and the reform, which appeals to every clean-minded man and woman, will soon spread. It is a work in every way calling for the attention and action of Boards of Health and all bodies and citizens interested in the health of communities. The spitting habit is an absolute menace to the public health. So eminent a medical authority as Dr. Paul Gibier recently declared that "if this habit of expectoration in public could be stopped I am sure that in time tuberculosis would die out altogether." A statement of this sort, so authoritative and so direct, should not be allowed to pass unheeded. It is freighted with meaning. The smaller communities need not wait for the larger cities. The decent men of the smallest community can come together, awaken interest in the matter and see that a prohibitive ordinance is passed. And if the men are slow in seeing their duty it is to be devoutly hoped that the women will take the question in hand and see to it that this disgusting habit receives that necessary public attention which it has lacked in the past.

ONLY THE PLAYERS CHANGE

IT IS as true as trite that life is a stage: the players change, but the play goes on. Generations pass, but the procession of lovers is unbroken. In the pastoral days Rebekah left her father's house that Isaac might bring her into his mother's (Sarah's) tent. The twentieth-century maid is as willing to leave her parents for the sake of the love she bears the man who has promised to cherish her with unflinching affection. Centuries have rolled on, and men and women change. But in this they remain the same. To the young couple stepping out from under the parental roof which has so long sheltered them such action seems natural. If the son is at all doubtful he calls to his aid the Biblical injunction that "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife." The girl employs the same help. Full of expectancy, radiant with hope, they go out into the great world together.

BUT what of the parents left behind? Do they view it as lightly? "Aye, there's the rub." It is when children reach maturity that the supreme test of parental love comes. All through infancy and early years the children are more or less care. And then, just as the parents feel relieved from cares and anxieties, and are beginning to enjoy the companionship of their children in the serene and complacent way which "grown-ups" have, there comes a fluttering of the wings, a remote suggestion of flight. The son is no less his mother's boy than he has been and ever will be. But he is—and who realizes it so quickly as a mother?—in a new and very natural sense, another woman's hero: and that woman a girl. With her he discerns, away out on the horizon line, the shadowy lines of a house that is to become a home, their very own. The girl, too, whose going in and out of the house has been a daily joy to the parents—she, too, has become a heroine to some one other than her father or her mother. It is hard for the parents to realize that this mate of her flight can care for her as they have; that in her young eyes, in her young heart, it is possible that he can be altogether noble and capable! And after the young birds have taken flight the parents wonder if sometimes they do not grieve in their new life. But some fine morning a clearer vision is given them, and they realize that, after all, their children are only playing the same rôle which they played a few years before. It is the old play: only the players have changed.

IT IS a magnificent quality in parents when they so prepare themselves that they can meet this inevitable time with the proper spirit—when, in other words, parental love can get the better of selfishness. It is true that it is easier to preach than to practice this experience. And yet it is something more than a theory. A son's or a daughter's presence is unquestionably missed from a home. Nor is the other realization less keen that the parents' place in the affections of their child is no longer the first place. But what is true parental love if it does not desire the largest joy for children? Marriage, if it means anything, means new and ever-increasing joys. It means, too, that in a larger and more significant sense children are brought into a closer companionship with their parents: the larger companionship of equals. This does not bespeak less of tender affection on the part of the children, nor does it mean less solicitude and love on the part of the parents. It means that the children have become the comrades of the parents journeying along the same highway of life with a better and clearer understanding of each other's course than ever before. It is the development of the son into the man; the blossoming out of the daughter into the woman. Our sons and daughters should not be reared for our selfish gratification, but for the largest usefulness and the greatest happiness possible to their temperaments. Then every change which comes into their lives which means new experiences, and their richer and fuller development, will be welcomed and not regretted.

THE ABUSE OF THE VISITING-CARD

NO SOCIAL body can be intelligently conducted without certain formulas. Without some regulations the simplest society would become an unregulated and unformed affair. People must act according to some well-defined and generally-understood rules. Thus, when making social calls it stands to reason that some form of announcement is necessary. For just such purposes the visiting-card was invented. It was a simple device and easy to understand. But the simplicity of it became irritating to certain arbiters of etiquette, and complications were introduced. Instead of the visiting-card remaining an announcement, as was intended, it was changed to serve as a memorandum. Hence, things have been carried to such a point that now when a married woman starts out to pay calls she is required to carry a veritable package of cards, and she is expected to leave not only her own, but two of her husband's cards at each house at which she calls. This does not imply at all that the husband accompanies the wife. In fact, a hostess, receiving the card of a woman friend and two of her husband's cards, would be amazed to go downstairs and find the husband. What, then, does the husband's card imply? Absolutely nothing. That is the simple fact. The creators of this piece of etiquette explain that whenever a wife makes use of her name socially in any relation she should include the name of her husband. But in what respect she fails to do this when she sends up her own card of "Mrs. Robert Schermerhorn" is not explained. The simple fact is that the custom is foolish and unnecessary, and no sensible reason for its existence has ever been given or can be advanced. It is not generally understood, nor will it ever be. Things without reason never are. Visiting-cards should remain to serve their original and wise purpose: telling a hostess that the owner of the card handed in is waiting to see her, or has called upon her. But to accompany her card with two cards of a man who is at his office is a custom foolish upon the face of it. It is a practice which sensible people are impatient with, and rightly so. It would certainly never enter a man's mind to send two of his wife's cards with his own when making a call, and until a better reason is given why a woman should hand in her husband's cards when he is not calling with her, the custom should cease. It is not etiquette; it is nonsense.

DROGH'S LITERARY TALKS

VI—History Reflected in Fiction

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVER HERFORD



YEARS ago, when "novel reading" was tabooed in many a Puritan household and put with cards and dancing in the category of "wiles of the devil," the entering wedge of something that had a touch of imagination and color in it was often found in a sombre-looking "historical novel." A live boy with a touch of Calvinistic casuistry about him could present a bold front when caught with Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs" by arguing for the amount of "history" stored away in those pages about Bruce and Wallace. What the old folks meant by "history," and what the boy was intently after in the book, would hardly recognize each other as speaking acquaintances. The thing that really held the boy to his chair, and kept him for a few hours from even "prisoner's base" and "harrow," was the dandy fighting, and the love affair of the beautiful *Helen Mar*.



Having carried the day with "Scottish Chiefs" it was a lucky boy who tried it again with "Ivanhoe." He probably found it in plain brown leather with dull red label tucked in between "Calvin's Letters," in five volumes, and Pollok's "Course of Time." For years he had seen it there, but never imagined a book of any importance, to a boy, keeping such atrociously stupid company. But one awfully rainy day, when convalescing from the measles, and, therefore, not allowed to try his rubber boots in the gutters, he yanked that book from its perch in despair, and the face of the world was changed! Probably no after-joy of achievement quite equals the day when an alert boy or girl discovers and annexes a whole new kingdom to the world of the imagination.

THE boy, no doubt, discovered that his beautiful argument about the fascination of history in the books that he was reading grew into a Frankenstein beyond his control. Admiring relatives were informed that "Willie showed a remarkable taste for historical study." His next birthday brought ponderous sets of Gibbon, Hume and Hallam. Then Willie wished that he had not been quite so handy in using sophisticated arguments. When he grew older he learned that other sophists occasionally feasted on "crow." However, he had made the acquaintance of a fascinating form of fiction—the historical novel—and even with its penalties he never regretted it.

There is a certain dignity, a largeness of canvas and wealth of character in a really good historical novel that lifts it out of the petty association of moral problems, individual tragedies and feminine gossip. There never was a great historical novel without a great or pathetic human figure in it. The whole pageant must be reflected in a human heart or it fails of its purpose. But a great historic event, or a noble historic figure appearing in the pages of a novel often lifts the whole plane of the book—and you see human passion and suffering in a better perspective toward the race. "Henry Esmond" is generally adjudged the greatest of Thackeray's novels—great as a literary achievement, because he so completely counterfeited the style and manners of another day; great in character, because it contains the charming and immortal *Beatrice*. But no small part of its supremacy is due to the significant events in England's history through which the story moves. When the affairs of the *Young Pretender* and King George are on the stage the rest of the characters must needs act well their parts—and there must be a certain literary dignity to a book in which *Dicky Steele* and *Mr. Addison* familiarly appear.

THE amount of labor that goes to the making of a good historical novel is rather deterrent to the writer of fiction who is used to turning out regularly two novels a year. It is so much easier to make over again, with a little imagination, the characters and incidents that one has picked up in the ordinary course of life and travel. Thackeray somewhere tells of the tremendous amount of reading that went

into the caldron before "Esmond" was brewed. And a little while ago an aged librarian related his surprise at the research the great novelist carried on, month after month, in his accumulation of historical details. A whole chapter could be written in the time devoted to verifying a detail of costume or the turn of an antique phrase.



Moreover, the historical novelist realizes that he is taking this tremendous amount of pains for a very few people; that hardly one in a thousand of his readers cares for more than the skill with which he tells his story. But that one is the man who will tell the next generation, with authority, that the book is worth preserving.

There are not so very many of them that have stood the test of time, and even fewer that have passed the inspection of historical experts. If you should ask a circle of well-read men or women to name their favorite books of historical fiction (not of the present day) they would soon cover the field with less than a score of volumes. All of them would probably mention, with more or less enthusiasm, "The Cloister and the Hearth," by Charles Reade; "Hypatia," by Charles Kingsley; "The Last Days of Pompeii," by Bulwer-Lytton; "The Tale of Two Cities," by Charles Dickens; "Ninety-Three," by Hugo; "The Three Guardsmen," and its sequels, by Dumas; "Romola," by George Eliot, and any one of a dozen by Scott.



THE power of great masterpieces such as these to give the mind of youth or inexperience an outlook into unknown centuries and peoples is marvelous. Instead of a mere name and date in a cyclopaedia, a far-away place and time, when touched with the imagination, become interesting realities; and you begin to read more about them with avidity and accumulate a vivid series of impressions.

It is akin to the interest which travel always awakens in a mind sensitive to impressions. The least profitable kind of reading seems to be that which devours books of travel before seeing the country. Of course, a good book of travels is a fine substitute for an actual journey—but if you intend to visit a great country or city you will find that the preliminary reading should be only that which will enable you intelligently to see or not to miss the points of interest—an artist's sketch, as it were, of the place. Then, after you have seen it all, the literature of the place will gain a new intensity and reality—and what you read will have an orderly place in your memory of what you actually saw. For the rest of your life you will fill in color till the sketch becomes a picture.

THERE has been what is called a "revival" in the fashion of historical fiction within the past few years. It has been rather in the manner of telling the tale and in its antique setting, than in the historical facts embodied. These younger men have given us the methods of Scott, Dumas and Charles Kingsley without their antiquarianism to any alarming extent.

Stevenson first set the pace with "The Master of Ballantrae," and Conan Doyle with "The Refugees." It is a curious coincidence that the American historian, Parkman, should have had no small part in furnishing the color for these remarkable tales. It will be recalled that both of these stories came at a time when fiction was over-analytic and oppressed with the details of every-day life. Men were saying that all the tales had been told and the future of fiction rested



with the students of sociology. But Stevenson and Doyle knew better, and each tuned up the pipes of pure romance; straightway they had England and America dancing to the pipes, and glad of the chance.

Several years later came a newer kind of historical novel when Stanley Weyman began to publish in "Longman's," "A Gentleman of France." One of the first to greet it was Stevenson, who wrote to Sidney Colvin in June, 1893, "'Tis the most exquisite pleasure; a real chivalrous yarn.' Here was the old-time swagger, the bluster and gentlemanly bravery in all critical situations.

THEN along came Anthony Hope with "The Prisoner of Zenda," and jaded novel-readers had a new sensation. Nothing remained of the historical novel except an antique and curiously-wrought frame. The picture was a creation of the fancy, pure and simple—an imaginary country, imaginary princes and princesses—the manners and customs of old romance set into the present day. That was a stroke of genius, and soon a host of men were trying the trick. Few remembered that Stevenson had long ago performed the same delightfully romantic illusion in "Prince Otto"—a book that is the least read and most admired of them all.

There are already indications that the great reading public has had enough of these mimic plays of battle, bloodshed and audacity in personal bravery. They are good fun while they last, but, after all, the slaying of people, even villains, is a brutal and barbaric business in real life, and certainly not civilizing in literature. There are a limited number of ways in which a man can be romantically killed, and the new romancers have about exhausted them. It is to be hoped that the next turn of the wheel will bring us something quite as full of life and action, and as free from the morbid, as these gentlemen who slash their way through the story with light hearts, glib tongues and fascinating clothes.



American historical fiction has a distinguished ancestry, and a meagre lot of descendants. Cooper, with "The Spy," and Irving, with "Knickerbocker History of New York," made a great beginning for our historical novels, and they have never been excelled; William Gilmore Simms did for the South what they did for the North—and wrote of Colonial and Revolutionary days in half a dozen Southern States. He has failed of the highest recognition, and yet many of his novels are worth saving. John Pendleton Kennedy and John Esten Cooke also wrote historical fiction, dealing with Southern life and manners in a most graphic fashion.

THE greatest single novel of the period before the war, which is now considered an historical novel because it embodies features of the great anti-slavery movement, is "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The Civil War itself has been used as a background for many short stories and novels, but has produced no single great story that stands as an epitome of that era.

At the present time there are a number of writers who have dipped into historical fiction. Harold Frederic's "In the Valley," a story of old Colonial days in the Mohawk Valley of New York, is one of the best novels of living American writers—written with dignity, picturesqueness and dramatic intensity. F. J. Stimson's "King Noanett" is another recent example of a skillful story-writer, showing surprising versatility in a new field. Edwin Lasseter Bynner, who died a few years ago, left a number of graphic stories of Colonial days in Massachusetts, and within the past year the Revolutionary War has furnished themes to Miss Molly Elliot Seawell, James Barnes, Clinton Ross and J. T. Wheelwright.

There is no better field for a young American writer than the history of his own country. It is a country unequalled for the rapidity of its growth, the variety of the elements that created it, and the striking contrasts in the life of its inhabitants.

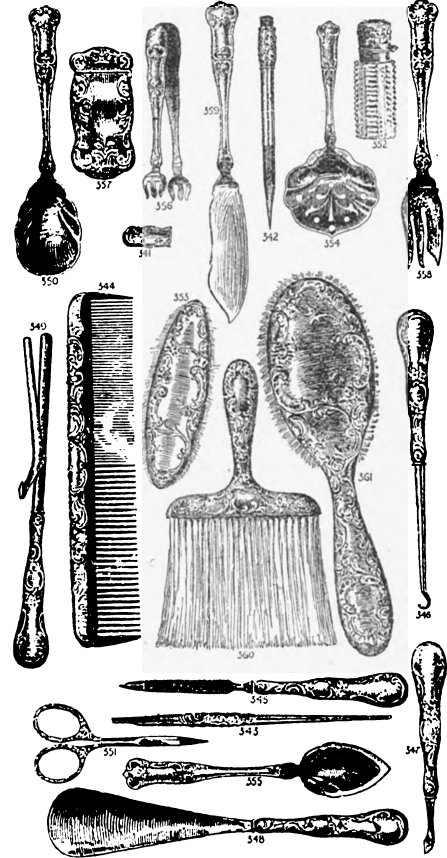
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TRAVELING WITH CHILDREN IN SUMMER

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil

HOW may a journey be accomplished with the least discomfort to the children and inconvenience to their parents? If the distance is a long one how may it be undertaken without injury to the health of the little ones? How can they be rendered as little trouble as possible to their fellow-travelers? What special preparations should be made? In the case of a baby what can be done to minimize the risk of a change of food, particularly on an ocean voyage?

All these points, and many more, arise to perplex the anxious mother. She fully realizes that traveling with young children is not a matter of easy accomplishment, nor an unmixed pleasure, and she is glad of any hints that may help her to do it with the least possible expenditure of nerve force, mental anxiety, fatigue, and safety for her little ones.

MAKING LONG JOURNEYS BY RAIL

LONG journeys by rail have to be undertaken frequently with young children. It is really less trouble to take an infant in arms, who will naturally sleep the greater part of the time, and whose cries can usually be easily hushed, than it is to manage a child of three or four years old. It is difficult for a child of this age to sit still for any length of time, and sleepiness often brings fretfulness and sounds of woe which are disturbing to those about them, and most of all to the tired and worried mother, who is ever on the alert where her children are concerned.

There is, of course, a great difference in children. Those who have been subjected to no control at home, who are accustomed to cry for what they want and get it, whose ideas of obedience are rudimentary in the extreme, if not altogether wanting, will be troublesome traveling companions at the best, and no good management will make them otherwise. The child who lives under a wise government at home feels the benefit of it when abroad. The habit of obedience makes him yield easily to the wishes of his elders and to do what they think is best for him, without wearisome disputes or fractious resistance.

Children old enough to feel the excitement of going from home can seldom be induced to eat much breakfast before beginning the journey, so that luncheon becomes an early necessity and the lunch-basket an important factor in the comfort of the travelers.

The chance supplies to be procured at the railway restaurant should not be depended upon. When there is a dining-car attached to the train the food provided is usually unsuitable for children and is an expensive luxury. Whether economy is an object or not it is best to bring the provisions from home. Even in crossing the continent the basket can be replenished from time to time, when stops of an hour or two are made. The cost is less, and if the basket is properly prepared the comfort will be found to be much greater than when the other plan is followed.

THE CONTENTS OF THE LUNCH-BASKET

WHAT the contents of the lunch-basket shall be depends in a great measure upon the idiosyncrasies of the children in question. It should be as nearly as possible what they are accustomed to eat at their usual meals. The nervous system is excited by new surroundings, rapid motion and unusual conditions. This tends to upset the stomach, for the function of digestion is intimately connected with the nervous system and quickly affected by causes which disturb it. It is not wise to run the risk of upsetting it still further by offering it new articles of food which may prove indigestible.

Many mothers seem to think that the moment children are fairly settled in their seats in a train they must have cake or candy, or both, as an infallible specific to insure good behavior. It is much more likely in the end to have a directly contrary effect. A superabundance of sweets almost surely produces acidity and causes discomfort. When the time comes for a substantial meal the appetite is already satiated; there is no relish for solid food, and yet the want of it, after a short time, brings tears and fretfulness, which prove a source of annoyance to the mother as well as to the other passengers. The child is hungry, in the sense of needing food, yet does not care to eat it, and, indeed, cannot be induced to do so.

If candy be given to the little one at all it should be given after other food, when a little will do no harm, provided always that it is pure, good candy, and devoid of any nuts or rich filling of any sort.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SHALL EAT

WHEN packing the lunch-basket plenty of fresh white wrapping paper should be provided, and a few shallow cardboard boxes, about six inches long, four inches wide and two inches deep. These will keep bread and butter, sandwiches or cake in perfect condition. Putting them up in small packages is one of the secrets of producing them in an appetizing state when they are required for use. In making sandwiches for children cut the bread thin, spread it lightly with butter, cut the meat very fine, put it on in an even, thin layer, sprinkle with salt, and cut the sandwich in narrow strips, not more than three inches in length. Avoid ham, and use, instead, chicken, roast beef, tongue or mutton. The yolk of a hard-boiled egg, rubbed smooth with a knife blade; a little thick jam that will not run; raisins, stoned and chopped in small pieces; very thin slices of banana, cut in four parts, may be used for the sake of variety. Plain bread and butter should not be omitted. Oranges are probably the safest fruit, although any fresh ripe fruit to which the children are accustomed may be eaten. A fruit-knife and silver fork, and a small saucer, in which to prepare the fruit, will be found a great comfort. If the fork is used in eating the fruit there will be no sticky fingers. Plain cake, cut in small pieces, may be added. Ginger snaps and cookies are usually acceptable. A few thin graham or oatmeal biscuits may be taken; any rich cake is unsuitable.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SHALL DRINK

WHAT the children shall drink is as important a point to settle as what they shall eat, and usually a far more difficult one to decide satisfactorily. It is most unsafe to let them drink, from the common drinking cup, the water in the tank in the car, and yet it is difficult to carry a beverage that will satisfy them. It is easy to provide either a cup, a small glass in a leather case, or a silver mug. The contents are a much more troublesome matter. Probably the best plan for a short journey is to fill two bottles with patent fastenings, with fresh water. If necessary, it can be boiled before starting, and should then be well shaken in a large bottle to restore the oxygen it has lost in the process. If the day is warm and there is much dust the children are sure to be very thirsty, and this thirst must be provided for, or the little ones will be sure to be cross and uncomfortable.

If the journey is a long one sterilized milk may be carried, but this is too substantial a food to quench thirst readily, and is not as satisfying for that purpose as water. Feeding bibs should be provided and some soft old napkins put in the lunch-basket. A small sponge is useful to remove the inevitable traces of stickiness and to freshen face and hands after eating. If juicy fruit be taken a small square of soft white table oilcloth will protect the children's dresses from chance drops of juice better than anything else that I know of.

Some children are made sick by the motion of the train. It is well to carry a few soda-mint tablets, as they are efficacious in relieving nausea. One can be dissolved in a little water and given in this way if it cannot be swallowed whole. They are perfectly harmless and a very simple medicine. Where the little patient is inclined to nausea he should be laid flat on the seat, with the head as low as possible. It is wise to take some large old towels for use in case of an emergency.

HOW TO DRESS THE BABY

A MOTHER naturally wishes her children to look as well as possible when they go among strangers. Garments that are easily spotted and spoiled should be safely packed away, to be worn on occasions when they are less exposed to perils and dangers than they are on a journey.

Something cool and light should be worn when traveling in summer. Washable materials are pretty for a day's journey, but they are easily crushed and creased and soon lose their freshness. For a longer time a light woolen material in fine check or hair lines is pretty for a little girl, and thin serge for a boy's sailor suit. A wrap is needed, a cloak or cape without sleeves that can easily be slipped on or taken off.

On a very warm day the hat may be removed, but a cold wind may spring up or a draught from an open window necessitate the head being covered. Starched white hoods or stiff bonnets or hats are uncomfortable for little girls. A soft light cap, easily adjusted, is the best. In cold weather warm hoods tied under the chin will be found very useful.

TAKING THE BABY TO SEA

IN TAKING a baby a journey by sea the great trouble is to find a food that will agree with it if the mother does not nurse it. Sterilized milk is the safest and best to use. If the baby has been accustomed to one of the numerous patent foods it may be made with the milk. It is unwise to change the diet if it can be avoided. To prepare the milk procure a sufficient number of self-sealing glass jars, holding one pint each. Fill these nearly full of milk, insert a perforated tin pie-plate in the bottom of a saucepan or preserving kettle, and stand on it as many jars as the kettle will contain. Put in enough water to come well above the milk in the jars, stand the kettle over the fire, and when the water boils draw it to a cooler part of the stove. Cover the kettle and let the jars remain in the scalding water one hour. The mouth of each must be covered with a layer of clean white cotton wool. Repeat the process, heating the milk three times in all and letting it cool each time. When the water is heated the last time have the glass covers of the jars hot, remove the cotton wool, use the contents of one to fill them all full, and screw on the tops, seeing that the rubber bands fit snugly in place.

The steward will take charge of these jars on board ship, and for a small fee put them in one of the ship's refrigerators, producing them as they are wanted. He will also bring boiling water to heat the food when it is required, as there is quite naturally an objection to the using of a spirit-lamp in the stateroom.

SOME THINGS TO INSURE COMFORT

A SMALL dark lantern will be found a great comfort to use at night where there is a baby. It is absolutely safe, and the slide can be adjusted in a moment. In ships that are lighted by electricity there is less difficulty in procuring a light at short notice, but sometimes it is cut off before morning, and it is in those early hours the baby is most apt to waken and a light is needed.

A little hammock with a blanket folded in it makes a good and safe bed for the baby, unless the ship is pitching or rolling violently, when the mother wants it in her own arms in the berth well padded with blankets. Sometimes a seat on the floor surrounded with blankets is the only safe place to hold the child.

A large bag with many pockets to fasten on the wall is useful to hold the clothing, which can thus be easily seen and is readily accessible. Stooping over a cabin trunk to search for the tiny garments is sometimes a very trying proceeding.

A square, soft pillow should be carried for the baby's use; the ship's pillows are often very hard and thick and not at all compressible. The pillow can be covered with sateen, the stewardess will provide a white case for it. A rubber hot-water bag must not be forgotten.

Thick pads should be provided for use inside the diapers. Washing is an expensive luxury on shipboard. It can be done in case of necessity, but the mother must be prepared to pay well for it. Old under-clothing that can be tossed overboard when soiled will be found a great convenience. Flannel diapers, put on over the cotton ones for warmth and protection, will help to keep the baby warm and comfortable.

UNDERCLOTHING FOR A SEA TRIP

WARM underclothing should be used at sea, high-necked, long-sleeved vests, drawers reaching to the ankle, and thick stockings. Rubber shoes are needed to wear when the deck is wet. A thick winter coat or cloak should be taken even in summer. There are sometimes hot days, but usually the cool, fresh breeze renders warm clothing imperative. Nightdresses of outing flannel should be taken as well as the cotton ones, and a flannel wrapper that can be worn at night. The cabins are sometimes very cold, and children are apt to throw aside the bed covering.

When a child has to spend a night or two in a sleeping-car a light wrapper of alpaca or thin flannel will be found useful, particularly if the upper berth is occupied, as a draught is apt to be felt there. This may be worn to the dressing-room in the morning when the mother takes the child to be washed and dressed.

THE PROVIDING OF PLAYTHINGS

FOR a long journey a few favorite books and playthings—noiseless ones—should be provided. Children require occupation to keep them happy. What these are to be of course varies with the ages and tastes of the children. As soon as they are old enough they should be taught to observe what is passing around them and encouraged to repeat the result of their observation. This habit of seeing things is an invaluable one to acquire. Many grown persons do not possess the power of observation, and will pass over beauties in a landscape, interesting points in a picture, or details in a scene totally unconscious of their existence, because their eyes have never been taught to report truthfully to their brains.



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IN CAMP AND ON HOUSE-BOAT

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Described by Daniel C. Beard

[Author of "The American Boy's Handy-Book," "The American Boy's Book of Sports," etc.]



WHEN you start for camp leave artificialities and fripperies behind packed up in camphor, and bring only your free, untrammelled self with you, and ho! for a frolic, for flap-jacks and coffee, sweet-scented spruce boughs, camp fires, and the fire-side song and the music of the banjo. Let your first care be to secure cheerful, happy companions as the most important articles for your camping outfit.

White flannel trousers and blazers are for the seaside and summer resorts, not for camp. You go to camp for health and fun, not for display; therefore leave your good clothes in your trunk at the last railroad station, to be called for when you quit the woods and once more enter the land of creased trousers and starched shirts, of stocks, long skirts and ties.

HOW THE WOMEN SHOULD DRESS

WOMEN'S camp dress should consist of a scant, short skirt, bloomers, leggings, and stout, broad-soled shoes, loose shirt-waist and Norfolk jacket, the latter plentifully supplied with pockets. Whatever prejudice a woman may have against short skirts and bloomers is soon overcome after she has tried to climb fallen trees and rocks, or made her way through thick underbrush, encumbered with the absurd long skirts of the house or street, or after she has tramped to camp with a wet and bedrabbled skirt flapping around her ankles, caused by a walk in the dewy morning or a paddle in a leaky boat. Women should have their dresses made of strong material with "lots of pockets," like a man's hunting clothes. They will find their capabilities for enjoyment greatly enhanced by this, and the men, at least, will think them just as bewitching and far better companions than they would if they were dressed in city gowns, hats and feathers, and low shoes.

THE REQUIREMENTS FOR A CAMP

EACH person in camp should be supplied with a good, big-bladed jack-knife; a woodsman, or, what is about the same thing, a person with good, common sense, can supply himself with food and shelter without any other ready-made tool than a good strong knife. Salt, pepper and sugar must be put on the list; then flour in sack, oatmeal, cornmeal, rice and lard; crackers, beans, coffee in tin, tea in bag, cocoa, condensed milk in cans, evaporated cream in cans, butter in pail, pickles, dried fruit in bags, bag of potatoes, molasses, pork, boneless bacon, and, if you are fond of it, a few jars of orange marmalade; sal soda for sweetening "dubs," and ginger for medicinal purposes; several cakes of common soap for dish washing, some dish towels, and some soap for toilet purposes; also a tin coffee-pot, a long-handled frying-pan, a small griddle, a nest of tin pails, the smallest capable of holding a quart or less, and the largest a gallon or more; two or three paper pails or water buckets, two or three iron kitchen spoons and forks, and a camp broiler, a firkin and a wooden spoon, also a strong axe and a hatchet.

WHAT IS NEEDED FOR TABLE AND LARDER

FOR table furniture select white blue-rimmed cups, saucers and plates of granite ware. The gray enameled ware is not as good for many reasons. These enameled or granite-ware dishes are as easily cleaned as china, but, unlike china, they will not break. Nickel-plated teaspoons are in every way as good as silver for camp purposes, and should not cost more than three cents apiece. Knives and forks to match can easily be found. Be sure they are modern ones with three tines. Lay in a supply of candles and two or three common stable lanterns. You may add to these items as many luxuries as your baggage will supply room for or your purse or taste dictate. Fruit syrups, such as are used at reputable soda water fountains, make very pleasant and healthful drinks when combined with good, cold spring water. Lemons will keep in a cool, dry place for two weeks, and as a garnish for fish or soup not only give an appetizing look, which, as a rule, is unnecessary in camp food, but they add to the taste and relish, which is a property that persons blessed with good appetites appreciate even when on a camping expedition.

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF HEALTH

IT IS presupposed that people who intend to spend their vacation in camp are lovers of the beautiful; consequently, in selecting a camping place, a spot should be chosen which gives the finest possible view of mountains, lakes or rivers, even if some inconvenience must be suffered in the selection. The camp must be dry and well drained, so that in case of sudden storms there will be no danger of the water flooding the tents, wetting the bedding or spoiling the food. A gentle sloping ground is best. Avoid locating in the track or below the mouths of innocent-looking gullies or ravines, that may, in case of rain, be developed into torrents of muddy water, and sweep the camp like a cloud-burst.

A supply of pure water contributes as much to the enjoyment of the campers as to the preservation of health. Common sense will direct that the camp be selected within easy reach of some bubbling spring or fresh, uncontaminated brook of running water, but there is another thing of paramount importance, and that is a handy supply of fuel. The latter is of even more importance than that of water. With a wooden man-yoke, water is easily transported for quite a distance, but no one who has not tried it can realize the difficulty of carrying fuel even a short distance.

MAKING THE SHACK OR SHELTER

THE Adirondack camp is made from the materials furnished by the forest, and it is put together in the form of a shack or shelter by the woodsmen or guides. Spruce trees eight or nine inches in diameter are cut down, quickly stripped of their bark, and one of them suspended between two trees eight or ten feet from the ground, or is supported by forked sticks. Others are then laid standing up to it, and the incline is shingled with the bark to keep out the rain. Your bed is on the ground beneath the bark roof. Put a log at the head, and a smaller one at the foot, and cover the intervening space with a thick layer of flat spruce boughs neatly laid, with all the unnecessary sticks thrown out; chop down some young balsams and strip them of all their twigs; selecting all those of about twelve inches in length, begin at the foot of the bed and work up, sticking the butt ends of the balsam twigs into the spruce boughs. Place them as close together as possible, with their tops slightly inclining to the foot of the couch. After all the balsam is planted scatter the fine tips of some hemlock boughs over the balsam, and spread your blanket over all. Any bag or pillow-case filled with hemlock and balsam tips makes a good, sweet-scented pillow. All that then remains to be done is to fill up the ends of the shack with brush, roll a back log in front of your camp and start the fire. At night spread your blankets on the spruce twigs, stretch yourself out and watch the dying embers of the fire until you gradually drift into the sweet slumber of the camper.

THE BRUSH-COVERED LEAN-TO

IS A TRIANGULAR tent open in front, made of one piece of canvas fastened to a horizontal pole in front, to the ground in the rear, and hanging down at the sides. Over this a rude, shacklike Adirondack camp is built, not to keep out rain but to protect the canvas with the green brush from sparks from the camp fire. In no case must the brush touch the cloth, for during a rain the canvas will leak wherever any object is resting against it, either from the inside or outside.

Tents are the favorite abode of all campers. They are transported with much greater ease than the most simply-constructed portable house. A tent may be erected with the expenditure of less labor than any of the preceding camps, and furnishes a comfortable shelter all the year round. Even in the bleak mountains of Alaska tents are often used by miners wintering near their mines. A good wall tent, with a fly and a wooden floor, is protection enough for even the most delicate of persons.

Standard drills and yacht twills are better adapted to the camper's purposes than heavier materials, and besides are less expensive. The list prices of wall tents from nine by nine feet to sixteen and a half by fourteen feet, are from fourteen to twenty-six dollars. The flies are listed at from four and a half dollars to nine dollars and seventy cents.

IN TENTS WITH ROOFED VERANDAS

THE Amazon tents are in the form of a lean-to, with a roofed veranda, so to speak, in front.

Shanties are small houses of plank roofed with plank, and are built by the natives at costs varying with the price and accessibility of the lumber. A good, water-tight shanty ought to be erected in most sections for about twenty-five dollars. Bunks of planks are built in the shanties, one above the other, and, when filled with straw and covered with a blanket, make comfortable sleeping quarters.

Portable houses are now manufactured of all forms and sizes, from a child's small playhouse to a two-story frame store. These buildings are made in sections; all parts are numbered and labeled, and may be put together and taken apart at will. Many of these houses are designed especially for camps, and may be shipped to the camping-ground with little trouble and erected with little loss of time. At the same factory may be purchased terra-cotta chimneys in sections, ready to be stacked up for use. Some people prefer to build a chimney of stone or brick and leave it standing when the house is moved, others make stovepipe serve for a chimney.

ON THE DELIGHTFUL HOUSE-BOAT

ON ALL the Western rivers small flat boats or scows are to be had at prices which vary in accordance with the mercantile instincts of the purchaser, and with the desire of the seller to dispose of his craft. Such boats are propelled by "sweeps," a name used to designate the long poles with boards on their outer edges that serve as blades and form the oars. These boats are often supplied with a deck-house, extending almost from end to end, and if such a house is lacking one may be built with little expense. The roof is made of broad pine boards, reaching from side to side of the boat and projecting beyond the side walls. These planks are bent down at each end, making a roof convex on the outside, and forming a concave ceiling to the cabin. Where the boards join, smaller ones are placed over the cracks, making a simple and water-tight roof. The cabin is divided into rooms. The sleeping apartments are supplied with cheaply-made bunks. It is not the material of the bunk that makes it comfortable—it is the mattress in the bunk upon which your comfort will depend. The kitchen and dining-room may be all in one. An awning spread over the roof will make a delightful place in which to lounge and catch the river breezes.

THE COST OF HOUSE-BOATS

THE cost of a flat-bottomed house-boat is anywhere from thirty dollars to one or more thousand. In Florida such a boat, forty by twenty feet, built for the quiet waters of the St. John's River or its tributaries, or the placid lagoons, will cost eight hundred dollars. This boat is well painted outside and rubbed down to a fine oil finish inside; it has one deck, and the hull is used for toilet apartments and state-rooms; the hull is well caulked and all in good trim. Such expense is, however, altogether unnecessary—there need be no paint nor polish. All you need is a well-caulked hull, and a water-tight roof of boards or canvas overhead; cots or bunks to sleep in; chairs, stools, boxes or benches to sit on; hammocks to loll in, and a good supply of provisions in the larder.

House-boats for the open waters are necessarily more expensive. As a rule they need round bottoms that stand well out of the water, and are built like the hull of a ship. These boats cost as much to build as a small yacht. From twelve to fifteen hundred dollars will build a good house-boat with comfortable sleeping-berths, toilet-rooms and storerooms below; a kitchen, dining-room and living-room on the cabin deck, with wide, breezy passageways separating them.

If a bargain can be found in an old schooner with a good hull, for two or three hundred dollars, a first-class house-boat can be made by the expenditure of as much more for a cabin. The roofs of all house-boats should extend a foot or more beyond the sides of the cabin.

FOR PEOPLE OF LIMITED MEANS

FOR people with little money to spend these expensive boats are as much out of reach as a yacht, but they may often be rented for prices within the means of people in moderate circumstances. At New York a good schooner yacht, eighty-four feet over all, can be chartered for two weeks, with crew of skipper and two men, the larder plentifully supplied with provisions and luxuries for six people and the crew, making nine in all, at a cost of thirty-six dollars apiece for each of the six passengers. An equally good house-boat should not cost over twelve dollars a week per passenger for a party of ten. In inland waters, if a boat could be rented, the cost should not exceed seven or eight dollars a week per passenger.

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM RECENT PARIS DESIGNS



IT IS interesting to note how in different countries the various styles of parasol obtain. Among English women the solid-looking stick and comfortable handle is given more thought than the smart appearance, either of the umbrella or the parasol. The French woman wishes her umbrella to be very simple, to have a slight stick of natural wood, with a small knob; consequently her umbrella when furled never suggests that which the closed umbrella of the English woman does—the walking-stick. Parasols this season are of medium size, and have almost everything in the way of imitation gems and gold and silver put upon their handles, making them as dainty as possible. Enameled gold, wrought out in tiny watches and snuff-boxes of the time of Louis XVI, are noticed on the handles of some of the fashionable parasols.

SOME PRETTY PARASOLS

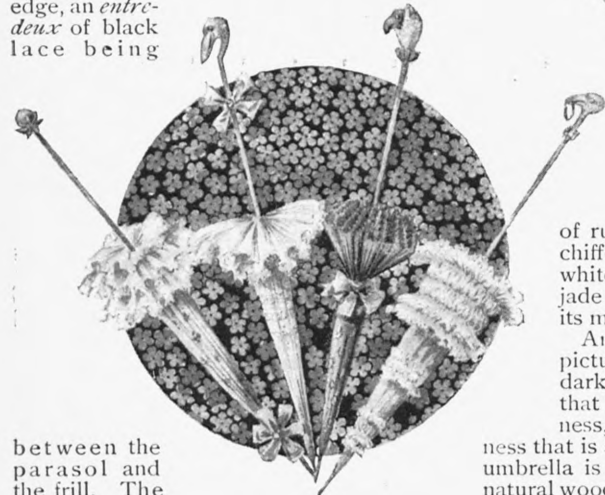
THE untrimmed parasol is always suitable with a walking toilette, and it is shown this season not only in plain silk but in plaids and small checks, in moiré and in taffeta. Indeed, the fashionable parasol is made of almost any material that is in vogue. The trimmed parasols are rich with ribbons and lace, while ruffles or ruches of silk, matching or contrasting with the main part, are considered very smart. Usually, these ruffles are edged with black velvet or black lace about an eighth of a yard wide. A typical parasol, bright in coloring, dainty in effect, and which may be used with any light silk or muslin costume, is shown in accompanying illustration. It is made of ruby-pink silk and trimmed with a full frilling of silk about the edge, an *entre-deux* of black lace being

ished with frills of the black lace. The stick is black ebony, and has concealed in its handle a pretty little watch. A more elaborate parasol shown is of white silk, the centre piece being cut out in deep scallops, each of which has upon it an appliqué of écru lace; from under this portion of the parasol falls a full plaiting of white silk muslin. At the top, about the stick of whitewood, is a full green silk *chou* or cabbage bow, with a high knot of ribbon standing above it.

A parasol somewhat larger, and which really might be called a sun umbrella, is not only very smart but very simple. It is of plain blue silk, with a narrow edge of satin as its finish; each bone is tipped with a pronounced gold point. The handle of this stylish parasol is of blue enamel with gold ornamentation.

FOUR DAINY SILKEN PARASOLS

IN THIS group are seen four dainty, inexpensive and effective parasols. One is of Dresden silk, the ground pink and the figures blue, the handle of natural wood terminating in a ball of jade, framed in green leaves. Another is of white silk, with an *entre-deux* of white lace and a full frill of the silk as its finish, while the handle of natural wood represents a quaint-looking swan's head. The third is of black figured silk, edged with a ruffle of black chiffon, and having a bow of bright crimson ribbon at one side. Following the fancy for the animal heads a gayly-tinted cockatoo is the handle decoration. The last in the group is of pale blue silk trimmed with three sets



between the parasol and the frill. The edge of the frill is finished in the approved way with narrow black velvet ribbon. At the top is a frilling similar to that on the edge, while a full ruche conceals its joining. The stick is a pink painted one, finished, oddly enough, with a carved and brilliantly-painted cockatoo's head.

Another parasol is the favorite black and white contrast; it is of white silk, with ruffles of the silk edged with black velvet ribbon not only outlining the whole parasol but coming down each gore. The handle is whitewood, finished with an imitation in black of a bunch of raisins. A dainty protection from the sun, also illustrated, is of pale blue silk, having down each gore a narrow frill of black Chantilly lace, while around the edge are two frills of the silk cut in points and fin-

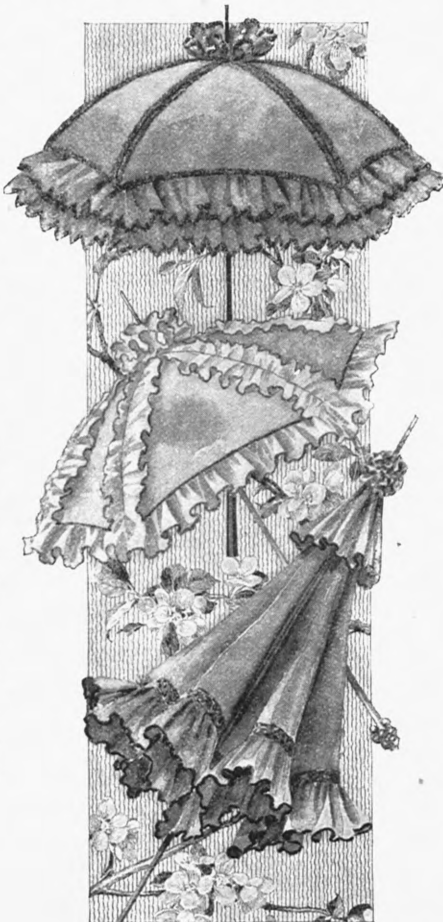
of ruches and frills of white chiffon. The handle is of whitewood, with a swan of jade holding a golden ring in its mouth.

An effective sun umbrella, pictured in initial letter, is of dark violet silk, made so well that it folds with great evenness, and achieves the slenderness that is always aimed at when the umbrella is closed. The stick is of natural wood tied midway with a *chou* of violet ribbon, and twisted to form the handle, which is overwrought with gold. An umbrella of the same class is of plain golden-brown silk, and is remarkable because of the beauty of its stick; it is Egyptian in effect, the enameled gold that forms it being ornamented with pearls and precious stones.

Parasols that are unlined are of heavy silk, in bright, indeed, one might say gay, designs. All of the historic tartans are noted, the black and white, scarlet and white, and brown and white also being seen. The sticks are, in most instances, of natural wood, twisted; of green-dyed oak, or of ebony, but no fancy handles finish them, the simple turn of the wood being counted best form.

THE HANDLES IN VOGUE

NAURAL wood handles continue to obtain, but, except on the very simplest umbrellas, they are invariably decorated either with gold, silver, jade or porcelain, and, in many instances, precious stones are also effectively and artistically used. The heads of animals seem to us a little pronounced, but they are quaint to look at and are greatly in vogue in Paris. The swan's or duck's head, since it may be shaped so easily, is specially popular, and one of the prettiest sticks, using the swan's head, is shown. It is mounted on a stick of natural wood, is made of gold, and has about it a collar of gold. Another stick presents an imitation of the French poodle in Dresden china, with his hair properly cut and his small self seated on a jade knob. Still another umbrella has a handle of green-dyed oak, with a gold serpent twisted around a ball of crystal.



Hand-painted porcelain, amber, rock-crystal, with the minor gems mounted about them, make beautiful and costly handles, though rather fragile ones for parasols or umbrellas. A handle of this sort is of natural wood, and finished with a large crystal ball encircled with a serpent of gold.

REALISTIC EFFECTS IN HANDLES

APROPOS of the serpents, some of them are so realistic that they almost make you shudder. A Dresden handle is attached to an umbrella that is meant for rainy-day use. A rabbit's head, with the ears outstretched, and a cockatoo, looking fierce enough to speak, also appear, while the umbrella with a ring through the handle, and tortoise-shell trimmings, is popular.

Elaborate garnitures of artificial flowers are not in vogue this season. A parasol specially favored is of a heavy silk, a veritable violet in color, lined with a green silk, somewhat lighter in weight, but just the color of the leaves which surround the violet. The stick is green-dyed oak, with a twist of gold near the top over a ball or crutch of green jade. This will adapt itself to any costume, no matter how simple nor how elaborate, that is to be worn on the street. White chiffon parasols have almost invariably sticks of whitewood with Dresden handles. The parasols of black chiffon have much brighter handles as a contrast to their sombre hue.



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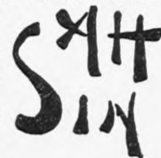


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THE SUMMER WAISTS AND BODICES

By Isabel A. Mallon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE MOST RECENT PARIS DESIGNS

THE bodice that will undoubtedly be very popular during the coming season is shown in Illustration No. 1. It is made of pale pink lawn, with rows of narrow Valenciennes lace down each side of the



No. 2

FOR AFTERNOON AND EVENING WEAR
A BODICE that may be given more general wear is made of blue and green plaid organdy, such as is shown in Illustration No. 2. The back is laid in box-plaits, while the front is in a series of fine tucks that terminate in frills of butter-color lace on a narrow waistcoat of pale green lawn. The high collar is of the green with frills of lace falling over it. The sleeves show three small puffs at the top of each, shape in to the arms, and are finished with straps of the pale green lawn trimmed with lace, and frills of lace falling over the wrists. The belt is of green satin ribbon and has a handsome cut steel buckle just in front.

A number of bodices of this season's designing are cut out to show not the neck but merely the throat, and they are especially becoming for late afternoon and evening wear. A fancy-looking bodice, made of pale blue lawn, is



No. 6

A bodice that shows the low effect is seen in Illustration No. 6. It is of taffeta, the design being a plaid, showing purple, green and white. The silk is draped to the figure from under a yoke of écreu embroidery; strips of the embroidery are on each side of the closing, and caps of the embroidery fall over the silk sleeves, wrinkled in mousquetaire fashion. They fit the arms closely, and have the usual finish of frills of embroidery at the wrists. The cravat is of black chiffon tied in a bow.

SHIRT-WAISTS IN PLAID SILK

PLAID silk, developed in a simpler way—indeed, in what might be called a shirt-waist—as shown in Illustration No.

7, forms a useful bodice. Blue, yellow and white in a small plaid is the pattern of silk, which is box-plaited to fit the figure, has turn-over collar and cuffs of white linen, a blue silk stock, and a rather high white belt, with an anchor as its clasp.

In absolute contrast is the bodice in Illustration No. 8, which is of scarlet silk. It is full and gathered to a yoke formed of alternate rows of guipure lace insertion and silk muslin frills. The sleeves reach only to the elbow, are of the silk, and are finished with frills of silk muslin. The belt is of Persian ribbon, showing red in its design.

closing; about the neck is the extremely high white linen collar which stands out horizontally. A peculiar effect is achieved by wearing with this bodice a high cravat of red silk, tied in a flaring bow in front. The belt is also of red silk, fastening under a dull jet buckle. The sleeves are easy at the shoulders, shape in to fit the arms, and have turn-back cuffs of white linen, caught with coral links. When the stiff collar is an adjunct to the shirt-waist care must be taken not only in choosing but



No. 3

while around the neck it is also cut in small points that are outlined by the embroidery. The sleeves, full upon the shoulder, have caps of embroidery finished with points, then shape in to the arms, to be finished by frills of the embroidery that come far over the hands and tend to make them look smaller. Simplicity is the keynote of a pretty bodice made of striped

linen, such as is pictured at Illustration No. 4. The colors that appear are pink, white and black. A yoke effect is arranged, and below it the bodice is in box-plaits. The fullness is confined under a high belt of pink silk with a cabbage bow slightly at one side of the front. The collar is a high one of white linen.

Another pretty bodice is shown in Illustration No. 5. It is made of purple chiffon, draped to fit the figure, and has, down the back and down each side of the front, broad straps of white guipure lace outlined with sparkling cut jet beads. An accordion plaiting of chiffon is arranged as to the elaborate air, guipure lace is added to the bodice, also a belt of black satin.



No. 8

in tying one's stock or cravat so that not only an artistic but an individual air shall characterize it. The high collar rolling over is the rival of the new upright one with the horizontal border one inch wide.

Silk or velvet belts, which may or may not match the collar, are in vogue, and have either cabbage bows of the same material, or fancy clasps as their finish. Fine cut steel buckles are always in good taste, and the Russian buckle, with its many-hued gems, has popularity accorded it. Sets of jeweled studs are liked, especially down the fronts of simple bodices.



No. 5



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No. 7

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Edited by Mrs. Margaret Bottome

HEART TO HEART TALKS

HAVE just received a letter which begins: "For some time I have had it in my heart to ask you to say something to us ministers' wives through THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. We have our trials as you well know; our lives are spent in trying to lift others up. Sometimes we get tired, and long for an uplift ourselves. So much responsibility rests upon our shoulders—we need the Comforter."

As I read the letter "it threw a narrow floodgate back that let in memory's tide." The experiences in the years that have gone rushed over my mind, and I wondered why I had never written to ministers' wives. But what can I say? Where shall I begin? I was for many years a minister's wife. I know all about the joys and sorrows of the life of a minister's wife. I would like to-night to sit in the midst of a large circle of ministers' wives and have them ask me questions—questions such as this: "Did you give yourself much to your husband's church?" Oh, yes, I was deeply interested. I was brought up on the old hymn:

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify—
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky."

And that charge to keep was very closely allied to the following verse:

"To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will."



I LIVED FOR CHRIST IN THE CHURCH

SO I SERVED in every way I could in the church, because my work was my family and our church. I could only save myself by trying to save others. I think that was clear to me. I went to the weekly prayer-meetings as regularly as to church on Sunday, and I went there to serve God. I used my voice to help souls. Then, as now, my thought was more what can I give than what shall I receive. When the song would come to my mind that might help the soul that had just spoken of trials I sang it. I do not wish to give the impression that I thought I was a perfect minister's wife. I do not believe that I thought much about myself in that way. A member of our church once said to me, "Don't you feel very deeply the responsibility of being the minister's wife?" And I answered laughingly, "Why, you don't think I carry that thought around with me, do you?" I remember meeting a minister once who was very low-spirited. He said he had served his church faithfully for forty years, and that now he was neither noticed nor cared for. "And did you live for your church?" I asked. "Indeed I did," he answered. Then I said smilingly, "I am safe, for I don't serve any church or live for any church." "You don't?" he inquired. "No, indeed," I said, "I live for Christ in the church." The forlorn old minister looked at me as if that were a new idea; maybe it was. Perhaps, because I knew so little of despondency, I still remember an incident that I do not think I have ever told. We were stationed in Seventh Street Church, near Third Avenue, in the city of New York, and in that church I certainly worked almost day and night during a great revival. After it was over, and I was lying down on a lounge and feeling very tired and despondent, the thought came to me, "You have always been ready to sing a song of cheer to other pilgrims when they have been sad, but you have no one to sing a song for you now that you are downcast." Just at that moment I heard the sound of muffled drums coming nearer and nearer, and as the band reached the corner every drum was unmuffled as a well-known funeral march was played. How often I had sung the words of that dear old hymn,

"How firm a foundation,
Ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith
In His excellent word."

to the tune which they were playing. But that afternoon, as plainly as if the words were uttered by the band, I heard the last verse in the old hymn:

"The soul that on Jesus
Has leaned for repose,
He will not, He will not,
Desert to his foes."

I sprang to my feet, and I thought then, and I still think, that God sent that band of music especially to encourage me. All the clouds were gone, and not for the first time did I organize victory out of defeat.

HUMAN AND DIVINE HELPS

HOW well I remember the thoughtful people in the different churches I have belonged to. I shall never forget going to the door one morning, and finding one of the members of our church there. She said, after taking a seat in the sitting-room, "You spoke last night of our bearing one another's burdens, so I have come around to help you bear yours." I smiled as I asked, "Which one?" "I want to take the burden," she replied, "of darning the stockings." And I assure you there was work in that line to do. There were little feet in those days that made holes in the stockings, and I well remember the basket of stockings that the good woman took to darn. How pleased I have been with the thoughtfulness of the "Daughters" in our Order caring for needed things in the parsonage. It took me back to other days when one Circle reported that a "hall lamp and rugs for the parsonage were needed." We had no Order of The King's Daughters in those days, but there were real "daughters," and they come before me as I write.



FEAR OF BEING CRITICISED

THE person who wrote, asking me to speak to ministers' wives, spoke of the great responsibilities which rest upon ministers' wives, and she wishes me to encourage these wives of ministers. I know of nothing that can help them more than to tell of a discovery I have made of late: that all we are responsible for is that we ourselves, individually, shall be "filled with the Spirit." After that we are free—free to serve; free from all anxious care about anybody or anything. "I would have you without carefulness." Why? "Because He careth for you." I think a great many people to-day are dying of responsibility. We cannot carry a load and do much work. We must be free. We obtain wings of faith and hope if we are filled with the Spirit. And what a great thing it would be for ministers' wives to be free from fear—fear of being criticised. I think I was saved because I kept on spiritual lines. I had no trouble about gossip because I would not listen to it, and the people soon understood that. If your husbands' parishioners know that you are concerned about their spiritual life, and that, as a wife and mother, you are ready to sympathize with other wives and mothers, and always ready to talk of your best Friend, who is the Helper, they will respect and love you.

Ministers' wives have their peculiar joys as well as their peculiar trials, and the people they serve have their trials; and the only way to make you feel yours less is to try to help others bear theirs.



LIVING OUR INDIVIDUAL LIVES

SHORTLY after my marriage, or shortly before, I do not remember which, I heard a minister say in a sermon that "a wife shines by the light of her husband." I said to myself, "I don't think I like that; why shouldn't she have a light of her own?" And I said as I walked home, to the one who was or was soon to be my husband, "I did not like what that minister said. 'A wife shines by the light of her husband.' I prefer to have a small light of my own." I remember he laughed and said that I was right. Carry your own light. We must live our individual lives. I was foolish enough once to think that to marry a minister almost insured Heaven—I would always have some one to help me to Heaven. My opinion at this time of my life is that not a few ministers need wives to help them to get to Heaven, for "preaching is not Christ." Ministers' wives have peculiar trials, and sometimes the trial is the minister himself. All ministers are not saints, though some are. You will find, dear friends, that you will need to lean on the everlasting arms, and help your husband and the children, and the church, and everybody that comes in your way; but "you can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth you."

I believe if we could get down to facts we should find more ministers leaning on their wives than wives leaning on ministers. To be sure, it was not just what you expected. Maybe you married the minister to save him, instead of his saving you, and ministers need to be saved. No matter how much they would like to have their boys follow them into the ministry, unless they live what they preach boys will never do it. There are no men who need to be so sympathetic with their wives and their children as do ministers.

DRIFTING IN THE DARKNESS

THE letters continue to come signed "Driftwood," and I feel as if I must say something to the writers of them. These letters have impressed me much. One in particular seemed to be from a very popular woman, and yet the loneliness of her heart was something pitiful. She had heard "THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL" called out in the car, and bought it to while away an hour, and she opened it, she tells me, at "Driftwood." There was no signature but "Driftwood" to her letter. It made me think of what I heard the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" say when I heard him preach in his own church in Liverpool, and the very tones of his voice come back as I hear him exclaim: "Oh, God! they are all over England under the fig trees, with nothing above them but the blue sky and the God they do not know." But how comforting Christ's own words come to me as I write: "When thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee." And, my unknown friend, when you were on that express train bound for a distant city, and when you said, as you read "Driftwood," "That is I," He saw you, He pitied you, He loved you. Oh, if you would only be persuaded to "come and see." All that you need is an interview with Christ, and then the fire of His love will touch your being, and you will remember that it was the "driftwood" that made the beautiful fire, the iridescent flame.



"NO CROSS, NO CROWN"

BEFORE me, on the desk at which I am now writing, is a beautiful head of Christ in marble, and I brought a crown of thorns from Jerusalem last winter and placed it on His head, though I know that

"The head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now,
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty victor's brow."

But He is crowned because He suffered, and He could never be to us what He is if He were not our crucified One. From His wounds comes our healing, from His death our life; and I am sure that if we will find healing for our wounds in His blood, and then are touched with the fires of Pentecost, all the wounds of our life, all our broken-heartedness, all the agony that "Driftwood" suggested, all the drifting in the darkness, all the consciousness that we are wrecked—all this will tell for humanity as nothing else can tell. You may never tell it, you may never write it, but it will tell in your earnest eyes; it will tell in your voice; you will touch souls, but you must first touch God, and He, by His spirit, must touch you.

There is a very deep truth in the lines I am so fond of:

"The mark of rank in Nature is capacity for pain,
And the anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the strain."



TRUE SYMPATHY THROUGH SUFFERING

I REMEMBER many years ago standing on the bridge over the Harlem, looking at a vessel passing up the stream, when a friend at my side said, "I can recall the time when no such boat could have come up this river." "Why not?" I asked. "Because," he replied, "the channel was not deep enough." "And what deepened it?" I asked him. "Blasting," was the only word he uttered. Can you not see that here is where your sympathy for others is to come in? Can you not see that there can be no sympathy without suffering? You know how we shrink from having a wound touched unless the one who attempts to heal us has been wounded. And the reason that Christ can bind up the broken-hearted is because He died of a broken heart.

Will you not cease saying, "I am only 'driftwood,'" meaning "I am only a part of a wreck; the dreadful marks are on me where the cruel nails have been"? Yes, I see it all. I saw it in the "driftwood" before it went on the fire; and if it could have spoken it would have said, "This is all there is left of me." But oh, the fire! I imagine now if it could have spoken when the beauty came it would have said, "Can this be I?" Listen to the words of Him who was the truth: "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence."

Oh, let me plead with you, my unknown correspondents. I may never see your faces, but I beseech you come to Him who is fire—a fire that will burn on and on, the fire of Divine Love. Will you not say with me:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be,
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought and hoped and known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and Heaven are still my own!"

Do this and you will be "driftwood" on fire—the fire of Pentecost!

Margaret Bottome

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MR. MOODY'S BIBLE CLASS

Conducted by Dwight L. Moody

BISHOP RYLE has very well likened faith to a root whose flower is assurance. To have the latter, he says, it is necessary that there must first be the hidden source of faith. Faith is the simplest and most universal experience in the world. Call it by whatever name you may, confidence, trust or belief, it is inseparable from the human race. The first sign of a dawning intelligence in the mind is the exercise of the infant's faith toward those it knows and its fear toward those it does not know. We cannot even remember when we first began to have faith.

Faith is the foundation of business. It is an essential asset to every bank and mercantile house in existence. Many a thriving business and successful enterprise has been carried through dark days of reverse on no other capital; and without such capital the markets of the world would soon come to a standstill. I have known men whose ruin has been brought about by some little insinuation relative to their credit—the business equivalent for trustworthiness. The loss of public faith has brought the darkest reverses to the richest of corporations, and even nations have felt the ruin which it entails.

Faith is the bond which holds family with family. If once this bond is dissolved there would exist a state of barbarism and anarchy like that which marked the close of the eighteenth century in Paris. With every one distrusting his neighbor and fearing his nearest friends, progress is impossible and civilization inconceivable.



THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN

TO MANY people the very term of faith, used in connection with man's relation to God, implies something mysterious. They will speak of having implicit confidence in a friend, of trusting a servant with their last cent, or being willing to credit a customer with any amount, considering his word as good as his note, yet they do not realize that God simply asks of them the same trust and confidence which they are using in the affairs of their every-day life.

I remember a conversation I once had with a young lady who was anxious about her spiritual welfare. I tried to show her that salvation came from simply believing in Christ as her personal Redeemer. I well remember her troubled and almost annoyed look as she replied: "Believe! Why, Mr. Moody, everybody tells me to believe. My pastor says 'believe.' My Sunday-school teacher says 'believe.' My mother says 'believe.' I believe everything, but still I am not a Christian." "Well, then," I said, "we will use another word. You have confidence in your friends, and you trust them, don't you? Well, it is simply trusting God and taking Him at His word." And in that one word "trust," she found peace. She had been trying to bring herself into some extraordinary frame of mind in order to believe, instead of simply exercising the same act of faith which she was in the habit of doing almost continually in her daily life. Faith is composed of three elements, knowledge, assent and action. Knowledge and assent are necessary for the latter, but without action they avail nothing.



WHEN LINCOLN FREED THE SLAVES

WHEN President Lincoln signed the proclamation of Emancipation to the slaves in the United States, copies of it were sent to all points along the Northern line, where they were posted. Now, supposing a slave should have seen a copy of that proclamation and should have learned its contents. He might have known the fact, he might have assented to its justice, but if he had still continued to serve his old master as a slave his faith in the document would not have amounted to anything. And so it is with us. A mere knowledge of the historical events of Christ's life, or a simple intellectual assent to His teachings and His mission, will be of no help in a man's life unless he adds to them a trustful surrender to the Lord's loving kindness.

But it is a matter of grave importance upon whom you place your faith. It is a very common thing to hear men say that it does not make very much difference what you believe; we are all trying to go to Heaven, and, that being the case, our belief or unbelief has no effect.

EDITOR'S NOTE—"Mr. Moody's Bible Class" began in the JOURNAL of November, 1896, and will continue without intermission during 1897.

THE MAGIC POWER OF LIFE

A MAN once told me that it was absurd to say that a man's actions were affected by his belief. He confessed, however, in a few moments, that he would flee from the building in which we were conversing if some one, whom he believed, should tell him that the place was on fire. A man's life is entirely affected by what he believes. His faith is the magic power of his life. It is an all-important matter, then, to look well to whom you believe. Sincerity in believing what is a lie will not make it a truth. It is utter nonsense to say that if we are only in earnest it is all right. God has given the world a revelation of His salvation, and He will not hold a man guiltless who despises His word and tries to substitute earnestness in what he likes to believe for what he has been taught to be true.



FAITH IN ALL WORLDLY THINGS

IN NEW YORK harbor lie two steamers tied side by side at their respective wharves—the one a beautifully-fitted boat with every luxury that modern invention and skill can devise; the other a less attractive boat, perhaps a little old-fashioned, but, nevertheless, a well-tested, seaworthy boat. The first is destined for some port upon Long Island Sound, but the second boat for some distant port to which I want to go. Now, suppose I should reason, as many a young person does, and embark upon the Sound boat, and trust to my earnestness to bring me to the desired haven. As I leave the port I inquire of an officer when I may expect to arrive across the ocean. "Why, you are on the wrong boat," he would say. "We do not cross the ocean. We are only built for the coast service." "But I believe in you, and in spite of what people have told me I am so much in earnest that you must land me in Europe." You would say that I was a fool, and rightly too. And yet this is exactly what people are doing. Their faith and earnestness in some worldly pursuit will never bring them to their desired haven, be their surroundings ever so much to their taste.

Some people have faith in a minister. That is good if it brings them to have faith in a higher power. I have known others whose faith was all in some visible form of the church or in some special congregation. Others there are whose faith is all in some outward symbols and ceremonies. But a time comes in every life when all human expedients are vain, and outward forms, and human ties themselves, may fail us. When the tempest of bereavement breaks upon the soul there is need, sore need, of a sure and unyielding anchorage.



AN OUTWARD LOOK, NOT AN INWARD VIEW

WHEN first entering Christian work my one ambition was to be a man of faith. I prayed for faith; I worked for faith; I fasted for faith. All the useful men I had ever heard of had been men of faith, and I realized that it was a necessity for any one who was to devote his life to God's service. I looked for some wonderful, miraculous gift that should suddenly come to me. One day I was reading the Epistle to the Romans when I came to the verse: "So then, faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." That one passage gives the only direction for receiving faith in Christ, and that is simply by reading about Him. Faith is not some mysterious feeling that we discover within ourselves, but simply the natural results of knowing Christ both through the Scriptures and in our lives. Faith is an outward look and not an inward view. It is not important to examine the nature of faith, but it is all-important to study the object of faith.

Many people complain that they are unable to believe what they cannot see, and do not realize that, even in making the statement, they contradict themselves. Faith that requires proof isn't faith at all. To believe a person or a truth implies that by experience we do not know it or cannot understand it, but accept it on the statement of another. I am not a chemist, and I do not know anything about the results of certain drugs upon my body. Yet if I should be advised to take a certain medicine I would have to depend fully upon the wisdom of the man from whom I bought it. I would have to exercise faith in him. If, however, I had been trained in the business, and could assure myself of the purity of every ingredient of the prescription, I would then have no need to exercise my faith, for I would then know and see. And so faith is simply believing in God, and, acting upon one's trust in Him, appropriating His blessings individually.

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT

THERE is a story told of Alexander the Great and his trust in his attendant physician. Some one who was jealous of the doctor's distinction sought to bring about his ruin by arousing suspicion against him, and sent an anonymous letter to the King accusing the doctor of treason. In the letter the writer warned the King that on the following morning the doctor would mix some deadly poison with medicine which he would bring him. Alexander knew his friend too well to believe the accusation. When the doctor came the next morning the King, taking the goblet containing the medicine in his hand, gave the doctor the warning letter, and then, without waiting for him to read it, he drank the prescribed medicine. By that act of fearless faith he showed his implicit confidence in his friend, and displayed a love that was beyond suspicion, that could think no evil, a faith that could not and would not be shaken, no matter what the tests to which it might be subjected.

And such is the faith that God would inspire in our hearts—a faith that would not tolerate suspicious doubts and fears; a faith that would trust Him implicitly however dark may be the shadows that fall across the path where He would lead us.



WE HAVE REASON TO TRUST

NOR does the Master ask of us implicit faith without giving us good reason to trust Him. In all His dealings with man for six thousand years there has not failed one promise nor one prophecy. Even at the present time He is still fulfilling promises and prophecies made before the Christian era. His dealings with the patriarchs, as summarized by the Apostle Paul in his letter to the Hebrews, are illustrations of His bounty and favor toward those whose faith is in Him. An especially striking instance of God's faithfulness is in the dying message of the old Hebrew leader Joshua. He relied fully upon God's promises, and in his parting message to the leaders of Israel he says: "Behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth; and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you." There would be joy and exultation among all the powers of darkness if God's word could be broken down in one respect; but it stands firm and eternal because He is ever faithful who promises.



FAITH ALWAYS BRINGS COURAGE

LET a man believe in God's promises and place himself under the direction of God's will, and he will care little for aught else. The reason why there are so many "trimmers" who are seeking to tone down Christ's teaching is that there is so little faith among them. If they truly believed that Christ's words were true and powerful to convert they would hew to the line. They would strive to apply His teachings to raise men up, rather than lower their meaning or discredit their power to make them more popular to those living in sin. With faith and courage God will use a servant anywhere, but without these virtues no servant can accomplish anything in the kingdom.

During our war there were leaders whose very presence inspired new strength and purpose in the troops. They were men who had faith and courage. And so in a church or a community one person filled with faith and courage often is the means of the greatest blessings. It is not always the visible instrument in God's work that has been the means of a revival or a spiritual quickening in a church. Often the minister or the preacher has been used by God in direct answer to the prayers of some dear servant who is debilitated from even leaving the sick-chamber or the many household duties. God uses the weak things, being connected through the bond of faith to His infinite power, to confound the great and learned. And so it is that all of us, no matter how few talents are entrusted to our care nor how humble our circumstances are, may have a part in God's great work. By the exercise of faith we may pray for those who work, and by our courage strengthen those who are weak.

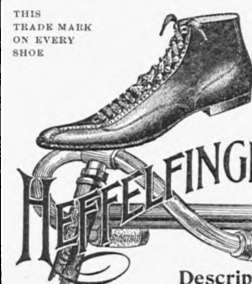


TEMPTATIONS AND ERRORS SURROUND US

I BELIEVE that there has never been a time in our history when there has been so great a need of simple faith upon the part of the church. Temptations surround us, and the most subtle errors and philosophies are continually coming up. But let a man build wisely upon the Rock of Ages and his life will never be a failure. The shifting sands of human error offer a poor holding for even the short season of a human life, but God's promises are unyielding, and His mercy endureth forever. Sometimes I tremble in my weakness, but the Rock upon which I stand remains eternally immovable.

"Have faith in God, press near His side—Thy troubled soul trust Him to guide; In life, in death, whate'er betide, Have faith, have faith in God."

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GIRLS' LETTERS

By Ruth Ashmore

ETTY thought there was no excuse for it. But Betty is young and impulsive, and quick to judge, while I, who have seen more years of life than she has, know that an excuse can be found for almost anything. "It" was a note that she had just received. Talking very rapidly, she said: "That girl went to school with me; she belongs to nice people; she is well educated, and she ought to know better than to write a note like that." And Betty held out the offending epistle for me to look at. The paper was ruled, the writing indistinct, not only because it was cramped and blurred, but because the ink used was pale; but that, bad as it was, which, after all, simply made reading it a difficulty, was not the fault which Betty condemned. The note ended in this way, "Your affectionate friend, Mrs. J. Hamilton."

"Now, Betty," said I, "has she ever written to you before since her marriage? Perhaps she may have been in a hurry and she wanted you to know what her married name was." But Betty could find no excuse for the lack of knowledge. I told her that there were many women who were careless about letter-writing, and that there were many women who really did not understand the etiquette of writing a note, but Betty refused to be charitable. She maintained that they ought to know; and then, knowing how much influence she had over me, she said: "Write a little sermon on the subject of letter-writing—the writing of every-day letters. It is more than possible that I myself make mistakes, and I am quite willing to be preached at if, by your sermon, you can make even one woman understand just how she should sign her name."

And that is how this bit of a preaching came about.

THE FOUNDATION OF ALL LETTERS

APPEARANCES, my dear girl, are worth a great deal. In view of that great truth choose for your letters proper paper and proper ink. One kind of paper is always in good taste all the world over, and may be used to write upon, whether the letter be to a queen or to a beggar, with the certainty that it is altogether right: This is white paper, rather heavy, unruled, that will fold easily to fit into an envelope, and upon which is used a good, clear, black ink. Some girls fancy pale-tinted paper, such as gray or blue, but the white is always to be preferred. Rose-colored paper is almost as bad as perfumed paper, and any paper having fancy pictures upon it is only suitable for the nursery. Elaborate monograms are decidedly bad form, but a small monogram, or, better still, one's address in a dark color, is always to be approved. Avoid ruled paper and extremely thin paper. You can easily teach yourself to write upon unruled paper, and when you consider that a letter represents yourself you must determine to have your letter say, in its appearance, "I come from a lady."

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS WITH CARE

PLACE the stamp on the envelope as it should be, and never, because you have read a paragraph in the newspaper saying it was fashionable, be induced to use fancy inks. Good black ink, which tries the eyes of no one, is as fashionable to-day as it was when used by the old monks in writing their wonderful missals. Consideration of the postal authorities may not seem to you of great moment, but I assure you that consideration for all persons who have to work is an attribute of the well-bred woman; so, not only write your letter distinctly, but address it with care. In my possession at present is a letter dated "at home," asking for an answer by return mail, and I have not even the vaguest idea where the young woman's home is, while she is probably blaming me in the first place, the post-office in the second, and never for one moment accusing herself of stupidity.

And it is well when writing a letter to avoid all extremely affectionate phrases. "Yours faithfully" before your name, signed to the letter that is written to your betrothed, means quite as much as a long string of loving expressions could convey. When you write a business letter sign yourself "Yours truly"; when you write a social letter sign yourself "Yours cordially," "Yours very sincerely," "Yours affectionately," or "Yours faithfully," as you may prefer. Never sign yourself "Yours respectfully," unless you are in the position of an inferior writing to a superior—that is, when applying for a position, or when writing a letter to a person of importance, before whom you stand as one to whom favor is to be shown.

WHEN SIGNING YOUR LETTERS

NOW about the signature—that signature which troubled Betty so much. After Mary Brown married Mr. James Hamilton her social title was "Mrs. James Hamilton," while her name became "Mary Hamilton"; consequently in signing her note she should have signed herself "Yours cordially, Mary Hamilton," but if she had any doubt of your knowledge of her being a matron she might have written in parenthesis below her name, on the opposite side of the sheet, "(Mrs. James Hamilton)." But this she should only do when she is writing to some one who is a stranger to her. If she had married "Doctor James Hamilton" then she would, as a matron, call herself "Mrs. James Hamilton," but not having studied medicine or theology she has no right whatever to the title that represents her husband's profession. Possibly she has married a clergyman who has not been given the title of "Doctor," and then, while he is the "Reverend James Hamilton," she is "Mrs. James Hamilton" only. This law never varies; there would be just as much sense in addressing a woman as "Mrs. Conductor Smith," or "Mrs. Car-Driver Livingstone," or "Mrs. Shopkeeper Thomson," as "Mrs. Doctor Brown." If Mrs. Brown should have studied and earned the title of "Doctor" she is then "Doctor Mary Brown." The wife of a judge, while she may joy in her husband's ability, or the wife of a captain in the army or navy, though she may be proud of her husband's bravery, has no right to his title, though they appear before the world when they are together as "Judge and Mrs. James Livingstone," or as "Captain and Mrs. Oliver Hamilton." The unmarried girl should sign her name as "Mary Brown," but when writing to a stranger she may put, just before her signature, in parenthesis, the word "(Miss)."

WHEN ANSWERING AN INVITATION

IT TROUBLED Marie as to what she was to say in answering an invitation to a dance. The following rule always holds good: Let your answer be in the same form as the invitation. If your friend writes you an informal note asking you to come on a certain evening to a pleasant game, or a small dance, accept or decline in the same informal manner. If you receive a formal card, telling that Mrs. Dash and Miss Dash will be at home on a certain evening, and on the lower left-hand corner of the card is the word "Dancing," or "Cards," then you respond in the third person, saying: "Miss Marie Livingstone accepts with pleasure the kind invitation of Mrs. Schuyler Dash for Thursday evening, January seventh." To this you will add, in the lower right-hand corner of your small note paper, your address, and in the lower left-hand corner the date. In answering an invitation be sure to put in the exact day on which the affair will be given, so that your hostess will know that you understand it clearly. In answering a dinner or luncheon invitation add the hour as well, for your hostess must understand that you are so well informed that you will not be that dread, a late arrival. So in answer to a dinner invitation write: "Miss Marie Livingstone accepts with pleasure Mrs. Schuyler Dash's kind invitation to dinner, Thursday evening, January seventh, at eight o'clock." Never make the mistake of combining in a letter the third and first persons. You look at me with horror. And yet it was not an entirely ignorant woman who wrote: "Mrs. James Blank thanks Mrs. Thomas Dash for her kind invitation, and I cannot come because the baby is extremely sick." No matter how intimate you are with a friend answer her invitations promptly. You will make a great mistake if, after receiving an invitation to some elaborate affair, you do not take the trouble to answer it, but drop in to see your friend, and say, "Well, Mary, you know, of course, that I am coming."

ANSWERING WEDDING INVITATIONS

THE question of answering wedding invitations has been much discussed. In England and in France every invitation is acknowledged, and the American lady who sends to an Englishman an invitation to a church wedding is very apt to receive a note saying: "Mr. Aubrey Smythe thanks Mrs. Wilson Hamilton for her invitation to witness the marriage of her daughter, which he accepts with much pleasure." In the United States, however, it seems to be considered unnecessary to acknowledge an invitation to a church wedding unless it includes an invitation to a reception or a sit-down breakfast. In regard to announcement cards it may be said that they pass unacknowledged unless they include cards to the bride's first "at home," and then either a personal call or a card by post is required.

SOME EVERY-DAY MISTAKES

BECAUSE you usually call your friend, "Flossy," or your other friend, Elizabeth, by her pretty name of "Betty," just remember that you must not give to the world at large, through the medium of the postman, the privilege of using these names, which are meant only for loving lips. Avoid, then, addressing your envelope to "Miss Flossy Wilson"; give her the benefit of her full name, and on your envelope let the postman know her as "Miss Florence Wilson." Never sign a pet name when you write to strangers; and if you inclose to a stranger, from whom you wish an answer, an addressed and stamped envelope, preface your name with your title, and do not believe that there is any special dignity in calling yourself on an envelope "Mary J. Smith." Society demands that you be known, in so public a place as on the outside of a letter, as "Miss Mary J. Smith."

You ask how you shall address an envelope to a man. Always with a preface of "Mr." Many people, when a gentleman is very old, or very highly honored, add "Esquire" to his name and omit the "Mr.," but as "Esquire" has no meaning in this country it is always in rather better taste, when a man has no title, to use the simple but polite form that is expressed when you write him as "Mr. James Smith Livingstone." Postal-cards are only to be used for giving orders to business people.

CALLS AND LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE

DO NOT use visiting-cards for any but the purpose for which they are intended—that is, to represent you when you visit, or when you are unable to visit in person, to go, as your representative, through the post. The only time when it is permissible to write a message on a visiting-card is when paying a call of condolence. People who are in sorrow are often hurt by long letters of sympathy that are undoubtedly well meant, but which simply intensify grief; and for that reason a personal call of inquiry, and the leaving of a card upon which is written "With sincere sympathy," or "With kind inquiries," is allowable. Letters of condolence, by-the-by, require no answer. When those who are in grief begin to think of their social debts all that is necessary has been done when a black-bordered card is sent by post to each friend who wrote or called during the days of mourning. Some one asks when notes of condolence should be written. If written at all they should be sent as soon after the sorrow is heard of as is possible.

FORMAL AND INFORMAL LETTERS

ANOTHER much-vexed question is the beginning of a letter. Which is the most formal, "My Dear Miss Brown," or "Dear Miss Brown"? In days gone by it used to be said that the possessive pronoun suggested a tie either of close friendship or of kin, but now "My Dear Miss Brown" is considered the more formal, as it is claimed that in writing to one with whom the relations are intimate the quicker and less formal-sounding address may be used. Young women must beware in their letters to their young friends of being effusive, and they must avoid writing of very private affairs. Black and white stands for a long time, and many a girl has, without thought, told in a letter of some personal matter, and that letter has risen up years afterward to confront her with her folly. In these days of quick travel we see our friends often enough to tell them of great personal happenings, and it is seldom necessary to write of important private affairs.

THE END OF THE SERMON

IN YOUR letters do not drift into slang, which is always very bad form, but do not go to the other extreme and write in a stiff, didactic fashion. Speak good English and write good English. Punctuate properly, but as far as possible make short sentences. Above all, spell correctly. A letter properly worded, written with black ink on good paper, tells of you as a woman of culture; whereas a letter written in haste on ruled and tinted paper, folded many times to fit too small an envelope, filled with ill-spelled words and mixed-up sentences, announces you as a careless woman. One need not use expensive paper, for good paper can be had for very little money. Your letter, like your dress, is part of yourself; it expresses even more than your costume, for it tells of your intelligence, your perception of right and wrong, of the world, and of social laws. Nobody is too old to learn, and because you wrote carelessly yesterday there is no reason why you need write carelessly to-morrow, for you can give a little time and a great deal of thought to your next letter, so that your representative in black and white may say, not only to its recipient, but even to the strangers through whose hands it passes, "I come from a lady."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 29 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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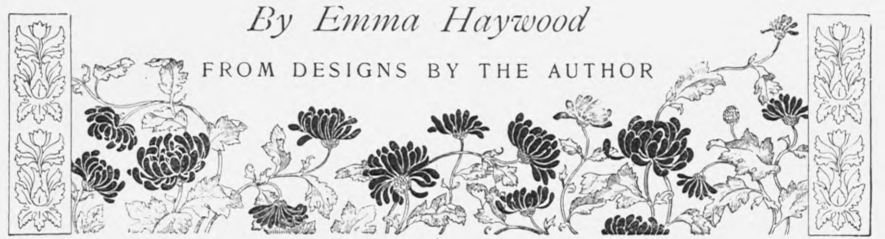
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LINEN PILLOWS FOR SUMMER NOOKS

By Emma Haywood

FROM DESIGNS BY THE AUTHOR

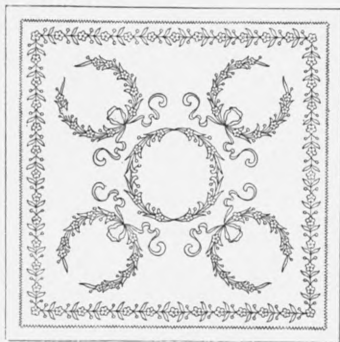


THE idea of a linen pillow is especially cool and refreshing in the summer season for use in the bedroom, on the piazza, or for carriage use, also for lounging chair or cabin on board the pleasure yacht or ocean steamer. For the babies, however, linen pillows are called for all the year round.

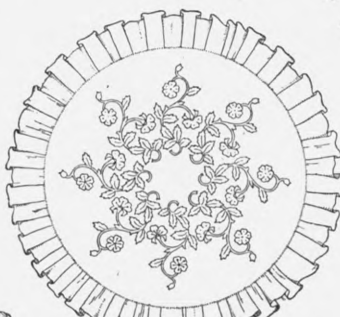
The cover for the cot pillow given in illustration is worked on a large, fine hemstitched pocket handkerchief. The arrangement of the wreaths is quite a novelty. The manner of the flowers following the line of rings exactly is somewhat unusual, but very effective when worked. If the pillow is finished with a frill the scattered blossoms may also be repeated upon it with advantage. For the back of the pillow a second handkerchief is required. The two may be joined by sewing carefully through the hemstitching, or buttonholes may be made on the upper one and buttons placed to correspond on the under one, thus admitting easy removal for laundering. The forget-me-nots in the design may be rendered in natural colors or in white delicately shaded with green.

The summer carriage pillow is slightly oblong. The motive is wild roses worked in natural colors with bow-knots of palest lemon color. The embroidery is executed on very sheer linen or grass lawn with a colored soft silk lining either of pink, yellow or green. The illustration presents a finish of silk cord of the same color as the lining twisted with white, but if preferred a deep ruffle of hemstitched lawn may be substituted for the cord. This should have single roses worked on it at intervals, much

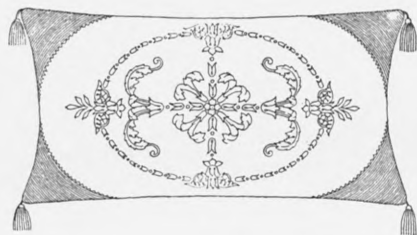
FOR A SUMMER YACHT
THIS pillow is white linen of a heavy make or of a heavy white duck. The border is carried out in three shades of Delft blue with a cord on the edge to match. The darkest shade is employed for the darning, thus forming a background. This is put in with darning silk, using all the strands. The darning must be close, with very small stitches picked up on the front so as to present as even a surface of blue as possible. The scrolls are put in with twisted embroidery silk.



DESIGN FOR BABY'S PILLOW



FOR COT OR CARRIAGE



IMITATION JEWEL WORK

selected must be of the color of the jewels to be represented, therefore brilliant.

raised. Only one strand of filo floss must be used, and even that should be split for very small jewels, because the surface must be as even as possible. These cushions have corners of silk, satin, velvet or brocade, are finished with tassels or pompons at each corner, and are very ornamental. The scrolls and flower forms are worked in colors of the Oriental type.

PILLOWS IN COLLEGE COLORS

NO CUSHIONS receive harder treatment than those which help to decorate the room of the college student, consequently durable material should be selected for the

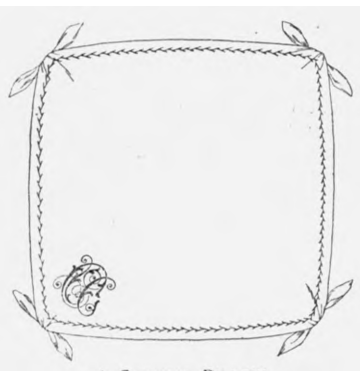


BROWN UNIVERSITY PILLOW

smaller than those on the pillow. These need only to be outlined in long and short stitch with French knots for the stamens, whereas the design on the pillow itself should be worked in solid embroidery.

The round pillow shown will serve for the baby's cot or carriage, or it may be carried around for the baby's convenience when it is laid to rest on a couch or in a roomy chair. Fine linen is the foundation. The design is worked all in white shaded with delicate yellow green, or in very pale pink or yellow. The frill is finished at the edge with buttonhole stitch worked in a color to match the design.

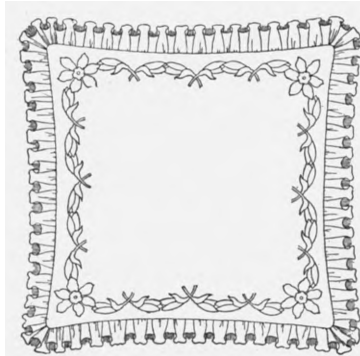
The suggestion given for a yacht pillow is a flight of swallows flitting from home. These are not so difficult to render in needlework as one might imagine if one has a good colored study to work from. There is one variety of the swallow that gives most beautiful coloring for needlework, but it must be borne in mind that much paler coloring than Nature suggests must be employed—for instance, grays shading to white, with touches of blue and a suggestion of red.



A CORNELL PILLOW

covers. Among the best are the colored linens. The simplest way to make these cushions is to make the sides of the two colors and finish the edges with a ruffle of the colors reversed, or with a cord of the two twisted together.

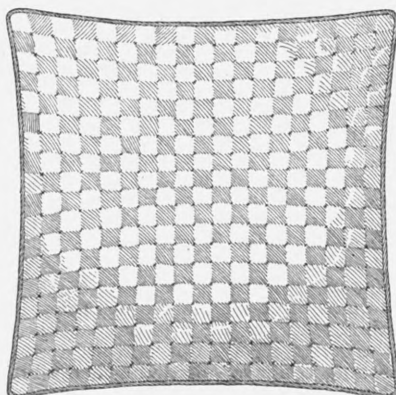
The name or monogram of the college is worked on one side in the color of the other, making a most effective combination.



A WELLESLEY PILLOW

THE CLASS COLOR AND FLOWER

SOME of the colleges have not been very considerate in their choice of colors. Imagine Williams' royal purple reposing peacefully in the most conspicuous position on its owner's piled-up couch. Wellesley's blue is also a color which kills many others, but, like the Yale blue, it may be mixed with white. And then, by a stretch of the imagination, Wellesley blue may be made one of the deep Delft shades; indeed, a white linen pillow with the music of the Wellesley cheer across it in Delft blue, is quite in keeping with the present styles of decoration. At Wellesley the class color, flower and tree are much in evidence. A '97 pillow may have one side of white linen embroidered with daffodils, the



A UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PILLOW

other of pale old gold with a pine branch, both done in natural colors, while the full double ruffle is of silk in a shade to match the olives of the daffodil leaves and the pine needles.

A Dartmouth pillow may show one side of green linen, with a corner decoration of D. C. in old English letters worked in white linen floss. The other side of white, with "The Old Pine" in green; the edge finish a white cord.

A University of Pennsylvania pillow may be made of strips of red and blue linen, two inches and a half wide; the edges turned in and the strips woven together in basket fashion. At each corner of the checkerboard squares is a cross-stitch in gold thread. The edge of this attractive pillow is finished with a red and blue silk braid fully half an inch wide.



A YACHT PILLOW

Columbia's blue and canary, and the black and orange of Princeton, both lend themselves well to similar treatment.

SOME UNIQUE PILLOWS

A HANDSOME Princeton pillow may be made of heavy black satin sheeting, and on its glossy surface, in all the splendor of his gorgeous coloring, may shine the "Tiger" himself; the edge finished with a braid of three lengths of orange silk cord.

A Brown University pillow, of cream white, with a procession of Palmer Cox's "Brownies," not more than three inches tall, all around both sides as a border.

A pretty Cornell pillow may be made from two twenty-four-inch squares of silk in carmelian and white; the white side with a graceful C. U. monogram in red in one corner, the red being similarly adorned with 1897 in white. The pillow, an eighteen-inch one, should have the corners "poked" in. The sides of the silk squares, finished with a feather-stitched hem, and then tied together at the corners, making a knot and two donkey-ear ends at each corner. The extra width of the silk forms the edge finish of the pillow. A more unique pillow may be entirely of red silk. The finish is a double ruffle. One side plain—the other is with an ear of corn, embroidered in white, the husks in outline, the kernels in solid Kensington. This may be followed by an immense capital C in outline filled in with French knots in carmelian and white.

Vassar's colors may appear on a pillow of any pretty gray material, upon which may be worked a spray of pink roses.



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THE SUMMER DESIGNS IN DRESSES

By Emma M. Hooper

NOW that the summer models are all displayed it is evident that there are no startling changes from the winter styles, yet there are minute changes that mark the difference between a gown made in April and one made last December. Combinations in colors and materials are allowed, and very bright shades are worn. Perhaps the most prominent idea in the season's styles is the fancy for transparent fabrics of silk, wool and cotton. Lace is used lavishly, also ribbon, and braided effects are very popular; velvet ribbon is creeping strongly into favor, and piece velvet as well as satin is used for the fashionable deep corselet belts. Nothing is plain; elaborate trimmings obtain—indeed, the dressmakers call this a trimming season, as the actual outlay for the material of the gown is but a small part of the expense.

THE ZOUAVE OR BOLERO EFFECTS

THE apparently harmless little jacket, zouave or bolero, is the most important adjunct of the summer costumes. It is of a dozen different designs, and may be adapted to any figure, except a very stout one. This jacket may consist of a back and fronts, or the latter only be worn, with a round, pointed or ripple waist back. As a jacket it is sleeveless, or has epaulettes or caps, usually round, over the top of the sleeves. It may barely cover the bust, but is sometimes lengthened nearly to the waist-line, with a square, round, pointed or slashed edge. The fronts are laid in a box-plait, and single or double breasted, loose or fitted to the form, yet still they have the prized bolero aspect. A little frill of lace, puff of chiffon, band of passementerie or braid finishes the edge. It is the height of distinction to possess a short bolero of satin, velvet or cloth covered with an all-over braiding done by hand. The stamping is done at any of the fancy stores, and the braiding then becomes an easy matter. Silk or mohair soutache braid is used. If one is short-waisted only the bolero fronts are worn, pointing the front edge to the waist-line over a pointed vest. With an entire jacket the lower edge of the back may be round, square or cut up in an inverted V. The jacket fronts are either of the dress material with a contrasting vest, or *vice versa*, and, as a rule, the vest is soft and full with a wide belt below. Even low evening dresses have the jacket effect, which is also applied to all street, visiting and home costumes, to teagowns, dressing-sacques, bathing-dresses and even to nightgowns.

CORSELET BELTS AND COLLARS

A CORSELET belt may be made to suit any figure provided the waist under it fits snugly, is well boned, the folds cut on a true bias, and the article then laid around the wearer and smoothed into a clinging, well-shaped belt. It may be even all around, measuring three to seven inches in depth, or three inches in front and widen toward the back, or this order may be reversed. One made wide at the back gives a longer-waisted appearance in the front. Some of these belts are of ribbon, two rows being used; they are finished by tying on the left side. I, however, much prefer the corselet belts which are made from the piece goods cut on the bias, as they fit so much better than the ribbon ones. These belts may be hooked on the left side, or fastened with a handsome clasp, two buttons or a buckle, or with a long, shaped bow of the goods. The present style of collar is straight and nearly hidden by a lace ruffle, plaiting of chiffon, lace tabs, etc. The effect on the sides and at the back must be fluffy. Lace at the top of the collar and inside the wrists is one of the not-to-be-ignored fashions of the day; three yards of three-inch edging are usually allowed, and that of a creamy tinge is far more becoming than the pure white, just as a delicate pattern is more dainty than a heavy design.

There are many ruffs for the collar sold for twenty-five cents to a dollar, of lace, *mousseline*, ribbon, edged and plain, Swiss, cotton, chiffon, etc. They are black, white, green, blue, pink, lavender and yellow; also black with white or yellow lace, and colors finished with rows of tiny black velvet ribbon. These are on a band and can be easily pinned inside of the collar, the fullness commencing half way on the sides and deepening at the back. The latest news from Paris says that the huge neck trimmings are going to diminish there with the advent of warm weather, but this will not affect Dame Fashion in this country before autumn. Nearly all gowns are now finished with a plain high collar, and the ready-made addition applied as wished.

ODD WAISTS OF ALL SORTS

AS ODD waists continue to find favor, from the percale shirt design to the airy confection of chiffon, it is well to provide a few of thin cotton materials sufficiently dressy for all except full dress occasions. Four yards of dotted Swiss and a piece of inch-wide Valenciennes lace cost but a dollar and seventy-five cents and will form a lovely design. This is made with bag seams, has many lengthwise tucks back and front, each one edged with a ruffle of lace. On a slender figure a charming effect is obtained with crosswise tucks extending even across the sleeve tops. The wrists are tucked and lace-trimmed to correspond, and the collar is a mass of the tiny lace ruffles. Another model is of pale green dimity, and has a yoke back, slight fullness at the neck in front and a centre box-plait. Cross rows of lace inserting trim the entire front, with a ruffle of three-inch lace down the side of the box-plait, on the wrists and at the top of the collar. With this is worn a ribbon belt and collar of shaded green ribbon. A blue and white organdy may be worn with black, white or blue skirts and a black satin corselet belt. The organdy waist is made with a lining, shaped loosely, of blue lawn, and is cut round, with close sleeves having only a slight fullness at the top. A lace ruffle or epaulette over each shoulder, with a bow of blue or black velvet ribbon on top, gives the sleeves an up-to-date look, as do the ruffles on the wrists, the thick lace jabot at the sides and back of the collar, and the jabot down one side of the front with ribbon loops on the other. These waists are cool, inexpensive, and will be very much worn.

DAINTY SILK AND FOULARD GOWNS

THIS season the printed foulards having a violet, black, blue, green, red or brown ground, also the changeable taffetas and the clean-looking striped wash silks come under this heading. The latter are used for teagowns, dressing-sacques, odd waists, home and demi-evening gowns. Lovely evening gowns for summer are of the white taffeta narrowly striped with a line of a color alternating with one of tiny roses, violets, etc. These are trimmed with lace and satin. Foulards have velvet ribbon, piece satin, silk vests covered with guipure lace, entire boleros of Russian lace, etc. These may be fashioned plainly or elaborately, as they are worn for almost any purpose during the summer months. Lace net over satin makes a brilliant vest. The linen skirt linings will be found very satisfactory for these gowns. Separate skirts are of black satin, broché or figured taffeta. The skirts should not be trimmed. The soft vest, bolero, moderate sleeve and five-yard skirt is the useful model for a summer silk, with lace trimming added most generously.

FASHIONABLE SILK WAISTS

CHANGEABLE, striped and figured taffeta, foulard and wash-silk waists are made with a close, boned lining, jacket effects and corselets, or they may be pointed and finished with narrow folds of the goods. For slender figures there are crosswise gathers or tucks for a short yoke, the fullness disappearing beneath the belt. Lace trims the wrists and collars and often forms a jabot frill down the centre. Jacket fronts are edged with lace inserting or narrow passementerie; often the vest is of accordian-plaited chiffon. Black and white waists are trimmed with collar and vest of white silk overlaid with cream guipure lace. Then when worn by young ladies a collar and corselet belt may be of green, red, pink or blue velvet. The wash silks are made up like shirt-waists, or if more elaborate have cross rows of Valenciennes lace. Foulards are fashioned after the taffeta designs, and should be very thinly lined, as they are intended for warm weather only. The sleeves are all of a moderate size, with a short full puff at the top or a longer draped puff held up in the centre. Others are simply cut like an enlarged coat sleeve and tucked across the top; dressy examples show all of the fullness supplied by from five to nine narrow silk ruffles. Round and tabbed sleeve caps are worn, lace or gimp edged, of the material, the vest fabric or of lace. A wash-silk waist lined with linen is the coolest one known, and should be trimmed with a ribbon or piece satin corselet belt five inches deep at the back and three in front, with a ruff or lace frill in the collar and wrists. Another style is worn with one of the new harness belts with a silver buckle, and a linen collar and satin tie. A polka-dotted navy and white foulard waist, worn with blue belt, linen collar and scarlet tie, is very stylish.

COSTUMES OF GRENADINE

THIS material never makes a cheap gown, for it must have a silk underskirt which is made four yards and a half to five yards wide, with a facing of the same and two inside dust ruffles on the lower edge. The outside is cut in the same manner and faced, and hung from the same belt. I may add that inexperienced dressmakers will be safer in sewing the lining and outside material in the same seams. Skirts are trimmed with rows of velvet ribbon, braid, braided panels, a cluster of ruffles, inserting, etc., but plain ones are still among fashionable garments. The linings of changeable, plaided or striped silk are of brilliant colors, which are sometimes repeated in the vest or collar arrangements. Jackets with round and pointed waists will be seen. As many cannot wear these the ripple basque having a pointed front is preserved for them. The boleros of jet on *mousseline* are suitable for these transparent materials. Ribbon, satin or velvet answers for the collars and belts. White satin covered with lace is a beautiful accessory. Grenadine, guipure and silk canvas are all of the transparent weaving, and are to be found in black and colors, plain and figured. A plaid grenadine over black taffeta makes a stylish dress, especially when green predominates, as that gives a chance of using green velvet or satin for the collar and belt.

DRESSY WOOLEN COSTUMES

THESE are of fancy silk and wool mixtures in light colors, especially tan or gray. They are trimmed with lace and satin chiefly. A blue and tan check, having silk in the blue, may be made with a five-yard skirt, moderate sleeves, and short bolero jacket, edged with a tiny band of gimp showing blue beads, and a tan or gold background. Corselet and collar of blue satin, and full vest of white plaited chiffon. One of fine blue canvas has a pointed bodice, tight sleeves and the usual skirt; narrow folds on the edge of black satin, and collar having a top lace frill matching the one at the wrists; jacket fronts edged with a gimp of blue and jet beads, and a vest of bright green overlaid with lace. Gray cashmere is prettily trimmed with black velvet ribbon in many rows on the skirt, across the top of the front and on the sleeves; epaulette ruffles of lace over the shoulders, and vest of chiffon dotted with jet or steel. Cashmere promises to be worn freely, especially in light colors and with velvet ribbon.

THE ORDINARY EVERY-DAY GOWN

GOWNS suitable for all purposes will be of cheviot, serge or tweed in plain or mixed colors. The Eton jacket, worn with a cotton or silk shirt-waist, or merely a false front, is the favorite way of making these gowns. The reefer that buttons or may be reversed is another jacket more suitable for a stout figure, leaving the short bolero for the slender. Mixed goods do not require trimming, and the plain fabrics are lightened with rows, scrolls or hand braiding of Hercules or soutache braid. The trimming is arranged according to the material and figure: cross and lengthwise rows on the skirt, in V panels, on the wrists or covering the sleeve to the puff, and on the edge of the jacket only, or completely covering the latter garment. Small braid-covered or large bone buttons are used. Finely-twilled serge is preferred. Indistinct plaids are liked in tweeds. Cheviots wear well and are selected for rough traveling suits. I would advise having material intended for hard wear sponged. If one can afford silk for lining the skirt it will prove light and keep its shape better than anything else. Plaid taffeta waists are very pretty with any of the woolen materials just written of. Select gray, blue, brown or green effects in a figured goods.

SUMMER EVENING COSTUMES

ORGANDIES, white nainsooks, cotton crêpes, white-ground foulards, white wash silks, light grenadines and the always dainty Japanese silks are inexpensive materials that may be made with a low neck and short sleeves, or long sleeves having lace ruffles to almost cover the hands. A low, round bodice with full-length sleeves is a new idea. Deep lace flounces are very stylish on such evening gowns, also velvet corselet belts with long ends of ribbon or a couple of sash ends of the dress material edged with lace. Black net over silk, trimmed with a colored satin belt and wreath of flowers on the low neck, is simple and Frenchy for a full-dress toilette. The prettiest gowns for graduation exercises are of white dimity or organdy, with white Valenciennes lace and an elaborate belt arrangement of taffeta ribbon or a deep corselet belt of piece satin. The top of the sleeves should be trimmed with the same lace in ruffles. A half low, round neck is permitted in some schools, but the high ribbon and lace collar is in better taste.

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

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THE WILD GARDEN AND THE ROCKERY



HERE the grounds are large I would not advise locating the wild garden in front of the house, but rather to place it at one side, or at the rear of the grounds, where may be carried out as far as possible that idea of unrestraint and seclusion which clings about the fields and forests. All formal arrangements of plants and shrubs should be avoided in the wild

trast of color, and a group of Goldenrod or Helianthus, with pale purple or lavender Asters to contrast with the more brilliant flowers, and let a Grapevine, or a Bittersweet, or an Ampelopsis festoon itself from the branches of some tree, or the vine may be a Clematis, which in summer will fleck the branches to which it clings with foam-white flowers that will seem almost as fragile as spray, and in fall will wave its airy, silken tufts of feathered seeds in every wind as if the ghosts of the flowers of summer-time haunted the spot. Here and there in shady spots plant Ferns and Trilliums, and Hepaticas, Dog's-tooth Violets and Lilies, Anemones and Jack-in-the-Pulpits; and in the sunny spaces have wild Roses and Aquilegias, Rudbeckias and



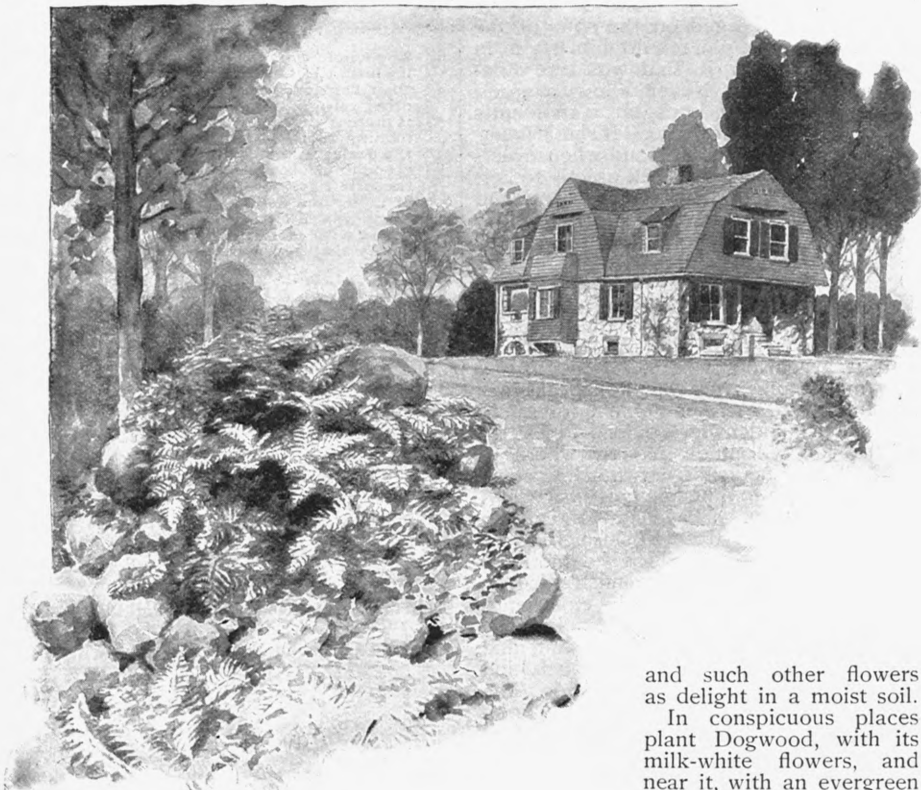
BEAUTY OF THE WINDING PATHS

garden. Go into the woods and fields and study Nature's arrangements. See how she plants her shrubs, so that there is always harmonious contrast to heighten and emphasize the beauty and peculiarity of each one. Her rules are of the simplest.

IN IRREGULAR CURVES AND WALKS

LET your curves be very irregular ones, let your walks zigzag as if they had no idea of going anywhere in particular, but contrive to have some combination of plants and shrubs at each turn to give new pleasure to the visitor. In these little

Daisies—even the Thistle, than which we have few more beautiful flowers, and the despised Mullein, which has a stately grace all its own. In England they give it a conspicuous place on the lawn, and call it the American Velvet Plant. And I am glad of it, for it goes to show that our English relatives recognize true merit, and thereby prove themselves the possessors of good sense as well as good taste. You can prevent the Thistle from becoming a nuisance by cutting off its flowers while they are in their prime. Let Dandelions grow in all the nooks and corners. If there are low spots, plant the Iris and Lobelia there,



SUGGESTION FOR A FERN-COVERED ROCKERY

surprises much of the charm of the wild garden consists. Have a native evergreen, Pine, Hemlock or Balsam, with a Sumach in front of or beside it, to secure vivid con-

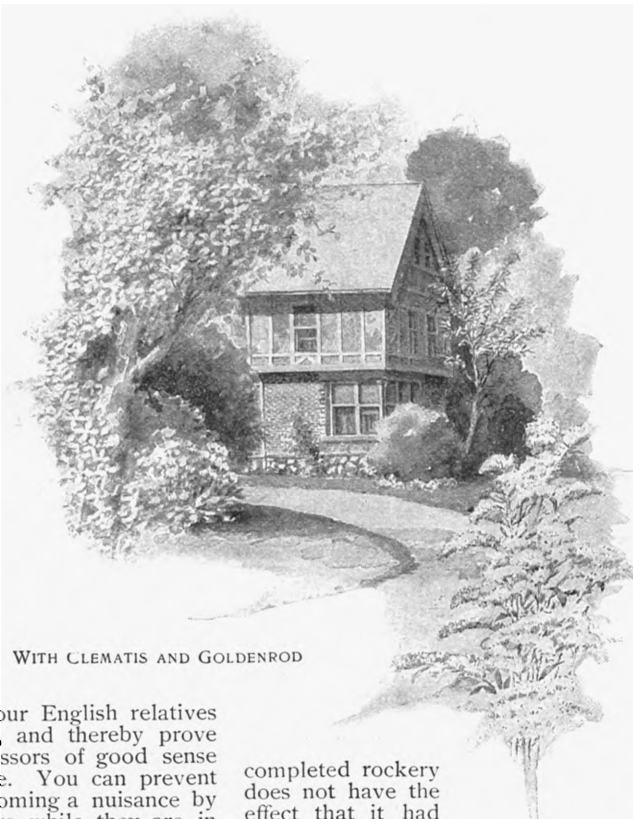
trast of color, and a group of Goldenrod or Helianthus, with pale purple or lavender Asters to contrast with the more brilliant flowers, and let a Grapevine, or a Bittersweet, or an Ampelopsis festoon itself from the branches of some tree, or the vine may be a Clematis, which in summer will fleck the branches to which it clings with foam-white flowers that will seem almost as fragile as spray, and in fall will wave its airy, silken tufts of feathered seeds in every wind as if the ghosts of the flowers of summer-time haunted the spot.

BRILLIANCY IN WINTER EFFECTS
THE value of brilliant winter effects in landscape gardening, and the arrangement of shrubs with a view to producing them, does not seem to be properly understood by most of our gardeners. The scarlet-fruited Alder, the Sumach, with its crimson spikes of velvet-coated berries, and the Bittersweet, with its red fruit in capsules of orange, which part to show the fruit within, afford great opportunities for securing combinations of color with the Pines, Hemlocks, Spruces and Arbor Vitæ.

Begin a wild garden, and every walk or drive into the country will furnish you with new material for it. You will be surprised at the beauty that you have overlooked so long, but which exists all about us for the eye that is open to the perception of it. Emerson says, "In Nature all is useful, all is beautiful." If you find a plant that you want, at a time when it is not safe to remove it, mark it, and transplant it in autumn after the leaves have fallen, or in spring before it begins to grow. Those living in localities where certain native shrubs are not to be found can procure them of dealers who make a specialty of growing them for the market.

AVOIDING PRIMNESS AND FORMALITY

THE builder of a rockery finds out, as a general thing, that he has undertaken more than he bargained for. It seems such a simple thing to do. Heap a lot of stones together, with earth between them, set rock-loving plants in the cracks and crevices, and the thing is done. Simple enough! But—something is lacking. The



WITH CLEMATIS AND GOLDENROD

completed rockery does not have the effect that it had when it existed in the imagination. It is, in fact, very disappointing. It looks so prim, so formal, that you cannot help feeling that Nature must be inclined to both laugh and cry over it. In short, your rockery is a burlesque on the real thing, but you cannot see wherein you failed.

ROCKERIES AS NATURE MAKES THEM

THE fact is, the rockery, to be a success, must be an evolution instead of a creation. Attempt to construct one after any set plan and you are sure to fail with it. The most satisfactory one I ever saw was one that made itself, so to speak. The stones of which it was composed were hauled in winter and dumped down carelessly in a great heap. In spring the owner looked them over and came to the conclusion that it would be impossible for him to arrange them in a more picturesque manner, and he had the good sense not to attempt it. He worked earth in between them and planted wild vines and Ferns there, and his rockery was a success. But it would not have been if he had attempted to rearrange the stones in it. He would most certainly have spoiled it.

If possible, a rockery should be located in a secluded portion of the grounds. Rockeries as Nature makes them are generally in secluded nooks, where all kinds of wild things feel at home, and we should try to carry out as completely as possible the idea of the wildness which prevails in Nature's haunts—to domesticate wildness, so to speak. This cannot be done satisfactorily where the grounds are close to the street. If the grounds are too small to allow you to give the rockery a place at some distance from the house, and you feel that you must have one, plant trees or shrubs in such a manner as to give it an air of partial seclusion at least.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Rexford's answers to his correspondents, under the title of "Floral Helps and Hints," will be found on page 34 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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MARKETS ESTIMATES AND SERVANTS

By Sarah Tyson Rorer

THE MARKETS FOR MAY

THE Northern and Eastern markets—in fact, the markets all over the country, are beginning to brighten with summer fruits and new vegetables. During this month, in the North and East, lamb is in good condition, also veal, spring chickens, ducklings and green geese, the latter two coming principally from Virginia—consequently are found best in the Norfolk market.

Beef is in good condition the year round. Chickens, ducks and geese are prime and very cheap in price.

Calf's brains and sweetbreads are plentiful and cheap.

FISH FOR THE TABLE IN MAY

CLAMS, lobsters, soft and hard shell crabs, and a few soft clams are all in prime condition.

In the Northern and Eastern markets halibut and chicken halibut are in excellent condition, the latter one of our best boiling fish. Rock bass, eels, flounders, Spanish mackerel, fresh mackerel, butterfish and weakfish are excellent and cheap; also kingfish, porgies, sea bass and shad. The latter, however, are beginning to be a little soft. Salmon will appear during the last week of the month, but are even then scarcely up to the mark.

In the middle Western markets whitefish, lake trout, salmon trout and yellow perch are all in excellent condition.

In the South and West are croppies. The Wisconsin crawfish are plentiful, and the best of their kind in the market. In the New Orleans and California markets very much the same list of fish obtains that did last month.

THE NEW VEGETABLES IN SEASON

VEGETABLES are quite plentiful and in good condition. In Boston, New York and Philadelphia—in fact, in all the Eastern coast markets, almost every vegetable known to man is exposed for sale. Florida vegetables are about over. Those now in market are coming from Maryland and Virginia, but before the month is over New Jersey will contribute her share. Lettuce and cress are in fine condition. Green peppers—the sweet variety—new peas and string beans are plentiful and cheap. Spinach still lingers. Summer squash, radishes, leeks and shives are plentiful everywhere. In Southern California tomatoes are poor. In the Northern California markets they are in much better condition. In San Francisco and New Orleans there is quite a display of artichokes. Most of these are grown in Louisiana and Southern California. Those in the New York markets are imported from France, are high in price and not in good condition. A few Jerusalem artichokes are still in market and sell at a very low price. Chicory is over; the dandelion takes its place. This month, string beans, lettuce, new cabbage and asparagus are all available for salad.

Mushrooms are plentiful and low in price.

WHEN THE NEW FRUITS COME IN

SHADDOCKS—in fact, all the Florida citron tribe, are about gone. In the Eastern markets they are replaced by those from California. We have, also, cherries, apricots and pears from the California markets, with a few peaches, which, however, having been picked very green, are not worth buying. All of these fruits are perfect in the California markets. A few winter apples of the russet variety are still in most of the markets.

In the Northern and Eastern markets we have strawberries coming from Maryland. In the latter part of the month berries begin to come from New Jersey—strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and a few dewberries, and later, blueberries in abundance.

In the Southern markets during this month strawberries are in perfection. The housewife should not overlook the canning and preserving season, as the later strawberries are apt to be very sour. Currants come in at the latter part of the month. The first currants in the market make much better jelly than those known as "cherry currants." These may be used for jam and as flavoring to raspberries. This is also true of raspberries and blackberries. Huckleberries make their appearance the latter part of the month, and are in good condition for canning. Pineapples are in market, and will, later in the month, be very cheap. The strawberry pineapples are fairly good for both table use and canning, but those who appreciate this fruit in its perfection had better wait for the South Sea Islands' pineapples, which appear next month.

A FAMILY OF SIX WITH TWO SERVANTS

A FAMILY of six with two servants can live quite well with an expenditure for the table of fourteen dollars a week. Where people have sufficient means to live as the world calls well, but which, from a hygienic standpoint, is really bad, five hundred dollars a year is a very liberal allowance. On this, in winter, you may have an occasional dish of terrapin, providing you use the "fresh water"; poultry, at least twice a week, an *entrée* now and then, oysters and the more dainty varieties of fish. The dinner may be served in three or four courses. Breakfast may consist of a fruit, a cereal, eggs or chop, muffins and coffee; luncheon, a little *entrée*, some well-cooked vegetables, and, perhaps, a water muffin toasted, or a little fruit with a light cake; the dinner, a soup, a meat with two vegetables, a salad with wafers and cheese, a light dessert and coffee. Now and then you may put in a little *entrée* following the soup. It is not wise to buy a special line or different sort of food for the servants; they should take their meals following those in the dining-room. In large establishments, of course, a separate table becomes necessary, but where one or two servants only are kept a second table is an extravagance. Housewives in both cases must know just what goes to the kitchen, just what should be consumed there, and be very careful to see that the amount left over is utilized the next day.

In experimenting and figuring table expenses during my eighteen years' experience I find that the luncheon comes almost without cost, as well as the soups for dinner. Bones are left from the roast meats and from poultry, from which can be made sufficient stock for a daily soup. There are also the soups *maigre*, which are exceedingly good and cheap.

A FAMILY OF TWO WITH ONE SERVANT

GRAT many discussions have arisen over the amount of money needed to provide a good table in a small family. It is a well-known fact that it costs three people more in proportion to live than twelve. However, the expenses in both cases may be greatly reduced if exact quantities only are purchased. Those of you who have lived in Germany know that the German housewife purchases two rolls for each member of her family. If you were very hungry the third could not be given you. A family of two with one maid could, in Philadelphia and the East, live well on an expenditure of eight dollars, in the South six dollars, in New England ten dollars per week. This would cover flour, milk, meat and marketing, as well as groceries. The result from this amount will, of necessity, depend largely upon the knowledge of the housewife. We do not, in America, have trained servants, consequently should not expect the servants to be economical. The housewife must really be at the head if these figures are to be followed.

Last summer I was superintending very closely and carefully my own house, which numbered at the time eight, and without the slightest difficulty I arranged an exceedingly attractive table with an expenditure of only ten dollars per week, and this covered everything used on the table, three meals a day. To do this I purchased beef by the loin, taking out the fillet, using it as a roast one day for dinner; made stock from the bones and rough pieces, quite enough to last for half the week. The back was taken off and cut into steaks, and the tough, lean end divided, one portion being used for Hamburg steaks and the other for a brown stew with vegetables. From this one loin, which cost one dollar and seventy-five cents, I had sufficient stock for three days, and meat for four dinners, freshly cooked for each meal, making an average cost of forty-four cents a meal.

While on paper this sounds quite impossible any real housewife may put my plan into practice. Meat is always the most expensive item. Vegetables in summer are exceedingly cheap, and should form the bulk of our summer diet. Fruit and a well-cooked cereal with French coffee and a roll will give a dainty breakfast; for luncheon any of the little vegetable dishes may be served in place of meat, such as broiled tomatoes, baked tomatoes, stuffed peppers, scalloped okra and tomatoes, fried eggplant, corn fritters, corn pudding or fried squash. Omelets, with a garnish of vegetables, are slightly and palatable.

Puddings and cakes do not enter into these plans. Fruits, with their abundance of cooling acids, form a much daintier ending to a midsummer dinner.

WHEN ENGAGING A NEW SERVANT

SEE to it when engaging a maid that she has a character for honesty and truthfulness. She should have a sprightly face, be neat and clean in her appearance, show a willingness to do her work and a love for it, and should not wear gewgaws of any sort. If you pay sufficient wages to demand trained help, look carefully into her qualifications. If she tells you she is a graduate from a cooking school ask to see her certificate. If, however, you are not paying high wages, select her for her willingness to be taught; tell her exactly what is expected from her; give her to understand that she alone is responsible for the work, then let her do it. The great trouble with our servants comes largely from the fact that our housewives are not business women; they dislike housework themselves, consequently; when engaging a servant, they try to make the work appear as easy as possible, knowing, all the time, that there is hard work which must be done. The servant, going to the place, finds heavy work, and things very different from those promised her, consequently she becomes dissatisfied, discouraged, and leaves.

As soon as you have really engaged your maid give her careful directions, and see that she understands just what you mean before you leave her. Then when she comes to the house take a little pains to show her the arrangements of the kitchen, pantry and cellar; see that they are in order before she comes, and do not apologize for anything. If she is bright at all she will quickly understand that the last girl did not please. Do not mention this, but try to make the new maid feel as much at home as possible, remembering that over-familiarity, even though meant in kindness, is not the best way of making a servant feel perfectly at home. Be firm and kind, and when you give an order see that it is obeyed.

PAYING AND DISCHARGING SERVANTS

THIS will largely depend upon the amount of work required. Where one servant only is kept, and the laundry work done at home, four or five dollars a week is a fair price for trained help; three dollars for untrained; where two girls are kept, four dollars apiece is very just, providing they both understand their duties. In larger establishments, where one servant has many in her way, six or eight dollars is not an excessive price. The general housework girl is much the better off, even at three dollars per week.

If after a fair trial the new maid does not seem to fill the place, tell her so, frankly and kindly, and reason with her. If this has no effect, and she still is not satisfactory, give her a week's notice or a week's pay in advance and let her go. If she is willing, but is not competent, and you wish to keep her, make some arrangements whereby she may be taught to do the work in a better way, but make sure that you know the better method before you criticize her way of doing things.

PATIENCE AND JUSTICE WITH OUR HELP

NEVER, under any circumstances, discharge a servant at a moment's notice. This is not honest in any walk of life. A servant is frequently engaged in haste, through sheer despair, and, if she fails utterly, is discharged on the spur of the moment. When you require honesty from a servant see to it that you are honest toward her. Never allow a good girl to leave your house at a moment's notice, for a trivial offense. If she is angry leave her for a moment, and when everything has cooled down talk quietly to her, making her feel that you are her friend, and that your house is her home, and I am sure she will regret her behavior.

If you engage a servant by the month pay her on the first day of the month; if by the week pay her on the last day of the week; have a little book in which you register the receipt, and have her sign it at each payment. As soon as a new maid comes to your house ask her her full name and her home address, in case of a sudden happening—illness or death—you will know exactly where to send. Servants dislike very much the idea of being taken to a hospital, a dispensary, or to any charity. I have known, even in this wonderfully civilized world, a girl to die suddenly in a house in which she had lived for two years, without the mistress even knowing her full name. My experience has been that if the mistress would show a kindly feeling toward the servant, and look a little into her comfort, all such kind thought would be returned tenfold. The problem of domestic service will never be solved until the Golden Rule is observed by both mistress and maid.

Servants are only human beings, yet we expect them to go like machines from five o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night, too often without recreation, without change and without even rest. On Thursday, if this be the allotted time off, see that each servant has her full afternoon. Every servant in the house should have time to attend church on Sunday.

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The Future Life: Reasons for Believing in It

By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE
Sent Free. Ad. Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

MRS. RORER'S COOKING LESSONS

Fourth Lesson—The Cooking of Poultry



POULTRY IN THE MARKETS

TURKEYS, chickens, ducks and geese are on sale during the greater part of the year. Turkeys are, as a rule, well fed, carefully killed, and come to market dry-picked and with their heads and feet on. Chickens, ducks and geese are on sale killed and picked, and in some markets dressed. In the Southern markets they are apt to be sold alive, in which case it is better to keep them housed for a few days before killing, feeding them well with corn, which will make the white meat much sweeter and the dark meat a better color. Spring chickens are so unlike poultry in appearance that the young housewife frequently makes a mistake in selecting. The skin of the spring chicken is naturally rough and filled with pin feathers, the feet long and knotty.

SELECTING AND DRESSING

CHOOSE a young hen turkey for roasting. The legs should be black, the skin and flesh white, the breast broad and plump. The shorter the neck the better. An old one would have rough, reddish legs, the breast would be flat, the skin coarse and the breastbone exceedingly hard. The gobbler, if young, would have black legs and small spurs. A gobbler is usually much larger than a hen, even at the same age, and it is consequently less economical, as the carcass weighs heavy. Under no consideration purchase an old gobbler. The flesh is strong and tough, requires great care in cooking, and even then is not at all palatable.

As soon as the turkey comes from the market singe it carefully over a burning gas jet, or over a tablespoonful of burning alcohol. If paper is used twist it into a knot, place the turkey in a baking-pan on the table, light the paper and stand aside, holding the turkey over the flame, turning constantly until it is well singed. As soon as you have finished the singeing put the turkey into a large pan of cold water, and scrub and wash the skin thoroughly, then rinse and wipe perfectly dry. Then with a cleaver cut off the head, leaving a long neck; cut the skin at the side of the leg and very lightly over the top, bending the foot back to loosen the ligaments on the upper part of the leg; with a wooden skewer draw these out, putting each under the thumb, that they may not interfere with the drawing of those remaining. Then cut through the tough muscle until you come to a group of hard ligaments on the back of the leg, and one by one pull these out, drawing them toward you; then cut the skin and remove the foot. Do the second leg in the same way. Make a long gash on the back of the neck, fold the skin down over the breast and remove the crop, being very careful not to break it. When thoroughly loosened cut it and also the windpipe and remove both. Make an incision at the end of the breastbone of the turkey, loosen carefully all the intestines, and turn them out without breaking. With a sharp knife cut around the large intestines and your turkey is drawn. If the heart and lungs have not come out with the intestines remove them also. Rinse with clean cold water, and wash out the inside of the turkey, though if care has been taken this is not necessary, as Nature has protected it most carefully.

PREPARING THE TURKEY

WHEN the turkey is to be served or cooked on the day on which you purchase it may be stuffed at once. It may, however, be hung in a cold place for three or four days, and will probably be the better for it.

The ideal dressing is made from boiled chestnuts, seasoned simply with butter, salt and pepper. If you wish to be very extravagant you may add a chopped truffle. The average housewife uses breadcrumbs seasoned with salt and pepper, or with oysters. Whichever it may be care must be taken not to destroy the flavor of the turkey with highly-seasoned dressing. For an eight-pound turkey allow one quart of breadcrumbs. Pour over them two ounces of melted butter; add a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper and two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley; mix, and put two tablespoonfuls into the space from which you have taken the crop, then your turkey will be ready to be trussed.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The three "Cooking Lessons" which have thus far been given in the JOURNAL by Mrs. Rorer are:
 "The Making of Soups" February issue
 "Fish of All Kinds" March
 "The Cooking of Meat" April
 One lesson will be given in each issue.

TRUSSING THE TURKEY

CUT the neck short to the breast of the turkey and sew up the skin. Then tuck the wings back and with a single stitch fasten them into shape. Put the remaining part of the dressing in the body, sewing up the vent from which you drew the intestines. Carefully work the skin down to the very end of the leg bones, pushing the legs up under the breast skin, and with a single stitch right through the body of the turkey hold these legs into position. They should hug closely the breast. Bring the two leg bones down and fasten them to the rump, running the trussing needle through the lower part of the backbone. Tie firmly, removing the oil bag from the upper part of the rump before the legs are fastened. The turkey will then be in a perfectly compact form and ready for baking. Place it in the baking-pan; dissolve a teaspoonful of salt in a cup of water and pour it in the pan. Remove the fat from the gizzard, place it over the breast of the turkey, dust lightly with pepper, and put it at once in a very quick oven. In about five minutes open the door and baste the turkey. In ten minutes the water will have evaporated, and there will be in the bottom of the pan a little melted fat, which you may use for basting. The oven should be sufficiently hot to brown the turkey in twenty minutes. Then lower the heat, allowing the turkey to roast fifteen minutes to each pound, not counting the first half hour.

MAKING THE GIBLET SAUCE

THE GIBLETS, which consist of the neck, liver, heart and gizzard, should be put into a saucepan, covered with cold water, and allowed to cook slowly while the turkey is roasting. When the turkey is done remove the strings and lift it carefully into the serving-dish. Pour from the pan all the fat but two tablespoonfuls, to which add two tablespoonfuls of flour; mix thoroughly, brown slightly. Drain the water from the giblets, which should measure one pint; turn it at once into the pan, stir until the mixture is boiling; add a teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet, the same of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, and strain into a saucepan. Chop the giblets very fine, add them to the sauce; cook five minutes, and serve. A tablespoonful of tomato ketchup may be added at the last, or a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. If the latter use half the quantity of pepper.

A turkey may be boiled instead of baked or roasted. These three methods cover the turkey cookery. Various kinds of stuffing may be used. The American Indians, who served the turkey at its best, stuffed it with pine nuts, the outside being thoroughly basted with oil just before it was put over the fire.

THE SELECTION OF CHICKENS

SELECT dry-picked chickens with firm flesh, yellow skin and smooth yellow legs. Some of the newer varieties have white legs and a whiter skin than the favorite Dominiques. If a cock the spurs should be small. To judge the age bend the lower part of the breastbone; if soft and pliable under your thumb the chicken is young. If the breastbone is hard the chicken is old. Full-grown poultry have the best flavor, and should be used for roasting, boiling, fricasseeing and stewing. These, also, should be used for soup. For frying or pan-frying select spring chickens—that is, chickens four or five months old. Singe them carefully and draw in precisely the same way as a turkey, being very careful not to break the intestines.

FRIED SPRING CHICKEN

FOR this dish, which is really served by the Virginia housewife in perfection, select young, rather plump chickens. Dress, singe, and split them down the back, being careful not to break the breastbone, so that the chicken will come to the table in good shape. Wash quickly and wipe dry. Put into a large baking-pan two tablespoonfuls of lard or oil, the latter being the better, and when hot put in the chickens. Fry brown on all sides, dust with salt and pepper, then cover the pan and push it to the back of the stove, where it may cook slowly for thirty minutes. Then arrange the chicken upon a heated platter, and add to the gravy in the pan two tablespoonfuls of flour; mix smoothly and add one pint of milk; stir until boiling; add a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and strain into a gravy-boat. Serve with fried chicken either sweet potato fritters, rice croquettes, flannel cakes or corn flour waffles. Plain boiled rice is always an acceptable accompaniment to fried chicken.

BROWN FRICASSEED CHICKEN

THIS is a very tasty way of serving a fowl. Singe, draw and disjoint; put into a good-sized saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter; when hot drop in the pieces of chicken; allow them to brown gradually, taking great care the butter does not burn. As soon as the pieces are browned draw them to one side of the saucepan, and add to the fat two tablespoonfuls of flour; mix and add one pint of stock or water. Stir constantly until it begins to boil, moving the chicken around in the sauce. Add a slice of onion, a bay leaf, a tablespoonful of chopped carrot, a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Cover the saucepan, push it to the back part of the stove, where the chicken may simmer slowly for an hour. When done, dish the rough pieces in the centre, crossing the legs on the front of the platter; place the wings and the dark meat at the sides; the back and breast on top. Dish your chicken each time in the same manner, so that the carver may know exactly where he will find the dark and the light meat. Take the sauce from the fire, add to it the yolk of one egg, beaten with two tablespoonfuls of cream; strain this over the chicken. Garnish the dish with crescents of fried bread, dust over a little finely-chopped parsley, and send to the table.

ROAST DUCK AND GOOSE

PRIME ducks must be fat and young, the lower part of the legs and webbing of the feet soft, and the under bill sufficiently soft to break easily. The usual rules for roasting and baking will apply to ducks and geese. They contain, however, much more fat than either turkeys or chickens; this, melting while they are roasting, may be saved for frying purposes and used in place of butter. Instead of using breadcrumbs as dressing for ducks or geese use potato. For a medium-sized duck allow four good-sized potatoes or two cupfuls of mashed potatoes. While the potatoes are hot and light add to them one cup of chopped English walnuts, a teaspoonful of salt, half a cup of chopped celery, and a saltspoonful of pepper. When thoroughly mixed put the dressing into the duck or goose, sew up the vent, and it is ready to roast. The peculiar flavor imparted by the celery in the roasting gives a tame duck much the flavor of a wild one. Young ducks are called ducklings; young geese, green geese or goslings. An old goose is strong and unpalatable. One of the choice dishes among German-American people is goose stuffed with sauerkraut. The sauerkraut is washed thoroughly and soaked over night in cold water, then stuffed into the goose, the goose trussed and cooked slowly.

SOME DELICIOUS ENTRÉES

ROQUETTES, boudins, timbale, all so elegant, both in name and appearance, may be made from small pieces that may be picked from the carcass of a roasted turkey or chicken, and many a boudin of game has been made from the remains of a roasted tame duck. Boudins are made by chopping small bits of cold cooked poultry very fine, and adding to each pint a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Put in a saucepan one tablespoonful of butter, one gill of stock and two tablespoonfuls of stale breadcrumbs; stir until boiling; add the meat, take from the fire and add two well-beaten eggs. Fill into small greased moulds, stand in hot water and cook in the oven fifteen minutes. Serve hot with a cream sauce made from rich milk thickened to the consistency of cream.

MAKING OLD-FASHIONED POTPIE

MONG our common domestic fowls we find the young guinea hen, which makes a very delicious fricassee. The same receipt may be followed that has been given for the fricasseeing of chicken, only in the place of butter use the fat that has been rendered from a quarter of a pound of salt pork. A guinea potpie is really a very appetizing dish. Disjoint one pair of carefully-prepared guineas or a four-pound fowl. Put in the bottom of a two-quart baking-dish a layer of potatoes cut into blocks; then arrange over the top the pieces of fowl; sprinkle over a little salt, pepper and some chopped parsley, then another layer of potato blocks and more fowl; so continue until you have the dish full. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour into a saucepan; mix and brown; add one and a half pints of stock; stir constantly until it boils; add a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Pour this into the dish. It should just come to the surface of the dish. Chop half a cup of suet rather fine; add to it one cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and sufficient cold water to moisten. Roll this crust out about one inch in thickness; make a hole in the centre; place it carefully on top of the baking-dish; brush with beaten egg, and put into a moderate oven. As soon as the crust is nicely browned cover it with a piece of oiled paper, and bake slowly for an hour and a half or two hours.

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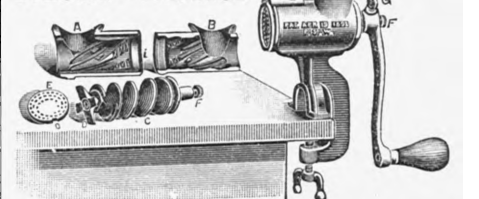
This is the regular price at grocers—ask for it, and take no substitute said to be as good. None other is as good. An envelope of Rose Gelatine, for fancy desserts, in every package.

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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS
BY RUTH ASHMORE

Correspondents desirous of being answered by mail should, in each case, send either self-addressed stamped envelope or sufficient stamps to cover postage.

R. S.—The name to which you refer is "Naomi."
F. P.—A gentleman should ask permission of a lady before calling upon her.
X. M. Q.—I do not think it proper for your *fiancée* to continue a correspondence with a young man to whom you object.
KATHARINE B.—Smooth your eyebrows down with vaseline; this will make them stay in place and increase their growth.
OFFICE GIRL—I do not see the necessity, nor would I advise your giving a present to your employer on his birthday.
M. G. K.—Visiting-cards and stationery bordered with black are only used while one is wearing crape—that is, in its deepest mourning.
M. E. W.—While I advise the cleaning of undressed kid gloves I cannot recommend their being dyed. This treatment is almost invariably a failure.
STELLA B.—When it is necessary for a girl of sixteen to pay long visits to a dentist's office she should be accompanied either by her mother, some female relative, or a maid.
VERDANT—If you do not go to the afternoon tea, send, addressed to the hostess, a card for each one of the ladies whose name or card was included with the invitation to the tea.
A SUBSCRIBER—When flowers are sent to a house of mourning let your card accompany them; it is not necessary to write anything upon it, unless you care to put "With deepest sympathy."
MAUD AND OTHERS—At a dinner you should not begin to eat until every one else at the table has been served. (2) If you do not dance it would not be wise to accept an invitation to a cotillon.
G. M.—If you thank a friend for some courtesy a bow and a smile of acknowledgment is a sufficient answer. (2) The answer to a wedding invitation should be sent as soon after it is received as possible.
H. H.—A card sent to an afternoon reception represents one's self. It should be sent either by mail or messenger, and never by a friend to deposit upon the receiver with her own card. It is not necessary to write anything upon such a card.
IRENE—No matter how long your gloves are they should be entirely taken off at supper. Some women, a short time ago, who were ignorant of the laws of good society, removed only that part of their gloves which covered their hands; this was inexcusable.
M. G.—In introducing yourself to the strangers you so often meet say, "I am Miss Gray"; you have no right to conclude that they know your name, and it would be undignified to speak of yourself without it to them. (2) In many colleges there are classes where young girls are trained to become librarians.
FLORIST—After laying aside mourning one may wear what one wishes—that is, black may still be worn, but when it is not trimmed with crape and is not of a mourning material it does not come under the head of mourning. (2) I do not advise washing the hair in borax, as it tends to make it not only dry but brittle.
A. M. A.—When a man is calling he should remove his gloves, and he should always remove his right glove before shaking hands with a woman. (2) At a matinee, if you approved of the acting or the sentiment of the play, there would be no impropriety in your expressing gentle applause, but a loud clapping of the hands would be decidedly vulgar.
LA T.—The family of the bride pays all the expenses of the wedding, including the announcement cards. The bridegroom pays for the carriage that takes him and his best man to the church, pays the clergyman's fee, and if the ushers and best man are given souvenirs he provides them. In England the bridegroom usually gives each of the bridesmaids a pretty piece of jewelry, but in this country that privilege is given the bride.
A. N.—At such a wedding as you describe the procession would enter the parlor in this order: First, walking together, the little boy and girl flower bearers; next, the bridesmaids, walking alone; following them the maid of honor, also alone; then the bride on the arm of her nearest male relative. The bridegroom and best man should be waiting near the clergyman. At a six o'clock house wedding the men of the bridal party should wear evening dress.
A. K. S.—Coffee is seldom served at an afternoon tea. Chocolate is made in the kitchen and brought into the room in a chocolate-pot. (2) When making coffee after dinner you will find that it is freshest and best if made in the dining-room, using for this purpose a tea-kettle and a French drip pot. (3) Unless you serve something more than wafers, small cakes, tea and chocolate on your "at home" day, napkins are not necessary; if however, there is some dish that will soil the fingers or the lips, then there should be a pile of small napkins on the tea-table.
M. R. AND MANY OTHERS—Thinness may come from insufficient nourishment, from extreme nervousness, or it may be inherited. Nowadays the claim is made that a woman can be as stout or as slender as she desires. As you wish to become the former I would advise that you eat all the good food that you can, giving the preference to vegetables, such as pastry and sweets as you can digest, while you drink cocoa, milk and all the water you want. Go to bed early and rise late. Take a moderate amount of exercise, and do not permit yourself to become excited. Calmness and flesh go together.
MAE—In choosing brushes and all the little adjuncts for your toilet-table I would advise silver rather than Dresden as it will last a lifetime, while the Dresden is not only apt to shatter, but, worse than that, it chips, and loses, in that way, all its beauty. Have upon your table your hair, dress and bonnet brushes, the silver-mounted jars that hold your toilet creams, the perfume bottles, the puff-boxes, the shoeing-horn, glove-stretcher, glove and shoe buttoners, pin and hairpin trays, a small pin-cushion, and, in addition to these, there will come, in regular order, the various implements used in arranging your hair or costume.
SCHOOLGIRL AND OTHERS—The face is the thermometer of the stomach. If your eyes are dull, your skin leaden in color, and with blotches upon it, you may conclude that your digestion is out of order. Attend to that at first, then think over whether you breathe good air when you sleep as well as when you are awake. Next, bathe and exercise regularly. If, after this care, your skin is not clear and smooth, adopt treatment for it. Just before going to bed wash your face in hot water and soap and dry it thoroughly, but gently; rub in some good cream and allow it to remain on all night. In the morning wash it off with hot water and soap, rinse thoroughly with tepid water and then bathe your face with cold water. Persisted in, provided your general health is good, this treatment should cause your skin to be smooth, white and firm.

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WHEN GENERAL GRANT WENT ROUND THE WORLD
(CONTINUATION FROM PAGE 4)

took place one sultry afternoon in one of the summer tea-houses in the palace gardens. A few porcelain jars with flowers and shrubbery were in the room. The Mikado sat at a table, his Ministers standing around, General Grant sitting *vis-à-vis*, each with the comfort of a cigar. The talk ran, as with Prince Kung and the Viceroy Li Hung Chang, upon the science of government. The meeting was notable as the first instance in Japanese history when the sacred Mikado deigned to sit down in speech with an alien. It was an historical opportunity of which the General took earnest and friendly advantage, pressing upon the Mikado the wisdom of pausing before granting suffrage, urging that suffrage should come with education.

DISCUSSING THE TREATY IN A LITTLE TEMPLE

IT WAS at Nikko that Grant met the Japanese Ministers who came by the Mikado's command to discuss with him the message he had brought from Prince Kung and Li Hung Chang. Count Ito, Secretary of the Interior, Count Saigo, the Minister of War, Count Inouye, Foreign Minister, and Mr. Yoshida, the Japanese envoy to Washington, composed the embassy. They sat in a little temple (the afternoon sultry, a thunder-storm rattling among the hills), and discussed the issues.

In the end was a letter addressed *mutatis mutandis* to Prince Kung and the Japanese Prime Minister, containing suggestions which were accepted by both Governments. It was a basis of peace not to be broken for many years, and to be regarded as one of the shining achievements of General Grant's illustrious career. So it will be seen that there were useful days as well as days of pageantry in Japan. General Grant in time became not alone the friend but the companion of the Mikado and his counsellors. There were few days that did not bring them into companionship: at fêtes, breakfast with the Emperor, garden talks or statelier ceremonies.

The continuance of my story would be that of hospitalities without precedent, gracious, comprehensive, considerate, the telling in detail of the beauty and romance of exquisite Japan. But the ship that was to bear us home swung impatiently at her moorings, and it was home again! Farewell to the Emperor, congratulations to His Majesty upon the peace and prosperity of Japan, admonitions as to unfortunate entanglements with foreign powers, reiterations of everlasting good will. Farewell by the Emperor with every assurance of regard! Farewell by that most brilliant company which thronged the palace on the eve of our going! Princes, noblemen, merchants, diplomatists, captains by land and by sea, teachers, journalists, students and private gentlemen, all in a glow of heartiness and good will united in speeding us home.

HOMeward STAGE OF THE TRIUMPHAL TOUR

SO ON the morning of that second of September, amid profuse ceremonies and the stately farewells of the valor and chivalry of Japan, we breasted the seas for home. My distinct remembrance of the voyage was that General Grant gave Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" a profound reading, and broke the monotony of travel by explaining in detail the mysteries of Waterloo. On Saturday, the twentieth of September, that being the eighteenth day of our journey, we came upon the Farallones, and dear to all of us was this first glimpse of home. It is due to history to say that the sight of the Farallones brought upon the General a craving for melons. And the melons found on a shore boat were brought on board, fresh and aromatic and received with joy. It was during this mood of homely rejoicing over the comfort of the melons that Major-General McDowell, commanding the department, accompanied by his staff, came alongside to bear an official welcome home from President Hayes. McDowell had been at West Point with Grant, a comrade in the Mexican war, an associate in the Confederate strife, always his friend. From no one, therefore, could the Nation's greeting come with more satisfaction, and as the two Captains shook hands there was an assurance even more definite than the multitudinous guns roaring from every Golden Gate battery, that the journey round the world was at an end, and that it was welcome home, indeed.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The next article of the "Great Personal Events" series—
"When John Wesley Preached in Georgia"
Will be published in the June JOURNAL. It is a graphic account of John Wesley's missionary work in Georgia, of his planting the seed of Methodism in America. The article was written for the JOURNAL by the Rev. W. J. Scott, D. D., and is illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens. Preceding articles of the "Great Personal Events" series published in the JOURNAL are: "When Jenny Lind Sang in Castle Garden," November; "When Mr. Beecher Sold Slaves in Plymouth Pulpit," December, 1896; "When the Prince of Wales was in America," January; "When Kossuth Rode Up Broadway," February; "When Lincoln was First Inaugurated," March; "When Lafayette Rode Into Philadelphia," April.

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To see a comparatively young child seated at this instrument performing great musical masterpieces with perfect accuracy, and effects only equaled by a large orchestra, seems little short of miraculous. We cannot begin to fully describe it here, but a catalogue with full description will be sent to any one who applies for it. **Ask for No. 14.**

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20 pages. Care of fowls for success. Also catalogue of best varieties. Poultry supplies, etc. Send two-cent-stamp to G. M. T. JOHNSON, Box 5, Binghamton, N. Y.

ART HELPS FOR ART WORKERS

BY EMMA HAYWOOD

Questions of general interest relating to Art work will be answered in this column.

M. A. V. S.—Your sketches are so very crude that it is hard to say whether you have any ability. A thorough artistic training is necessary to make a good illustrator.

A READER—The cleaning of old prints and steel engravings is a delicate operation which I should advise you not to attempt. Place such work in the hands of a professional person.

M. E. B.—The acid required for taking paint from china that has been fired is of so dangerous a nature that I prefer not to recommend it in this department. No amateur should attempt to use it.

J. D.—There is no reason why the delicate crayon you speak of should not be framed in white enamel; it might be picked out with a little gold, however, to obviate the coldness of a perfectly white frame.

AMATEUR—It is not possible for one to do pastel or any other kind of painting until he has acquired a good knowledge of drawing, and the laws of light and shade should be learned before attempting the use of such medium.

D. A.—The best varnish for oil paintings is mastic; pale copal is next best; others are apt to turn yellow. Varnish is applied quickly but firmly with a flat varnish-brush; it should be let alone directly it begins to get tacky.

S. B. M.—The color in china paints reproducing the tender blue of the forget-me-not is deep blue green, shaded with brown green. Moss green, brown green, and dark green No. 7 will give the desired shades for the leaves.

EVELYN—I should advise you to study if you have the opportunity, your efforts certainly indicate a natural taste for drawing. A knowledge of perspective is absolutely necessary for making successful sketches from Nature.

H. I. S.—Unless you obtain some practical knowledge with regard to the mechanical parts of designing for particular fabrics you will be sure to meet with disappointment in submitting designs. In such matters it is impossible to instruct yourself.

CARL—Each magazine has its own rates of payment. Well-known artists command higher prices than beginners. Work at illustrating is obtained by submitting specimens to the editors of publications to which they may be suited. (2) Colored drawings are executed either in water-colors or oils.

M. H.—It would take too much space to give detailed instructions for colored crayon or pastel painting. There are two small handbooks on the subject that might help you. One is called "A Treatise on Pastel Painting," by F. Goupil; the other is a translation of "The Art of Pastel Painting," by Raphael Mengs.

SUBSCRIBER—To paint dark red flowers set your palette with raw umber, burnt sienna, crimson lake, rose madder, ivory black, cobalt blue and white; possibly a little scarlet vermilion will be needed to prevent too purple a shade. For oranges take raw umber, raw sienna, cobalt blue, orange cadmium, light cadmium, rose madder and white.

SUBSCRIBER—When painting peaches in oil-colors set your palette with raw umber, raw sienna, ivory black, pale cadmium, crimson lake, rose madder, scarlet vermilion, pale lemon yellow, cobalt blue and white. For purple grapes take raw umber, cobalt blue, crimson lake, Antwerp blue, burnt sienna and white. For white grapes take raw umber, raw sienna, cobalt blue, ivory black, lemon yellow, pale cadmium and white.

C. P. R.—It is a mistake to use much oil in china painting, for it is liable to blister in the firing. A little medium of some kind is sometimes necessary for thinning the colors; some like oil of lavender, others take turpentine only or add a drop or two of fat oil to it. For tinting it is best to buy a well-known and reliable tinting oil composed usually of two or three different kinds of oil; to this add some turpentine when mixing a tint.

IGNORANCE—There is much difference of opinion with regard to the colors that fade; the great thing is to buy only those of a good make—imported colors are undoubtedly the best. (2) I cannot recommend individual schools. The only way to success is by patient and continuous study. (3) It is not a good plan to copy prints and color them indiscriminately; nothing is to be learned in this way. To copy faithfully really good colored studies is certainly beneficial, because it teaches methods in coloring.

R. R.—To moisten dry and hard cakes of water-colors reduce them almost to powder with a hammer, put the broken pieces in a pan for moist colors and pour in warm water sufficient to cover them; stir occasionally until the mixture becomes a smooth, creamy pulp. This may take some hours; then add a drop or two of pure glycerine and stir well. For colors that dry quickly add a little extra glycerine. In this way excellent moist paints may be made without any detriment to the most delicate colors.

OLIVE—The most satisfactory way of making up the artistic gift booklet you desire of the scenery witnessed in your travels is by means of photographs. They may be neatly pasted on heavy paper of a creamy tint. To embellish the book the photographs might be surrounded with a decoration of leaves and flowers drawn either in pen and ink or wash, as described in the JOURNAL of July, 1896. The leaflets may be fastened together by means of narrow ribbon passed through holes made for the purpose and tied together with a bowknot.

M. C.—For painting red poppies in oil set your palette with raw umber, burnt sienna, crimson lake, rose madder, scarlet vermilion, ivory black, cobalt blue, lemon yellow and white. For white ones take raw umber, raw sienna, yellow ochre, cobalt blue, Indian red, pale lemon yellow, ivory black and white. Modify the white by mixing a very little yellow ochre with it. The halftones are green; for this mix pale lemon yellow with ivory black and white. For deep shadows mix raw umber, cobalt blue and white; substitute raw sienna for the umber for less heavy shadows. A little Indian red must be worked into the reflected lights.

J. H. T.—In painting on a picture day after day the paint will not be dry, but in a state known to artists as tacky. It is possible to continue work with the under painting in this condition, but on no account touch it with varnish of any kind, for when drying out this will certainly crack; if not at first it surely will in course of time. If the work be allowed to dry between the paintings it is a good plan to rub it over with a little prepared linseed oil; if at all dusty the painting should first be sponged with water and wiped with a dry cloth. To cover a fresh canvas all over with a mass of color before putting in the subject is a great mistake; not only is the texture of the canvas lost, but all purity and delicacy of coloring is imperiled. The subject should be put in first and the rest of the canvas covered at once roughly, blending the edges while still wet to avoid hardness.

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do away with the constant annoyance of the undershirt working up, and the drawers working down. They are the ideal garment for well-dressed men, women and children who realize all the value of full-fashioned underwear for

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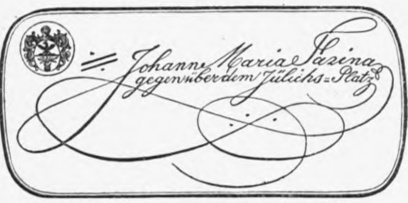
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My Patent Cold Process Quintuple Essences. Finest, most lasting, sold by Reliable Agents. Write for particulars of employment. I offer you pleasant, paying business. No experiment; 10 years' success. ALBERT F. WOOD Perfumer, 690 Wood Avenue, Detroit, Mich. Five Trial Bottles of Perfume mailed for 10c.

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THE MME. McCABE CORSET

LADIES Send for Catalogue Side Guaranteed Unbreakable LADY AGENTS SEND FOR TERMS ST. LOUIS CORSET CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE OPEN CONGRESS



Questions of a general nature will be answered in this column.

LETTY M.—The name Dorothy signifies "gift of God."

SHEFFIELD—The birthday stone for January is the garnet.

DOROTHY—The birthday stone for February is the amethyst.

MILICENT—The colors of Vassar College are rose and gray.

LARAMIE D.—Ex-President Harrison resides in Indianapolis.

SAN FRANCISCO GIRL—Cornelius Vanderbilt has several children.

NATALIE—There are no postal savings banks in the United States.

C. A.—The salary of a United States Senator is \$5000 and mileage.

GODFREY—Dolly Madison died at Washington, D. C., in July, 1849.

NETTY—The word "golf" is pronounced as though spelled "goff."

G. L. C.—The Hon. John Sherman and General Sherman were brothers.

GREENSWATER—President Van Buren died at Kinderhook, New York.

WAUKESHA—The Prince of Wales' only living son is the Duke of York.

MRS. A. C.—Robert T. Lincoln was Secretary of War under President Arthur.

C. C.—The New York Tribune Fresh Air Fund has been in existence since 1877.

LUCETTE—James G. Blaine was Speaker of the House during the Forty-second Congress.

HURON—It is quite proper for the wife of a physician to speak of her husband as "the Doctor."

D. E. L. H.—"The Land of the Rising Sun" is Japan. (2) The Astor family is of German descent.

BARTON—The Society of the Cincinnati is the oldest of our patriotic societies; it was organized in 1783.

G. F. C.—Miss Abigail Dodge ("Gail Hamilton") is buried in Hamilton Cemetery, Hamilton, Massachusetts.

J. L. T.—George W. Ferris, the inventor of the Ferris Wheel, died at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in November, 1896.

CLARK—Mrs. Abraham Lincoln died at Springfield, Illinois, in July, 1882. Her son, the Hon. Robert Todd Lincoln, resides in Chicago.

MRS. M. V. W.—The University of California is non-sectarian. (2) The first women's club in the United States was "Sorosis." It was founded in 1868.

S. A. L.—George J. Gould has five children, Kingdon, Jay, Marjorie, Helen and George J., Jr. (2) Chauncey M. Depew has only one child, a son who is known as Chauncey, Jr.

TOM J.—When registering at a hotel write either Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jones, or Thomas Jones and wife; the use of the words "and lady" in such a connection would be ridiculous.

S. E. H.—The report of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896, gives the total number of post-offices in operation in the United States as 70,360.

BETHEL—The "Bad Lands," or *Mauvoises Terres*, are in Dakota, Wyoming and Northwestern Nebraska, between the North Fork of the Platte River and the South Fork of the Cheyenne River.

NETTIE—Chang, the Chinese giant, was seven feet nine inches in height at the age of nineteen. At maturity he had reached the height of a trifle over eight feet. He died in England at the age of forty-eight.

ADELE—Miss M. Carey Thomas is President of Bryn Mawr College. Miss Thomas was graduated from Cornell in 1877; studied at Johns Hopkins, and also at the University of Leipzig, as well as at Zurich and at the College of France.

G. R. S.—The British throne descends to the eldest son of the sovereign, and to his sons in order; after them to his daughters. In default of them, to the second son, and his sons and daughters, and so on. In default of sons it descends to the sovereign's daughters, and to their sons and daughters, etc.

FERNWOOD—Proof sets of the coins of the United States may be purchased at the United States Mint, Philadelphia. The gold coins cost \$38.50; all the silver coins, with the nickel five-cent-piece and the bronze one cent, \$2.50. The nickel five-cent-piece and the bronze one cent can be had for eight cents.

E. I. A.—The colors carried by United States regiments of infantry and artillery on parade or in battle are made of silk, and are five feet six inches long, and four feet four inches wide, and mounted on staffs. The field of the colors is twenty-eight inches in length, and extends to the lower edge of the fourth red stripe from the top.

FAIRHAVEN—The birthday stone for June is the pearl. The little verse which you ask for is as follows:

"Who comes with summer to this earth, And owes to June her day of birth, With ring of pearl upon her hand Can health, wealth and long life command."

W. M. E.—The "Great Eastern" made several voyages to the United States at a great loss to her owners, but in 1865 and 1866 she somewhat redeemed her character by successfully laying the Atlantic cable. Subsequently, owing to her vast size, she was instrumental in laying most of the important cables across the Atlantic, in the Mediterranean, through the Red Sea, etc. In 1888 she was sold at auction in Liverpool to be broken up.

ST. LOUIS—Gridley Bryant, a civil engineer, in 1826, projected the first railroad in the United States. It was built for the purpose of carrying granite from the quarries of Quincy, Massachusetts, to the nearest tidewater. Its length was four miles, including branches, and its first cost \$50,000. The sleepers were of stone and were laid across the track eight feet apart. Upon rails of wood, six inches thick, wrought-iron plates, three inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick, were spiked. At the crossings stone rails were used, and as the wooden rails became unserviceable they were replaced by others of stone. The second American railroad was built in 1827, for the purpose of hauling coal from the mines in Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania. The Baltimore and Ohio was begun in 1828, and two years later Peter Cooper, of New York, built the first locomotive ever constructed for railroad purposes in America, the locomotives used previously having been imported from Europe.

\$1000.00 in 147 Cash Prizes

1 of \$100.00, 2 of \$50.00 4 of \$25.00, 140 of \$5.00 each

will be given July 1 for recipes we accept for our new cook book, describing methods of using our Baked Pork and Beans alone or in combination. A trade mark, cut from label of a can, must accompany each recipe. Competition closes May 31. Every one answering this advertisement will get the new cook book, "Bean Cookery," free.



VAN CAMP'S BOSTON BAKED Pork and Beans

Prepared with Tomato Sauce gives piquant flavor, aids digestion and makes the triumph of bean cookery. Made from choicest meat, mealy beans, fresh ripe tomatoes—is a meal in itself. Heated ready to serve in five minutes (though palatable hot or cold), makes a favorite dish for an emergency, hasty meals, light housekeeping and general table use. You can enjoy it in some way every day. Comes in tins, 3 sizes. Sold by leading grocers. If yours does not keep it send 6 cents for postage on sample can, or postal card for free booklet.

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Small Monthly Payments

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\$500 MORE. We offer a further prize of \$500 to the competitor who, laying aside The Century, succeeds most successfully in answering 90 per cent. of these questions from ten other works of reference, no matter in how many volumes each is published. This offer is made for the purpose of showing that The Century is superior not to any other one work of reference, but to any other ten. Address

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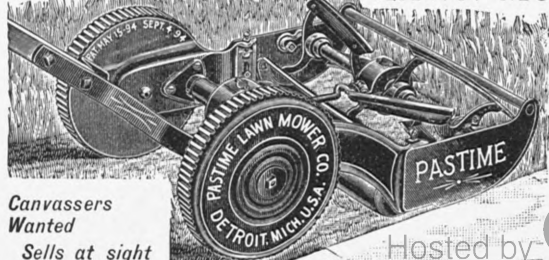
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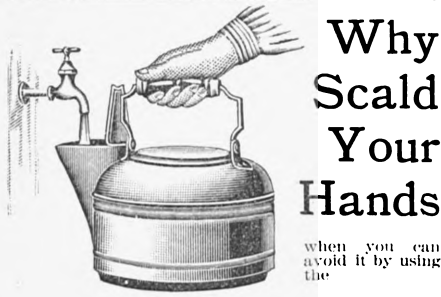
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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

MABEL—Specimen sent is Cobaea scandens. M. L. M.—Geranium buds blast in too hot or too dry an air. M. A. G.—Leave all bulbs in the cellar until the stalks start. S. B. C.—The Manettia Vine is not a success as a plant for the house. V. M. R.—If your Calla is a strong and healthy plant let it alone. It will bloom in time. BLUE HILL.—Try kerosene emulsion, being very sure to get at the under side of the leaf. V. A. E.—Begonia leaves generally drop because of diseased roots, due, as a rule, to defective drainage. MRS. A. M. T.—I would advise Petunias, Geraniums and Abutilons. For hanging-baskets try Othonna and Saxifrage. O. P. N.—I have never had any experience with the Guava, therefore am unable to give you the information asked.

MRS. R. R. N.—Tuberose bloom but once. (2) Let Oxalis rest for at least two months. Give no water while it is resting.

MRS. B. C. H. B.—You ask for the treatment required by the Hydrangea, but do not say whether you refer to the hardy or the tender class.

MRS. R. S. T.—Specimen sent is Curculigo recurvata, a plant closely resembling some varieties of Palm, but not a member of that family.

S. M. P.—The Amaryllis should be imbedded about half its depth in soil. (2) For information relative to the Cactus write Mr. A. Blanc, Philadelphia.

FLOWER LOVER—Layer the Clematis in midsummer. Remove the layered plant when you are sure that the roots have formed, and not until then.

ANXIETY—You can grow Nasturtiums in the house if the air is kept moderately cool and somewhat moist. Shower daily to keep the red spider down.

MRS. N. J. T.—Do not water Geraniums in the cellar. (2) Your Honeysuckle will be greatly improved by cutting away a large amount of the old growth.

SUBSCRIBER—The Cosmos is a Mexican flower. It must be started early in the season to bloom at the North. Our summers are too short for it unless it gets a good start in the spring.

MRS. J. H. W.—Probably the florist who grew the long-spiked Hyacinths in glasses of water gave them some kind of fertilizer which produced the admired growth. Ask him about this.

T. K.—The amateur will find the following Chrysanthemums very desirable: Ivory and Nivens, white; Ada Spaulding, pink; Cullingfordii, dark red; Golden Wedding and W. H. Lincoln, yellow.

C. M.—Myosotis, Convallaria, Dicentra and Pansies are well adapted to shady locations. (2) Clematis paniculata grandiflora and C. flammula are good vines to grow where there is but little sunshine.

L. H.—Your Heliotrope needs shifting to a pot of larger size. (2) Transplant Rex Begonias just before they make their new growth. You can easily tell when this is going to take place by keeping watch of them.

MRS. WILSON—I know of no plant named Liniria. Linum is a yellow-flowered plant adapted to greenhouse culture, and Zinnia is an annual. But your description does not fit either of these, though the name suggests them.

MRS. N.—Water your Lemon Tree moderately while it remains dormant. When growth begins increase the supply. Give some kind of fertilizer once a week, and be sure to keep its leaves and branches free from scale.

BALTIMORE—Cut back the Rose about one-half in order to make it throw out branches and become bushy and compact. (2) Reine Marie Henrietta is an all-the-season bloomer at the South. Cut back about two-thirds of last season's growth.

E. E. H.—Rose-jars are prepared by putting a layer of Rose petals in the bottom of a jar and scattering common salt over them. Close the jar tightly, and set it in the sun. Add more leaves from time to time, using salt with each layer.

N. B. M.—Start Rose cuttings in clear sand, which should be kept moist and warm. Use half-ripened wood only. (2) If your Fuchsia drops its buds it is because the roots do not get water enough, or because red spiders are at work on the plant.

W. H. M.—You will find it more satisfactory to purchase young Pansy plants in spring than to attempt to grow them in the living-room. (2) The Zinnia is a good flower for places where large plants are wanted. It makes a good hedge if planted thickly.

H. T. H.—The Genista is a spring-blooming plant. Keep it rather dry during summer. In fall report it and cut it back sharply. Give it about the same amount of water given a Geranium and a similar soil. (2) Mealy bugs will destroy the plants if not kept in check.

A. M. B.—I prefer finely-pulverized bonemeal to any other fertilizer for Chrysanthemums. (2) In order to keep up the size of blossoms from year to year it is necessary to give the plants liberal treatment. They must be fed well. (3) Fumigate with Tobacco leaves or stems.

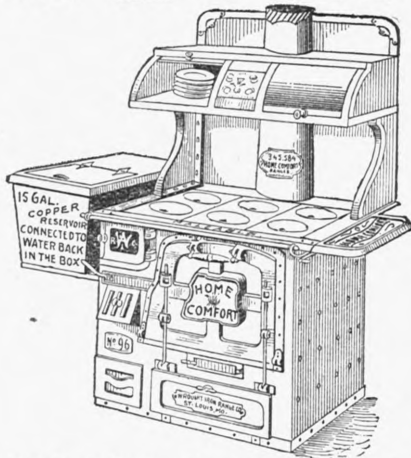
M. E. D.—By "Umbrella Palm" I suppose you mean Cyperus alternifolius, sometimes called Umbrella Plant, because of the resemblance of its whorled leaf to the frame of an umbrella. (2) I give my plants a soil of muck and keep them very moist at the roots, being careful to have good drainage, keeping them in the shade and giving them a moderately warm, moist temperature.

MABELLE—I would advise the following plants for your south windows: Abutilons, red, yellow and white; Geraniums, both flowering and scented-leaved sorts; Begonias in variety; Plumbago, Streptosolen, Heliotrope, Petunia and Fuchsia speciosa. (2) Geraniums are best for winter flowering when two years old. (3) Water plants on the soil, not through the saucer. (4) The Spotted Calla is a summer plant.

D. T.—Specimens sent are Begonia incarnata and B. argentea guttata. The long-leaved plant is Anthurium. It is grown for its foliage only. (2) You gave your Impatiens too much manure water doubtless. Once a week is quite often enough to apply the fertilizer, and then it should be given in a weak form. (3) You cannot grow plants well in a room in which gas escapes. (4) Hen manure is too strong for most plants. It must be used with extreme caution. (5) Govern your care of bulbs by the looks of the top instead of the roots.

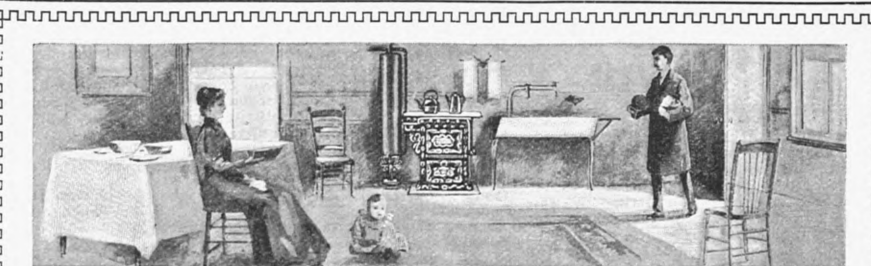
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THE HOME DRESSMAKER

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

Correspondents desirous of being answered by mail should, in each case, send either self-addressed stamped envelope or sufficient stamps to cover postage.

E. W. B.—Shirt-waists, linen collars and belts were written of in the February JOURNAL.

L. E. W.—There is such a facing as you describe, but addresses and names of business firms cannot be given in this column.

PERPLEXED MOTHER—The March issue of the JOURNAL took up the subject of children's frocks where the January article left off.

INQUIRER—Besides taffeta silk and alpaca for a black petticoat sateen and percaline are suitable fabrics if you use the really fast black.

MRS. K. M. C.—The March JOURNAL described designs for little girls' frocks. Mixed cheviot or serge makes serviceable school dresses.

A READER—You cannot restore color with ammonia used on colored dress goods, but you may cover the spot with cross or lengthwise rows of black Hercules braid.

MIRIAM—A bicycle suit of black mohair should not have any velvet about it. Make as an Eton suit, and wear with a shirt-waist having a turn-down collar if you have a short neck.

STELLA—Gros-grain silk is worn, especially in black, as odd skirts, but it cannot compare with taffeta or satin. As a skirt to wear with a fancy silk waist it would be perfectly correct.

VIOLETTE—Girls of fifteen wear shoes of French or heavier kid, with a common-sense or moderate heel and rounding toes. For the summer ties of black kid or russet leather are worn.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—A person with dark brown hair and eyes and fair complexion may wear navy blue, pink, mauve, golden tan, brown, cream, light yellow and all of the fashionable shades of red.

MARTHA—A widow not wearing crape does not wear a silk dress as deep mourning, but when her mourning is lightened she can wear it with a vest of black chiffon and trimming of dull or mat jet passementerie.

MRS. S. A.—A white silk christening robe should be of China silk costing seventy-five cents a yard, but this is not as appropriate as one of nainsook at the same price. Either can be trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

D. M. S.—Fawn serge may be combined with brown or green cloth of a light weight, using the new fabric for an Eton jacket with close sleeves and a five-inch corselet belt of folds. Collar and vest of the fawn as well as the skirt.

MRS. B. J.—Clean white kid gloves with naphtha and white flannel rags. Put the gloves on, rub with a rag until it is soiled, then take a clean one; finally rub when nearly dry with talcum powder, and dry in the air. Naphtha is very explosive.

DRESSMAKER—Machine oil can be removed from cotton goods with pure cold water or soapsuds, and from silks with naphtha; but remember naphtha is very explosive. (2) An excellent authority says that blood stains may be removed from any kind of fabric with warm water.

Laura—Spring dresses will be trimmed with braiding. (2) Army blue is not a leading shade. (3) Tailor-made suits are very fashionable. (4) Organdies can be washed just like any other fine cotton material. Avoid hard rubbing, dry in the shade and iron on the wrong side.

E. M.—Light eyes and complexion with brown hair belong to the order of blondes. (2) A mixed goods will shorten your appearance; have your frock made with a round waist, tiny jacket fronts, and close sleeves with a short puff. Deep corselet belt, loose vest and fluffy collar effects are all becoming to slender figures.

MAY BELLE—A white organdy is made separate from the lining, and the latter is the most convenient in the shape of a corselet-cover and petticoat, the latter fitted plainly over the hips. The April issue of the JOURNAL gave designs for thin frocks. (2) A tall girl with a slender figure can wear a deep corselet belt made of rows of ribbon, bows on the collar and shoulders, and sash ends at the back of her frock.

LUSOIE—Some dressmakers will make over gowns and others will not; when they do the price is the same as for a new garment. (2) Wash clothes-brushes in soap and water, rinse well and dry in the air. (3) The smell of paint may be removed from a clothes-closet by putting a little hay on the floor; sprinkle it with chloride of lime and allow it to remain over night. In twenty-four hours the odor will have gone.

APPRECIATIVE SUBSCRIBER—A black mohair dress skirt should be five yards wide. It will require five yards of forty-four-inch goods for a forty-inch length. (2) Your striped crêpe for a summer waist make as a round waist with small sleeves. Epaulette ruffles of six-inch cream net lace, with narrower for the wrists, as a ruffle at the sides and back of the collar, and as a jabot down the centre. Collar of yellow taffeta ribbon, and a belt of the same passed twice around the form and knotted on the left side.

MRS. D. M. S.—When asking for special designs correspondents should describe their figures and tell their ages. (2) Black Cravenetted material makes a serviceable and suitable jacket suit to wear with cotton shirt-waists. (3) A black woolen gown for calling, for a person of average height and figure and under forty-five, would be made with a waist very slightly pointed back and front, close sleeves having a short puff, and tiny jacket fronts. Corselet belt of bias folds of black satin five inches deep at the back and three in front. Loose vest of white silk covered with heavy guipure lace, and a high collar to match. The wrists and jacket may be edged with jet.

ANNIE M. F.—For a short, stout woman of thirty-three years of age a brown diagonal serge, made with an eight-gored skirt five yards in width and stiffly faced to a depth of ten inches, would be suitable. Close-fitting sleeves having a short full puff at the top, and waist with a scanty ripple effect and pointed front. Trim wrists and collar with narrow brown bead galloon, and finish the waist with a narrow vest of striped brown silk with a narrow revers effect like a box-plait down each side its full length. (2) The odd waist of changeable red and green silk should have a fitted and boned lining with the silk showing only side and shoulder seams, and the fullness at the waist-line, back and front, laid in tiny overlapping plaits. Box-plait down the centre of the waist, with a ruffle of three-inch cream-colored lace on each edge. Close sleeves having the short puff at top, and wrists slashed several times and a ruffle of the lace as a finish. High collar having lace ruff at the back only. Around the lower pointed edge of the waist have a fold of the goods or of velvet; if the latter the collar should be the same.

THE "ONEITA" ELASTIC RIBBED Union Suits

are complete undergarments covering the entire body like an additional skin. Perfectly elastic, fitting like a glove, but softly and without pressure. No buttons down the front. Made for Men, Women and Young People. Most convenient to put on or off, being entered at top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such perfect fit for dresses or wear comfortably so small a corset. Send for illustrated booklet.

ONEITA KNITTING MILLS, 1 Greene St., New York

Advertisement for Clinton Safety Pin, featuring an illustration of a child and text: 'My Mamma says the Clinton Safety Pin has the largest sale of any Safety Pin in the world, because of its surpassing excellence. FREE! To convince you, we will send, for stamp, samples of the CLINTON, also our SOVRAN pin and a pretty colored booklet for the children. THE OAKVILLE CO., Waterbury, Conn.'

THE WOMAN'S WISH

Holds the skirt up, and the shirt-waist down. Winter weights, as well as the finest fabrics, without tearing. Keeps the waist from bagging, the skirt from sagging, and is always out of sight, even with narrow belts. The illustration is full size. Sample pair, by mail, 25c. Entirely new. A. F. BEESE, Davenport, Iowa

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Just what you want for dressmaking at home. No patterns to buy; no cutting and fitting to do. Saves every trouble preliminary to putting on the fabric. Made, boned and fitted, of excellent silesia, in white, light and dark gray, and light double-faced black. 30 to 46 inch bust. Side and shoulder seams are basted, and can be taken up or let out to meet your own idea of comfort. If your dealer does not keep it send 75 cents, stating size, color, and whether long sleeves, collar, extra bones and casing—all charges prepaid. Money refunded if desired. Circular FREE. IDEAL LINING CO., 14 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Jane" SKIRT HOLDER

A simple device which fastens to corset. Holds up the skirt—holds down the shirt-waist, without pins, hooks or buttons. A splendid article for lady agents. Not sold in stores. Sample, 25 cts. Catalogue and agents' terms free. F. D. AUSTIN 2117 Lexington Avenue, Kansas City, Mo. AGENTS WANTED

Advertisement for Tabourette or Jardiniere Stands, featuring an illustration of a stand and text: 'Made of wood, enameled White, Pink or Mahogany. Appropriate for Tea Table, Jardiniere or as Tabourette, placed in proper position adds to the artistic appearance of the room. Sold cheap to introduce other home decorations. Price, \$1.50, either finish. Beautiful art booklet, showing interior views, free on all orders. Otherwise, if you wish only my booklet send 10c. Stands shipped boxed by freight or express, anywhere. W. ALFRED MARQUA, 402 Main, Cincinnati, O.'

Advertisement for Spring Wedding Invitations and Announcements, featuring an illustration of a lion and text: 'Invitations and ANNOUNCEMENTS engraved in the latest style. Write for prices and samples. Circular on monogrammed stationery, and calling cards sent for 4 cents in stamps. HOME DRESSMAKING by EMMA M. HOOPER, 320 West Fourteenth St., New York. How to Cut, Fit and Make a Gown. Mourning styles, becoming colors, etc., for 25 cents.'

HOME DRESSMAKING by EMMA M. HOOPER, 320 West Fourteenth St., New York. How to Cut, Fit and Make a Gown. Mourning styles, becoming colors, etc., for 25 cents.

Advertisement for Singer Sewing Machines, featuring an illustration of a Singer sewing machine and text: 'Singer Sewing Machines cannot be obtained through department stores or merchandise dealers; they are delivered directly from maker to user only through our own employees. They are offered to the public on their intrinsic merits as the best device obtainable for family sewing. CAN YOU TRY ONE FREE? CERTAINLY. Deliver it at your door, in our own wagon, upon application to any of our offices, located in every city in the world. EITHER LOCK-STITCH OR CHAIN-STITCH ANY STYLE OF CABINET-WORK Sold for Cash, or Leased Old Machines Exchanged Singer Sewing Machines are sold only by THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.'

Advertisement for Triple Knee "Leather" Stockings, featuring an illustration of a boy and text: 'Triple Knee "Leather" Stockings For Boys, 25 cts. a pair Wear 50 per cent. Longer than Ordinary Stockings Triple (3-thread) knees, heels and toes, made from the finest, smoothest, softest cotton yarn, making the BLACK CAT BRAND, Style No. 15 for Boys, the strongest, heaviest, most elastic and cheapest "Fast Black boys" stocking in the world. Style No. 10 for Girls. Ask your dealer for them. If you cannot get them, sample pair sent on receipt of price, 25c. (give size), and will send the name of a dealer where you can buy them again. Ask for Leather Stockings for men, women and children, guaranteed first quality, and to give equal satisfaction. CHICAGO-ROCKFORD HOSIERY CO. KENOSHA, WISCONSIN'

Advertisement for Crests, Coat-of-Arms, Society Emblems, College and Club Emblems, Monograms, Address Dies, Crests and Monograms of Celebrities, featuring an illustration of a crest and text: '2000 New and Original Designs, stamped in assorted colors, gold, silver, assorted bronzes and richly illuminated. Sample Sheet of 17 Different Designs, Stamped in Gold, and our Descriptive Catalogue for 10 cents in silver or stamps STATIONERS ENGRAVING CO., 102 Nassau St., New York'

Advertisement for Shaw-Knit Half Hose, featuring an illustration of a foot and text: 'SHAW-KNIT HALF HOSE ON THE TOE Fit Well, Look Well, Wear Well. They are the only half-hose constructed in accordance with the shape of the human foot. Sold by the trade generally, and obtainable direct from the makers, who will send a descriptive Price List to any applicant. SHAW STOCKING COMPANY, LOWELL, MASS.'

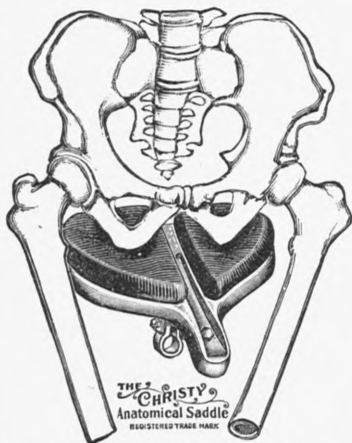
Advertisement for Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co., featuring an illustration of a horse and carriage and text: 'WE HAVE NO AGENTS but have sold direct to the consumer for twenty-four years, at wholesale prices, saving them the dealers' profits. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted. One Hundred styles of Carriages, Ninety styles of Harness, Top Buggies as low as \$35. Phaetons as low as \$55. Spring Wagons, Road Wagons, etc. Send for large, free Catalogue. No. 37 1/2. Surrey Harness—Price \$15. As good as sells for \$22. ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO., W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND. Get our prices on BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, CARTS, WAGONS, HARNESS and SADDLES before buying. MURRAY TOP BUGGY PRICE \$29.95 TOP BUGGIES at \$29.85, BUGGY HARNESS \$3.90, ROAD CARTS \$8.90, ROAD WAGONS \$19.95, and everything on wheels at unheard of low prices. Send 8 cents (stamps) postage for our handsome illustrated 260-page Catalogue No. 30. WILBER H. MURRAY MFG. CO., Cincinnati, Ohio'

Advertisement for Brooks Spring Seat Post, featuring an illustration of a seat post and text: 'BROOKS "BROOKS" SPRING SEAT POST The Original. The Best. Thousands in use. Takes away all jolt and jar. Fits any wheel. Can use any saddle. If your dealer don't have it, will be sent on trial. C. O. D.—satisfaction guaranteed. Insist on having a "Brooks" upon your new wheel. BROOKS SPRING SEAT POST CO. 1540 Marquette Building, Chicago'

Advertisement for New Idea in Trunks, featuring an illustration of a trunk and text: 'New Idea in Trunks The Stallman Dresser Trunk is a portable dressing case, with drawers instead of trays; the bottom is as accessible as the top. Costs no more than box trunk. Shipped C. O. D. with privilege to examine. 2c. stamp illustrated catalogue. F. A. STALLMAN, 41 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.'

Advertisement for Aunt Lydia's Linen-Finish, featuring an illustration of a spool of thread and text: 'AUNT LYDIA'S LINEN-FINISH WARRANTED BUTTONG AND SMOOTH THREAD ASK FOR AUNT LYDIA'S LINEN-FINISH IT WONT BREAK EBEN REXFORD says: "Just what I have long wanted. Invaluable for outdoor work. I give them my unqualified approval." 5-in. 20c., 8-in. 40c., by mail. W. E. CLEVELAND, Birmingham, N. Y.'

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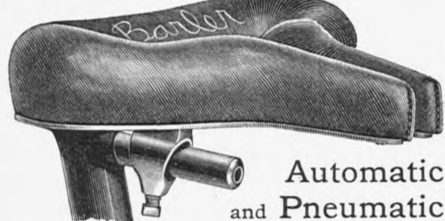
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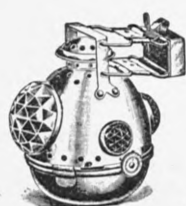
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If dealer does not have it we will send it, charges prepaid, on receipt of price. Send for circular.

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An Illustrated Popular Magazine for the Family

EDITED BY EDWARD W. BOK

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WITH VICTORIA ON THE THRONE



IN JUNE Queen Victoria will complete the sixtieth year of her reign. Every periodical in the English-speaking world will naturally write of the event. The JOURNAL will do so, too, in its next (June) issue, but it will treat the great event in a manner unique and striking, probably unlike the method used by any other periodical. It will take its readers on the English throne with Her Majesty, and let them see what Victoria has seen since she became Queen. Sixty years of progress in every phase of human effort will pass before the reader in this article—a perfect and bewildering panorama, fascinating and absorbing in its interest. The article, by William George Jordan, will be called "What Victoria Has Seen," and will be appropriately illustrated.

TWO GREAT PERSONAL EVENTS

FEW people know that John Wesley was ever in this country. Few know that he preached the first Methodist sermon delivered on this continent, that he founded the first Sunday-school in the world in Georgia, and that he suffered hunger and persecution here for the cause he loved. The intensely interesting story of this almost forgotten chapter in the life of a great man will be given in the June number of the JOURNAL. It will appear in the series of "Great Personal Events," under the title

WHEN JOHN WESLEY PREACHED IN GEORGIA

Told by Rev. W. J. Scott, D. D.

IN THE July number will be the most thrilling story in the series of "Great Personal Events." It was woman's presence of mind and heroism that saved the most precious of American documents from falling into the hands of the British when the Capital was burned in the War of 1812. This story, by Clifford Howard, is entitled

WHEN DOLLY MADISON SAVED THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



CARRYING OUT ONE'S PET IDEAS

EVERYBODY has pet ideas, brilliant schemes for the future, but they are often difficult to carry out owing to lack of funds. The JOURNAL has a practical plan by which any woman can earn money to carry out such ideas with little effort and with liberal returns. Thousands have availed themselves of the opportunity in the past. A line to the JOURNAL's Circulation Bureau will bring full information.

WILLARD SPENSER'S LOVE SONG

LOVERS of music will be delighted with the new love song, "Only a Woman," in the June JOURNAL. The words and music are written by Willard Spenser, the well-known composer of "The Little Tycoon" and "The Princess Bonnie."

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS IN GOLD

BRIGHT ideas are worth money. The editors of the JOURNAL are now preparing for the Christmas number; they want it to be thoroughly practical and filled with hints and suggestions toward making the holiday season joyous and profitable. To stimulate the ingenuity of its readers the JOURNAL offers a prize of twenty-five dollars in gold for the best suggestion for a church entertainment for Christmas. The plan should be simple, practical, novel and inexpensive, and adapted to the resources of an average city or country church. All contributions should be sent to the "Christmas Editor," THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and should be received not later than the first of June.

THE COVER OF THIS NUMBER

MR. HOWARD PYLE has succeeded in giving a new interpretation of a well-worn theme—a satisfactory personification of the spirit of Spring is most rare in pictorial art. The aroma peculiar to the season of budding life is so delicate and volatile that we scarce recognize it ere it is gone. This iridescent angel typifies, both in color and action, the quickening of Nature. Two youthful lovers beneath the fragrant blossoms plight their troth—telling again the old, old story—yet always new.

A COMING FEAST FOR THE CHILDREN

THE editors of the JOURNAL have not forgotten the promise made to look after the interests of the children. A most novel and charming set of fairy tales by Mrs. Mark Morrison is now in the hands of Reginald B. Birch, the well-known illustrator of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and will begin in an early number. The general title to this series of dainty stories of life in Pixieland is "The Pixies and the Elaines." Mrs. Morrison has created a new world for childhood in the grassy dells of the woods within the sound of running brooks and plashing fountains.

GIRLS IN VACATION TIME

ANY girl who is willing to fill in her vacation time this summer to advantage, can, with very little effort, secure for herself a college, university or conservatory course for the autumn. At the end of each college year the inquiry, "Shall I be able to return next year?" rises in the minds of many girls. The JOURNAL is ready to meet just this condition, and to make it possible for any girl to stay at college as long as she chooses, without cost to herself or her parents. A selection can be made from a list of several hundred of the leading colleges, universities and conservatories, situated in every section of the country. Any character of instruction may be chosen. Any girl who is interested may obtain a full explanation if she will address a request for particulars to the Educational Bureau of the JOURNAL.

YOU CAN FORETELL THE WEATHER

FROM the clear, practical suggestions to be given in our June number. There are certain simple conditions discernible to every one, by which an approaching storm can be forecast, the coming of drought, frost, a hot or cold wave, or a rainstorm, or other meteorological changes. General A. W. Greely, Chief of the Signal Service at Washington, has studied weather signs and warnings thoroughly, and has prepared a series of practical rules by which a person of average intelligence can predict changes correctly four times out of five.

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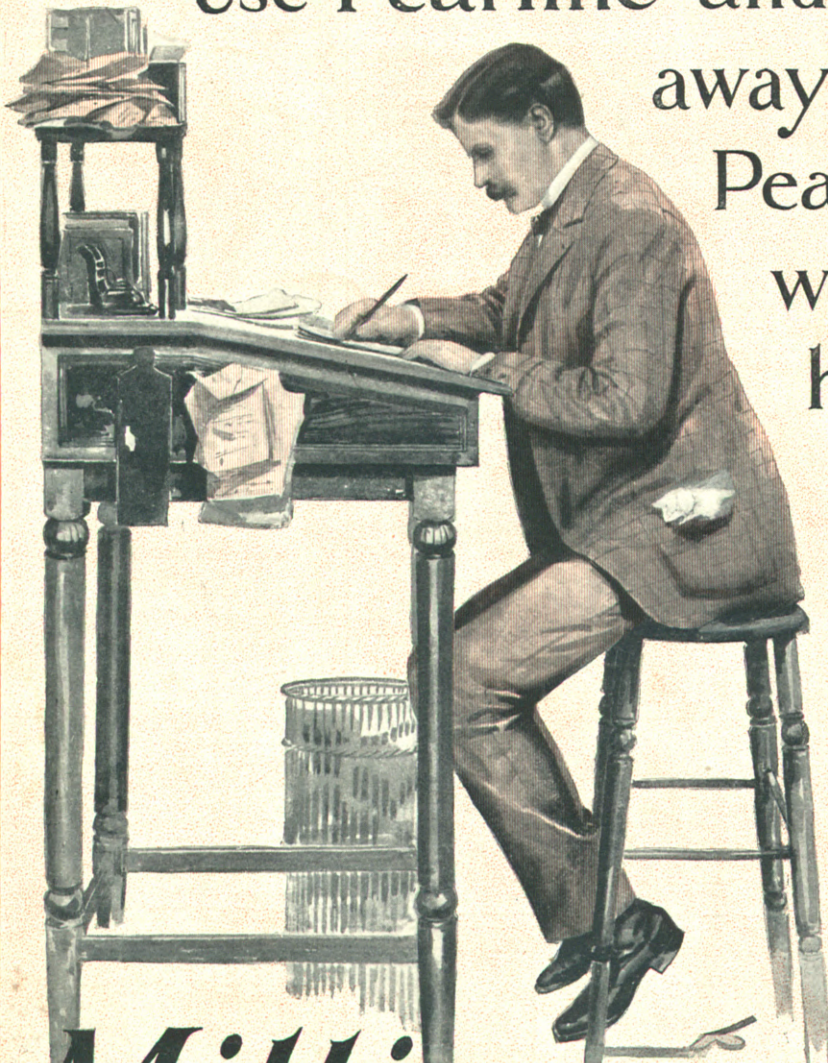
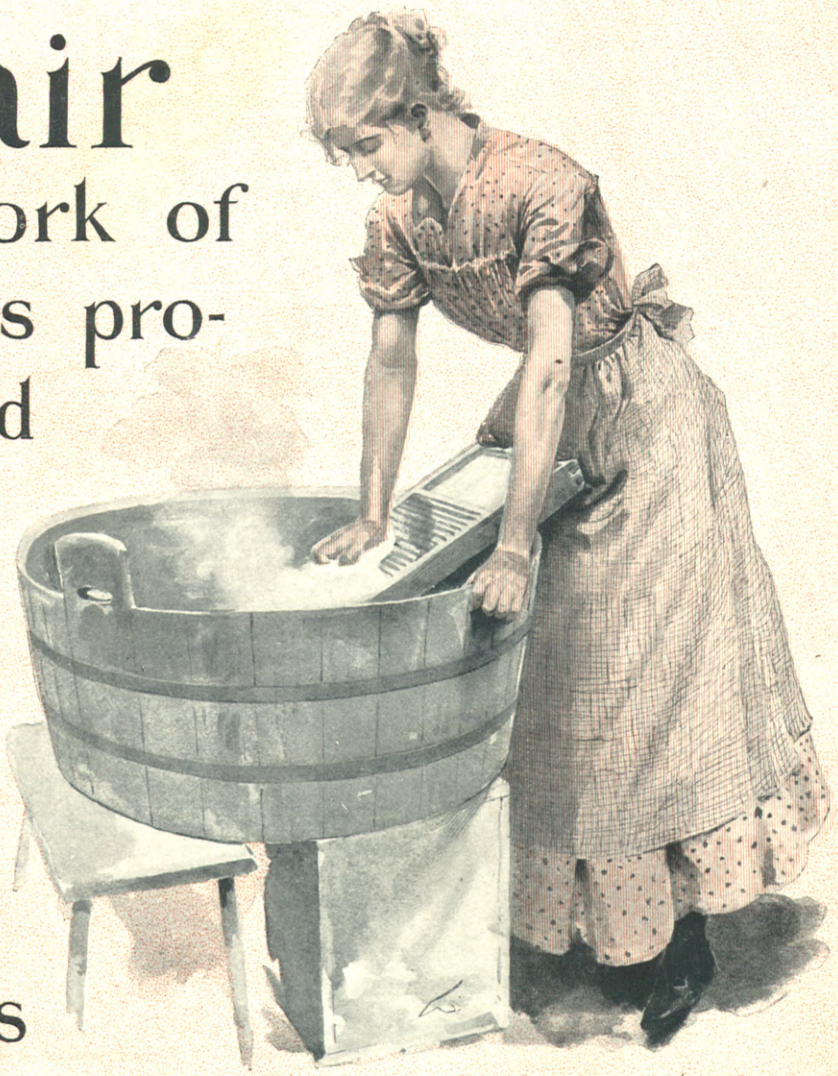
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