

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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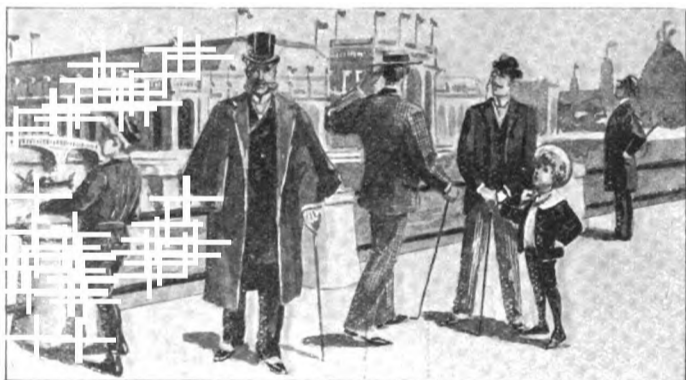
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"The lover advancing toward the two doors"

HOW I WROTE "THE LADY OR THE TIGER?"

And What Came of the Writing of It

By Frank R. Stockton

[With Illustrations by Frank O. Small]



WHEN I first planned the sketch of "The Lady or the Tiger?" I did not propose making a fictional problem of it. In fact I did not intend to write it or publish it. Its origin was due to the request of a friend in

Nutley, New Jersey, who, a dozen years or more ago, gave an evening entertainment, some of the features of which were literary. As one of the guests asked to

about and planned various arrangements and endings. At last I concluded to write it for publication without attempting to give any conclusion, and to leave the solution of the problem to those who might read it and care to think it out for themselves. I did not fear that I should indicate in any way that I had a personal bias in favor of the one or the other solution, for no such bias existed in my mind. I found, however, that it was not an easy sketch to write, for before I felt satisfied that I had put the question properly I had constructed it five several times.

I remember very well the circumstances under which it was put on paper beneath some trees on a broad lawn of an old mansion in Amelia County, Virginia. Near by was a small house, called in that part of the country an office, which I used as a study. This building, intended for summer use, was raised a few feet from the ground, and was supported by wooden piers, and in the intervals of dictation I watched the efforts of a small moccasin snake, which was under the house, endeavoring to catch a toad. The toad, if fascinated at all, was only partly under the influence of its charmer, and seemed to have sense enough to hop about outside the line of the building, while the snake appeared afraid to venture beyond its protecting shadows. When I had finished my work a boy was sent to drive the snake from under the house and kill it, but I never heard whether, before its death, the snake got the toad or the toad got away.

When the story was offered for publication its availability was a matter for consideration, for the reason that it did not belong to any of the classes of literary matter usually published in magazines. It was not a story, nor an essay, nor a practical article, and in periodicals for grown folks there is seldom a puzzle department. However, the sketch was published and I patiently waited for responses to what I had said regarding my inability to decide the question it contained, and my desire for the readers of the magazine to make a decision according to their own views of the circumstances and conditions.

It was not long before letters in regard to "The Lady or the Tiger?" began to come in, and their number rapidly increased,

but to my great disappointment no one of the writers attempted to solve the problem, or even endeavored to give an opinion upon the subject. Each and all demanded that I should write as soon as possible and tell them which came out of the open door, the attractive female or the cruel beast. This result could not fail to be discouraging to me; the response for which I had hoped had not been made, and I was asked to do something which my inability to do had been the occasion of my publishing the sketch.

Of course I replied to these letters, saying that I could not tell the writers what I did not know. In return I was made the subject of not a few severe attacks; according to some of them a writer is infamous who excites the interest of his reader without subsequently satisfying the resulting desire for full information. No notice being taken of my request for cooperation and assistance from those who might be better able than I to determine the action of my heroine, it was as if a searcher for the north pole, having failed to reach his objective point, had requested of other explorers some information based upon their explorations, and had received in return nothing but abuse for not being able to tell them the way to reach the pole.

In the course of a few months the demands for satisfaction became less frequent, and I began to hear from the people who had honestly accepted my proposition, and who had endeavored to help me in the solution of my problem. Many of these letters contained merely the opinion of the writers regarding the fate of the young man in the arena, but in addition there were a considerable number of continuations of the story, some of which were exceedingly ingenious and well executed. Some of these solutions were in prose and some in verse, and many unexpected and interesting points were made by the authors.

Among the direct answers to my problem I will first give a very decided one from Robert Browning. A well-known English authoress had been discussing the question with some friends and resolved to submit its decision to Mr. Browning, and having done so she received from him the following note:

"Dear —: According to your desire I read the story in question last evening, and have no hesitation in supposing that such a princess, under such circumstances, would direct her lover to the tiger's door; mind I emphasize such and so circumstanced a person."

A clever reply came from a lady who believed that it was the lady who came out of the open door, and that that lady was the semi-barbaric princess herself, who

had arranged with a bosom friend of her own age to dress in her royal robes and take her place by the king, thus personating his high-born daughter. It was she who gave the signal when the young man turned his farewell gaze upon his supposed lady-love, and all were happy.

A most ingenious version of the story was one in which the hot and jealous blood of the princess prompts her to indicate the tiger's door. That door is opened and the tiger emerges, not, however, with a roar and spring, but with a slow and easy tread. Gazing around the assembled multitude he approaches the young man who stands alone in the arena, rubs himself confidently against his legs, purring the while, and then, yawning to an extent which exhibits to all the spectators the possibilities of the might have been, he walks to a spot where the wall throws a shade upon the ground of the arena, and stretching himself upon the sand he falls into a pleasant nap. The reason for this extraordinary conduct on the part of the animal was easily discovered; having been half starved for several days, in order to make him more ferocious, he had become aware of the presence of a young and tender lady in the compartment



"The hostess who would make two figures in ice-cream, one a lady and one a tiger"

adjoining his own, and breaking down the partition between the two, he had dragged her into his cell and devoured the damsel, and then, his appetite having been fully satisfied, he walked into the arena without feeling any desire whatever for further refreshment.

Many ladies were of the opinion that no true-hearted woman, barbaric or civilized, could endure to see her lover meet a dreadful death before her eyes in order that she might be spared the pangs of jealousy, and one of these tender-hearted ladies devised a curious solution: The princess, full of love and tenderness for the young man, pointed out the door of the lady. The young man, feeling that he knew well her qualities of mind and soul, suspected that



"I watched the efforts of a small moccasin snake"

assist in the performances of the evening, I was requested to tell a story. I therefore set about composing one, and "The Lady or the Tiger?" was the ultimate result. I did not, however, tell the story at that party. When the appointed evening arrived it was not finished, and so far as I am concerned it is in that condition now.

During the first construction of the story I had no thought but that I should finish it, state which door was opened by the young man in the arena, and give the reason why his lady-love, the princess, directed him to the one portal rather than to the other. But when I reached the point of the story at which the princess must decide which door she should point out to her lover, I found myself in a greater quandary than that in which she would have been had she really existed, for I had not the advantage of being either semi-barbaric or a woman.

The question, however, interested me very much, and for a year or two after the subject had come into my mind I thought



"He had chosen both the lady and the tiger"

she was making a sacrifice for his sake, and resolved not to be outdone in generosity. He therefore stepped to the other door and was devoured.

One lady sent the young man to the tiger because the princess thought he would like to go there, so that in "happy mystic regions they might the sooner meet." Another, more practical, thought the princess would give her lover to the lady on the chance of his soon becoming a widower and again available. "If he is eaten," she would have said, "he is gone; if he is only married there is yet hope for me."

Some writers endeavored to solve the problem by reversing the cases of the two young people, putting the princess in the arena, substituting a young man for the young lady, and giving the painful duty of pointing out the door to the lover, seated by the king. In this case it was conceded without difficulty that the lover would not see his mistress perish, but would prefer her marriage to another. And thus immediately rose the question: "Is a woman more cruel than a man?" And the difficulty of deciding this prevented the settlement of the problem on that ground.

In an article in a San Francisco paper a writer believed that the princess gave her lover to the tiger because, no matter what happened, her mind would always be haunted by one or the other of two pictures. In one of these she would see her lover in the dreadful torments of a cruel death. In the other, in the delights of a marriage with a fair lady, with no feelings in his heart for herself except those of gratitude—"that frostiest emotion of the heart." The first of these pictures, the writer thought, would surely fade away with time, but the latter would endure forever. The princess, therefore, chose the picture which would last the shortest time.

In the same paper another writer made the princess send him to the lady because she thought he wanted to go there, and in her contempt for him she resolved to make him suffer, after his marriage with her rival, far more pain than any tiger could have inflicted upon him.

A gentleman, and there can be no doubt about the sex of the author of this solution, wrote a paper on the contingency of the case which he deemed quite possible. In this the young man opened the lady's door, and after a few months of wedded life with her her disposition showed him very plainly that he had chosen both the lady and the tiger.

Two different solutions were sent by the same person. According to one of them the young man, after advancing to the centre of the arena, looks back at the princess, and perceiving the movement of her hand to the right, walks deliberately toward the doors, and as he does so he carefully studies them and notices that they open outward. In a flash he has formed a plan, the only one, indeed, in which there is a possibility of safety. To follow her advice would be to take the chance that this was not the case. To disregard it would be to throw away all chances of safety and meet fate blindly. Consequently he steps toward the right-hand door, and turning the handle opens it a crack. Through the long crevice he sees a patch of black and yellow fur, and the next instant the door is thrust against him, pressed wide open and the tiger is in the arena! But as the tiger springs the young man slips behind the door, and the moment the beast is out in the centre of the arena the active youth slips into the den and shuts the door behind him, leaving to the hungry beast the selection for his repast of such a one among the spectators as he might consider the most convenient and edible. In the confusion which ensued the young man made his escape from the place and the country, desiring no longer to look upon the woman who had proved herself an egoist, loving herself better than she did him.

In the other solution the same idea flashes into the young man's mind. Stepping to the right-hand door he opens it and sees within a patch of pink and white ribbons. Instantly jerking it open he slips behind it, and when the fair maiden, blushing, and with downcast eyes, emerges into the sunlight amid the thunderous applause of the vast concourse, he springs into the apartment she had left, closes the door after him, and before any one can properly understand what he has done he has left the compartment by an inner door, and rushing from the building he eludes observation and takes refuge in the bosky dell, where he and the princess had passed, all unbeknown, so many joyful minutes. His soul, swelling with exultation at the discovery that she was an altruist and loved him better than she loved herself, he seated himself upon a mossy rock and knew that she would come to him.

Of course it would be easy for any one who is able to determine whether the princess was likely to be under the influence of egoistic emotions or those of an altruistic character, to determine which came out of the open door.

An answer dealing with more intricate and deeper workings of the mind contained a solution something in this wise: The princess wished to send her lover to the tiger, but knowing that he was well ac-

quainted with her temperament, and also that he would much prefer the lady, she thought it wise to indicate the lady's door, hoping that his knowledge of her character would make him take the other. Her lover was so well acquainted with her disposition that he had not the least doubt that she wished him to open the tiger's door, but he was also aware that she knew how well he understood her, and that possibly she might expect that if she pointed out the door she wanted him to take his caution would prompt him to take the other, were it not for the fact that knowing how well he knew her, she was afraid he might reason out the matter to the extent of believing that it would be wise to take the door she indicated, because he thought she would expect him to take the other. But, on the other hand, as she understood his method of reasoning, she might follow him thus far, and so, making another doubling of her purpose, she might offer him to the tiger by pointing to the door of the— Here the person working out this intricacy stopped and desired assistance, which, so far as I know, he never got.

Many persons who have interested themselves in the subject, and who have afterward met me, have been surprised to find me unable to solve the question which they put to me with no loss of time, and in addition to these personal requests I have been made the subject of various pleasant artifices by which it was hoped that I might unwittingly betray my knowledge. The hostess who would make two figures in ice cream, one a lady and one a tiger, would have been prevented from carrying out her design by the fact that the proposer of the question always declined ice cream.

A gentleman at a Washington club who, proposing a glass of punch, pointed out two large bowls side by side, said quickly: "This is the lady and this is the tiger; which will you have?" could only have been met by the acceptance of a glass from each.

The clerk on a Fall River steamboat who offered a better stateroom if the writer would privately tell him which came out of the open door, was satisfied with the consensus of opinion up to that date. A leading physician of Washington having been nettled by reading the story and finding it unfinished declared to some friends that if he ever got the author of that sketch under his care he would put him to bed and keep him there until he told him how the affair of the semi-barbaric princess turned out. Strangely enough, several years afterward the author did come under the care of that physician, but the kindness of the medical man overcame his curiosity, and his patient was sent away without the threatened grip.

A missionary in Burmah wrote that a lady who was visiting her station told her that she had just come from the wild tribe of Karens, occasionally visited by missionaries, and to her surprise was immediately asked by them if she knew which came out of the door—the lady or the tiger? The explanation of this was that some former visitor had read to them this story, as suited to their fancy, and as she had just come from the outside world they supposed she could tell the end of it.

The late Edward Greely informed me that he had seen two Japanese translations of "The Lady or the Tiger?"—one literal and the other a free rendering of the story—but I never heard whether or not any Japanese solutions of the question had been offered.

According to the newspapers a waiter at a Western hotel was more fortunate than most questioners on the subject in getting a direct answer.

THE WAITER—"Did you go up to Sarah Bernhard's room?"

HALL BOY—"Yes; she's got her pet tiger with her again."

"So I heard. Did you knock at her door?"

"Yes."

"Which came out of the door—the lady or the tiger?"

Of course the hall boy was able to inform him.

In several cases the matter was put to vote. In London thirteen ladies voted upon the subject, nine for the lady and four for the tiger. The question was put to a graduating class of Vassar College, where the tiger received eighteen votes and the lady six. This indicates, I think, the influence of youthful feelings upon the decision.

An operetta was written upon "The Lady or the Tiger?" and in this it was absolutely necessary to give a solution of the question in the story, so the tiger's door was opened, but as the savage inmate of it had died just previous to the performance in the arena a vixenish, middle-aged woman had been placed there in the stead of the beast, it being considered by the managers that she was about as much of a punishment as any wild animal could be supposed to be. But the young man, declaring that he had been unfairly dealt with, stood upon his rights and finally obtained the princess.

Some years after the publication of "The Lady or the Tiger?" I wrote a continuation of the story called "The Discourager of Hesitancy," in which I did not attempt to solve the original problem, but merely propounded another in the same line of

human interest in human character. This little story would never have been composed had I not been urged to write something more upon the original idea. As I was unable to point out any road by which readers could come to the end of their journey, I simply indicated another pathway into the regions of the indeterminate, hoping that it might lead to pleasant scenery, and that some of the travelers thereon might at least suppose they had reached their destination.

Notwithstanding the fact that I had plainly stated that this was a continuation and not a solution of the original story, I received a good deal of censure for not having in this second essay satisfied the curiosity evoked by the first. It was not requested that answers should be sent to the question whether it was the lady who frowned or the lady who smiled who was selected by the prince as his proper wife, but a good many responses came, and a striking feature of most of these was that instead of demanding a solution from the author they gave one themselves, and thereupon claimed as a reward the answer to the original question. But as no compact of the kind had been entered into the author's conscience did not upbraid his ignorance.

It is now more than a decade since the publication of "The Lady or the Tiger?" and in that period the author has frequently desired that he might be able to write a third paper, in which he should solve all mysteries and conduct all characters to the determinations of their careers. But he is not more able to do so now than he was at the beginning.

In the attempts to form correct judgments in this matter the dispositions and general character of nearly all the parties concerned have been well canvassed and considered. Would the princess have been likely to do this thing or that thing? Did her lover at the dreadful moment believe in her, or did he think she was trying to deceive him, or did he think she was trying to sacrifice herself? Furthermore, would he be willing to be sacrificed? The king, would he really allow his daughter's heart to be torn by the same jaws which rent the body of her lover? The lady behind one of the doors, would she consent, if the moment arrived, to wed the man to whom her proud, imperious mistress had given her heart? About these characters there has been doubt, uncertainty, perplexity, but in regard to one of the personages in this little drama, whose entrance would have made it a tragedy, there is no doubt, no uncertainty. His was a straightforward nature, unreserved and without disguise. Nobody doubted what he would do if the time came for him to act. He could always be counted upon if called upon.

In all the perplexities and obscurities of the situation it is a comfort and a relief to think of this one individual whose methods of thought were established and fixed, and from which his actions could be predicated with the accuracy of an astronomical calculation.

In conclusion I would say that it should not be considered that the attempts to answer the question of "The Lady or the Tiger?" have been without result, merely because that after having done the best we can do, to make a decision we still do not know whether we are right or not. On the contrary, when we have come to an honest and conscientious determination in the matter we have found out what we are ourselves. We have answered, and generally truly, this self-interrogation: Had I been a semi-barbaric princess would I have done that, or, even had I been a semi-barbaric princess, would I have done the other?

MR. STOCKTON AND "POMONA"

A SERIES OF DELIGHTFUL LETTERS FROM THE HEROINE OF "RUDDER GRANGE"

EVERYBODY who read Mr. Stockton's famous story of "Rudder Grange" remembers "Pomona," and often has the request been made that the reading-world might meet her again. This public desire is about to be granted. "Personally conducted" by Mr. Stockton, "Pomona" goes abroad with her husband, for a "social boom," as she calls it, so that both she and her husband may "see something of the world" and "be able to talk about something." She spends an entire summer abroad, and in a series of letters to her former mistress, Euphemia, "Pomona" tells, in her own characteristic way, just what she sees, the people she meets and the experiences through which she and "Jonas" are going. She sees England and the English through the eyes of the typical American young woman that she is.

It is not too much to say of this piece of work by Mr. Stockton that it will be accepted as one of the most deliciously humorous and fanciful things ever done by him. The letters are thoroughly "Stocktonian" and present Mr. Stockton at his best.

The series will begin in the next (December) issue of the JOURNAL, and will run through the year of 1894. They will have the added charm of being illustrated by Mr. A. B. Frost, who was so successful in his illustration of "Rudder Grange."

LEARNING A FOREIGN LANGUAGE

BY SHIRLEY MCLEOD



WITH the single exception of the French, Americans are more deficient in the knowledge of modern languages than any other nation. By knowledge I mean the possession of a practical vocabulary sufficient to enable them to carry on an ordinary conversation in another tongue, and to transact the everyday business of life in a foreign country. To find one's self embarrassed in giving the simplest directions to a servant, or when buying some necessary article at a shop, is at once the commonest and the most humiliating incident of European travel.

This deficiency does not arise from lack of ability to acquire the foreign vocabularies. Indeed it is said, and I believe it to be true, that when Americans try to become linguists, no people, except perhaps Russians, surpass them in purity of accent and correctness of expression.

If you have neither the time nor the opportunity to become as proficient in French or German as to be mistaken for a Parisian or a Hanoverian, you may at least learn enough to be able to order your dinner at a restaurant without the aid of a phrase book, and you will often find it more than convenient to be qualified to ask your way of a civil policeman to whom your "American language" is unintelligible.

It is not that time enough is not given to language study. Every high-school girl prides herself on "knowing" French; but her knowledge is not available. She can read it with an approximate guess at the meaning, but in nine cases out of ten the first question put to her by a blue-bloused *commissionnaire* at the Gare du Nord sounds only a shade more significant than so much Choctaw. She has spent several years in aimless study, and has acquired less than she might easily have learned in a fortnight with the aid of a practical method and a little common sense. It is estimated that the vocabulary of the average intelligent man or woman does not exceed three thousand words. With half that number of properly-selected French, German, Italian or Spanish words at command, any person may make himself perfectly understood in Paris, Berlin, Rome or Madrid.

Now the method—if I can dignify it by such a high-sounding title—which I recommend from personal experience, is this: Make a list of about fifteen hundred words—nouns, verbs, adjectives and adverbs, which are in most common, every-day use; opposite each English word place the corresponding foreign one with its article. From this second list repeat aloud every day from ten to twenty new words until you know them absolutely—their meaning, their accent and their gender. This will take not more than fifteen minutes. Now select a verb and learn its principal parts and its main tenses so thoroughly that with the worst memory in the world you can never thenceforth confound the present with the imperfect, the future with the conditional, and so on. This will take perhaps another quarter of an hour. When you have a vocabulary of say five hundred words, which you can certainly acquire in a month, get an easy modern play, and diligently practice a paragraph or a page as may be, reading it aloud not less than five or six times in succession. Try to get at the meaning but do not use a dictionary, and above all things do not turn it into English even mentally. You will be sure to recognize words enough to enable you to identify the rest without trouble, and you will thus learn them idiomatically, which you will never do if you persist in translating. A native teacher who will devote an hour two or three times a week to conversing with you on a topic previously agreed upon, is almost indispensable at this point. The conversation is apt to be something of a monologue for a few lessons, but if you persevere you will be amazed to discover that in a month you are taking part, modestly and intelligently, though perhaps not always grammatically. Most students are so self-conscious and so afraid of making mistakes that they learn more slowly than they need. It seems almost impossible to convince them of the truth of the axiom: "In order to learn to speak well one must begin by speaking badly."

When you can express yourself with comparative ease get a grammar and set to work to master the nicer distinctions and fine points. To begin with the complex rules and refinements of syntax before you can ask for a pitcher of hot water or direct a "cabby," is sheer nonsense; but at the same time do not forget that no person ever spoke any language with even tolerable accuracy who was utterly ignorant of its grammar.

This very simple system has proved most successful in all cases where I have seen it tried, and while I by no means guarantee through its use "complete mastery" in six weeks or six months, or even without diligent study and perseverance in six years, I know that I myself was able to understand and to be perfectly understood in Berlin at the expiration of a few weeks. In four months I talked fluently, if not with infallible correctness.

THE IMPERIAL FLOWER OF JAPAN

By Nancy Mann Waddle



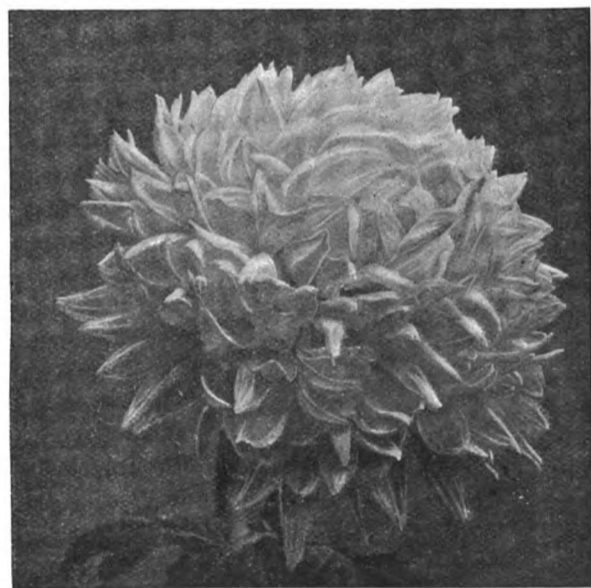
THE Chrysanthemum is a professional beauty among flowers, and an ultra-fashionable one, yet withal robust. Most of us remembering the garden Chrysanthemum as an humble, buttonlike little blossom, feel that we have scarcely a bowing acquaintance with the haughty beauty of the Chrysanthemum of to-day.

The most beautiful Chrysanthemums it has ever been my good fortune to see were grown in the balmy air of a Georgia garden. They glowed through every variation of color, every gradation of tint. In the centre was a group of blossoms that were like snow-flakes that had drifted upon a stalk. They shaded down through delicate yellow and pale sulphur colors, and deepened gradually to a sunshine brilliant as buttercups. On the other side of this pyramid were delicate lilac hues and faint pinks, that darkened in the former to imperial purple, and in the latter to blossoms of rich red.

In Japan the Chrysanthemum is the national flower, the imperial emblem. For centuries it has been embroidered on the court robes of emperors. Once a year, when the Chrysanthemum is in full flower, royalty gives a fête in her honor. Invitations are only extended to those of high rank. Upon this fête day the royal gardens are thrown open and the Chrysanthemum is queen of the hour. At this fête all the new varieties are conspicuous, and are tenderly sheltered from the breezes and the sun by silken hangings.

The most curious fact about Chrysanthemums is the great variety of characteristics they exhibit. Here is a flower, solid, substantial, with tightly-curved petals, and the conventionality of a British matron. By its side grows a fantastic blossom, whose drooping petals are quite artistically ragged; here again is a bloom whose petals resemble a mass of raveled silken skeins, there, a tiny pompon, straight and stiff.

There is such a variety of terms used in describing these different species that it almost amounts to a Chrysanthemum slang.



MISS BESSIE CUMMINGS

To the uninitiated, ostrich plumes, incurved, reflexed, pompons, etc., are apt to be rather perplexing, but on supplying the ellipses, as I will do throughout this paper, these terms become easy of comprehension.

One often hears a grower dismiss with a word of contempt a favorite of last season, which has been written of, raved over and photographed. This goes to prove that a new Chrysanthemum must possess rarely excellent qualities to retain what is apt to be but an ephemeral popularity.

One of the triumphs of the modern grower is in producing a Chrysanthemum possessing fragrance. Among odorous Chrysanthemums is the Nymphæ, so called from its resemblance to a water-lily. The Progne, which is a very fine deep purple variety, has the fragrance of the violet. Faust and Dr. Sharp are very fragrant.

Among white Chrysanthemums the reigning favorites are Mrs. John Lewis Childs, an immense white variety with broad, incurving petals, that is, the petals curl in toward the centre. Sometimes the blossoms have a tinge of pink about them. Bertha Flight has delicate petals, which curl toward the centre, except the outer row which are drooping. It is in color bluish white.

Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, the first of the Ostrich Plume variety, is a very famous beauty.

The Chrysanthemums distinguished as Ostrich Plumes are so called because of



LEMON PEEL, OSTRICH PLUME VARIETY

the fine, silky hairs, like feathery down, upon the outside of their petals.

White Tresses is new and exquisitely beautiful, with drooping reflexed petals. Ivory is a favorite whose vogue does not diminish. It is as white as snow.

Another Ostrich Plume beauty is Miss Annie Manda, a pure white, incurved variety possessing the distinction of fragrance. Ada M'Vicker has creamy white blossoms whose long petals curve outward. Princess Miletia has very graceful bluish white flowers, and Lady St. Clair and Snowdrop have blossoms like balls of snow.

Among yellow Chrysanthemums one of the favorites is Harry May, a very distinct type. The deep green foliage is very luxuriant, and the large old-gold petals of the flower are deeply veined with red. Kioto is very handsome and an excellent bloomer. Val d'Or is a brilliant yellow pompon variety. E. H. Widener is a superb Chrysanthemum of great size and brilliancy of color. Lemon Peel is a superb Ostrich Plume variety. Ella May is one of the new favorites. Rohallion is a deep chrome yellow, with long, Japanese reflexed petals.

Among the pink varieties those that retain the greatest popularity are Louis Brehmer, a superb Ostrich Plume, the outside of whose down-covered petals is a delicate pink, the inner side a deep rose. Lilian Bird is large and double; in color a delicate light pink. Roslyn is an exquisite variety; the thick petals of the immense flowers are as pink as the Mermet Rose. Wm. Falconer is a new and magnificent Ostrich Plume; petals incurved. V. H. Hallock is a rosy white; the color deepens toward the centre of the flower.

In reds the G. W. Childs is one of the best Chrysanthemums; the flat flowers have velvety drooping petals of deep crimson. Black Douglas is a pompon, and is almost black; each deep crimson petal is flecked with gold, and the blossoms look as if powdered with gold-dust. Cullingford is an old variety, but quite fragrant, crimson in hue, with reflexed petals. Cardinal Sunshade is an enormous single blossom, glowing with its deep cardinal hues. The Count of Germany is an old favorite and a very satisfactory bloomer, incurved red and yellow. Chrysanthemums vary in form from a blossom as compact as the old-fashioned snow-ball to those whose delicately-hued blossoms resemble an Anemone, or whose fine rays spread from a golden centre and almost deceive one into believing them Marguerites.

Miss Bessie Cummings is a beautiful pure white variety, with large incurved petals. One of the greatest recommendations of this Chrysanthemum is that it is one of the earliest bloomers, flowering in full beauty before many of its sister blossoms have shown signs of uncurling their tightly-folded petals.

Jessica, which is also a white variety, is the earliest of the Chrysanthemums to bloom. The blossoms are quite large.

An extremely large white Chrysanthemum is Mrs. E. H. Adams, whose specimen flowers have attained great size, many of them being nearly twenty inches in diameter.

There are two standards of size for the blossoms of the Chrysanthemum. One is the size which the flower attains when the plant is grown as a standard, and the other is the size of the blossoms when a number are allowed to bloom.

Mrs. Henry Graves is another Chrysanthemum whose petals curve in toward the centre. The flowers are deserving of special attention, as in color they are quite distinct. The tinting of the petals is a lovely, peachy pink.

Mrs. William Trelease is also pink in hue. This Chrysanthemum has very large blossoms, with extremely double centres. Mrs. Trelease is one of the feathery types belonging to the Ostrich Plume variety. This is not an extensive family, but every year beautiful new varieties are added.

The springs must indeed be attractive

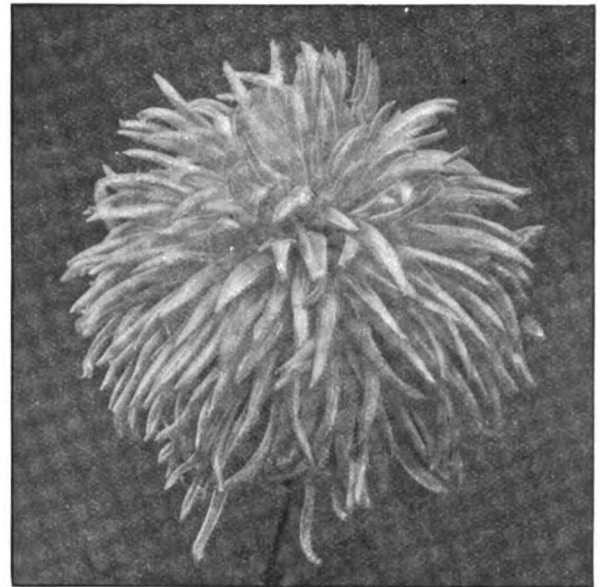
"When the cherry blossoms blow
In old Japan."

But in autumn the world is brilliant with the glowing and varied hues of the Chrysanthemums. They are sold on the streets, they fill all available jars in the Japanese homes, into whose interiors Sir Edwin Arnold and Sara Jeanette Duncan have given us such charming glimpses. Even the odor of the leaves of the Chrysanthemum breathes a faint, spicy fragrance that seems blown from the land of the Mikado. One always connects the Chrysanthemum with the gentle-voiced, almond-eyed daughters of the Flowery Kingdom, that land in which gentle voices and kindly courtesies prevail, and where beauty is deemed more necessary than aught else.

It speaks well for the love of the beautiful and decorative that our yearly Chrysanthemum exhibitions are so well attended, and that our newspapers devote columns to accounts of them.

The culture of Chrysanthemums is not at all difficult. The young plants should be started in February. Most growers advocate keeping them in pots during the summer, claiming that the finest specimen flowers are thus produced. There is a wide difference of opinion on this subject. If, however, they are set out in the open ground it should be done in May. After the plants have grown five or six inches they should be pinched off. This should be continued until about the first of August. They should be planted in a sunny position,

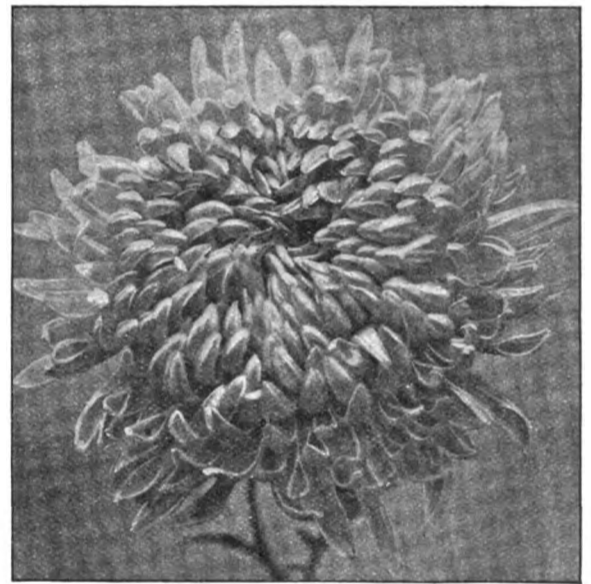
but should be partially shaded from the hot midsummer sun, and frequently showered with water. Those Chrysanthemums which are to flower in pots should be lifted from the ground early in September,



THE EXQUISITE WHITE TRESSES

and potted in good, rich soil, mixed with a little sand.

Most growers do not advise the use of stimulants until just before the flower buds appear. While the buds are forming the plant should receive no fertilizer. After buds are formed the roots should have a good soaking of liquid manure about twice a week, until the plants bloom. For specimen plants remove all buds save a very few. Sometimes all buds are removed save one, in consequence that one blossom is frequently of enormous size and becomes



MRS. GRAVES

a type. The "standards," on which are produced most specimen flowers, consist of one stalk, all branches or shoots being early removed.

The plants should be protected from the frost, but do not require artificial heat. If the Chrysanthemum is troubled with an insect pest sprinkle powdered tobacco over the plants in the open ground. Fumigation is advised for those in pots.

The Chrysanthemum was imported into Europe during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and was regarded as belonging to the Japonica family. It was first grown in Holland, then imported into England under the name of the "Chusan Daisy."

Our "willow pattern cousins" are very fond of a form of decorative art, which strikes us as very stiff and extremely inartistic, that is, they make statues and forms of thickly-massed Chrysanthemums. But, as a people, they lend such distinctive grace to whatever they undertake that one is almost disposed to fancy that a Chrysanthemum lady, or duck, or pig, might be quaintly charming.

The Chrysanthemum is sometimes called the "Christmas Rose," owing to the sweet old legend which tells us that the first Chrysanthemum,

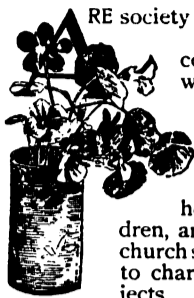


MRS. WILLIAM TRELEASE

"On that blest morn
When Christ was born
Into white beauty burst."

THE SOCIETY WOMAN OF TO-DAY

By the Rev. Morgan Dix, D. D.



ARE society women insincere? No; not necessarily. I could mention society women who, though deeply involved in the business of keeping pace with the world, have, notwithstanding, an eye to their households and their children, and are church-goers and church supporters, give liberally to charitable and religious objects, and are interested in many useful things.

When questions of the day are put to a clergyman the presumption is that he is expected to treat them from a professional point of view. I do not intend to take that line. I do not mean to preach a sermon this time, and hope that I shall not run into anything like it; my intention is to treat the subject from an unprofessional standpoint. Let us start with these propositions: That "society," as it is called, is a fact in modern civilization; that it has always existed, and will continue to exist, in spite of criticism; that it has its basis in the conditions of the existing social order; that it has its good side and its bad side. Therefore, it seems to me neither good theology nor practical religion to ignore it or assail it with indiscriminate censure as if it could serve no good purpose, and had no legitimate standing among us. If a social career and a Christian character were fundamentally incompatible, there would be nothing further to say; but I do not admit that they are. Whether the social career conduces to a Christian life in the case of a woman is another question; it depends on the way in which she becomes a member of "society," and the proportion of her time and thoughts which she gives to it; but the two states are not incompatible; they may co-exist. And to show what I mean, it is first in order to offer a definition of the word, and to consider the circumstances under which women may become members of the favored body, and their ideas about the duties imposed by such membership, and the end which it ought to serve.

WHAT, then, is "society"? Trying our hand at a definition, let us say that it consists of an aggregate of individuals, limited in number, and rendered conspicuous in the social state by something or other which makes them the object of the admiring and envying attention of the rest of the community. "The upper ten thousand"; such was the descriptive title of these people some years ago; though Mr. MacAllister (who surely ought to know) has corrected the figures for the latitude of New York, by substituting four hundred, and Mr. Malloch (if I recollect) put it, in London, at five thousand. However, "society" must undoubtedly be regarded from below—as being composed of persons elevated, in some way, above the general plane. Nor has any one a right to find fault, so far, since social inequality is the law of all communities above the state of savagery. There are, and always will be, ranks and grades among men, wherever they are allowed to lay by and enjoy the fruits of superior skill and prudence. "Society" is the outcome of progress and growing civilization, and we find what answers to the name wherever culture, wealth and refinement are found. The constituent causes of social pre-eminence are numerous; they differ greatly in different times and places; but the resultant must be regarded as the product of circumstances which inevitably lift some persons above a line and keep others below it. The society of Rome in the days of the Cæsars; the society of Florence in the time of the Medici; that of England under Queen Elizabeth, and of France before the Revolution; that of the new-born Republic under George and "Lady" Washington; the society of Queen Victoria's court, and that of our large cities are all alike, facts equally interesting to the philosopher, the moralist and the radical. But in all these cases I ask attention to the point that the leading characteristic trade-mark is prominence and publicity; and that these are given by something or other possessed and enjoyed by members of this circle, and not possessed nor enjoyed by those outside it; and that this prominence and publicity make it a pleasure and an object to know their names, comment on their behavior, and bring them to book as if they were public property. The desire to study the actions of our neighbors is an instinct in human nature; the more conspicuous they are the better they reward investigation. The general enjoyment is promoted by the existence of a class which may be gazed at and criticised: admired, envied and abused by turns for its rank, possessions and behavior. No one need get excited and angry because of the existence of "society." It has its rightful place, and will continue to hold its own, unless Communism should sweep away the social fabric.

NEVERTHELESS, we must be careful as we proceed, for there are gauges of the character and usefulness of society, of its claim to consideration and respect, and of the quality of the influence exerted by it on the community and individuals; and here differences begin and distinctions must be drawn. "Society" is one thing when the people who make it up are in it and of it by right of birth, or high character and marked ability, and another thing when the title-deeds have been obtained by cleverness, or strategic arts, or bought for cash. Given a monarchy and a hereditary aristocracy, and "society" constitutes itself naturally, and, so to speak, legitimately; its members are "to the manner born," and there is a dignity in their position, because they have something better to do than to please and amuse themselves and fritter away time and money. The place carries with it duties and obligations. In England the nobleman sits in Parliament; the county magistrate may be a magistrate with important functions; responsibilities are inherited with estates and titles. From this point of view society may be regarded as in a normal position. It has a legitimate basis, and elements of permanence; it imposes obligation; it is a part of the public state, and not the outcome of personal vanity and caprice. For example, we are told that English society, during the early part of the Victorian era, differed greatly from society after the death of the Prince Consort; but only because there was a new head, with different views and a more flexible policy.

But what is to be done where there is no crowned head, no court, no nobility, and no hereditary rights? Even then also "society" exists under the natural law of things, but with safeguards reduced in number, and with other constituent elements. It was so in America at the outset. Philadelphia was a centre of fashion; New York had what has been described not inaccurately as the "Republican Court." The people who made it up had a prescriptive right of some kind to their position. Either they were members of old families, or they had rendered great services to the State, by sword, or pen, or administrative skill; they were the leaders of thought, men and women of whom the nation had a right to be proud; and for a considerable time the title-deeds to rank were blood, brains and wealth legitimately used. And so, in the early days of the Republic, we find what simplifies inquiry; something which gives a right to prominent place, and confers an air of fitness and respectability on the prominent class in the social world. Certain people make up "society," not so much because they wish to, as because they deserve to. By virtue of their lineage, or their wit, they should be where they are, and the public is the better for having them to look at. Apart from other considerations there is profit in the sight of courtesy and good manners. It is well to have a code of laws teaching politeness, deference to others, discouraging rudeness and vulgarity, and drawing the line between the boor and cad and the gentleman and lady. The social code has its uses, and will continue to exercise a healthful influence, pending the arrival of the time when we shall stick in the slough of Socialism or the savage state of Communism and Anarchy, when every one may do what he likes and run riot amid the ruins of all that refines and polishes human existence.

IT is not then a question whether what is known as "society" shall continue to exist—for it must—but this is the point: What are its constitutive elements when hereditary title or right founded on merit fails? Who shall decide what makes up "society"? Who are to be the heads and leaders? The ten thousand, or the five thousand, or the four hundred—how do they attain their place? And what are they doing for us? And as for the people who are outside and would like to get in—why do they wish to? What is the attraction? And to whom are they to apply for the "open sesame"? These are not easy questions to answer. Take New York society, for example. We have neither crowned head nor hereditary aristocracy; nor could we recur to the powers that be. No one would dream of accepting the Mayor and Aldermen, the Governor of the State, the members of the Legislature as, in their official position, the heads and leaders of society; or resorting to them with confidence for the *arbiter elegantiarum*. These resources failing, what remains? Wherein resides the "awe and fear" of society? By what title does its leader hold place? Is it the private property of a clique? One thing is sure: "Society" is a subject of close scrutiny just now, and great numbers of thoughtful people with a clear sense of values and fitness, are taking the measure of these actors on the social stage, who would do well to reflect that they are performing their part under the lenses of a critical inspection.

GREAT changes have come, and more may be expected. The old landmarks are going or gone; new metes and bounds are set as democratic principles spread through the world, and wealth is more widely distributed. The movement brings us face to face with a grave question: Is there not reason to fear that money is becoming more and more distinctly the differentiating factor among us? Riches increase, and they seem to be fashioning a "society" whose aim is show and display, whose characteristic is unrest. Now, if this be a correct view of the scene presented to the eye, it is inevitable that we recall the poet's lament over the land: "Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

I do not rely on my own knowledge in making this forecast of the tendencies of the times, lest some one should ask, "What do you know about it?" Unfortunately there is much stronger proof of its accuracy. The picture has been painted by persons presumably familiar with the facts, and what they tell us can hardly be set down as the work of the imagination. We read with alarm what is written on the subject by men and women in the very midst of the movement. Social life is described by them as not so much an enjoyment as a competition based on two things, of which wealth is the first, and notoriety the second, while the second is largely achieved by an ostentatious use of the first. They who desire to enter society compete with each other in exhibiting their recommendations, which consist in their wealth and the luxuries which wealth can buy; they go down on their knees in absolute servility to the doorkeepers; they bid for admittance by competitive entertainments, they buy it by selling their daughters for titles. It is assumed as a self-evident truth that to live sumptuously and gayly is the best way to live, that luxury and ease are legitimate objects of desire, and the leisure class is the only happy class, that it is wise to give one's entire time and attention to amusement. It is common to hear the justification of these opinions by arguments derived from the philosophy of Epicurus: the business of life should be pleasure, the supreme intention to enjoy the passing hour.

IF this be indeed the point which society has reached, or even that toward which it is drifting, there is cause for serious reflection. If the fashionable society of the day is becoming, or likely to become a collection of irresponsible persons, having for their chief object the material enjoyment of the passing hour, for their highest aim the possession of riches, and for their main purpose to spend their money with lavish extravagance in luxurious living; who are content to be conspicuous for outward show and splendor, and who propose to keep aloof from all but magnates of the gilded sort, who admit no higher duty to the community than that of amazing it by their goings on; if this be the manner of the people who make up society, and if, as is undoubtedly the case, the influence of the women is stronger than that of the men; if the "society woman" is the prime mover, and if that is the kind of life to which outsiders passionately aspire, the case of this species of society woman calls for consideration. And, accordingly, I shall now say a few words about her: I do not see how a social career can be conducive to a Christian life in the case of a woman, if her career is that which its apologists admit it to be; on the contrary, if a woman in such a position continues to be a good Christian, it must be in spite of her environment. Some women are born to high social position, or come into it naturally, by generally recognized right; their case is better than if they had fought for the place and gained it by the low and degrading arts by which it appears to be so often attained. The woman who has deliberately proposed to herself, as the object of her ambition and desire, a showy career as one of a smart set, and has, perhaps, achieved that object by a loveless marriage and a mercenary alliance—would it not be preposterous to say that the efforts she has made for a prize such as she has sought can have any conceivable relation to the precepts, the ideals, the spirit of the religion of Christ? Would it not be, rather, true to say that she has thrown those precepts, principles and ideals to the winds?

As for "the degree in which women in that position are church-goers or church supporters," that would seem to depend on their opinions about the character of the church, the obligation imposed by membership and the relation between church and social duties. On these points women will probably think more correctly the less their consciences reprove them for undue addiction to the world, and the more decently and legitimately they have come to their position. Many women of fashion are reverent of religion, but they are so because they feel their social standing to be a part of "the will of God concerning them," and know what it means to be in the world yet not of it. As to "the extent to which religion enters into the homes of New York society," I would rather refer to some of our city rectors, who have larger numbers of such homes under their care, than speak to the point from my own comparatively limited experience.

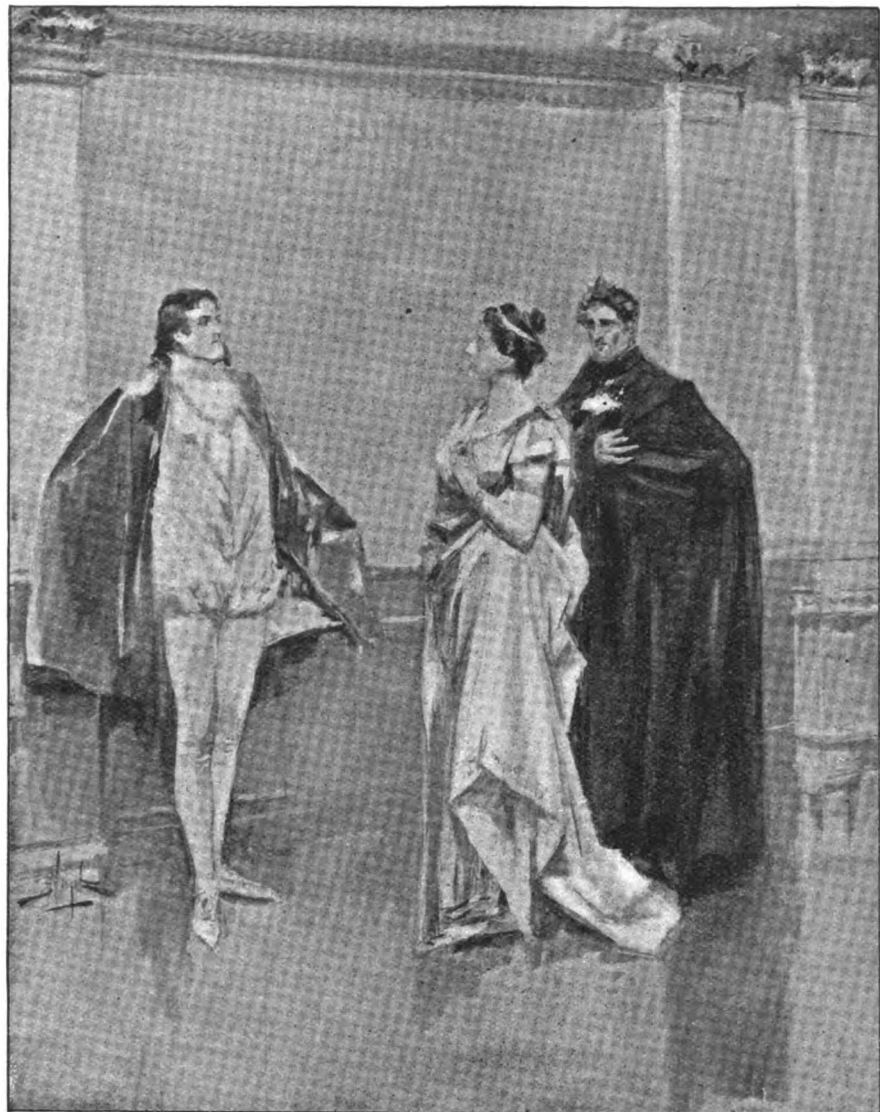
THE question about the domestic side to the lives of society women is a question of statistics. On this point I can speak by book. For instance, I know a very attractive woman who frankly declared her opinion that it is impossible for any woman to meet the requirements of New York society and yet be true with her children. And this must be true, because nothing is more exacting than fashionable life. To suppose that its leaders are idle is to do them gross injustice; their activity is prodigious—none are busier than they. To keep up with society is the condition to retaining a place there; the instant one falls out she is forgotten. The daily programme of a society woman at full pace is stupendous; some have died of overwork in that line. I have made some notes about the day of a leader of society; it is wondrous reading. I know a lady who had not dined at home for twenty-nine days in succession, another who had not for four weeks. What is the home in the eyes of such people? And what becomes of the children? The degrading result of this absorption in what is styled "duties to society," is evident: the circle is limited, the topics of interest few; the objects foremost in their eyes are their dinners and dresses, their lunches and theatre parties, their servants, the minutiae of their establishments, the last scandal, the next trip abroad. Considering the size of those establishments it is evident that they require an immense amount of thought and attention. If the lives of such people are not "entirely given over to the gayeties of the social world" so large a portion is, that it is hard to see what time is left for serious pursuits.

AS a matter of fact there is in many of the persons whose case we are now considering "a charitable side." Perhaps the conscience is sensitive in that direction, or it may occur to them that a moderate sacrifice of time and means to charity may in the long run be safe. In many cases this may have no connection with religious duty or faith in things eternal; it may be the result of the philanthropic and altruistic philosophy so popular in our time; it may resolve itself into a tentative search for a fresh enjoyment on the sympathetic side of the nature.

Enough has been said to show that our subject is complicated and intricate. "Society" is neither all bad nor all good, it has its right side and its wrong side like all things in this imperfect state. Upon the whole the fashionable class is much the same from age to age; there are declines, deteriorations, reformations, revivals, purifications. I have insisted that it is a legitimate result of civilization, and should not be subjected to indiscriminate condemnation. And yet, considering its successive phases, the question is always in order: What is really the influence of the fashionable set on their age, and what comes of their example?

It would be easy to name women, prominent in society by virtue of their beauty, talents, moral purity and force of character, who have been powers for good in their time, incentives to virtuous and noble living, respected by men and acceptable to God. It would be equally easy to mention others who, notwithstanding their gifts, have done more harm than good; handsome, rich, brilliant, capable, generous of heart, but lax in their sense of moral obligation, indiscreet in conduct, tolerant of evil, indifferent to social scandals, they demoralize by their example. One obvious sign of this demoralization is afforded by the readiness of the community to overlook the sins of women whom it admires. There must be something wrong when we are prompt to forgive in a beautiful and witty woman what we would not forgive in a plain and dull one. And what is true of the leaders of society is true of society in general.

THE entire community has an interest in "society," and is warranted in looking to it for help and good offices. Let "society" recognize the fact and meet its obligations. Let those who lead it consider their responsibility and make it their aim to keep themselves pure, to set an example of honorable and decent living, and to put to good use the privileges which they enjoy. The lowest of all ambitions is that of reaching a state to which wealth is the passport, and in which wealth is to be used for mere self-indulgence. It cannot be disputed that the love of money is the root of all evil, and that luxury is the precursor of national and individual decline. We respectfully invite the leaders of society to reconsider these truths. We suggest, at the same time, that their fraternity, if they wish to be respected, ought to aim at being unselfish and public-spirited, and study how to harmonize, instead of intensifying distinction, and to mitigate the rigors of social inequality. An upper class which looks with contempt on all below it, and studiously avoids contact with the sorrow and trouble of the world, shutting itself up within its own gates and excluding the less favored of mankind with haughty indifference, is a bane and a mischief. Let our American people ponder the lessons of the past, while the fashion of the time runs its stated course, from change to change, until it vanishes away.



"How entrancing you are as a Greek"

HOW LOVE CAN HIDE

By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop

[With Illustrations by A. B. Wenzell]



"CAN'T see why you don't fall in love with Madge," said Sumner.

"Oh, she hasn't got any 'snap' about her!" answered the young man to whom he spoke.

"What is 'snap'?" Sumner asked.

"You know well enough. Why, I can read Madge like a book; and a short and dry one at that."

"Of course, a girl with 'snap' is very nice indeed," Sumner admitted, as if thinking aloud. He crossed his slippered feet, and crept down further into the depths of his easy-chair. "It's nice to sit by and watch 'snap' snapping. But I should think women who shine by their wits would have to go off and sleep in order to sparkle and creep upon you later. They must be like cats in their need of profound snoozes when off guard. Yes, Daggett, I'm afraid your mysterious women are feline, and mighty dangerous."

"The idea of anything feline being dangerous!" scoffed Daggett. "Perhaps some men might be hurt by unexpected claws, but I'm too much of a cynic to be caught. Even if I fell in love you couldn't make me trust a woman—because I couldn't be charmed by a woman I could trust! You take all this for bluster; but how could I trust any woman with my soul—"

"Except Madge," suggested Sumner confidently.

"Oh, of course. I tell you Madge is like an open book. She has not subtlety enough to cheat you over a single thought, nor ingenuity enough to butter her own bread. She would find she had been buttering her neighbor's instead."

"You admit she's generous, at any rate." "Generous? What's that in a pretty girl's favor?"

"I'll assure you of one thing," Sumner remarked energetically. "There are loads of girls who would fill your bill. A pretty girl with a lively little brain of her own, and a fondness for finery, is the commonest thing that ever was!"

"Not in a town like ours," Daggett declared, with the indignation of prolonged hunger. "There isn't even a pretty girl—"

"Except Madge," again threw in Sumner calmly.

"Oh, drat Madge!" the other young man cried. "She is all the more provoking because, with traits that fascinated, she might be so attractive. But as I do not need to depend solely upon the resources of this place I will be up and off for Boston to-morrow."

"I would congratulate you," responded Sumner, "if I had the least notion that your plan merited congratulation. I don't want to croak, but I feel that you are showing temerity, Eustace."

Daggett was leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, and his fingers thrust up into his hair. His aspect was that of luxurious desperation.

"I could be rattled by nothing except your disapproval, Jim," he confessed.

"I shall come back in triumph!" asserted Daggett. "You've got so mossy in this out-of-the-way place, Sumner, that you can't conceive of brisk action, followed by a flourish of victory!"

"Yes, I can," cried Sumner; "and I can see your scalp carried at Victory's belt! But I'm going to believe that you will return to me alive, my boy."

Daggett started up from his hitherto immovable position of clutching his bowed head in his hands.

"It's an odd thing, of course, to see a man of twenty-one going out into the world to learn his 'A B C' of life," he growled. He walked back and forth angrily. "Just think how the fellows will leer when I get drunk at my own dinners, or turn pale at the beauty of an actress. Just think how the Bostonians will marvel that I can't tell a William Hunt from a Corot, or Beethoven from Chopin—always! Imagine how they'll borrow money of me, and then snub me. And how the girls I meet will ask me no end of questions about country life."

"Right here let me give you a 'pointer,' Eustace," Sumner interpolated. "Make up to the mammas—there all the safety lies. They'll invite you informally, and the dreadful girls will learn to know you well; and to know you will be to approve of you."

"Now, Jim, you needn't think that I'm going to launch into deceit and diplomacy with the utter sophistication you would reveal if you entered society to-morrow. I am going to like openly the people I like, and avoid the people I dislike; pay court to those I adore, and remain cool to mammas about whom I do not care a rap. You've had opportunities enough of discovering that I've not a particle of subtlety in my composition. I think a man should be as direct as an arrow, a girl as magical in her movements as an electric current."

"But when you get to be as old as I am," replied Sumner, who was thirty, "you'll agree with me that theories can no more fit one for life than the best-built city in the world can argue itself into standing up straight when the earth chooses to shake. You theorize about men and women, and meantime they'll all proceed to carve wrinkles on your brow, and to drop your heart on stone pavements with a sickening thud. But you won't be advised by me, oh, no!" Sumner got up and moved over to where Daggett stood, looking at the snowflakes which were beating gently against the window-panes. "Yet, in spite of all, Eustace, I will bear testimony to this"—his tone had changed and deepened: "The world and men and women may be very wicked and very cruel, but I have always found life precious, the world beautiful, our kind noble. Make matters so that you can say the same at the end of five years."

Daggett looked at the snow, motionless. He was thinking earnestly this afternoon. His silence showed Sumner how clearly he had heard his words.

"Well, I must be going," said he.

II

AS there were no really pretty girls in Wellstead, the little town Eustace Daggett hailed from ("except Madge"), there

winter, it was with peculiar interest that Sumner opened his first letter from the young fellow.

When he sat down to dinner with his lively old aunt, who kept house for him—or for whom he kept a house—he said:

"I've heard from Eustace at last."

"Humph!" replied Fredrika Sumner.

"How do an ass's letters read?"

"Tolerably well," affirmed her nephew.

"He is delighted with his new life. He says people look at him with wonder because he talks good grammar with a soft accent, and does nothing *gauche*. So much for his father's giving him tutors who were gentlemen. The number of beautiful women is astonishing him, and, in brief, he has decided that life is to be found only in the city. Outside, the world sleeps, the race vegetates."

Fredrika caught up the soup-ladle.

"Sleeping, are we? We're the very heart of the oak! When he comes to the home of his fathers, a weary shadow after his city life, we'll ask him who's the freshest, he, or the people who work and pray."

"I know; but he means the life of the intellect and the heart."

"Oh, well," she rejoined, "it's like scarlet fever. He's got to have it—this *furor* of admiration for the quips and throes of petty intellect and selfish heart. I hope the attack won't leave him deaf or silly, as it does so many little souls. The idea of finding intellect that really knows, or heart that really sacrifices, anywhere but in the hard seclusion of a student's life, or the earnestness of a wise home!"

"I will tell him what you say," rejoined Sumner dryly.

"You can. Tell him that real life and clear, cold water are to be found together; and that wine and madness, and fine clothes and the devil are never far apart. And you may add," put in the old lady, with a gay twinkle of her eye, "that I've no doubt there are some mighty charming people in Boston, after all!"

"Now, Aunt Fred, you're talking sense."

"Thanks. You agree with me silently in every word I have said, you hypocrite. Of course I know that there are lots of good folks everywhere. But the unregenerate are wicked in cities, and the elect are more distinctly elect in the country. We will see what Eustace says when he comes back with all his illusions erased."

"Permit me to suggest, my dear aunt," Sumner grumbled, "that for us poor mortals it is always a case of the frying-pan or the fire, or the superior relief, once more, of the frying-pan. I don't think it says anything for the country, that towns are disappointing."

"You do love to suggest the bitter truth!" cried Fredrika Sumner.

"One thing is certain," rejoined James Sumner, "Eustace will not find such a girl as Madge in Boston or New York. She is the prettiest and sincerest creature I ever beheld. Of course, his father was a fool to talk to the boy so much about her before he died, as if he wanted Eustace to marry her."

"And, of course, Eustace will do so in the end," the old lady sniffed, "in spite of



"You mean shall I marry her?"

"You ought to show courage in the face of my difficulties."

Sumner stretched out his legs more stiffly toward the fire. Then he drew back into a sitting posture, and glanced round slyly at his young visitor.

"I think you'll come back outside of your coffin," he said.

is no use in giving its precise locality. But it is quite a ride from Boston; and since Sumner had got through with his law studies at Cambridge he had settled down to business in stern independence of all urban attractions. He did not expect to go to the city very soon, and as Daggett had departed, to stay through the rest of the

his high and mighty airs toward her at present."

"Do you think she cares at all for him?" asked Sumner, with head bowed low.

Miss Fredrika pursed up her features into a thousand wrinkles, and screamed: "No!" But just then the servant brought the information that Madge was at the door

to know if Sumner had yet heard from Eustace. Miss Fredrika got her body into a comical attitude of bouncing rage.

"Madeline Grey," she called, knowing that her voice would reach the girl, "aren't you ashamed to interrupt my meal with such uninteresting questions? Come in, and have a chicken-wing!"

"No," called back a clear, beautiful voice. "I'm on my way to the sewing-circle, and I'm half late. Good-by, then!"

Sumner ran out, regardless of his aunt's bony rapping on the table with her forefinger. In a moment he came back smiling.

"I suppose you're laughing secretly at getting yourself answered," Fredrika shot at him, nodding very fast. "Now, you are entirely mistaken in your conclusions, my dear James. Madge inquired for Eustace Daggett out of charity, as one would ask how a drowning man is. Do you suppose she would let us hear a syllable from her about Eustace if she loved him?"

Sumner became serious. "I don't think she knows she loves him," he quietly answered.

III

DAGGETT was walking across the upper part of Boston Common, from Beacon Street to the Music Hall. Beside him stepped something fair in the way of a young woman, who looked happy and healthy-hearted, as only Boston young women can look—to Bostonians. One remarkable thing about the girl was that her brown eyes were almost half-covered by the upper lids, or rather, seemed to lift themselves up beneath her lashes; and the white next the warm glow of the irises was a blue white. You wondered why the warm brown and the icy white had met; but the half-concealed color gave a regal, inscrutable expression to the whole face.

"Oh, you poor wretch!" remarked the girl. "Haven't you ever heard anything of Berlioz's yet?" She hummed "There was a King in Thule."

Daggett said, as a matter of course, that he was glad he should hear some of the "Faust" music first with her.

"I think," he said further, "that the opportunities for a rapid culture in music flourish here to such a degree that I shall soon have heard everything Berlioz composed, and almost everything that the diligent Mozart did not live to compose. Dear old Boston! One cannot be a savage for very long under its wing."

In the hall itself they separated—Inez Mallory to go to the seat next her mother's, which she had possessed year in and year out at the Symphony concerts, and Daggett to retire to the best substitute for a good seat which the Music Hall stranger can find—that is, a niche against the wall. He looked at Inez—whose profile he could occasionally see in the concourse of faces—with extreme satisfaction. It was the most subtle face he had ever known. It was refreshing to know that you could never get to the end of the mystery of the girl's personality, that it was like a novel which you could read and read without exhausting. He delighted to think how she would have gazed in well-checked amazement if she had ever come up to Wellstead and been shown a barnyard, and how she would have burst into a peal of delighted laughter if she had been further entertained with the musical efforts of the country choir, solemnly hitting off its false notes. She was a Liszt in the art of life, knowing all the best harmonies of extraordinary senses, and playing them with an intricate grasp almost beyond analysis, making your blood run cold with her audacious sallies upon your heart, and narrow escapes from discord.

Her mother sat beside Inez, the sphinx, like a pyramid. Daggett thought with awe of the time and the slaves it had taken to make her. And somewhere, far within the labyrinth of her splendid expansiveness, was stowed away, according to tradition, a soul—a shriveled, black spot, like a buried Pharaoh, under a mammoth dignity. At least this is the way Daggett judged this member of the sweldom he was looking at, who called for his attention because fate had joined her to Inez.

Daggett was so young that if you had asked him whether Mrs. Hammond Mallory had ever been in the least like Inez he would have dropped his jaw and stuttered out a startled, horrified negative.

Mrs. Mallory might be very unprepossessing and imposing in more senses than one, but she nevertheless asked Daggett to come home to tea.

She still had gently convex purple glass in her windows, and she still had a two-o'clock dinner, although many modernites had crossed her threshold in the way of hangings and Millets and parvenues. Daggett was permitted to be intimate, because his father had been the late Mr. Mallory's companion on a tour round the world thirty years before.

Eustace's father, long before his death, had ceased to feel a spark of enthusiasm about the Mallory family, for out of it old Mallory had died. This was ten years after he had married into the precious confines of his wife's traditions, on an easterly day, which gave the keynote to his subsequent frozen joy—a joy full of Beacon Street elegance, violet glass and Colonial

ramrods. Eustace had looked up the old friendship, and Mrs. Mallory had investigated the state of Eustace's property; and Inez had shown him a miniature of his father coupled in gold filigree with one of Hammond Mallory, her father.

There was a bright fire on the hearth when they all pressed into the front parlor from the bitter blast of the dusky hour outside, and Inez sank down in a cozy manner upon a big hassock which stood behind the ornate Louis Philippe fender.

It seemed to Daggett that they were all doing nothing; that they were constantly on the lookout for what other people were doing, as one stands around at a fair.

The ladies had picked up another young man on the way out of the Music Hall—an artist, Barham Monnies. You could make a good story of Monnies' sudden evolution from nothing, and his work bore you out in your patronage by being good; so he was handled hither and yon like any curio. It was supposed that some day he would go to smash by offering himself to Inez, a piece of presumption, if it came, as crazy as though he had been the valuable bronze Buddha which sat in six feet of metal in Mrs. Mallory's hall.

"Yes," said Monnies, "we artists are all at work looking over a thousand costume-plates. It will be the historic fancy ball of the town, and the fair dames will go down to posterity as two perfections in one—themselves and somebody else! You, Miss Inez, must be—" He stopped, looking at her helplessly, while she smiled upon him as she would have smiled upon an unclassifiable object in a museum. "You must go as a flawless beauty!" he declared.

"It might be safe to try it," she calmly replied, "if you would design my attire!"

Monnies blushed with both pleasure and suspicion, for, look as he would, he could not master the problem of the girl's eyes.

It is never agreeable to be present when some one else is wooing. Daggett stamped his foot and joined in the conversation by saying:

"How would Cleopatra in the dress of a Roman lady do? There's a portrait or statue of her like that."

"Cleopatra has been in such queer society of late!" objected Inez, scowling in a straight black line of the eyebrows. "I will go as Titania, dressed in white velvet overlaid with gold and silver net, into which diamond spiders and stars and other jewels are caught, with a mantle of silver gauze and gold net in alternate stripes, fastened at the shoulders with quivering dragon-flies of gems, and my wand shall be—if I could only borrow the *baton* of the wonderful, but lost, Nikisch of the Symphonies—how he attunes those men who play for him, because he leads them at the tip of his fairy wand!"

"He is Oberon himself!" Daggett acquiesced. "I long to see you as Titania!" "In the capacity of him of the long ears—the appreciative Bottom?" laughed Inez, with a gaze from her absolutely quiet eyes.

The suggestion promptly gored Daggett's heart. Was he to hold only such a foolish moment of her attention as Bottom had held of the fairy queen's?

"Oh, well," he said, "if you will try to persuade me that it is asinine to admire 'faultless beauty,' I will prove to you that the nineteenth century ass can win it all the same!"

Mrs. Mallory came back just then. Inez rose slowly to leave the room, her hat in her hand. But she slipped sideways to the piano-stool as she was passing it and played a fragment of the symphony they had just heard. Her wide-brimmed hat rolled upon the floor beside her, and the two young men rushed for it. Eustace was successful in catching the hat, and he handed it to her with quite an air of devotion. She ignored Barham Monnies, and she pointed to one of her shell-like ears, quoting, with a mischievous twitch of the lips:

"I have a reasonably good ear in music."

Her forcible gaze turned upon Eustace for a moment, and then she was gone.

Side by side, Eustace and Monnies exchanged glances. That of Monnies was unveiled, baffled and disrespectful, while that of Eustace was earnest and proud.

"Tea" was very pretty, and the things on the table which were not to be eaten were a great feature. There were dishes designed by Raphael—Urbino ware; and there was silver that was almost ghostly in its delicacy of outline and close association with the long dead. There was plenty to eat indeed, even for two young men who had good appetites, although they were rivals in love. But above all there hung a sense of imminent Bunker Hill and William Hunt.

But in the midst of these visible and invisible luxuries Daggett said to himself that it was no wonder the brother of Inez, Hammond Mallory III, ran away to the clubs from his great-grandmother's teacups, and from his great-grandfather's Copley portrait, which watched you eat snipe as if he wished he were in your chair.

However, as they were discussing where he might be, Hammond came in, rosy and dark-blue-eyed, tall and gallant, and he pulled a chair up to the table and asked for cold roast beef.

Mrs. Mallory was one of the few mothers who could, with any degree of sincerity, scold an only son.

"Not one mouthful of anything," she announced. "You know I do not allow you to drop down at the table in this fashion! Do you pay less respect to your mother's house than to an inn?"

But the man-servant flitted in and out of the butler's pantry as softly as a moth, and Hammond was cutting his unctuous beef and tossing off his wine before his mother had ceased to splutter.

Eustace and Monnies breathed with deeper zest. It was apparent that the portraits and "egg-shell" china with cobweb monograms would go to the ash-barrel some day, even by the wish of a Mallory.

"I went up to your town yesterday," Hammond said to Eustace.

The latter was intensely surprised, and showed it before he could answer.

"Yes," Hammond went on. "Your coming along made me reflect that my father gave me a hundred acres in that region, and I've a way of looking into things suddenly."

"I know the property," responded Eustace. "The land lies along the river, and is famous for arbutus."

"The Mayflower, eh?" smiled Hammond. "Even there!"

"We will go on a hunt for it in the spring," Inez said, who was more like a child than a siren in her brother's presence.

"Your friend Sumner took me over there," young Mallory proceeded, favoring Daggett altogether with his attention. "I liked Sumner. I liked—a great deal there." He now spoke with effort, but mastered his nervousness. "I nearly frightened the Greys out of their senses, merely by showing my face. They thought I intended to sell the property, of which they have a conditional lease."

"I'm glad you speak as if you've no idea of it," replied Eustace.

"Who are the Greys?" asked Inez.

"This time it is not a case of 'who' but of 'what,'" answered her brother. "The Greys are nobodies, I think, but they are extraordinarily interesting."

"I fancy there must be a Miss Grey," suggested Barham Monnies neatly.

There was a pause.

"Madge Grey—oh, yes," said Eustace. "She is deliciously pretty, and you would want to paint her, Monnies."

Inez laughed.

"Shall he paint her, Hammond?" she asked slowly.

Hammond transfixed his sister with a frank glance.

"You mean, shall I marry her, and one day order her portrait? I wish I were so lucky as to say it shall be!" He drank coolly from a goblet of water which flashed out of its cut-glass facets like the rainbow, and jumped to his feet with a flourish of his napkin. "I'm sorry I must be excused." He bowed, and in a trice was gone.

If it were not that we are always being astounded by other people's absurdities and effronteries Mrs. Mallory would have expired at this flagrant informality on the part of the young Cæsus of the house.

Eustace Daggett spent the next three weeks busily. He experienced (and was disappointed in) many choice pastimes which were their own punishment in being *banal*. The electricity of mad enjoyment averted itself from him as though he were standing upon non-conductors. Usually to the new life, a living scene, actual grasps of the hand and eye-shots intoxicate independently of the order of their vintage, so to speak. All is illusion and charm, because all is life. But either Eustace Daggett was too noble, or a thought too old, to begin now with folly and take it for wisdom. In fact, he marveled that dissipation should be so sad a business. So he determined to marry Inez and take her abroad.

Inez seemed not unfavorable. At the fancy-dress ball she appeared as an orchid, in lavender, and pink and white silk—smoke it looked like. Her eyes were the dark spots. She carried a bouquet of orchids, which she outshone. Barham Monnies hovered about her in such a way that it was soon rumored that they were engaged. Daggett soon took her to task for this. He asked her if she had forgotten that she was seriously considering his offer of marriage.

"Oh, don't get carried away!" she answered to his murmured tirade. "Don't feel so feelingly!"

"But you know I am nothing of the kind—'carried away!' I am plodding along in solid earnest," he expostulated. "I am precisely as I have been ever since I first met you, except that I am dumfounded to see you treating that fellow with the most intense mercy!"

"I don't care for him."

"He thinks you do!"

"You are silly. Of course he thinks so."

"Why 'of course'?"

"You begin so near the beginning!" She hid her lips among her orchids, laughing. "I shall go on like this for years," she told him, raising her head again, and looking at him with her half-covered, motionless eyes. "Men will think I love—but they will find I refuse them."

Eustace grew faint.

"Why?" he asked.

"How could the game go on on any other plan?"

"What game?"

"My amusement. Do you think we young women have no intention of making life attractive? If you were not so childish and so genuinely nice, I would not explain all this; but you have touched my sympathies!"

Daggett looked straight before him; he did not know that he was doing so. Suddenly he became aware that Hammond Mallory was approaching, in full conversation with a beautiful girl in Greek costume.

"I thought," said Hammond to Daggett, bowing in splendid spirits, "that you would be delighted to see Miss Grey here tonight!"

The beautiful girl was Madge. She might have been Tadema's ideal.

"Oh, Madge—Hammond—I'm feeling—Inez has—"

"Good gracious, Eustace! Brace up, my dear fellow," Mallory said in his ear, pushing him to a window close at hand, which was ajar.

Madge followed, a living picture, or rather a dozen pictures in succession. She grasped Eustace's arm affectionately.

"Why, my dear child," he cried, trembling, "how it surprised me to see you! How did you come here?"

"I begged her to come," interposed Mallory. "Miss Fredrika Sumner is somewhere here, too!" His elation crushed Daggett still more.

Something somehow suggested to Madge that the very best thing she could say just then was the truth.

"They asked me to surprise you, Eustace. And I consented because I wanted to see the society you have praised so much in your letters to Mr. Sumner."

"How entrancing you are as a Greek, Madge!" Daggett exclaimed.

"Come, he'll flatter you to death," Mallory told her, looking a shade less radiant.

"I will get you salads or ices. Anything is better than more compliments, of which I and every one have given you a surfeit! *Au revoir*, Eustace!"

Daggett reflected, as he watched the picturesque pair (Mallory was Tasso, with a flowing cloak and velvet hat), that the young nabob had evidently been successful, though he himself had failed in a similar contest. There could be no doubt that Mallory was making love to Madge by rapid measures. How could the suit of such a prize be rejected? Mallory was everything that a young woman could ask for in a husband.

IV

SO Daggett went home to Wellstead the next day. He had been at home a week before any one in the village knew of it. Then he sauntered into Sumner's room as unpretentiously and sleekly as a cat gets back to the cushioned chair it has adopted.

"By all the tales of witchcraft!" burst from Sumner's lips.

Daggett sat down, his hat in his hand.

"It's good to hear your voice again, old chap," he said. "Get up and take a walk with me, over Sagamore Hill."

"All right," Sumner answered, becoming more alert. He turned upon Daggett, who was by no means as buoyant or stalwart as when he had started for good old Boston, a couple of months earlier. "By Jove, Eustace, I've missed you horribly!"

They shook hands. Then they set out for Sagamore Hill. Their steps turned up to a crest of high land rising only on one side of the river, where they would get all the color of the sky. At the highest level they turned and feasted their eyes upon the splendor.

"I believe Mallory did not sell off his land to any one," Daggett remarked.

"Oh, no."

"How smoothly he fell in love with Madge!" observed Daggett.

"Did he? I wonder if he offered himself to her! You know her going to town was all my work."

Daggett replied by a silence that could almost be heard.

Sumner went on: "Of course he was delighted with her even at first sight. But Madge—I saw her yesterday—is still as free as she is true."

Two ruddy brown setters vaulted over the ground toward them. Daggett recognized them at once as Madge's Bark and Echo. Their eyes were full of the fact that their mistress was about to appear.

And then she was really there—coming up from a little ravine, hedged with juniper.

"What folly to be roaming in a cold solitude like this!" Sumner growled out.

"You should learn to take tea at five!" she answered. And then she looked more directly at Daggett. "Eustace, I am afraid the illness which attacked you at the ball has been illness indeed!"

"I suppose it might be called only that," he said, trying to speak in an off-hand way. "They broke my heart, over there in the city, as easily as they pinch geraniums!"

She turned from the sunset light. She began to move away, the dogs leaping up from her feet to her waist. All at once she looked back, with a sad smile.

"I will never let my heart break!" she said.

Eustace, with brightened eye, sprang to her side, and Sumner descended the hill alone.

MR. HOWELLS AT CLOSE RANGE

By H. H. Boyesen



THAT William Dean Howells is, since the death of James Russell Lowell, the foremost man of letters in the United States who is yet in the active exercise of his talents is, I think, an undisputed point. The

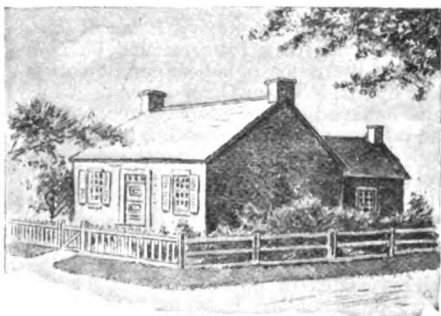
personality of such a man is naturally interesting, and to portray that personality in the issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL coming between the conclusion of his last novel, "The Coast of Bohemia," and the beginning of his autobiographical papers is the object of the present article.

WHO HE IS

MR. HOWELLS did not leap, at one bound, into fame. He grew, by slow degrees, into his present commanding position. His life is typically American. His family, which emigrated from Wales early in the present century, has mainly continued in the West, where it was first settled.

His father, William C. Howells, is yet living at the age of eighty-six, in Jefferson, Ohio. A gentler and more lovable man, perhaps, never invaded the wilderness. From the first moment of his western settlement he spread about him an atmosphere in which generous sentiments and refined tastes naturally flourished. He was no exacting disciplinarian who swung the rod over his recreant boys, but he made companions of them and led them unobtrusively (and perhaps without any clearly-defined plan) toward high aims and worthy ambitions. His company, which he freely afforded them, was their best education. When their mother, provoked at some piece of mischief of which they had been guilty, complained at his laxity and demanded sterner measures, he would call them up to him and say solemnly: "Boys, consider yourselves thrashed."

Mr. Howells' mother, whose maiden name was Dean, was of mixed Irish and German parentage. Her father was of Irish and Catholic extraction, but her mother was a Pennsylvania German and a Protestant. One of the author's early associations with his grandmother was the Luther's Bible, which was so often in her hands. She read only German, and a perceptible foreign accent lingered lifelong in her speech. Her daughter attended a high school or female seminary, and had a fairly good education as it was in those days. But what was more, she was a woman of a rich, warm, Celtic temperament, who cheerfully carried the burden of her large household, and was full of kindness and affection. She had a fine feeling for language (which is something quite different from facility in acquiring strange tongues), and her famous son believes that it is from her he has inherited his sense of the color and in-



THE HOUSE AT MARTIN'S FERRY
[Where Mr. Howells was born]

dividuality of words and his perception of linguistic values—in a word, his sense of style. She died in 1868.

The Howells family consisted of eight children. One of these, a son, died when just entering manhood, and one, the eldest daughter, Victoria, died in 1886. Like all the Howellses, she had a considerable literary gift, and wrote two plays, which were favorably received by a manager, but have never yet been brought on the stage. She also invented a needle with a slot, into the eye of which the thread could be slipped without the trying process of "threading"; but she discovered, when applying for a patent, that practically the same invention had been made several times before, but proved unremunerative.

Joseph A. Howells, the eldest brother, lives yet in Jefferson, Ashtabula County, where he edits and publishes the county paper. Samuel Howells, the third in order, is a printer; Miss Aurelia is living with her father, and Annie, the youngest, is married to a brother of the Canadian poet, Fréchet. Her name is not unfamiliar to magazine readers. Some sixteen years ago she published an interesting serial novel, "Reuben Dale," in the "Galaxy

Magazine"; and more recently she has written several descriptive papers for the Harpers on Canadian themes.

William Dean Howells, the second son and second child, opened his eyes March 1, 1837, upon a picturesque, coal-smoky, little hamlet called Martin's Ferry, Ohio, and escaped thence at an early date to Hamilton, where his father published the Whig



THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF MR. HOWELLS

[And considered by him to be the most satisfactory one extant]

newspaper. The environment of his boyhood he has given us in "A Boy's Town."

The Howells household was not, I should fancy, quite in harmony with its environment. They were cultivated people whose interests ranged considerably beyond the narrow horizon of the town and the daily struggle for bread. New books were events in their lives which were read and eagerly discussed at the fireside.

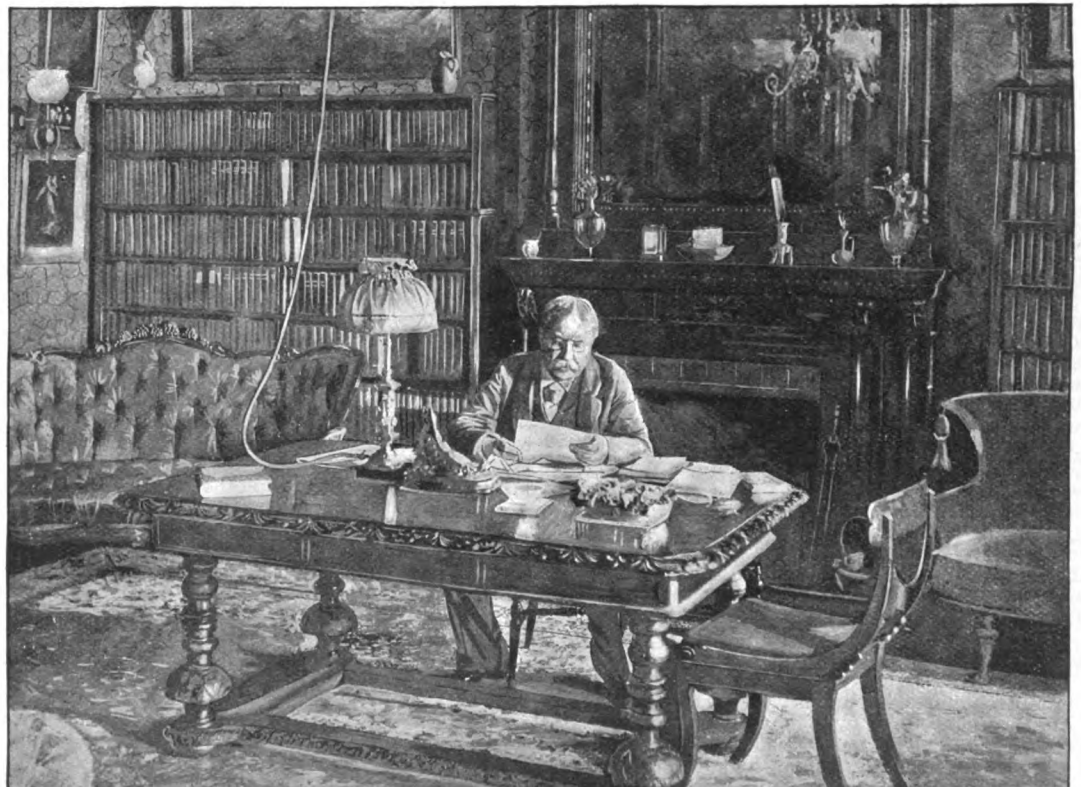
It was natural that the members of the family, by the very fact of their isolation, and being thrown as it were upon their own resources, should feel strongly bound to each other. They were, indeed, always a most united household. The three daughters were gifted with a rare sense of that humor which through their now famous brother has become a property of American literature. This humor is, in a measure, a family possession. The father displays a gentle drollery in his conversation; his daughters have all finely-attuned temperaments. The youngest, Mrs. Fréchet, betrays her kinship to the novelist the moment she begins to speak, in her appreciation of the ludicrous.

After having spent some profitable years in his father's printing office in Jefferson, Ohio, William Dean Howells went, at the age of nineteen, to Columbus, where he became a reporter, and later an editorial writer on "The Ohio State Journal." In 1861 he was appointed by President Lincoln United States Consul to Venice. What sort of consul he made I do not know except that he must have made a delightfully entertaining one. I have a suspicion that Consul Ferris, in "A

Foregone Conclusion," embodies a bit of autobiography. It seems retrospectively an ideally fit appointment, by which all parties concerned were benefited. The American Republic was the gainer in being represented by a poet and a gentleman; the American tourist in becoming acquainted with the most agreeable and illuminative cicerone; Venice in finding the most sympathetic and felicitous chronicler, and American literature in being enriched with two such books as "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys." In 1865 he returned to America, and became an editorial writer on "The Nation," whence, after a brief experience, he transferred his residence to

WHAT HE HAS DONE

MR. HOWELLS made his literary début in 1860 with a volume of "Poems by Two Friends," his partner in this being John James Piatt. This was his first published work. In 1865 he issued his first prose work, "Venetian Life," which proved an instantaneous success, and has sold upward of 30,000 copies. This was followed in 1868 by "Italian Journeys," which emphasized the impression made by its predecessor, and signaled the fact that a wholly new and delightful personality had invaded American literature. "No Love Lost: A Romance of Travel," a poem, followed in 1868. The next year he produced "Suburban Sketches," and in 1871 came "Their Wedding Journey." In 1873 appeared another volume of "Poems." Then, in 1874, came Mr. Howells' first attempt at fiction in "A Chance Acquaintance," but it was not until 1875 that, through "A Foregone Conclusion," the world received Mr. Howells' first full-grown novel which needs no apology. There are people who persist in regarding this as Mr. Howells' best book. The campaign biography of Rutherford B. Hayes followed in 1876. Two comedies, "A Counterfeit Presentment" and "Out of the Question," appeared in 1877. A series of autobiographies were edited by Mr. Howells in 1877 and 1878, *i. e.*, "Fredrica Wilhelmina Sophia, Margravine of Bayreuth"; "Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, and Thomas Elwood"; "Vittorio Alfieri"; "Carlo Goldoni"; "Edward Gibbon"; and "François Marmontel." In 1879 came the novel, "The Lady of the Aroostook," portraying a modern New England village girl in European conditions. "An Undiscovered Country," dealing with spiritualism and, incidentally, with Shakerism, followed in 1880, while the next year brought us "Dr. Breen's Practice," with its presentation of woman's fitness for the medical profession. In 1881 we were given a volume of his short stories under the title "A Fearful Responsibility, and Other Stories." In 1882 came "A Modern Instance"—perhaps the most vital of all Mr. Howells' novels, and the one in which he himself has the most abiding faith. The ever-debatable woman question served as a theme for his next novel, "A Woman's Reason," brought out in 1883. Two of Mr. Howells' inimitable farces came next, "The Sleeping Car" in 1883 and "The Register" in 1884. During these two years he wrote the introductory text for "A Little Girl Among the Old Masters"—a collection of drawings by his daughter Mildred, while in 1884 came also "Three Villages"—a description of Lexington, Shirley (the Shaker settlement) and Gnadenhütten, in Ohio. Then followed what the public in general agree in regarding as Mr. Howells' greatest work, "The Rise of Silas Lapham." It is unquestionably the most American novel which an American has ever produced. During the same year we received also "Tuscan Cities," the farce "The Elevator" and "Indian Summer." In 1887 appeared "The Minister's Charge," so faithful as a minute New England chronicle of a clergyman who encouraged a rural youth with literary proclivities. A volume of literary criticisms on "Modern Italian Poets" was published the same year, as was, likewise, "April Hopes" with its close kinship to "Indian Summer." In 1888 appeared "Annie Kilburn," dealing with the perplexities of a woman who devotes her life to charity. The first novel by Mr. Howells to have its scenes laid in New York came in 1889, in "A Hazard of New Fortunes," and



MR. HOWELLS IN HIS NEW YORK HOME

[Taken specially for the JOURNAL while writing his autobiographical papers for this magazine]

the public promptly appreciated his desertion of Boston by its unexampled demand for the story. "The Quality of Mercy" was preceded by his little book "Criticism and Fiction," containing the best of his departmental work in "Harper's Magazine." Within a year or two he has given us "A Boy's Town," succeeded by "An Imperative Duty," "The Shadow of a Dream" and "The World of Chance." His papers, "A Traveler from Altruria," are now appearing, and "The Coast of Bohemia" has just been finished in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. His autobiographical papers, which he has entitled "My Literary Passions," and which will begin in the next JOURNAL, have occupied his time this year.

HIS VIEWS AND BELIEFS

THAT Mr. Howells' attitude toward men and things is not the mere conventionally literary one of curiosity need scarcely be told. A man who has so large a vision of the world is never mocking, far less carping in his criticism or self-righteously censorious. He is wholly devoid of that superior prudence which enables him to pick his way with discreet circumspection through the world without treading on any one's toes or wounding anybody's sensibilities. Mr. Howells has definite opinions which frequently clash with those of his readers; but he cares more for the truth, as he sees it, than for any amount of popularity, bought by ignoble skulking. I suppose the conclusion you would jump at after reading "A Traveler from Altruria" would be that Mr. Howells is a socialist, and he certainly is of opinion that our present governments, whether you call them democracies or monarchies, strengthen the hands of the strong and show undue favor to those who are least in need of it. They are instinctive combinations of the favored classes to retain their hold upon the power to exploit their weaker brethren. The phrase is mine, not his; but it conveys the impression which I have derived from many conversations with him on the present social organization. This does not by any means imply that he is in favor of any violent plan for upsetting governments and doing away with the feudal remnant in our civilization. For he has an abiding faith in slow and orderly evolution, which will, by the gradual change in men's sentiments toward a nobler and more universal altruism, accomplish the elevation of humanity and a just distribution of the fruits of labor and industry. I scarcely think I misrepresent him if I say that he believes that to socialism in some yet undeveloped form belongs the future.

Much has been written concerning Mr. Howells' realism, and he has himself, in "Criticism and Fiction," given a clear and comprehensive statement of his literary creed. The novel, according to him, is not to be an irresponsible play of the author's fancy, but is to be subject to the same laws to which reality is subject. The novelist is not primarily a purveyor of amusement, but in the best sense the historian and chronicler of his age. That he should entertain goes without saying; but he should not sacrifice probability and truth for the purpose of being entertaining. To mature and cultivated readers nothing can be more interesting than a narrative dealing in a vigorous and luminous style with the problems of life which they are themselves daily encountering, and with characters which they recognize as being flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone. While the romantic novel, with its hairbreadth escapes and unwholesome excitement, has a most injurious influence upon young readers, distorting their views of life and by so much incapacitating them for the battle with actuality, the realistic novel, with its veritable characters and normal events, clarifies the reader's vision, and familiarizes him with the hidden rocks, the shallows, the tides and currents of the waters through which he has to steer his own bark. The former—to use a happy phrase of Henry James—appeals to the pleasure of surprise; the latter to that of recognition. To the juvenile mind the former is perhaps the greater pleasure, but to the maturer mind the latter has undoubtedly the more abiding charm.

Mr. Howells has, in the long series of his novels, undertaken to chronicle the contemporary American civilization. It has been his aim, first and last, to be true to the spirit of American life, and to seize upon the characters which seemed to him most typical of our present social conditions. He has set down naught in malice, nor has he, from patriotic motives, embellished or embroidered his canvas with fictitious beauties. When he hurts the feelings of the admirers of Walter Scott, and brings down upon his head the wrath of the worshipers of Dickens, it is not from any wanton iconoclasm on his part, but simply because, in the interest of a truer art, it is necessary to call attention to the flaws in old romantic idols.

My friend's religious beliefs I shall not attempt to state. His parents were Swedenborgians; and those who have read his recent poems in "Harper's Magazine" will have no difficulty in determining his attitude toward the eternal mysteries of life and death. He is of a profoundly religious temperament, though he owns no present allegiance to any creed or church.

HIS LITERARY METHODS

IN all the years I have known Mr. Howells he has been most regular and systematic in his literary work. He rises at seven or half-past seven o'clock; breakfasts at eight and goes immediately to his writing-table, where he remains until the luncheon hour at one o'clock. He is not addicted to night work, and does not believe in the use of any artificial aid to stimulate the cerebral activity. His work is, like himself, eminently sane; it is daylight work. He was born into the world with a set of exquisitely keen and delicate senses, fit to apprehend reality in its sturdier, as well as its most fleeting aspects, and he goes through life beautifully wide-awake, absorbing its sights and sounds and flavors, as a plant drinks in the subtlest influence of earth and air, and gives them forth again gloriously transmuted in its flowers.

I may as well remark here that Mr. Howells never starts out with malice prepense in search of material. Though his books are made up of the warp and woof of his experience and observation, he never takes this person or that person and puts them into his novels. Twenty women of his acquaintance may supply the hints which unite in time into a Florida Vervain, a Lydia Blood or an Imogene Graham, and you can never point to Miss Smith or Miss Jones and say that she was the original of this or that heroine. The Russian author, Tourguéniéff, once told me the very same thing in regard to himself. Though there was not a single character in his novels which had not been suggested by some living prototype neither was there a single character which was a sufficiently faithful copy to be identified by himself or anybody else. Though both warp and woof were furnished by actuality, the pattern he wove out of them was his own and his only. For all that he has had people whom he had never known challenge him and threaten him with dire vengeance for having put them in the pillory in his novels.

In the old days when Mr. Howells edited the "Atlantic Monthly," he had a remarkable power of work. After having spent four or five hours at his desk in the morning, writing with minute care and rarely producing more than one thousand words, he would devote three or four hours of the afternoon to letter-writing, reading of manuscript and other editorial business. He used to write an admirably clear, small hand, which, however, during recent years has changed and become, if I may venture the expression, a trifle less amiably direct and transparent. His preference has always been for a small half sheet, of note paper size, upon which he traces his parallel, broad-gauged tracks very far apart, leaving ample room for corrections and emendations. Of late, however, he has been compelled, by writers' cramp, to use the typewriter.

As is apt to be the case with every author who has a high standard of excellence, he is his own severest critic, and I have known him to strike out the most beautiful passages (in spite of my entreaties) because they were "meaninglessly poetic," and did not convey with absolute and unerring precision the thought which they had been intended to embody. Sometimes they were sacrificed merely because they seemed somehow to have a wrong flavor, and occasionally because they were too "ornate and self-conscious."

HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN

IT was during his consular residence in Venice that Mr. Howells married Miss Eleanor Mead, of Brattleboro, Vermont, a sister of Larkin G. Mead, the sculptor, the marriage taking place at the American Legation in Paris in 1862.

Mrs. Howells has always been a true helpmeet to her husband in his literary labors, in which she naturally takes a vital interest. He is in the habit of consulting her about his plots, and he submits to her everything he writes, before it is permitted to reach the printer. Formerly, when her health was better than it is now, she was in the habit of reading the proof-sheets of every forthcoming novel. She is a woman of subtle and penetrating insight, a keen judge of men, and artistically gifted in a high degree.

The Howells home has been blessed with three children: two daughters, of whom the first-born is dead, and one son.

Winifred Howells was born in Venice in 1863. She showed as a child rare poetic ability, and while she was yet in her teens several of her poems were accepted for publication by "The Century" and other magazines. She had, unhappily, never been robust, and about 1881 or 1882 her health began visibly to fail. She died in December, 1889, in Philadelphia, where she had been sent to undergo treatment for nervous prostration.

The son, John M. Howells, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1868. He has, like his sister Mildred, inherited the artistic talent of the Mead family. After graduating at Harvard College in 1891 he began the study of architecture in the office of a New York firm, and went, in 1892, to Paris, where he entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts. I do not know that he ever had a literary ambition, but he once wrote a story which was published in "Wide Awake."

Mildred Howells, the youngest, was born in Cambridge, in 1874, and beside several poems published in "St. Nicholas" and other magazines, she appeared, some years ago, in a most remarkable book called "A Little Girl Among the Old Masters." The text is by her father, but the drawings, many of which are most exquisitely imaginative, are by Mildred herself. As she was then but ten years old it was not to be expected, of course, that they should be technically correct. But some of them have a breath of true inspiration, which is more promising than technical correctness.

GLIMPSES OF HIS HOME LIFE

IT was in 1871, when he was editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," that I first met Mr. Howells. I had come on from the West with the MS. of a novel ("Gunnar") in my trunk, but so deeply impressed was I with the august dignity of the man who editorially presided over the "Atlantic Monthly" that it did not occur to me to seek his personal acquaintance. I meditated for some days on the propriety of sending him my MS., but concluded that as I had been but three years in the country my literary effort would stand no chance of acceptance. I did not know a soul in the classic neighborhood which, in the spirit of exploration, I haunted for a couple of days. But my good fairy (in whom, previous to this experience, I had had no confidence) interfered in my destiny, and through the kindness of a friend I was led straight into Mr. Howells' den. Mr. Howells listened, one day at a dinner, to a couple of chapters of my story, and finally invited me to be his guest for a day or two while I read him the remaining chapters. I did not realize then what far-reaching effects this visit was to have in changing the whole current of my life, but I did realize fully the kindness of heart which prompted the invitation. Mr. Howells was then living in a rose-embowered cottage in a secluded nook of Berkeley Street, Cambridge. He had a study or editorial den fronting upon a small garden, and lined with books up to the very ceiling. To me no more delightful room is to be found upon the American continent—or, I should perhaps say, no room is to be found in which happier hours have been spent. I don't know why it was that my visit, intended to last for two days, was extended to two weeks. It was surely not because my novel was so long as to require that length of time for its perusal. I have an idea that the favor with which the children regarded me may have had something to do with it. I was an expert at telling stories, often of a very marvelous kind, and Mr. Howells' eldest daughter, then a child of six or seven, found me, I am inclined to think, rather entertaining. At all events, a delightful relation established itself between us, and my life seemed sweeter and richer for the friendship of this dear, confiding, affectionate little girl. When she sat upon my lap and listened with large, thoughtful eyes to my tales about brownies and nixies, I somehow, for the first time, began to feel at home upon the American continent. And when, a year or two later, her younger sister arrived, and (though a very shy child) honored me with the same pronounced predilection, I felt that my place in the household was secure. It is absurd, perhaps, but quite undeniable, that I felt more pleased and flattered by the preference which these dear little girls showed me than by any favor in which I may have rejoiced from their elders.

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of telling an anecdote, the beauty of which must be my excuse for making it public. Once during the Christmas holidays (it was in 1872 or 1873) there was a church fair in Cambridge, to which Winifred Howells, then ten or eleven years old, had gone with a girl friend of her own age. Her father and I were seated together in the library conversing, when Winnie, pale and subdued, entered the room.

"Well," said her father, as she lingered half doubtfully at the door, "what sort of time did my little girl have at the fair?"

"Oh, papa," cried the child, bursting into a storm of tears, "nobody would buy my book!"

He opened his arms to her and she rushed up to him and lay crying at his breast, while he vainly strove to comfort her.

"Your book, darling?" he queried, "what book?"

"Why, my book," she sobbed, "the book—I—I—had made."

And after a little persuasion, she pulled from the bosom of her dress a pathetic little manuscript, stitched together with white thread, containing her own poems, written out with infinite pains in big, childish scrawl and marked in one corner "25 cents." It then became clear to her father why she had shut herself up in her room for an entire week preceding the fair; and when he fancied her standing on tiptoe at the book booth anxiously watching for a purchaser for her precious volume, his heart was touched, and kissing the little girl, he said tenderly:

"My dear, you are getting acquainted too early with the woes of authorship."

One of Mr. Howells' daily, or I should rather say nightly duties in those days was

to keep his son John company while that young gentleman was making up his mind to go to sleep. For John, familiarly known by his self-chosen name "Booah," had the bad habit of being very talkative after going to bed; and he was, moreover, unable to sleep unless he held his father's or his mother's hand in his. Once, when Mr. and Mrs. Howells were away for a few days, John discovered that I had also a most comfortable hand, and he consented to accept me as a temporary substitute for his father. The first evening when I fulfilled this function Booah demanded my full *répertoire* of stories; and when I had told what I considered as enough he tried to coax me to give just one more. Finding his persuasions unavailing, he said in his comically slow and deliberate fashion: "Mister Boston (Boyesen), do you want me to tell you a story?"

"Yes, Booah, but it must be a very short one."

Whereupon Booah related the following highly moral and inimitable tale, much to his hearer's delight:

"There was once a freight car. It was very sad, because it was so poor and shabby. It wanted to be a passenger car. It cried, and whined, and rattled because it was only a freight car. Once a beautiful fairy came in at night and sat down on a trunk, and she asked the freight car why it was whining and groaning so. The freight car said it was because it wanted to be a passenger car. So the good fairy waved her wand and changed it into a passenger car. Then it was switched off at the station and coupled on to a beautiful palace car, with looking-glasses and curtains and gilt roof. And what do you think? The freight car, which was now a passenger car, fell in love with the palace car. And then it was more unhappy than it ever had been."

There was, perhaps, a reminiscence of Hans Christian Andersen in this tale; but even admitting that, it seemed to me quite a feat of fancy in a boy of five or six.

One of the first observations I made in the United States (which a wider experience has proved to be erroneous) was that the family relation seemed chillier, and far less intimate and affectionate than in Norway and Germany. In all the families I knew, both in the East and in the West, parents and children, though no doubt they loved each other, were rather reserved in their demeanor toward each other, and seemed to think it awkward or undignified to make any demonstration of affection. The Howells family was the first to upset this hasty conclusion of mine. For there the tender and considerate conduct of each toward all made domestic life beautiful, and love found its expression in caresses as naturally as mirth seeks vent in laughter and grief in tears. I have never seen a more beautiful instance of the spontaneity, the inevitability with which a rich and lovable personality radiates its own genial warmth and light through all relations, the closer as well as the more remote.

MR. HOWELLS AND THE JOURNAL

HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SERIES TO BEGIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE

IN the next (December) issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will be commenced the series of autobiographical papers by Mr. William Dean Howells, which it is believed will be at once accepted by the public as the most striking and absorbingly interesting piece of work ever done by Mr. Howells. The papers will run through the JOURNAL all during 1894, and Mr. Howells has given to this series the very happy and expressive title of "My Literary Passions."

This series of papers will reflect a literary phase of Mr. Howells' life from his earliest boyhood days to the present date. In them he will tell the beginning of his reading as a boy; what authors and books took particular hold of him, and the impressions he derived from them throughout his life; how he dug out a reading knowledge of German mainly from a single volume of a poet he loved; how he mastered the French, Spanish and Italian languages that he might come into the spirit of the literature of those nations. Mr. Howells will trace how his reading during boyhood influenced his own literary beginning, and how, in later years, his appreciation of authors and their works developed as he himself followed a literary career.

Such a series of papers cannot fail to be of the very first interest: to the younger literary school as a study of the development of the first man of American letters of to-day; while to those not directly interested in literary workmanship such a series of papers will appeal as a retrospective glance of one of the most interesting of modern literary lives. Perhaps no literary man of to-day has been a more various and enthusiastic reader than Mr. Howells, and in these articles many results of this lifetime of reading will be given to the public.

** A complete set of the numbers of the JOURNAL containing Mr. Howells' novel, "The Coast of Bohemia," will be sent, postage free, to any address by the JOURNAL management for One Dollar.

Captain Young's Thanksgiving

[BY WILL CARLETON]



"He noticed as he glanced around
A hundred lost relations found"

THEY came from far, as well as near,
To Captain Young's Thanksgiving;
To fill his day with added cheer
And help absorb his living;
For it was mildly understood
That every one must come who could,
Although 'twas thought some would repair
To friends and neighbors elsewhere,
And many lived who had been known
To feast at tables of their own;
But though it was a prosperous year,
And food was neither scarce nor dear,
They came from far, and lingered near,
To Captain Young's Thanksgiving.

There was no road, upon that day,
Where any one was living,
That did not somehow stretch away
To Captain Young's Thanksgiving.
From Baker's Plains and Blodgett's Hill,
From all about Van Alstine's Mill,
From Talbot's mimic mountain-top,
From lone-eyed Peter's blacksmith shop,
From where the foaming billows ride
The Lake of Satan, two miles wide,
From where, unwilling to agree,
Reside the Dempster brothers three;
Where Bogus Cave its title earned,
Where once the Crosby school-house burned;
From Basswood Grove to Splintertown,
The hungry guests came thronging down,
All glad that they were living;
By couple, dozen and by score,
"I never knew," Young pondered o'er,
"I had so many friends before!"
It was a great Thanksgiving.

Came Parley Barr and Charley Barr
And all who of that lineage are;
Came Lemuel Bright and Samuel Bright
And all who dwell within their sight;
Came Stingy Jones and Lazy Jones,
And all the children either owns;
Came Tubbs, who made his horses draw
Five daughters and a son-in-law;
Came Mrs. Close, who brought along
Her children, unrestrained and strong;
Came Druggist Jack, who bought a farm,
And did it neither good nor harm;
Came Lawyer Huggerboom, who'd draw
Dense darkness from a lantern-jaw;
Came Dodger, seldom found when sought,
Who, if he stole, was never caught;
Came Drover Tom, who rode on gigs,
And bought and sold his neighbors' pigs;
Came Twist, a horse-exchanger lithe,
And Claude Gustave Napoleon Smythe,
Who peddled for a living;
Came some who long obscure had stood
Because their previous lives were good;
For every one arrived that could
At Captain Young's Thanksgiving.

He noticed, as he glanced around,
A hundred lost relations found,
Of young and old, of high and low:
He pondered deep, "I did not know
I had so many living."
Some entered with the morning light
And some got there the previous night;
Some in the town the railways put,
Some came by horses, some afoot;
From every place that harbors views
That relatives were made to use;
From where the Boston cod congeals,
To San Francisco's howling seals;
From Florida's palmetto hosts
To Maine's unnumbered birchen ghosts;
They came, with smiles enameled o'er
And consanguinity galore.
Came from the east a spectre gaunt—
His sister's husband's second aunt;
Came from the west, due thanks to give,
Three hundred pounds of relative;
Came from the north a learned dame
Entirely on her Christian name;
Came from the south a winsome maid
Of whom the Captain was afraid;
Came relatives from all around
As if they sprung up from the ground
To join in glad Thanksgiving.

No larder e'er appeared more full
Of every substance eatable
The morning of Thanksgiving;
No shelves were ever more in sight
Than those, at ten o'clock that night.
And destitution's depths were bliss
Compared to havoc such as this.
If war had vexed the earth and air
And two great armies battled there,
Then slept upon the field of gore,
And stayed around a week or more,
No worse destruction need be feared
Than on that Thursday night appeared.
Had died a sanctuary mouse
Of inanition, in that house!
And Mother Hubbard's dog, indeed,
Who gained his fame with want of feed
Had here been noted for the fact
If he himself escaped intact.
Nought could escape the common fate
That any one might masticate,
And doomed as well, were tasteless wares:
The children even gnawed the chairs.
Of all the creatures of that farm
Whose frames enclosed nutrition's charm,
Of various live-stock, dear and cheap,
Of cattle, poultry, pigs and sheep,
No odds what titles they might bear
When night, most welcome guest, got there,
Not one of them was living;
Zoology, indeed, sustained
Depletions that it ne'er regained
At Captain Young's Thanksgiving!

They organized a dozen sports
Of sundry attributes and sorts,
Replete with bold, hilarious joys
Such as the race that day employs:
Of scrimmages, they raged, in all
That could be had with bat and ball;
Some tried the football frenzy, too,
And kicked each other black and blue.
At five, or five-fifteen at most,
The people gathered round their host.
No crowd e'er had more restless rim,
They fought to get the nearest him.
Young stretched his hand, with cheerful sigh,
Emitting words of glad good-by,
Which were by kind repulsion met:
Departure had not got there yet.
A silence on the meeting fell
That could be heard and seen as well.
The Captain quailed, in nerve and limb,
For every eye was aimed at him;
And in each one, he, with a spasm,
Saw expectation's hungry chasm.
At last he said, while o'er the crowd
He his bewildered eye allowed
"Mid poverty's new weight to roam,
"Good-by! heaven see you safely home."
"Yes," spoke a dear "old soldier" friend,
"But what about the dividend?"
"For what, from where, to whom?" said he.
"It has been advertised," quoth she,
"By postal billets far and wide
That you your fortune would divide,
At six, 'mongst many friends or few
Who came to spend this day with you."
"May heaven," the Captain cried, "forgive
(If he sufficient time doth live)
My waggish cousin, who, no doubt,
Has sent this fiendish message out!
But he himself has brought, alas,
His doleful prophecy to pass;
For all I had, at break of day,
Has been divided, anyway,
Amongst this ill-assorted horde
Who've thronged and gnawed about my board,
Till I am tired of living!"
And as each tumbled into space
With clinching fist and growling face,
And glared at him with slanting eye,
And took no pains to say good-by,
And thankless took the homeward track,
And sent uncouth allusions back,
The Captain moaned, in accents dear,
"Ah, me! Thanksgiving Day, I fear,
If I the solemn truth may touch,
Is celebrated, not so much
To thank the Lord for blessings o'er
As for the sake of getting more.
If e'er again my star shall rise
And sail along through prosperous skies,
I will employ another way:
Not only one, but every day,
I'll celebrate Thanksgiving!"

WHY DO NOT LITERARY WOMEN MARRY?

By Amelia E. Barr



THE title question—enforced by a list of literary spinsters—I have been asked to answer. I might do so by denying the position altogether, backing the denial by a far longer and more famous list of married writers, such as Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Cruger, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, etc. But denying a position is not accounting for it, and the frequent celibacy of intellectual women is a fact large enough to arrest the attention of the most superficial observer.

IN the first place, a clever woman's "gifts" have a disqualifying matrimonial tendency, the experience of the ugly duckling having its constant counterpart among women endowed above the average. Their "gifts" may excite admiration, but they keep them at arm's length, popularity being rather the result of a happy development of commonplace qualities. And to the ordinary man ignorance is always a charming necessity. Men like to be not only the master, but also the schoolmaster, of women. If a large majority of married men would look back they would realize that their wife's first influence over them was gained through some naive confession of knowing nothing on a subject of which they knew everything. But with a woman cleverer than herself a man loses this pleasure; his lecture would be apt to end in a discussion—a discussion, too, in which he would very likely be defeated; therefore, men generally steer clear of such a position, and the modern Diotima does not easily find a Socrates to sit at her feet and be charmed by her wisdom.

It may be suggested here that a literary man would be a proper mate for a literary woman; but though like often attracts like, we must also admit it just as often attracts unlike, and then we have a theory that explains nothing because it explains everything. And, in spite of a few brilliant exceptions, experience does not prove that there is much sympathy between the female and the male scholar. The literary woman who knows anything, knows that he is, of all men, the most irritable and exacting. Ordinary husbands, going about among ordinary people, are entertaining and reasonable, and bring the atmosphere of actual life home at evening with them. The literary husband spends the day with himself, and with books written by men who hold his opinions. He has no fresh, piquant news, and no gossip of the people they both know. He may be writing a political, or a theological paper, or making a joke for a comic periodical, but all the same he is apt to be as "snappy as a bull terrier on the chain." I do not pretend to know how far literary women share this irritability; their knowledge of the male condition may be divination, or it may be deducible from personal feeling, but in any case they have an intuitive dislike to marry literary men. At the same time, the disinclination is undoubtedly mutual, and, I may add, with good cause.

A MAN likes to be just that step in advance of his wife which indicates his right to the title of "Master," and this is hardly possible with a wife who has learning enough to pick holes in his arguments, and to correct his sentences. Naturally he objects to a critic ever at his side; he prefers a woman who wonders at his amazing cleverness, and who brightens his days with a little comfortable adulation. For literary men have been much encouraged during the last two decades in thinking well of themselves; they have even become favorites in the marriage market; they have cast off all the old traditions of poverty, and struggle, and shabbiness. Although they may not go into the world in a peach-blossom coat like Goldsmith, or wear ruinous Venice lace like La Fontaine, they do employ fashionable tailors and barbers, and indulge in the finest of linen and hosiery. They dine on the best of the metropolitan markets afford. They are members of stylish clubs, and patronize their publishers, and are very desirous to represent their native land socially and politically at foreign courts. Sweet girl graduates pay them homage, and they flit about among the most desirable feminine flowers, scattering a good deal of learned dust as they fly, and receiving for it an overpay of consideration. Until, then, some social change reduces literary men to the ranks of the unprivileged, it is hardly likely they will seek mates who might be their rivals or their critics, and with whose work their own might be unfavorably compared. Certainly, there are a few notable exceptions to this rule; but such exceptions presuppose a mutual nobility of character; a union of hearts, and brains, and hands, foreshadowing a beautiful possibility, rather than typifying an actual condition.

Even if the literary man had a virtuous leaning to one who was his equal in mental ability, he is met at the threshold by the fact that literary merit is a plant of slow growth, and not until a woman has lost the material charm of youth does her mental charm appear in all its beauty. A young girl with ripe mental forces would be almost a monster; and even then she could only give us hysterical diaries, or flame-colored "poems," or utterly self-conscious material of some kind. For, as yet, she has seen little, suffered little, loved little, and all her resources are borrowed ones. So that if a literary man would select a woman of his own kind, he must have the enormous moral courage to marry one who is older than himself—one who has had opportunity to drink from every cup of life, and who has the nobler beauty of that cultivated charm which age cannot wither, nor custom stale. It is evident, then, that the literary woman will not often find a husband in the literary man.

IT must be admitted, also, that the literary woman does not give herself the opportunities other women take. She soon ceases to be a society woman if she is in very deed a literary woman. The two characters are antagonistic to the last degree. There are plenty of women who affect literature, who write nice little poems, and give parlor lectures, and talk admirably on the last intellectual fad, and who are, withal, to the last curl and powder-puff, slaves of fashion and of the great goddess, Society. With such pretenders the honest literary woman has nothing in common; her days are spent in veritable study, or in the absorbing delights of literary creation. She has no time for fashion plates, and is generally at the mercy of her modiste.

In this respect, if she wishes to marry, she is wrong; she must not cease to be fashionable; she must wear well-fitting gowns and gloves, and have an attendant who has made a study of back hair. In society she must neither be a dowdy nor a pedant, for marriageable men have a dislike of both conditions. And she may reflect that there is even some credit in stepping down, now and then, to frivolity. It is a part great intellects have often taken. Swift, Addison, Pope, Steele, did not disdain to toy with Sacharissa's snuff-box. They came out of their studies into some fine drawing-room, and made delightful society verses that fashionable ladies liked and fops tried to imitate. And the order of society will not be set aside for the literary woman's peculiarities; if she wants a husband she must go into the marriage market-place. For, stripped of all polite palaver, marriage is really the first and last cause of society. She must affect the gay manner, and flirt with the *aplomb* of one who has settled the riddle of the painful earth and begun to enjoy herself. If she cannot do this—if she cannot hide her blue stockings under a fashionable skirt—then she must accept a book in place of a lover, and settle down with the conviction that she has the better part.

ANOTHER reason for the celibacy of intellectual women is that they fall in love with their own ideals, and fail to find a living man that in any degree interprets them. For lovers of all kinds women must invent many grand qualities; but the literary woman's desire is often for a masculine impossibility. If her ideal could be found he would not be good to marry. He would be as wise as Solomon, without Solomon's redeeming humanity, an impracticable, lovely creature, cultivated to the last earthly point, who could talk of the union of souls and quite forget the butcher's bill. Let such unions be left in the realm of creative fancy, and the spinster who dreams them be a spinster still. It is better she should love the ideal she creates than the reality that exists.

Again, a large number of literary women are charmed into celibacy by the independence of their solitary career. Their financial gains are large; their homes are comfortable, even elegant. There is no man to contradict them, nor to make them afraid. The slow battle of their freedom has been won, and they live alone not because no one can live with them, but because they enjoy the freedom of solitude. In doing so they probably defy certain rules of society made for their weaker sisters, but their conduct is irreproachable, and if social magnates do not call on them they are not troubled a moment by the neglect. Their own society is very pleasant to them, and they want no narrow-minded, ignorant acquaintances, however rich or great. Not many women can drink of this cup, but those who can find even its bitter a tonic piquant and strengthening. This kind of spinster will certainly remain unmarried, unless she find that one wise man in a thousand which Solomon asserts does exist; for he is probably the only one sensible enough to marry her, especially as with the perversity of her sex, she is certain to want to be loved not for her merits, but for herself.

THERE are other reasons for the celibacy of clever women that are less defensible—that spring from women whose warped minds look on men as their natural enemies, and on domestic life as a state of declared warfare, in which they must either be antagonistic or enslaved. In such women the sentiment of sex is positively unhealthy, and yet, by some funny travesty of speech, they are called "strong-minded." These women are, however, more ambitious than literary, and more greedy of notoriety than of learning. At the opposite pole to them stands another equally disagreeable class—women whose *morale* has fallen below all the sweeter sympathies of womanhood, and who are as much unsexed by the atrophy of their instincts as the falsely-styled strong-minded are by their perverseness and coarseness. Such women, however clever they are, are better unmarried. Indeed, nature has generally impressed upon their faces that mysterious something which proclaims them aliens to domestic joys, a certain hardness, which is a sign and a warning, so that no man may marry them.

Are intellectual women then to be deprecated as wives? By no means. It is the intellectual woman who is most fitted for the highest duties of womanhood. It is she who has the courage to endure and obey, and the enthusiasm to devise noble things and carry them out to pure, unselfish ends. It is she that ought to enforce by example the marriage tie as the true unit of life and the highest condition of progress. She alone has the keynote which puts her in harmony with disagreeable conditions, and makes her bear them with cheerfulness. I have been taught, both by experience and observation, and I believe with all my soul that the highest duty of woman is to be the mother of the world. I regard maternity as the flower of womanhood, but I do not think a woman loses a particle of her feminine charm and bloom because she writes a novel or sings a song. And the argument that, as a rule, women write badly, does not affect the point; considering the way in which we are weighted by sex, and by society, the world ought to be grateful that we do not write worse.

The great secret of existence is not easily read for women, but if it be not found in the home where, then, shall we look for it? My conviction is that the literary career is not to be sought in preference to the domestic; neither is it to be avoided, betrayed nor scorned, if circumstances and abilities point it out as the natural way of life; for, as said before, it will rarely call any woman until she has had time to prove the joys and sorrows of existence, and gained strength of character sufficient to enable her to face the isolation which is its condition, with a calm and cheerful contentment. For the scholar to be alone that is nothing unusual. Hazlitt, long ago, said, "The meanest thing that lives has its mate or fellow; but the scholar, he has no mate nor fellow!"

WHETHER literary women will marry more frequently in the future depends upon the mental elevation of the coming man. "In proportion to a man's intelligence," says Pascal, "does he detect and admire originality in other minds. Common people think every one alike." We may then expect that as men become thoughtful and individual, they will admire thoughtful and individual women. And this condition would by no means infer the destruction of sexual inequalities. The advancement of humanity hitherto has been marked by the divergence of the sexes, not by their equality. It is among the lowest savage tribes there is the least diversity, and there the most of men's work is done by women. So that there appears to be something of retrogression in assimilating the work of highly-developed women to that of men.

One thing at present, however, is very certain: that a most positive call and vocation for the literary life are as necessary as for the religious life. A woman who is not sure and certain of this "call" will, if she be a wise woman, turn away her eyes from the ink, and keep her fingers from the pen, lest she write against herself the doom of a solitude she has not the ability to people, nor the strength to endure. For in these days the enemy of mankind often assumes the delusive form of an editor or publisher, and his voice charms the would-be literary woman, until the little gleaming of her brain is swept into a few articles, or a book. Then she is bankrupt in ideas, and has lost her taste for domestic life without being able to enter a literary one. If such simple women would believe the statement it is far easier and sweeter to be a wife and a mother than an authoress. Happy will they be if they are deaf to the charming of the editor and publisher, and pass by their dangerous parlors as Odysseus passed by the dwelling-place of the sirens—"closing his ears and sailing quickly by, singing the praises of the gods."

EDITOR'S NOTE—After Mrs. Barr's article had been set in type, the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL took the liberty of sending a proof thereof to Octave Thanet, feeling assured that Mrs. Barr's remarks would evoke some bright thoughts from her pen. The result is printed in the next column.

BUT THEY DO MARRY

BY OCTAVE THANET



I HAVE the honor of the personal acquaintance of only three women who make literature their profession. But I know and admire the writings of most of the American authors; and with the aid of a friend I compiled two lists which are submitted to the private inspection of the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, marked Appendix A.

The first list contains the names of authors and matrons in good repute. The second list has the names of successful spinster authors. The first list has forty-four names, the second seventeen.

If one further consider that from one-third to one-half of the unmarried writers are still young enough to give hopes that they may change their condition before they die, it will appear that the pessimist has grounds for cheer. These women, too, whatever their reasons for not marrying, reverence the home. They are lovers of children, unless their writings belie them; they paint vividly the love of woman for man. I may say that their attitude toward love is that of respectful sympathy. Whence I am led to another consideration: does the literary woman marry less than any woman with an income of her own?

It does not require argument to show that a woman with a home of her own will not marry so rashly as a woman dependent on others. They may fall in love as rashly, but they are not nearly so like to marry without love, or at least without hearty friendship and respect, as if they were compelled by other motives. There is another reason why any woman past her first youth may hesitate before considering marriage. It is a reason not creditable to the spinster. Every womanly woman must form ties of the heart; she must have some one to whom she can devote herself. Such a woman, unmarried, will be, instead of a loving wife, a loving daughter and sister, and aunt and friend. In most cases she will have created her own place, either in her parents' home or in her own, and she will have in her own home some sister, some adopted child, perhaps, to whom her marriage will mean keen sorrow.

You cannot expect a widowed mother, who has learned to depend on this woman-child of hers remaining with her, to welcome the man who shall take her away! In case her daughter marry she must lose her out of her daily life, or she must lose the independence of a home of her own, so dear in the decline of life. It is a cruel alternative; and he must be an exceptional man who shall soften it. The woman is very comfortable, her heart is full; she does not readily open it to a newcomer. Why, she argues, should she make all these kind people who love her unhappy by giving a stranger the first place? Unless the stranger be more than an average man why should she? Neither is it to be especially desired that she should marry. There is room and to spare in the world for all the mother-hearted women who have no children. There are children enough that need their love. It will not waste for lack of exercise. So, again, the pessimist may take heart. In fact, he may take heart all along the line. In the first place, most literary women do marry; in the second place, they marry as much as other women with incomes of their own; in the third place, it is just as well they should not marry; and they often lead useful lives, and help the married.

Men are afraid of clever women. Yet here, also, is comfort, for never was there a more baseless dread. Dear gentlemen, it is just the cleverest of us, that is, the cleverest untrained in the world's school, who make the most dotting worshippers of You! Any society girl can give the strongest-minded woman points about illusions. As a rule, however, clever women are not attracted by their own kind of cleverness any more than men are by theirs. A brilliant woman admires, usually, a successful business man of solidity. Women admire strength and courage and the power to rule men. The qualities that make a great merchant, a great manufacturer, a great railroad man, a great editor, are the qualities of the ruler of men. And the wife of such a man looks up to him with delighted submission, and gives him all the chances he could ask to instruct her ignorance. "But," the pessimist may urge, "supposing the man is not a prince in business, only the average man, how will he fare with his clever wife?"

To this a regard for truth compels me to answer—even though I betray the masonic secrets of the sex—that it will not make the difference of a row of pins! His clever wife has not brought her imagination to work to endow him with all the heroic qualities for nothing. Thanks to the versatility of woman's fancy and the toughness of woman's faith she is likely to keep that man in ideal capital so long as they both shall live. If fancy show signs of flagging the chances are that her heart will whip it back to business.

The moral is, friends and brothers, that though literary women may be hard to catch, once caught they are very tame.

THE BROWNIES 'ROUND THE WORLD

By Palmer Cox

IN TWELVE STAGES:

CONCLUDING STAGE

THE BROWNIES

IN THE POLAR

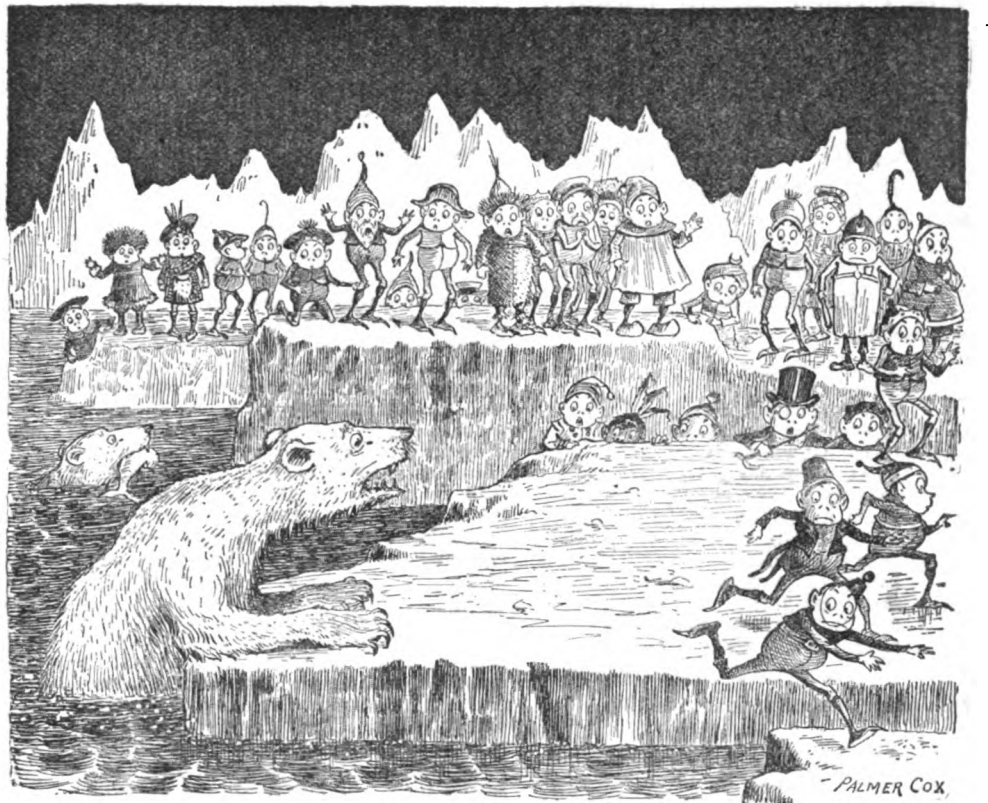
REGIONS



on their homeward way at last

The Brownies through wild regions passed, Where ice was piled, and breezes blew That baffled many a daring crew. But Brownies, brave in every clime, Pushed on, nor lost one moment's time. Fresh from the sunny land of tea They tramped across a frozen sea, Where fish to few temptations rise, And have small practice catching flies. Said one: "This land of northern lights, And shooting stars, and lengthy nights, Of which explorers often rave, Or dream about the icy wave That lies around the Pole so vast, Where no one yet has anchor cast,

And on rude sledges void of art, In which large skins played leading part, They traveled over many a plain That bold explorers sought in vain, While others had the luck to find Some reindeer of the strongest kind, That could be trusted to proceed O'er roughest ground at greatest speed. In different ways the hardy deer Was made to render service here; Some on its back a station found, And by the horns would steer it round Without the use of curb or rein Or cruel instrument of pain, As if a wondrous charm controlled The beast however strong or old. While of the space from head to tail The Brownies did themselves avail, And, though smooth saddles were denied, Endured the hardships of the ride. More tied the reindeer to a sled And thus across the country sped. Sometimes well matched an even span With even whiffletree they ran; Sometimes a tandem team they flew And gave the driver much to do, And shook the sled until its load Was spilling out along the road. Away, away with flying feet Would go the snorting courser fleet,



O'er level plains and icy piles, Till many, many hundred miles Behind the daring band would slip Without the use of snapping whip. Said one: "The stories have been read Of messengers that quickly sped With stirring news, or good or bad, According to the times they had, Who never halted, never drew A rein until their task was through. Now we to-night no message bear To either please a town, or scare,

No, quick as they could bring about A halt, they'd answer to the shout Of those who for a time were placed Alone upon the dreary waste. For brothers from one trundle bed, Who at one dish have broken bread Before a proud and loving mother, Are not more prompt to aid each other Than are the Brownies to assist The poorest member on the list. Thus on they went o'er plain and hill Without a thought of change until They reached a milder clime that gave More freedom to that northern wave. On cakes of ice that floated free The Brownies then put out to sea, To cross a gulf or open bay That in the line of travel lay.

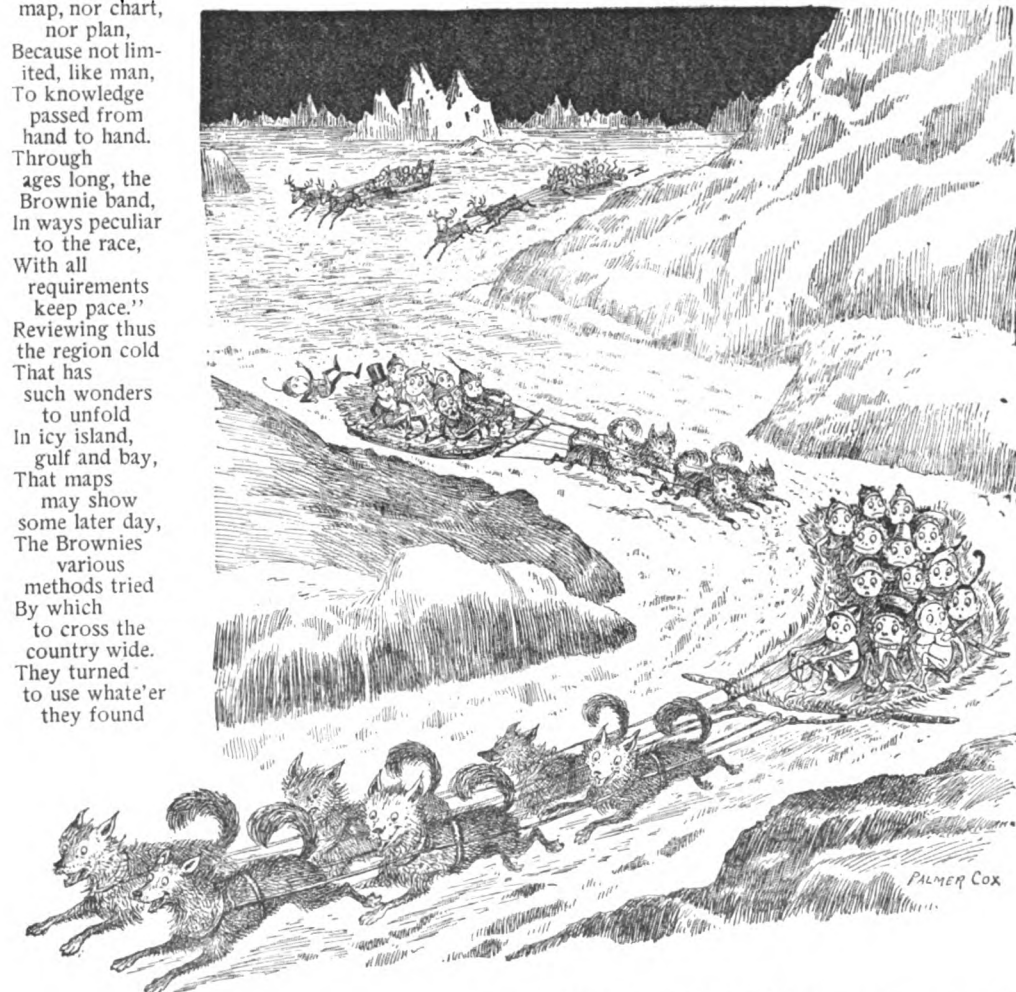
At length against the darkened skies They saw rough Mount Verstova rise, Clad in its robes of white and gray And overlooking Sitka Bay, And then a town appeared in sight On which they gazed with great delight, For o'er the wooden castle old A banner bright a story told Of ownership, that all the band Were sharp enough to understand. An eagle with its pinions wide Was hovering o'er their nation's pride, And on the instant such a note Of joy as swelled each Brownie's throat Because they had been spared to stand Once more upon the glorious land From which they bravely started out To travel all the world about. So there, while high the flag of red And white and blue waved overhead,

Is after all scarce worth the cost Of noble lives that still are lost As expeditions strive in vain From year to year this point to gain, But still the time will come, no doubt, When men will find all secrets out And feast their eyes upon this sea So quickly found by you and me. We need no map, nor chart, nor plan, Because not limited, like man, To knowledge passed from hand to hand. Through ages long, the Brownie band, In ways peculiar to the race, With all requirements keep pace." Reviewing thus the region cold That has such wonders to unfold In icy island, gulf and bay, That maps may show some later day, The Brownies various methods tried By which to cross the country wide. They turned to use what'er they found

And yet could people see us go Thus over fields of ice and snow At such a rate, they'd argue well That we had hasty news to tell." At times mishaps occurred, 'tis true, While over frozen fields they flew, For some, no matter how they tried To keep their place upon the hide,

Said one: "We've been on boats before, And on a raft two weeks or more, With only slippery logs to keep Us from the monsters of the deep, And thought the trials falling fast Around us ne'er could be surpassed, But when one comes to take a trip Upon an iceberg for a ship,

In songs of praise the band combined, And then one Brownie spoke his mind: "Through dangers that came thick and fast The Brownies round the world have passed, Contending with misfortunes still And overcoming every ill, Thus teaching lessons day by day That may be useful in their way."



That neither has a rudder stout Nor spreading sail to help him out, But drifts at random to and fro Which-ever way the tide may go, He'll not be anxious to extend His pleasure trip, you may depend."



Sometimes a bear that thought to make A landing on a floating cake, Would start at once a tumult great And cause the band to emigrate Without delay to some new place In hopes to shun a close embrace. Then heaving up through holes in ice Would rise the walrus in a trice, And fill each Brownie's heart with fear That happened to be beating near. Thus dangers at each step they found While through that region moving round, They had good use for ears and eyes And nimble feet, you may surmise, But where so many heroes go To find a winding sheet of snow, And icy casket that will last Until the resurrection blast, The Brownies hardly could expect To find their way with roses decked.

Dear reader, now the task is through, But ere we part a word to you, Yes, you who traveled hand in hand With me to watch the Brownie band, And listened with attentive ear The prattling of the rogues to hear, And patiently surveyed the lines The pen has traced in these designs, May you prove always staunch and true To comrades, and to neighbors, too. Be brave when trials fast descend, And persevering to the end, And, Brownie-like, you may be blessed— They seldom fail who do their best.

To aid them as they journeyed round. The cunning band some dogs secured, To cold and hardship well endured,

Would find themselves through jolt or twist A mile behind ere they were missed, But do not think the band would press Ahead and leave them in distress.

With a friendly wave of hand, Now retires the Brownie band.

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AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR



HE life of a magazine is, after all, very much the same as the life of a human being. Just as the infant is of the life of its mother, so is the magazine the brain-child of its originator. The anxieties of both are almost parallel. Remissness of care is as fateful with the one as with the other, and health, long life and prosperity as much an outcome of carefulness, watchfulness and diligence in the case of the magazine as in that of the child. The right development of a child means much, yea, everything to a parent: it signifies but little less to the creator of a periodical.

AS is the first year in the life of a child one of its most trying times, so is that period the most hazardous in the life of a periodical. As with an infant, so with a magazine: its summers are the most dreaded seasons. The "second summer" is as fateful to the existence of the new magazine as to the life of the child. It has its teething period as well, and if, with the child, the process causes pain, with the magazine it causes worry—and it is an open question which is hardest to bear. Physicians agree that a critical time passes in human life at the end of the third year; so, too, with a magazine. As the age of seven is the first turning-point in the life of a child, so is it a like period in the life of a periodical. No magazine is accepted as being in the field nowadays until it has been published at least seven years. And, even then, the confidence of the public comes to it slowly. From that time on, however, it is supposed to develop powers of written speech, just as a child develops a vocabulary. As a boy goes into trousers at seven, so the periodical at the same age takes on a new dress of type—the average duration of what is called in technical printing parlance "a face of type" being seven years. The age of ten is often the first that fond parents celebrate in the life of their child; he is either "getting to be a big boy now" or she is "growing up to be quite a girl." So the parents of a magazine feel proud when their brain-child reaches the age of ten. They like to hold it up for the world to admire; and when we consider what it means to bring a periodical to a successful point within the short period of a half-score of years, the feeling of pride is not unpardonable. Such an anniversary is full of meaning; full of reminiscent interest; full, too, of prospective pleasure.

IT is at this stage of its career that THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL finds itself at this writing. With this issue it is ten years old, and it is only natural that its parents should feel proud of the well-developed child. Like most children who are full of promise at the age of ten, the JOURNAL comes of good parentage. If it chose Quaker soil from which to spring, it was born of Puritan brains. From its father it inherited the well-directed far-sightedness by which we know the "down-easter Yankee," while its mother gave it that promise of Plymouth sturdiness which makes not only good men and women but even better periodicals. Nursed by such hands, and rocked in a Quaker cradle, perhaps the wonder is not so great that it holds its head up to-day as the lusty youngster that it is. It cries less and smiles more. But it had its crying period, and only its fond parents know the anxious moments spent over its cradle by night as well as by day. If the cry of a periodical is not exactly as audible as that of a child, it has the same penetrating qualities and is equally conducive to wakeful nights.

BUT as a child develops it compensates its parents for all the anxieties of its earlier years, so the magazine has in it the possibilities of the greatest source of interest and fascination as it unfolds and develops with its years. The hardest trials are easy to look back upon—so much easier than to pass through—when the final results are satisfactory. And if a succession of anxious trials were given the JOURNAL and its conductors to carry, both it and they are the better for the experience. Trouble is good for us all; only we do not know it or are loath to believe it. If magazines had everything their own way from the moment of their conception we should not have so many good periodicals as we have to-day. Trouble develops people; the keenest trials are oftentimes the best mental refiners; disappointments always point the right sort of people to new paths where success lies. An easy success is always dangerous, and has little value.

But with the JOURNAL'S "crying period" the public has little interest. Few sentiments ever written are more full of truth than that expressed in the wise little poem:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone."

The JOURNAL has wept, and alone. Now it laughs, and it asks its readers to laugh with it.

THIS literary ten-year-old is by no means judged by its parents to be perfect. If that were their opinion the usefulness of the magazine would be over. None can possibly be more conscious of the JOURNAL'S faults and shortcomings than those who make and sit over it month by month. It is simply a well-developed literary child—for its age. But it is not perfect; that cannot be expected. Wisdom comes with age—to periodicals as well as to people. The most valued possession of a magazine is the prestige of time—a quantity capable neither of manufacture nor purchase. But there is much in the advantage that we can take of the opportunities given us, and in this the JOURNAL cannot, I believe, be found lacking. As the story on the opposite page aims to tell, the career of the magazine has been one of progress. That a field was waiting for the periodical when it was conceived admits of little doubt. It stepped into it, and it has sought, ever since, to fill that field as fully and capably as possible. To analyze the success of a periodical is not an easy matter, but perhaps in the case of the JOURNAL the solution is easier for the reason that the magazine in itself is as unique and distinct as its success is unprecedented in periodical literature. The JOURNAL was, from its start, built upon original lines. It was fashioned upon no previous model—in fact, it has always sought to be of itself. It follows after none. It has chosen rather to lead and originate. It has often been censured for disregarding many of the conventionalities supposed to be inseparable from a well-conducted magazine. But it has purposefully departed from trodden ways. Because certain methods are customary it does not necessarily make them the best and wisest to pursue. If to be less literary and more sympathetic is a fault in a magazine then the JOURNAL is faulty, and of its own wish and making. It has sought above all things first to reach the heart, then the mind. One must sit with his fingers upon the pulsations of a world before he can fully realize that the one great and overpowering want to-day among all classes is sympathy. It is not alone the poor who have their trials; the opulent as often sit with bowed heads and breaking hearts. And the spirit most needed in our literature to-day is not that of literary art so much as it is the spirit of common humanity and of every-day help. It is all well enough to be literary, but we must be something more if we do not want the world to forget us when we lay down the pen. Literary spirits sighed when Browning died, but people in every clime where poetry was read wept when Longfellow passed away.

THAT the JOURNAL has not fulfilled the expectations of all of its readers I can quite readily believe. But this failure on the part of a magazine to please often arises, I think, as much from a misconception of its policy as from its incapacity. A periodical to be successful must have a definite plan or policy—it must have a reason for its existence. If it flounders about, and no two years of its life are the same so far as its purposes and sentiments are concerned, it is short-lived. The public looks to each periodical for a certain something; to one it looks for one thing, to another for something else. But each must be known for some definite aim, some one clearly-defined purpose. In the case of the JOURNAL its chief and foremost aim has been to be regarded in every respect as the exponent of everything that is best in woman's life, and wisest in the conduct of a happy and refined home. Its policy has been to make the fireside seem the one spot in a woman's life above all other places. It has striven to appeal to every phase of the home in the firm belief and conviction that the home has always been, is to-day and ever will be the greatest sphere of woman in which she can reign with absolute control. In every word it has printed it has always endeavored to keep woman's best interests at heart, whether morally, mentally or physically. It has wished and hoped to be regarded not as a free lance disturbing in its sentiments, but as a messenger of contentment to the heart and entertainment to the mind—a helpful, sympathetic visitor to the American woman in her home. This was all; nothing more, but nothing less.

BUT many have wished the JOURNAL to be other than this, forgetful of the fact that its policy had been carefully considered, formulated and tested long before they ever heard of it. These people would have the JOURNAL emit more fire; it should be aggressive, controversial; it ought to show its teeth—that is, "if it has any," as one dear soul not long since gently insinuated. In other words it should be a free lance, impressing people who cannot think as we do with their ignorance, and holding our mental superiority up to the world as something to be wondered at and bowed down to. But while this line of policy might be full of excitement to the editors it would be apt to become exceedingly tiresome to the readers, and likely as not the first people to tire of such a periodical would be the very ones who led it into the mire. To be a free lance is great fun for the lance, but it is poor sport for those who are lanced. And, then, to look at the matter calmly, there are not so many elements about the modern woman that require lancing as some people have a notion there are. It is a popular thing nowadays to criticise woman because one is sure of a lively argument. But the criticisms are more often unjust than warranted by facts.

THE truth of the matter is that women do not stand in need of one-tenth the mental education or the moral training that some generous souls would have us believe. I do not say that the woman of to-day is perfect. (How we men would suffer in contrast if she were!) But neither is she so woefully imperfect. Her real condition lies just between the two with a slight leaning toward the perfect side, and a constant tendency to bend over still forward to that side as years go by. This the JOURNAL has always believed, and has every reason for believing more strongly to-day than ever it did. Instead of making little of the American woman it believes in making much of her. And it can do so; it has every opportunity. No woman on the globe can approach her, whether as school-girl, sweetheart, sister, wife or mother. For ten years the JOURNAL has studied her in all these rôles. It does not lay claim to a perfect knowledge of her; that is not given to man—nor to woman either for that matter. But the study has at least brought knowledge, and with the knowledge has come pleasure. True, the study has revealed faults we might have wished absent. But human nature is faulty at its best—only less so in woman, I think, than in man. These shortcomings the JOURNAL has tried to point out, but honestly and sincerely, and always proposing a remedy for the faults revealed. That it has not been uniformly successful in its purposes one can readily believe. Such power of reform is not given to pen. But in one thing the JOURNAL can feel a degree of satisfaction: no careless opinion has ever been voiced from its pages; no uncertain sound has ever come from its keyboard. Whatever has been said has, at least, been honestly, if perhaps imperfectly said. It has never preached one doctrine and believed another. It has sought to be honest in its opinions, correct in its judgments, so far as it is given us to be accurate. No discussion of a question has ever been admitted into its pages which could not form part of the frankest conversation in the most refined family-room. Of this it is proud. Whatever success THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has earned it has won on clean, honest lines. It may have failed in many things, but in a close adherence to the highest principles of morality and religion it has never swerved.

I FEEL a particular sense of personal satisfaction and freedom in writing of the success of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and what it has accomplished, because my own part in its history has been so small. Of its ten years of life I have directly seen but four. When I was called to it the magazine had already achieved success. The foundation had been laid; the hardest work had been done. A solid groundwork had been built, just such a foundation as one might expect from Puritan hands. I was simply asked to add the stories to the ground structure and do the trimming. And even in this I recognize only too well how signally I would have failed but for that unceasing loyalty which has been shown me and been present with me each day of my working life. If my readers have been kind and lenient, not less kind, self-sacrificing and loyal have been these women and men who have worked at my side during these years. All too much credit has been given me: all too little has come to them. The most complex work unravels itself when capable women stand on one side to prevent mistakes, and a generous friend stands on the other to herald one's successes to the world. With loving hearts at home and willing hands when at business, success is easily possible.

A HAPPIER four years of business life have been given to few men than those granted me since I came with the JOURNAL. I have often said on this page that no writer ever had an audience of readers so kind, so loyal, so responsive and so lenient. It would be folly for me to attempt to tell the innumerable little courtesies and acts of thoughtfulness extended me by my readers. They have come incessantly during these years from people in all conditions of life, inhabiting, it has seemed to me, every part of the globe. I have known what it is in a single day to receive a hearty shake of encouragement from my closest neighbor, while with the other hand I received a letter from the postman sending me some message of good cheer from the other end of the world. Scarcely a day has passed during these years but my mail has brought me some new pleasure, some new wish, some new token of the warm-heartedness of my readers. White-mary from the Devonshire country, wild flowers from the foot of the Alps, Easter lilies from the Bermuda fields, heather from the Scottish hills, the *fleur-de-lis* of the Normandy country, the magnolia from Southland gardens—all these have made fragrant many a business hour. I have shared, too, in the wealth of roses of the Pacific coast; the lemon-verbena has come to me from the Western peasant's home; bunches of sweet-william and stalks of hollyhocks have brought the hospitality of New England close to me; and, lest I should forget the existence of the animal kingdom I presume, I have had a live alligator creep out of a Floridian express box to the consternation of my office. Surely, I have often thought, are my "lines cast in pleasant places."

I SPEAK of these things so freely in print because my work is my life, and I am not afraid to wear it on my sleeve. True, once in a while, it gets a blow, but then I have found so many kind people in the world willing to bind up the wound, that the hard knocks scarcely have time to leave marks before they disappear and are forgotten in some subsequent and more lasting kindness. For every word of kindness and encouragement that has come to me through these four happy years, for every token of friendship and remembrance sent me, I do thank every one of my readers—men and women alike. Nor do I forget those dear little tots of humanity who have often penned me their thoughts—crude but the more welcome for that—couched in their own peculiar hieroglyphics. The schoolgirl and the aged grandmother have alike given me joy—so deep a joy sometimes they can never know nor imagine. For in whatever position we are the word of cheer and kindly feeling is never lost. No matter how numerous may be the messages of good-will that come to us the last seems always the best and receives as hearty a welcome as any that preceded it.

THE JOURNAL looks to a bright future. If its past has been in part acceptable to its readers it hopes that its future course may be in its entirety. And to attain this end it will bend its best energies. The conductors of the magazine have every reason to believe that, as a periodical, the JOURNAL will take on a greater degree of strength and come closer to the satisfaction of its readers during the next year than ever before. At the same time, it is far better to achieve than to promise. It need only be said that the JOURNAL reaches the tenth mile-stone of its career fully equipped for better work and larger achievements. And it asks for no greater honor than to be found worthy of the patronage and the confidence of her whom it admires: the American woman—pure-minded when a girl; affectionate when a sweetheart; loving when a wife; tender when a mother; always a womanly woman!

THE STORY OF THE JOURNAL

By Edward W. Bok



MR. CURTIS

It was late in the summer of 1883, just previous to the publication of an issue of "The Tribune and Farmer"—a weekly paper published in Philadelphia—that three columns of reading matter were discovered to be wanting to make the issue of that paper complete. The fact was reported to Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, the owner. "Why not start a woman's department?" suggested Mr. Curtis.

The suggestion was acted upon, and before the day had closed three columns of reading matter of special interest to women were beaten together, and the regular issue of "The Tribune and Farmer" appeared.

The "woman's department" was continued after that, and it was not long before Mr. Curtis found that what was intended as a purely incidental part of the paper was proving to be the most popular feature of his weekly.

Then thought Mr. Curtis: "If a woman's department in a paper can be so acceptable, why should not a paper entirely devoted to women's interests be even more so?"

Fortwith he sought the advice of Mrs. Louisa Knapp, the conductor of his "woman's department." From her the idea received encouragement. Thoughts soon became clearly defined ideas, and the decision was soon reached to put into immediate issue the publication of "The Ladies' Journal."

This title was given to an artist to make a design, and soon the drawing was forthcoming. Between the last two words of the title, the artist interjected a domestic fireside scene with the descriptive legend of "home" printed in small letters underneath.

On December 1, 1883, the first issue of the new monthly for women appeared, under the editorship of Mrs. Knapp. It consisted of eight pages, and the public was informed that it would have to pay fifty cents to receive it for a year. The very first subscription received, however, asked for a year of "The Ladies' Home Journal," and it soon became evident that the public had accepted as a part of the title of the magazine what the artist intended simply as a descriptive legend of a part of his drawing.

Thus it will be seen that the public itself named THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Mr. Curtis soon realized that he had created a periodical for which a place had been waiting. At the end of the first year 25,000 subscriptions were entered on his books. Encouraged by this response on the part of the public, Mr. Curtis began to advertise his monthly, with the result that at the end of the next ensuing six months he had doubled his circulation to 50,000 copies, and at the close of the year to 100,000. More advertising was resorted to, and on a larger scale, and at the close of 1886 the satisfactory result was shown of a subscription list of 400,000 names.

But by the "clubbing" system then in vogue among periodicals, of accepting "clubs of four" subscriptions for one dollar, practically the entire list of names represented twenty-five cents per year. At this point the subscription price was raised to its actual rate of fifty cents per year. At first a rebound was felt, but when 1888 had closed, 410,000 names were found enrolled upon the books, and at the increased subscription price.

Mr. Curtis now desired that his periodical should be strengthened in character and editorial policy so that it might find an equal welcome into the homes of the large cities. But to do this, and receive only fifty cents per year, was soon found to be impossible. On July 1, 1889, the price was accordingly increased to one dollar per year, so as to make larger editorial ventures the more possible.

Mrs. Knapp, who had been so largely instrumental in building up the paper, now found that the rapid growth of her editorial charge was interfering with her household duties. Her home ties were too strong to be severed, and in the latter part of October, 1889, she transferred the editorial management to its present hands.

The next two years were difficult ones with the JOURNAL, full of history to those who were part of them. But the liberal policy displayed by its owner was recognized by the public, and with the dawn of



A. B. WENZELL



ALICE BARBER STEPHENS



A. B. FROST



C. S. REINHART



FRANK O. SMALL



W. HAMILTON GIBSON



IRVING R. WILKS



R. B. BIRCH



C. D. GIBSON



HENRY SANDHAM



PALMER COX



MRS. ABBOTT



DR. TALMAGE



MRS. BOTTOME



EMMA M. HOOPER



MRS. LANIGAN



MRS. MALLON



ROBERT J. BURDETTE



ELISABETH R. SCOVIL



HARRIET O. MORISON



MR. REXFORD



MARGARET SIMS

A FEW OF THE EDITORS OF THE JOURNAL

that 500,104 annual subscriptions were on its books, with a monthly patronage on the news-stands and other sales amounting to 211,898 copies, aggregating in the whole a circulation, each month, of 712,002 copies—the largest present circulation of the single edition of any periodical, whether of daily, weekly or monthly publication, not only of America but of the world. A magazine's circulation must necessarily vary; a thousand and one things are conducive to that end. But, with the in-

million of dollars. This is simply for blank white paper. The literary expenses of the JOURNAL exceed one hundred thousand dollars during a year. This merely represents the literary material which goes into the paper, and the brains necessary to prepare it for the press. The salary list of the JOURNAL exceeds two hundred thousand dollars per year. Hence, in three single items is represented more than a half million of dollars. No account has as yet been taken of the composition or printing of the JOURNAL, the cost of the buildings occupied by it, and the thousand and one small expenses which enter into a large business.

Single out these what we may call "small" expenses, and the reader may be surprised.

Take one of the front cover designs of the JOURNAL, of which a new one is given each month, and it may interest people to know that the cost of each exceeds \$500 in its composition, engraving, etc.

Take, again, a single piece of musical composition covering six pages, such, for example, as the Strauss waltzes in the last issue, and it represents an outlay of more than \$8500, for the author's work, the composition, electrotyping plates, paper, printing, etc., and as the musical series is given in addition to all the features of the JOURNAL, this outlay is purely extra. This explanation may, perhaps, interest many readers who have written me, "Why do you not give us a piece of music in each number?" To ask for "a piece of music" sounds very small and modest, but one has to pay the cost of including "a piece of music" into such a widely-circulated magazine as the JOURNAL to appreciate, to the fullest extent, the meaning of it.

Many ask what unquestionably sounds as a very simple and easy request to them, "Why don't you make the JOURNAL smaller in size?" But they do not know that such a change means the utter uselessness of over \$75,000 worth of machinery except as it may be sold for old iron.

And so I could easily go on, and take the readers still further "behind the curtain." But enough has been suggested, perhaps, in a few brief items to prove the fallacy of the popular belief that publishers reap the only profit possible in literature. In more cases than many would believe is the truth applicable that the author and artist draw far more out of the magazine than does its owner.

Many readers of magazines complain of the space given over to advertisements. But the fact is overlooked—if indeed it is known at all by the public—that no magazine published to-day can make a profit for its owners but for the revenue derived from its advertising patronage. In the case of the JOURNAL, the income from subscriptions scarcely begins to cover its expenses. The advertising revenue only makes it possible to produce a paper of the character of the JOURNAL for its price of one dollar for twelve issues.

Sometimes unthinking people have written to me and made complaint that the JOURNAL allowed too much advertising to come within its pages. The fact of the matter is, however, that the JOURNAL really gives less advertising to its readers in proportion to its literary matter than any magazine published. It might very easily give more if it did not choose to recognize the rights of its readers. During the past six months it has returned from two to twelve columns of advertising to its customers each month because of its inability to carry the business without encroaching upon the literary portion of the papers. And where, at special seasons of the year, extra advertising is accepted, an additional amount of literary material is given, the proportion, in such cases, being evenly divided, so that the reader is really made the beneficiary.

While these remarks appertaining to advertising in reality belong more strictly to the business department, I have ventured to give this explanation to make it somewhat clearer to my readers that their interests are not so very much slighted as they imagine them to be, judging from the letters which have come to me. These letters, whether containing praise or blame, I am always glad to receive. They prove to me that the JOURNAL is being read and seriously considered, and that all over the world its subscribers feel a personal and kindly interest in its welfare. If the letters which praise, make my heart warm and relax my endeavors a little, those which censure, put me on my mettle and make me feel that nothing can stand still. The magazine must progress, else will it go back, and that I do not propose it shall do.

ONLY those acquainted with the publication of a widely-circulated periodical can begin to appreciate or form any idea of the immense plant necessary to conduct its

The new building is 67x135 feet in size, and six stories in height, the cost of its erection and fitting-up being about \$200,000. The front presents a harmonious use of

Some idea of the detail necessary in the editorial department of a large magazine may, perhaps, be gained when it is told that the JOURNAL receives, reads and passes upon over 15,000 manuscripts during a year, while over 18,000 letters are personally answered by its editors each year.

The fourth and fifth floors of the JOURNAL building are occupied by the mailing departments, which now sustain what is regarded as almost a perfect system, by which the magazine is mailed to its subscribers each month. Exactly thirty days are required for the mailing of a single edition, so that one issue is scarcely mailed before work is begun on the following number.

On the sixth floor is the subscription-list department, where all the subscribers' names are set into type and taken care of. Fifty-eight people are here employed for this purpose. The names are kept by cities and States, each State being kept separate and under the direction of one girl with such assistants as the size of her State warrants. Forty tons of type are represented in the 518,000 names now in type on this floor, the investment in this room alone representing \$25,000. The list of foreign subscribers here shows that of the sixty-four civilized nations on the globe the JOURNAL has regular subscribers in fifty-eight—penetrating the farthest points of the earth. Thus it is that travelers in Burmah, Siberia, the Canary Islands, Siam, the Fiji Islands, the Barbadoes, Liberia, Iceland and Macedonia have found THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL where other American periodicals were unknown.

regular subscribers, and circulates each month. The following is a complete list of such countries at the present writing:

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| Africa | Havti |
| Argentina Republic | Holland |
| Antigua, West Indies | Honduras |
| Asia | Hungary |
| Asia Minor | India |
| Austria | Ireland |
| Australia | Italy |
| Bahamas | Jamaica |
| Barbadoes | Japan |
| Benguela | Liberia |
| Bermuda | Macedonia |
| Belgium | Mexico |
| Brazil | Natal |
| British Honduras | New Foundland |
| British Guiana | New Zealand |
| British Columbia | Nicaragua |
| Bulgaria | Norway |
| Burmah | Palestine |
| Canada | Panama |
| Canary Islands | Persia |
| Cape Colony | Peru |
| Central America | Russia |
| Ceylon | Scotland |
| China | Siam |
| Chili | South America |
| Corea | Spain |
| Cuba | St. Thomas |
| Danish West Indies | Straits Settlements |
| Denmark | Sweden |
| Dutch Guiana | Switzerland |
| Egypt | Syria |
| England | Trinidad |
| Finland | Turkey |
| France | Turk's Island |
| Germany | Uruguay |
| Greece | Wales |
| Guatemala | West Indies |
| Guinea | Yucatan |
| Hawaiian Islands | |

Each month the JOURNAL is received into 38,000 post-offices throughout the world, of which 36,108 are in the United States and Canada.

Three years ago a great deal of thought was spent by the management of the JOURNAL in devising some means by which the methods of offering honorariums to obtain subscriptions might be changed. Watches, pianos, organs, and even houses and lots had been offered by various periodicals, large and small. Finally, an educative policy was thought of. Thousands of girls were anxious to secure an education, but the cost stood in the way. For a year the JOURNAL wrestled with the problem, and finally it was brought down to a working basis.

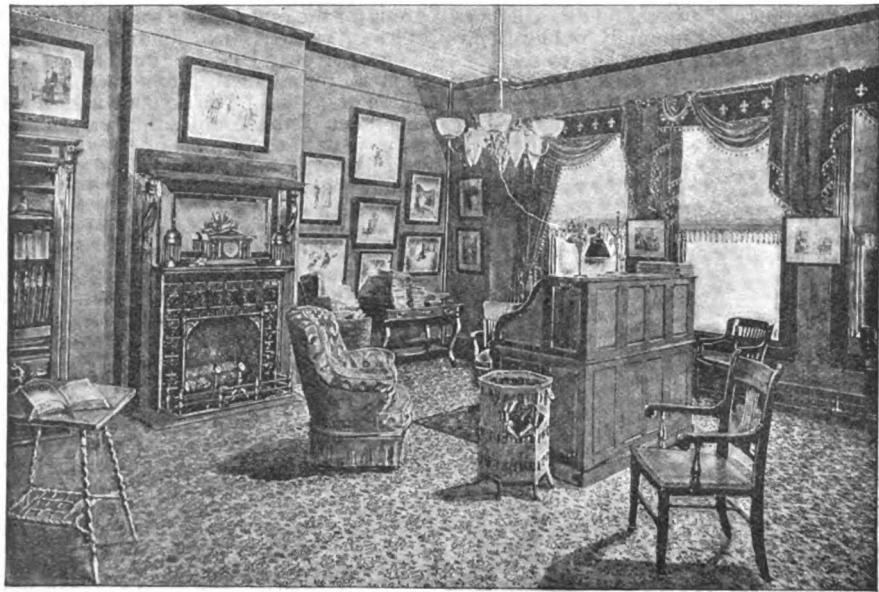
The first offers were then announced: free educations at Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, or any girls' college in the world were held out—at the expense of the JOURNAL. Within a year the first three girls to be entitled to free educations were sent to college—the first for a complete four-year term, the other two for one year each.

The plan was entirely successful; the following year musical scholarships were offered, and within two years the JOURNAL had educated eighty-five girls in the New England Conservatory of Music without any expense to themselves. These girls represented twenty-two States, showing that they came from all parts of the Union. During this winter it is believed that over one hundred girls will be musically and vocally trained at the expense of the JOURNAL. Certainly, before the year is out the JOURNAL will have given educations to over two hundred American girls.

Recently the plan was again enlarged, until now it embraces scholarships in music, art, elocution, or any branch of study whatever, thus giving the widest possible scope to the offers. The JOURNAL was the first periodical in the world to make free educational offers possible. That the plan has been successful finds its best evidence in the fact that it has been imitated *ad libitum*.

The JOURNAL gives employment to over four hundred persons; of this number about two-thirds are women.

And thus I have tried to give my readers not only the history of how the JOURNAL began and has prospered, but also of the buildings where it is located and from whence they receive their copies each month. It is a pleasant home; pleasant people are domiciled within it. Come whenever you are in Philadelphia and see for yourself. Then, perhaps, you will say that the half had not been told you. The friends of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will always be welcome at its home.



A VIEW OF MR. CURTIS' PRIVATE OFFICE

business, or of the enormous amount of detail required in the workings of the different departments of a magazine.

When THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL started in 1883, it occupied a loft room, 20x25 feet, in a building on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Its force consisted of four people besides Mrs. Knapp and Mr. Curtis. When an additional force of fifteen women had been employed it was found that new quarters must be secured, and the entire building of 433 Arch Street was rented. It was then believed that ample space had been obtained. Within two years, however, these quarters had been outgrown, and the adjoining building, 435 Arch Street, was taken. In these premises one hundred and eighty employees were domiciled.

During this time the JOURNAL was printed by outside firms, but in 1892 the idea of doing its own printing and perfecting the mechanical work of the magazine under the JOURNAL's personal supervision was conceived. The buildings at 401-415 Appletree Street, just in the rear of the Arch Street office building, were secured, and there the establishment of a complete outfit of press-rooms, composing-rooms, bindery and mailing departments was begun. This has been completed, and in these buildings are now located all the departments necessary to the purely mechanical manufacture of the JOURNAL; that is, here the paper is set up into type, made up into pages, printed and folded. Experts have pronounced this plant as being among the most perfect and thorough maintained by any publishing house. The machinery alone represents an investment of over \$200,000.

The press-room contains eighteen printing presses of the newest and best make. These presses produce 35,000 complete copies of the JOURNAL per day, so that it can easily be figured that it requires nearly an entire month of working days of constant printing to produce a single edition of the magazine.

In the composing-room, where the JOURNAL is set into type, are over 5,000 pounds of type.

The bindery must, of course, bind as many copies per day as the printing-room prints. Sixteen binding, folding, cutting and stitching machines are used, two of the large folding-machines folding and binding alone 30,000 complete copies of a 32-page paper per day. The stitching-machines can stitch 50,000 copies per day.

Two large rooms are used for storing the white paper upon which the JOURNAL is printed. The paper used in a regular edition of the JOURNAL amounts to 4160 reams. Each ream weighs eighty pounds, so that the curious can easily compute that it requires over three and a quarter millions of pounds of paper to print each edition of the JOURNAL, and this only when the paper is thirty-two pages, which number it now often exceeds. Nor is the cover-paper included in this estimate. An interesting fact, too, is that it requires over three millions of revolutions of the presses to print a single edition of a 32-page issue of the JOURNAL. Over two thousand pounds of ink are used on the magazine each month.

In the spring of 1892 the five houses standing on the property 421-427 Arch Street were torn down, and ground was broken for a building for the JOURNAL which should be exclusively its own, and be also large enough to accommodate the general offices of the business. On January 15 last this building was completed, and it is in this home of its own that the JOURNAL is now located.

Here are located only the general departments of the business, the manufacturing portions all remaining in the Appletree Street buildings, which are connected with the main building by a new bridging device.

Pompeian brick, brown-stone and terracotta, the general architecture speaking for itself in the picture of the building here



THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL'S BUILDING, 421-427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

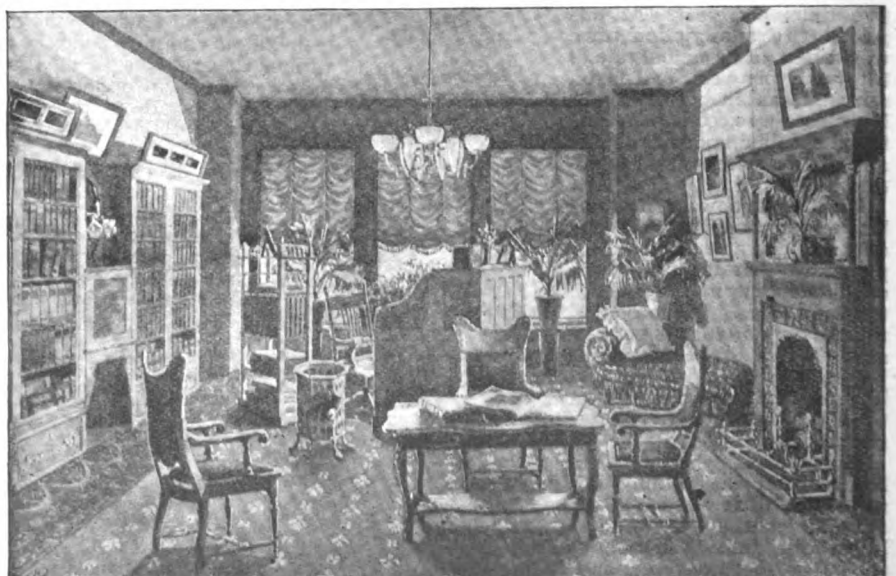
presented. The building was designed by H. J. Hardenbergh, the architect of the new "Hotel Waldorf" in New York City.

The first floor of the building is given over to the offices of the business manager, the secretary and treasurer, the cashier and bookkeepers, mail openers and assorters, and to the general subscription department, employing eighty-five clerks. The interior fittings are entirely of Pollard oak, all the furnishings having been especially constructed for this department in Chicago and transported by special cars to Philadelphia.

The second floor is occupied by the agents' and book departments, and accommodates the fifty clerks necessary for the transaction of these portions of the business. In the department of agents an active correspondence is constantly sustained with over 2500 agents employed in the service of the JOURNAL in every part of the country and the world.

The third floor is given over to the private offices of Mr. Curtis and the editor with their associates. Each editor has her private office, which rule has also been carried out with the private secretaries, the artists, manuscript clerks and advertising managers, so that the privacy necessary to careful work is insured to all the editorial and art workers on the JOURNAL. The magazine employs twenty-four salaried editors in its editorial and art departments, besides its representatives abroad.

give here a list of the different countries, municipalities and islands of the world in which THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has



A GLIMPSE OF MR. BOK'S PRIVATE OFFICE



SHUFFLE-SHOON AND AMBER-LOCKS

BY EUGENE FIELD

SHUFFLE-SHOON and Amber-Locks
Sit together, building blocks;
Shuffle-Shoon is old and gray—
Amber-Locks a little child,
But together at that play
Age and youth are reconciled,
And with sympathetic glee
Build their castles fair to see!

"When I grow to be a man"—
So the wee one's prattle ran—
"I shall build a castle—so,
With a gateway broad and grand.
Here a pretty vine shall grow,
There a soldier guard shall stand;
And the tower shall be so high
Folks will wonder by-and-by!"

Shuffle-Shoon quoth: "Yes, I know,
Thus I builded, long ago!
Here a gate and there a wall,
Here a window, there a door;
Here a steeple, wondrous tall,
Riseth ever more and more;
But the years have leveled low
What I builded, long ago!"

So they gossip at their play
Heedless of the fleeting day.
One speaks of that Long-Ago
Where his dead hopes buried lie;
One with chubby cheeks aglow,
Pratteth of the By-and-By.
Side by side, twin castles grow—
By-and-By and Long-Ago!

Long-Ago and By-and-By—
Ah, what years atween them lie!
Yet, oh grandsire, gaunt and gray,
By what grace art thou beguiled
That thou sharest in the play
Of that little lispin' child?
Children both, they build their blocks—
Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks.

THE WELCOME MAN

BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES

OF men and lovers, brothers—all
He is the welcome one!
Whenever he may choose to call
I gladly rise, and run
To meet and greet him with a smile
And eager beating heart, the while.

At morn if I am not "in trim"
And other fellows come
I cleverly retreat. To him
I always am at home—
With bangs in crimp, I boldly stand
And willingly extend my hand.

And yet his presence sometimes brings
Regret, and pain, and blame,
And other aggravating things—
No matter! Just the same
I fly to ope the door and see
If he a letter have for me!

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

BY HARRY ROMAINE

OLD Si-up-on-the-mount'in 'd take his cheer
Out on the porch, an' if the day was
clear,
He'd see the country twenty mile around.
Sometimes he'd swear that he could see the
Sound—
Then he'd allow he didn't care ter do
No work but set thar an' enji' the view.

But, ez his land was mostly wood an' stun,
The village people had a lot er fun
'Bout Silas an' his farmin', where the grass
Was thin enough ter let er chipmunk pass,
An' in a place there wer'n't no gittin' to—
He must be sort er foolish, were their view!

But, when a city feller come erlong
An' seen that view, it tuk him mighty strong.
An' Silas hed the everlastin' sand
To ask him more'en if 'twas medder land;
He set his price—by gosh, he got it too,
Nigh fourteen thousand dollars fer that view!

Then Silas went up further, to the top,
An' bought some land that never raised a crop,
But ez ter that he 'lowed he did not care;
He wanted light an' scenery an' fresh air.
Now, he collects his interest, when it's due,
An' sets there smokin' an' enjies the view!

A PRAIRIE GIRL'S THRONE

BY CARL SMITH

WHERE the road winds away o'er the
sandhills
(Which seem quite like nothing the least
More than the grim ghosts of the grand hills
You left in the green-girdled East),
The sod house stands, weakly and humbly,
Invoking the pity of all;
The doorstep is shaky and tumbly,
The chimney is ready to fall.

The fence of barb-wire built around it
For months on its staples has swayed—
The homesteaders' children have found it
A famous slackwire promenade;
And the sods of the little school building
Are crumbling where blizzards have been,
And the sun through one small hole is gilding
A streak of the earth floor within.

The plaster of bricklayers' mortar
Is all the fresco that it knows;
One bench is a little bit shorter
And one a mite lowlier goes—
There are three made of rough boards and
scantling,
And a keg where the teacher in state
Looks down while the homesteader's bantling
Discourses on Britain the Great.

The teacher is sweetly informal,
Her face is the face of the good;
She knows not a thing of "the Normal,"
But all that a prairie girl should.
Ah, yes, I imagine the ladies
Who teach the young folk in the town
Would deem life out here as a Hades,
Nor see in that nail keg a throne.

But she, the brave girl of the prairies
And sandhills, imagines that this
Grim life, that ne'er changes nor varies,
Is pleasure that runs ne'er amiss;
For the homesteaders' children may try her,
And dullness and stubbornness pall,
But forty-six young men swear by her,
And one—but you wait till next fall.

THE MOTHER'S LETTER

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

OH! postman on your weary round, what have you in your bag?
The tale of death, the tale of birth; it is not strange you lag
That last slow mile, as one by one, you hand the letters in—
Sweet messengers of love and faith, 'mid strife and woe and sin.

In yonder dingy boarding-house there stands a tempted boy—
The devil whispers in his ear: "Come, taste my brimming joy.
Come, sell your soul, what matters it about another world?
This world is here; come, drink my wine with sparkling zest imperaled."

Oh! postman, ringing at the door, you're haply just in time;
You hand his mother's letter in; its sweetness cannot chime
With siren pleadings from the pit; let's look upon the page,
And see how mothers meet the foe, when souls are thrown for gaze.

"Dear Ned," she writes, "old Ponto fails, the dog is growing gray,
I think he misses you, my dear; you've been so long away,
What rambles o'er the hills you two in other days have had,
I pet old Ponto for your sake, my precious, precious lad.

"The little sister grows apace, you'd hardly know her now.
She gets to have a look of you about the open brow,
I tell her: 'Polly, study hard, be just like brother Ned.
Wherever others stood, my dear, he always stood up head'

"I go to meeting every week, of course, but in the pew,
You wouldn't think, dear boy, how much your mother misses you.
They've got new singers in the choir, a tenor and a bass,
And little Susy Spalding, with a voice to match her face.

"She, Susy, is a darling, and she often sits with me.
And puss, though growing wheezy, climbs purring to her knee.
The bird is dead—I'm sorry—but he was ten in May,
One cannot keep canary birds forever and a day.

"Lame Willie always asks for Ned, 'When did you hear, and what?'
I wish you could write often, dear, but mind, I say this not
To blame you—men must work in town, and mothers understand;
I always trust the golden heart, behind the good right hand!

"God bless you, Ned. Vacation time is speeding on so fast,
I'll have you when the daisies bloom, ere strawberries are past.
I love you, love you, darling Ned, this stupid letter take
And pardon any errors for your own dear mother's sake."

Oh! postman, trudging in the dark, an angel went before
And left a blessing on the note you handed in that door.
And, skulking onward on the blast, the devil left his prey,
Apollyon put to flight before a mother's love to-day.

And mother, with your boy away, and so much out of sight,
Do more than love, and more than pray, to shield him in the fight;
Write often of the simple things that hold him to the farm,
And let his childhood round his life weave fast its mystic charm.

THE DESERTED INN

BY JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS

IT stands all alone like a goblin in gray.
The old-fashioned inn of a pioneer day,
In a land so forlorn and forgotten, it seems
Like a wraith of the past rising into our
dreams;
Its glories have vanished, and only the ghost
Of a sign-board now creaks on its desolate post,
Recalling a time when all hearts were akin
As they rested a night in that welcoming inn.

The patient old well-sweep that knelt like a nun,
And lifted cool draughts to the lips of each one,
Is gone from the place, and its curbing of stone
Is a clump of decay, with rank weeds over-
grown;
And where the red barn with its weathercock
rose
On the crest of the hill, now the wild ivy
grows,
And only the shade of the tall chincapin
Remaineth unchanged at the old country inn.

The wind whistles shrill through the wide-open
doors,
And lizards keep house on the mouldering
floors;
The kitchen is cold, and the hall is as still
As the heart of the hostess, out there on the
hill;
The fireplace that roared in the long winter
night,
When the wine circled round, and the laughter
was light,
Is a mass of gray stones, and the garret-rats
play
Hide-and-seek on the stairs in the glare of the
day.

No longer the host hobbles down from his rest,
In the porch's cool shadow, to welcome his
guest
With a smile of delight, and a grasp of the hand,
And a glance of the eye that no heart could
withstand.
When the long rains of autumn set in from the
west
The mirth of the landlord was broadest and
best,
And the stranger who paused, over night, never
knew
If the clock on the mantel struck ten or struck
two.

Oh, the songs they would sing, and the tales
they would spin,
As they lounged in the light of the old country
inn.
But a day came at last when the stage brought
no load
To the gate, as it rolled up the long, dusty road.
And lo! at the sunrise a shrill whistle blew
O'er the hills—and the old yielded place to the
new—
And a merciless age with its discord and din
Made wreck, as it passed, of the pioneer inn.

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THE TASKMISTRESS OF WOMAN

By Robert J. Burdette



DOWN with the kitchen! Away with it! Axe, torch and battering-ram to the work of demolition! Let not one brick of its perennially smoking chimney remain to tell men where once stood the disturber, nay, the destroyer of home life in the great republic. Then once more will come white-winged Peace, with her soft breast and starry eyes, to brood above pure homes of love and joy.

Now, this is not the original cry of the monster, man. It is merely a hearty echo, by the lower and coarser sex, of the cry that voiced itself in the great Chicago Congress, that has been making itself heard, for lo, these several years, in the soft, still—rather still—voice of the gentler, and wiser, and nobler, altogether better and more desirable half of the human race. Not man, but woman is crying for emancipation from the kitchen. Man is free. Indeed, he has never been a slave in that land of bondage, where the cruel taskmistress rules with a two-pronged rod of iron; where the dull thud of the pitiless mallet is heard to fall upon the cringing beefsteak at the blissful hour when "the pink dawn buds like a rose," and where the smoke of the housekeeper's torment arises forever. But his heart is moved by pity, by a certain sense of justice, by his affection for certain individual representatives of the gentler and better sex hereinbefore mentioned, and possibly, in some instances, by the ignoble motives which prompted an unjust man to do justice in the old parable—"because she troubleth me," and "lest by her continual coming she weary me"—but whatever be his motive, he is in hearty accord with the desire, not yet developed into a movement, to abolish the kitchen.

NOW, daughters of the republic, and you, brethren, who affect not to read THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, but whom I can very distinctly see hiding out in the hall and listening through the portiere, what I have to say upon this important subject, I want it distinctly understood, is uttered in the voice of a man, who, although by the accident of his birth essentially a monster, is, nevertheless, not a cook. He speaks of the kitchen from the point of view, at the very nearest, of the dining-room. I served three years in the army, and during all that time some other soldier cooked my food for me. When he didn't I ate it raw or went without it. I can light a fire in the woods with green sticks in a driving rain as well as any savage. Then when I have lighted it I can't cook anything over it. I do not know one single receipt for preparing any kind of food in any sort of way. If I did know how I wouldn't do it. Save for the disgrace of the thing, and the degrading associations, from my point of view, I consider the penitentiary a much pleasanter place than the kitchen.

BUT, dearly beloved, I do not see how we are going to dispense with the kitchen. So long as a great many people will eat—it is a habit that has been strengthened and developed through so many generations that I doubt if any treatment in the world can now overcome it—so long some people must cook. Cooking is an honorable occupation; nay, it is a profession. Very few ministers, very few college professors in the United States receive a salary equal to the "annual stipendiary complement" which Mr. Vanderbilt, the great, extends to his cook. Man is always grateful to the "epicurean cooks who sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite." But, with the exception of the subscribers, there are very few persons connected with this magazine who care to pay ten thousand dollars a year for a cook. Some few—and among this exclusive few it is barely possible there may be some of our readers—do not pay the cook more than five or six hundred a year. Then, passing this class, we reach that exceedingly select and very limited circle, in which the ladies chip their own china, scald their own fingers and lay their breakages upon their own cat, at board wages and no Sundays out. I presume there are but few people who can really afford to do this, although I am not enough of a society man, myself, to be quoted as authority on this point. The question before us then is how the kitchen, such an important and indispensable department of the home, has grown to be a nightmare, a bugaboo, a back-breaking, soul-wearing burden, a complicated problem the solution of which is the hope and despair of the homekeeper? And farther, how shall she rid herself of this terrible old woman of the sea?

THE fact is—and right here I want to be as offensively dogmatic as I know how to be; I expect to get scalped for it anyhow, and I might as well say it as meanly, as impertinently, as "I-know-all-about-it-don't-talk-back-to-me"—ally as I can—the fact is, lovely woman, patient, persecuted, much-enduring, long-suffering woman is herself largely responsible for the unpleasant condition of things which make the kitchen to the home what the noise is to the wagon, the cinders to the train, and the "oh, my!" to the ocean voyage. Nobody wants them, everybody studies how to get rid of them, and yet they are on the programme every time, and are never omitted, whatever else has to be "cut." I repeat it, woman, the kitchen, "as she is," is your own work. It is largely your own fault. Not that my sympathy is thereby diminished in any degree. Far otherwise; it is increased and intensified a hundred fold. Always am I sorer for people who get into trouble of any kind by their own unaided efforts, than I am for the innocent martyrs who have been led into trouble by wicked and designing people who "made them do it." Because the innocent victims have the solid comfort of blaming it upon somebody else, which is consolation enough for any sinner. But my heart bleeds for the unaided transgressor, who has the "down row" to work. Wherefore, I have but scant sympathy for Adam; I feel that he largely shut out compassion when he said: "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me"—she got me into all this scrape—blaming God for putting her into the garden at all, and blaming her for all the subsequent wickedness in it. But my heart goes out to my beautiful, young grandmother—I know she was beautiful, because I have seen Doré's portraits of her, and I know she was young, because she was only a few days old when she was married—all my heart goes out to her because she owned up, blaming nobody but the devil, and touching him very lightly. So when I say it is woman's own fault that the dreaded kitchen has grown, from an innocent, cheery, singing servant and comrade, to be the exacting, pitiless taskmistress from which she most earnestly groans to be delivered, more than ever do I wish that I might devise some way of escape for her.

"THE devil beguiled me and I did eat," was all your grandmamma Eve had to say when she was asked to show cause why she should not be sent out of the garden of peace into the world of hunger, and housekeeping, and cooking, and marketing, and three meals a day for the family, with luncheon for the men late at night, and "pieces" for the children every hour thrown in—thrown into the children, as it were. And it seems to me that the same wily old tempter must have beguiled her granddaughters in much the same way, by offering them something to eat, a little more elaborately prepared than the simple repasts to which they had been accustomed. Our civilization—I call it that because the term is commonly applied to our mode of life in our own times and nation—has certainly complicated our—that is, your work in the kitchen, while everywhere else it has simplified labor. You have made work for yourself where there was none. I know you. A man comes in late; he says: "Now don't go to any trouble, I only want a little bread and butter and a cup of tea." You go to work and get him a dinner. Why, there are old-fashioned homes yet in this fair land, where the kitchen isn't such a terror; where, if I ring a door-bell as early as two o'clock in the afternoon, the lady of the house is likely to come to the door herself; she is at leisure to sit down in the parlor and chat so long as the visitor stays. At the hour of my call she is through with work in that end of the house until the hungry man comes home. In the evening, there being no opera in the village this year, she goes to the weekly prayer-meeting, or there is an occasional concert, or a sporadic lecture, or a church fair, or she visits a neighbor, or enjoys the quiet evening quite as pleasantly at home. "Oh," you say, "that is not living; that is existence; I had rather die than live that way." All right then; your troubles and perplexities call for no man's sympathy; they are not matters of necessity, but of preference. As to your preferring to die, that is neither here nor there. You've got to die, anyhow, whether you "had rather" or "had rather not." You are no more a martyr than the rest of us, who most emphatically "had rather not" die, but who are going to just the same. "You must have servants." I know you must. You say your family has to have something to eat. Oh well, we also eat in this village I wot of three times a day.

SO long as I have been a visitor and a sojourner there, there has not one person starved to death, although in the city hard by, where people employ from one to fifteen servants in their houses, the coroner reports deaths from starvation every year. I don't know how that is, being a simple countryman myself, but I suppose it costs so much to feed the servants that the family starves. But in this "sweet auburn" we have no cases of destitution, nor even hunger, save among the schoolboys, whose regular meals simply act as appetizers, and keep them munching apples and cracking nuts, and gnawing various kinds of edible roots and barks all day, in frenzied, but futile efforts to allay the pangs of that constant hunger which is the normal condition of a healthy, growing, out-of-doors boy. Everybody eats, everywhere I have ever been. But your grandmother never had such a variety of china in her house as you have, and she had a family twice as large. Your breakfast china—why, it ought to feed a man of æsthetic tastes without anything on it. But it won't. I saw the other day, in a journal published for your sole and exclusive benefit, a "menu for a luncheon for five." It was very "nice." The preceding day I sat down at table to the same thing; only we called it dinner, and there were seven of us. That was all the difference. Each of us had "more," and there was enough left to last the dog two days—and our dog is long, and hollow as a bamboo, and has an appetite like his chum, the boy. If you will make the table the most important thing in the home, if you will insist that the great object of life is to eat, why then the house should be turned around and the kitchen should stand where the parlor does, and the library could be moved out over the washroom. Then on rainy days it could be utilized as a drying-room.

OH, woman, if you will have carpets somebody must propel the sweeper; if you must have stuffy curtains and hangings somebody must fight the invading moth; if you will make your house an art gallery, a museum of modern curios, a furniture warehouse, a china emporium, a toy-shop and a World's Fair in miniature—why, you do make it a dimple of loveliness, but know this, my daughter, and hear it for thy good, she that increaseth bric-à-brac increaseth care, and much *bijouterie* is a weariness of the flesh. But all this is your own doing. Wherefore, do not come around the den of the man, wailing that woman's work is never done; that you are tired to death, and that you have no time to read or improve yourself. Go to your mirror and make faces at the responsible party. Of course, the monster enjoys all these things—the exquisite taste and the art and the loveliness in his house. He enjoys the toothsome breakfast and the dainty china, the elaborate luncheon and the great dinner. But he doesn't really need so much, and I doubt very much if it is good for him. We eat our dinner, all we want—more, possibly, than we need—we feel perfectly satisfied, and then you—the best and noblest creature in all this world—you, the woman who was given to be with us, you, woman, who have to make all your own desserts and pastry because she whom you hired for your cook only learned to cook on a canal-boat—you tempt us with additional dainties which the gods on high Olympus smack their lips to look down upon.

OH, that's all that saves you from a good "talking to." Were it not that your self-imposed burdens were all taken upon your hands, and your mind, and your heart, not for your own comfort and gratification, but for the angelic joy you have in ministering to others, I would talk to you like a "Dutch uncle." If I were your colonel I would tie you up by the thumbs; then, when you were cut down, you would rest for three or four hours anyhow, while you fondled your thumbs with your tenderest caresses. But I am not colonel. Like many another monster I am only lieutenant-colonel. Live more easily; want less for the rest of the household. You say: "The barn is a nice, plain, bare, unadorned place, with plenty of hay and corn; if we are going to live like the cattle let us move down there." No; what's the matter with the house? It is a good enough place; the man finds it a delightful, beautiful, heavenly place to live in. It doesn't make him any work. You do make it a Paradise for him. Now just make it an easier place for yourself. Our intense civilization is making the home, for the mistress of it, a place from which once a year, at least, she gladly runs away. Small wonder if she should run away and never come back again. You have made a home for the monster, such a lair as Titania might envy, a grotto wherein fairies might love to dance—the sweetest, dearest spot on the map of the world. Now make it a resting-place for yourself, and "us men" will look at you and say: "Well, if she had been in Eden there would have been no snake." "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

Robert J. Burdette

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THE FASHIONABLE FURS

By Isabel A. Mallon

THE use of fur upon a gown invariably gives to it an air of luxury. The full, soft effect of a fur decoration is always becoming and tends to make the skin look clearer and whiter, as well as to give an artistic air to the costume. The great painters fully understood the value of fur, and in painting beautiful women robed them in rich velvets and brocades, with collars and trimmings of fur. Titian's idea of a rich gown—one which he designed for his wife—was a semi-loose crimson velvet, elaborately trimmed with sable, and having the waist-line defined by a girdle of gold, set with precious stones. To-day such luxury is almost unknown, but the value of furs is fully appreciated.

THE FUR-TRIMMED COAT

THE fur coat, the coat lined and trimmed with fur, or the coat simply decorated with fur, each has its special use and each is



COAT OF ENGLISH SEAL (Illus. No. 1)

chosen according to the style of the wearer and the climate in which it will be worn. The fancy for golden brown has made Russian and Hudson Bay sable of even greater value than ever. The latter will be the fur most worn, as the real sable is worth very much more than its weight in gold, and consequently belongs to the few and not to the many. Mink, that very effective brown fur, is also liked, and some fine harmonies in brown shadings are achieved by the joining together of the mink tails to form collars, muffs, cuffs or flat band decorations.

THE POPULAR FURS

THE very darkest sealskin remains the popular fur for coats or wraps. Very often it is trimmed with a contrasting fur, but wise women in buying a new coat elect that it shall be untrimmed the first year, so that it may be freshened the second by a decoration. For mourning wear, black Persian lamb remains in vogue and is essentially the mourning fur, although as the seal is so dark, it is a question of personal taste in electing its use in conjunction with crêpe.

Silver fox, that exquisite bluish-gray fur, is noted on evening wraps, while blue fox and red fox, which, by-the-by, is yellow in color, are also chosen for use when a rather pronounced effect is desired. In black furs, the long-haired ones, like the black lynx and black fox, are given the preference. Gray krimmer, that soft, curling fur which many people improperly call gray astrakhan, is occasionally seen, but, somehow, Dame Fashion has dedicated it almost exclusively to the children.

A VERY STYLISH COAT

THE coat shown in Illustration No. 1 is a style that has much to commend it and one which will undoubtedly be very fashionable. The coat is made of very dark English seal, and reaches quite to the knees. It is fitted in at the back to the waist and then flares out in umbrella fashion, while the front is double-breasted and semi-loose. The collar is a broad shawl one standing up high on the shoulders; the full sleeves shape into the arms comfortably and yet are sufficiently loose to permit them to slip easily over the bodice sleeves. This coat is lined throughout with a rich brocade of brown, white and gold. The bonnet worn is a golden brown velvet, having two mink tails standing up in front as if they were feather tips, and just below them, resting almost on the forehead, is a deep yellow velvet rose. The ties are of dark brown velvet ribbon. The muff belonging to this coat is decidedly larger than the muff of last season, and it is swung about the neck on a gold chain that at every quarter of a yard shows a pearl strung on it. The fullness in the skirt of this coat allows plenty of room for the gown, and its semi-looseness makes it easy to assume. Women who know how to take care of their furs advise wearing under a fur coat a silk bodice, a plain one that cannot be injured in any way by the weight of the fur garment, and which does not injure the lining, by cutting it, with elaborate trimmings, as perhaps the bodice to the skirt itself would. Of course, this bodice can only be worn when it is not intended to remove one's outer wrap.

COATS OF BROCADE

CLOTH and brocade coats are very elaborately trimmed and lined with fur, or if they are not to be worn in a very cold climate the fur lining is omitted and the decorations are the only suggestion of fur. But when one says decorations in regard to a coat it must be remembered that they include the muff and usually a little fur on the hat or bonnet. Mink is very generally used upon cloth coats, which it frequently lines, and quite as often forms the large collar and deep cuffs, as well as the outlining of all the edges.

Very rich coats are of brocade with fur decorations, and these are especially handsome for visiting or for wear to places of amusement. A typical one, shown in Illustration No. 2, is of black satin elaborately brocaded with gold. The coat is quite long and is fitted in to the figure at the back and front. Very long revers start from the waist-line, where they are quite narrow, and extend until they flare out broadly on the sleeves, achieving the effect of the Empire revers; these are of Hudson Bay sable, and meeting as they do just in the centre, where the closing is invisibly performed by hooks, it seems as if the entire corsage part was of fur. The collar is a high one of the fur, a gold hook and eye clasping it in the centre. The sleeves are very full puffs of the brocade, gathered in to deep cuffs of the fur that are made to fit the arm closely by being fastened on the outer side with hooks and eyes that are quite invisible. The muff is the usual large one of Hudson Bay sable swung on a gold chain, and the bonnet has its crown made of gold braid, its brim of fur; while a knot of gold braid forms the trimming just in front. The ties are of black velvet. Somewhat simpler coats are of plain black brocade with Russian collars of sealskin, Persian lamb, fox, mink or astrakhan.



A SET OF MINK FURS (Illus. No. 3)

MUFFS AND CRAVATS

THE little fur cravat made of mink, sable, Hudson Bay sable, astrakhan or Persian lamb, showing the little animal itself crossed about the throat with its head looking as if it were alive, will undoubtedly be quite as popular as last season.

The muffs of the season are decidedly larger. Very beautiful linings of brocade are used on the muffs, and it is whispered that returning to the fashion of a hundred years ago, it is possible that we may see a lady in full evening dress carrying her muff as coquettishly as if it were a bouquet or a fan.



FUR-TRIMMED BROCADE COAT (Illus. No. 2)

MINK CAPE AND CRAVAT

IN Illustration No. 3 is shown a set of mink furs that best illustrate what I mean by possessing one set of furs that are adjustable. The costume with which these furs are worn is of golden brown cloth, the coat being a close-fitting one which is quite long. About the coat is an Empire cape of mink, which is basted on each time it is worn, and above it is a mink cravat clasped around the cloth collar. The deep cuffs that slip over the sleeves are of mink and so is the big muff. The round hat is of the cloth decorated with mink tails and heads.

The fur cape reaching to the waist-line is entirely out of fashion. A smart cape comes quite below the waist and consists of a series of small capes. Considerable fullness is allowed for the shoulders so that a broad effect is given to the wearer. Capes made entirely of fur, or of some rich material trimmed with fur, after this style, are pretty for evening wear, but I confess I do not think them exactly adapted for street use. The most expensive cape shown at the furriers' is of Russian sable; it reaches to below the waist and is finished with a fringe of sable tails. However, this is more interesting to look at than to buy, inasmuch as its price is three thousand dollars. In buying your furs remember that there is greater wisdom in choosing an inexpensive fur that is real, than in selecting a cheap imitation of a fine fur.

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It has none of its disagreeable and indigestible features.

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After the Fair is over

many who were there during "canning season" must needs procure their winter's supplies "all put up." To such we would commend our

"Table Delicacies for Dainty Diners"

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Write us, giving name of your grocer if he does not handle our goods.
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EVERY housekeeper finds that a slice of delicious Ham, just broiled to a turn, or a dainty sliver of Breakfast Bacon, furnishes a most appetizing relish with

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ASK YOUR GROCER for the lightest and most delicious
For a light lunch or a health food, it is not equalled.
FAY BISCUIT
Made by **MARVIN-PITTSBURGH**

NEW IDEAS FOR CHURCH SOCIABLES

Arranged by Mrs. A. G. Lewis

A PATRIOTIC EVENING

AS SUCCESSFULLY CARRIED OUT BY THE MEMBERS OF ONE OF BOSTON'S LEADING CHURCHES

THE rapidly growing interest among Americans in favor of maize or Indian corn as our national flower or plant led the members of the church mentioned to prepare a maize festival, in which the varied features of the evening lent their aid in portraying the beauty and significance of this emblem. The question as to whether or not corn (maize is preferred since corn is the generic term for all grains) can be used effectively in decoration seems to have been settled once for all. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

The rear of the platform was banked with maize (made out of paper) in all the glory of a full harvest. Pillars, too, were wreathed with unhusked corn gracefully arranged among the long-bladed leaves of green paper imitations of corn leaves, while upon the walls were hung long, braided strings of ripened ears of corn.

THE special feature of the evening was the procession led by a young lady wearing a genuine Zuni costume ornamented with rich and costly girdle, and bearing upon her head an earthen jar filled with ears of corn. Next came John Alden with pretty Priscilla Endicott. She carried a plate upon which were "only three grains of corn," representing Jamestown and Plymouth. After these came several maidens bearing emblems representing consecutive periods of American history. Their costumes were fashioned out of soft, clinging material in corn color and pale green, somewhat after the Greek style, with long, full trains garnished with corn leaves, plumes and tassels. A case containing rare relics and curiosities belonging to the Hopa Indians was on exhibition, and the walls were hung with aquarelles illustrating the "Song of the Ancient People" as recited by its author, Mrs. Proctor.

Numerous articles were on sale by the ladies, among them some dolls of very unique design—the body and head being a cob of corn, over which a frock and shawl, and bonnet made out of real corn husks colored and fashioned in exact imitation of a pretty doll's costume, were neatly sewed and fitted. The ladies also sold a valuable receipt book containing directions how to cook corn in a hundred different ways, the receipts being contributed by ladies living in nearly every State in the Union.

SUPPER was served, the bill of fare being wholly maize confections, such as corn soups, corn and chicken croquettes, Indian pudding, corn omelet, corn oysters, creamed corn, corn patties and fritters and succotash, also old Virginia batter-cakes, ponces, hoe cakes and hominy bread, popcorn, brown-bread ice cream (a curious *mélange*) and corn coffee.

Table decorations combined the two colors—corn color and pale green—and the waiters wore pretty costumes in keeping with the idea represented.

Edna Dean Proctor's famous Columbian Harvest hymn, set to music by a young Boston composer, was given its first rendering by a chorus of seventy-five voices on this occasion. The harvest season should be chosen for this festival, when genuine cornstalks, leaves, tassels, etc., may be procured for the decorations.

AS a further suggestion for this Columbian year, when the question of what is to be our national emblem should be decided, and in order to test the decorative and artistic qualities of the various flowers—the rose, lily-of-the-valley, violet, pansy, daisy, poppy, goldenrod and, lastly, maize—let the churches in their bazaars set apart a pavilion to each of these flowers or plants, giving to the decoration of each the best work possible. Then add to this the offering of prizes for designs of a national coat-of-arms that includes the flower each artist prefers. Still other prizes should be offered for the best essays and poems setting forth the claims of each special flower or plant. Then, again, offer prizes to such musical composers as may be induced to lend their art in behalf of either flower.

When the work is completed open the fair to the public. Sales may be carried on in these pavilions, as in the usual way at church bazaars, if desired; but the crowning evening of the series should be the one in which the drawings are exhibited, the literary and musical numbers are presented and the prizes awarded.

A THANKSGIVING CARNIVAL

A HAPPY COMBINATION OF LANTERN CARNIVAL AND MERCHANTS' PAGEANT

CARNIVAL of Lanterns furnishes a brilliant and very beautiful entertainment for Thanksgiving evening. Lanterns are to be used without stint in decorating. They are, also, by every device imaginable, to become a part of the novel and picturesque programme offered.

Chinese lanterns of every size, color and style are always obtainable and always pretty. These may be purchased at moderate cost; but if the festival is gotten up with intent to raise money for carrying on church or charity work, quite a considerable sum may be saved by manufacturing the transparencies.

MEDIUM-SIZED Chinese lanterns are best for general use in decorating lawns and large rooms. The tiniest patterns may be utilized as plate souvenirs, though these cannot be lighted. They are also pretty for decorating cakes and pastries. A very handsome centrepiece can be arranged by placing an oval-shaped mirror, with glass side up, upon the table, covering the frame with autumn leaves and intertwining grapes, oranges, apples, bananas and other fruit. Set inside this border, upon the edge of the mirror, a line of lighted lanterns of size just large enough to hold candles. Then suspend above these, upon gas fixtures or chandelier (a tall piano lamp will do), a dozen lanterns, more or less, and decorate the same with smilax falling to join the border of the mirror. With the mirror's reflections the effect gained is of an elaborate lantern display. Sometimes several mirrors are so arranged that double, triple and quadruple reflections are obtained with charming effect. For grotesque display Jack-o-lanterns made out of pumpkins are very desirable. Really artistic heads may be fashioned by excavating the pumpkin with a cheese-knife until the entire inner portion is removed, leaving but the yellow rind, then, tracing carefully with ink the face and feature lines, set the Jacks away until the ink is dry. Cut places for eyes, nostrils and mouth, being very careful not to bungle, then crown the heads with fanciful hats or bonnets with open tops. Set a light inside each and the result is a series of studies well worth the attention of guests.

A LANTERN march or drill takes an important place in this carnival. It is impossible in the space allotted to give full directions for the march. Marching in single file, by twos, by fours, by platoons, in circles, in chains, in serpentine paths, may all be managed by a novice even. The drill is executed in the same order as military drill. Costumes ought to combine our national colors. Each person should decorate both lantern and costume with some kind of fruit, flower, grass or grain representing the fruitage of the year as appropriate to Thanksgiving.

A space covering at least forty square feet must be reserved in the middle of the hall, the guests being seated to face the centre.

Twenty-four, thirty-two or forty-eight are convenient numbers for the march and drill. Instead of a gun each carries a slender pole not over five and a half feet long, at the end of which the lantern is securely fastened. These lanterns must be lighted.

Another popular feature which has proved successful is the Merchants' Pageant. To the lanterns used and described above, a good advertising display may be added, thus:

The young people solicit the patronage of business firms in town, asking merchants to furnish from their stock the most attractive articles that can be used for decorating both the transparencies and the costumes of those who carry them.

The tradesman pays a goodly sum for an advertisement displayed in this pageant. He buys tickets for himself and family, and his clerks and customers are also solicited to buy tickets. The banners and transparencies are elaborately and tastefully fashioned, and the costumes are unique and beautiful. One banner announces in large type that E. H. C. sells dress trimmings at No. 16 Merchants' Row. His handsomest fringes, bangles, gilt ornaments, etc., garnish both banner and costume of the young lady who carries it. Another, a locksmith's advertiser, is decorated with shining keys. A druggist's agent wears a dress trimmed with sponges, with a necklace of tiny bottles.

AN EXPERIENCE PARTY

A NEW AND MOST SUCCESSFUL IDEA FOR RAISING MONEY FOR A CHURCH

THE idea of this party is not wholly new, but the elaboration of it admits of so much variety that each experience is a novelty in itself, and the result in dollars earned, is sure to be a success. The *modus operandi* begins with the issuing of pledge cards a month or six weeks before the party is to be held. Upon the face of these cards is the following promise which each individual, willing to earn or give a dollar, fills out and signs:

Experience Pledge
I, M Address

Agree to earn a sum not less than one dollar, which I will contribute to the Wesleyan Methodist Church or Society at the Experience Party to be held in the church parsonage on Monday evening, October the tenth, 1893.

Upon the reverse side of the card is the following:

Note of Explanation

"An Experience Party is a pleasant social device for raising money to carry on church work. Each person agrees to earn by his or her own personal effort not less than one dollar, and as much more as possible, by doing some kind of unusual work. A variety of occupations adds interest to the enterprise, since at the Experience Party all are requested to bring written account (rhyme preferred) of when and where and how the money has been earned—or the report may be given orally. Two prizes are offered—the first to the one who earns the most money; the second to the one who writes the best Experience story. The generous cooperation of all the friends of the church is earnestly solicited. "Per order of the Committee."

MUCH depends upon the work of the special committee assigned for securing as many signers of the pledges as possible—fifty signers being a guarantee of fifty dollars, while in a church where the membership is large, five hundred or more signers may be obtained. In most cases those who earn one dollar are not content to stop there, but go on to earn five, ten and some even reach the sum of fifty dollars. One young lady, a student in one of Boston's colleges, managed to earn over sixteen dollars. She mended gloves, sewed on buttons, blackened boots and ironed handkerchiefs and neckties for her friends. She made and sold at least fifteen pounds of nut candy. She wrote a spring poem for which a friend paid two dollars, then sold copies of the same at twenty-five cents. She improved her physique by walking to save car fares, and cooking dainty dishes and doing extra work in the kitchen for which she was paid servant's prices. One lady who kept a half dozen house servants and a coachman in livery, earned a dozen dollars making with her own hands curds, which she sold for use in one of the best city hotels, while another wrote an account of her earnings, set the same to music, and sang it for pay in the drawing-rooms of her friends.

AMONG the church ladies there was a merry barter in the line of cakes, pies, jellies, etc., each selling the special confections in the making of which each was known to excel. A lady whose forte was doughnut making, sold several dollars' worth of the cakes, and wrought the receipt into rhyme upon dainty cream-laid paper with violet ink, and sold the same at twenty-five cents per copy.

This is the receipt:

One cup of sugar, one cup of milk;
Two eggs beaten fine as silk.
Salt and nutmeg (lemon'll do);
Of baking powder, teaspoons two.
Lightly stir the flour in;
Roll on pie board not too thin;
Cut in diamonds, twists or rings.
Drop with care the doughy things
Into fat that briskly swells
Evenly the spongy cells.
Watch with care the time for turning;
Fry them brown—just short of burning.
Roll in sugar; serve when cool.
Price—a quarter for this rule.

THE Experience Party may be managed in connection with a supper with the poems and stories offered, or the company may gather in a social way, and the "experiencers" give their stories informally. Upon entering the room they register their names and the amounts earned. A little fellow eight years old gave the following brevity as his experience: "I earned fifty cents collecting bills for my father, and a half dollar for minding my own business." A lady who could not manage to earn a dollar, wrote in jingling rhyme a brilliant account of how she saved one hundred cents—a penny here and a dime there—while a college fellow fashioned an epic entitled, "How I've Been Experienced," giving a graphic account of how his time and strength and wit and dimes had been employed for earning other people's dollars. Another gentleman gave a historical account of the origin of the Experience idea, how it had been evolved by reason of an abnormal brain power into an enormous head, without bodily members, which lived just long enough to proclaim the idea and then vanished from sight, having served as one link in the grand chain of evolution. No doubt Experience Parties will, in many cases, take the place of bazaars, fairs, etc., which involve so much more labor, and necessitate so much more expense.

MAKES THE CAKE



To make Chocolate Cake easily and successfully use

LANG'S READYMADE CHOCOLATE ICING

For sale by all grocers

A sample can (enough to make one three-layer cake) sent postpaid on receipt of ten 2c. stamps
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Every article artistic in design, well made of sterling silver only and sold at the lowest possible price. These illustrations are actual size. Any article sent safely, prepaid to any address, on receipt of price. Money refunded if unsatisfactory.

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Send now for Catalogue "D." Mailed free. 300 illustrations of small silver articles.

DANIEL LOW
Silversmith
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No. 477. Bear Holder, 65c.

REVOLUTION IN SEWING!

WILL DO TEN TIMES THE WORK, WITHOUT ANY LABOR OR FOOT MOTION
Greatest Saver to Women Known.

BOLGIANO'S "LITTLE GIANT" WATER MOTOR WORKS—Sewing Machines, Etc.

Each Motor Complete to attach to any Smooth Faucet.

Money Refunded if Don't Work. C. O. D. OR REMIT \$5.00.

Baltimore, Md., Sept. 5, '93
Gentlemen:—I have seen your Water Motor at work running a Sewing Machine, and can cheerfully say it is a boon to weak and delicate women.
Respectfully,
Dr. W. B. Post.

The Bolgiano Water Motor Co.,
415 Water Street, Baltimore, Md.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME

Our book "How to Paper," with choice samples of

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White Blanks, 3½ cents. New Golds, 9 cents.
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Painters and Paper Hangers send business card for our large Sample Books by express.

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Hundreds of sets of
The Century Dictionary
have been purchased as presents to pastors, Sunday-school workers, and friends, as well as for wedding gifts. It is the most welcome gift that can be made. Where friends unite the cost to each is small. Illustrated pamphlet describing it, five 2-cent stamps.
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For Sunday-Schools and Homes

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TURKISH SLIPPERS

ELABORATE GOLD EMBROIDERY, Red, Brown, Black, Yellow, sizes, 1 to 7, no halves, postage, 6c.
Every Fashionable Lady Wears Them

A. A. VANTINE & CO.
Largest Importers in the world from 877, 879 Broadway Japan, China, India, Turkey and Persia
New York

DRESSING THE NECK
By Isabel A. Mallon

THE woman who appreciates a pretty gown knows that it is made or marred by its neck finish. Nothing so positively stamps a bodice with the hallmark of good work as its having not only the neck finish that is in harmony with the other trimming, but also that one which is becoming to the wearer. The woman with the extremely long throat emulates the courage of the beautiful Princess of Wales and never allows herself to wear a frock cut low in the neck. The woman with a short, full throat may have her gown cut a little low and finished with a frill, if that style is suited to the gown, and if it is not, she will have a semi-high arrangement about the throat, which, while it gives the proper effect, will not make her look thick-throated, nor reach up to her ears.

THE STOCK COLLAR

THE stock collar, which is the standard finish for bodices that need to be high in the neck, can usually be made of a folded band of ribbon overlapping a stiffened collar, and fastening on one side by means of hooks and eyes that are concealed under extended loops. This collar was always warm. Now the dressmaker has shown that the same effect may be produced and yet the neck finish itself be pretty and soft. This is done by using satin or silk cut on the bias, instead of ribbon for the stock, and no under collar is arranged. As this is a design that will be greatly in vogue during the winter it is shown in Illustration No. 1. The bodice is of golden-brown cashmere with an Empire cape of coffee-colored lace, and a stock collar of golden-brown satin. The stock is made in this way: it is cut bias, is six inches wide, and the length required to go about the neck, with two inches additional length allowed for the lapping over. The edge is faced with ordinary binding ribbon; the satin is caught in its folds by invisible stitches and the overlapping edge fastening in the back under a rosette of gathered satin. Half of the left side is sewed to the neck of the dress, which, by-the-by, is only bound with ribbon, while the other half is fastened to the neck with hooks and eyes, and then is caught together in the middle of the back.

A LACE JABOT

THE Louis Quinze coat with its elaborate brocade waistcoat makes necessary from under its stock of black, the wearing of the lace jabot. A great many women have asked the meaning of the word jabot. A little research has proven that, while the origin of the word is disputed, Frenchmen believe that it comes from the word "rabot," which is a carpenter's plane, from which fall fine, full shavings resembling frills of lace; and the careless using of the word has changed the "r" into "j." This seems the clearest of all the explanations. A jabot should always be of lace that looks expensive, if possible it should be of real lace. The lace jabot worn with the brocade waistcoat and elaborate jacket starts from under the stock and extends to below the bust-line. An inch-wide strip of net is the foundation, and in gathering it, three times around should be allowed for fullness. This will cause the lace to fall in full, soft curves that never suggest scantiness. A brooch may be placed just at the top.



COLLAR FOR TEA-GOWN (Illus. No. 3)

THE ELIZABETHAN RUFF

THE full ruff is again upon us, and superseding the feather boa is that one made of very rich gros-grain ribbon which ties quite closely about the throat and may be worn with any costume, as it is invariably black. This is illustrated at No. 2. In making such a ruff two strips of four-inch wide ribbon are laid in double box-plaits, the length to fit the throat. After they are plaited they may look a little stiff, but do not be induced to catch the plaits down, as after one or two wearings they will fall of their own accord. Long ends of ribbon are the finish, and these ends are tied in loops that almost reach the waist and ends that fall below it. Above all things, this ruche or ruff must fit the neck closely, the effect given in wearing it being just like that in those old pictures of ladies of the time of Queen Elizabeth, those ladies who would have given any money to have learned how to keep their ruffs stiff. Lace ruffs are liked for evening



THE ELIZABETHAN RUFF (Illus. No. 2)

wear, and are developed not only in black and white, but in the coffee-colored laces.

ABOUT THE OUTLINING

FOR the gowns that are cut out round, or in the broad, square shape, permitting the throat to be visible, the favorite finish is a soft fold of black velvet ribbon, really folded, and which brings out the whiteness of the skin. No gown is too elaborate for this style of finish, the black velvet having a special elegance of its own that makes everything else subservient to it.

For the broad, square neck, there is also noted the finish of lace insertion which rests just against the neck, and through which love ribbon is drawn to make it fit. Of course, the Empire capes of chiffon or lace may fall below any of these decorations, although the more novel cape effect is the very deep one of chiffon laid in full accordion plaits that reach quite to the waist-line. On whatever bodice this trimming can be introduced it is fancied, and if with it a high neck and stock should be worn then the stock would be of the chiffon, its accordion plaits encircling the throat.

FOR THE TEA-GOWN

THE simplest tea-gown is made to appear very elaborate by having for its neck finish an adjustable collar, such as is shown in Illustration No. 3. The collar is made of velvet the color of the gown itself. It



THE SATIN STOCK (Illus. No. 1)

is cut square across the front in a sharp point up on the shoulder, while a very deep frill of Maltese lace is all about its edge, falling far down in front and over on the sleeves like deep shoulder capes. The throat finish is a high, full collar of the lace drawn to fit by love ribbons.

THE LACE YOKE

SQUARE lace yokes with high lace collars thickly studded with imitation gems are noted already made; they can be fastened with slender pins, with stick pins or with very small safety pins on any bodice on which they will look well, and they will not only form the neck dressing but really constitute a decoration for a plain bodice. Little jacket fronts of similar lace with jet or steel upon them, and having stock collar and cuffs to correspond, may also be gotten in the stores ready made, and all that is necessary is to baste them on the bodice so that they may do service on several different dresses.

The Empire cape of lace, especially of very coarse lace, is still in vogue, but its rival is that of velvet very scantily gathered and lined throughout with thin silk. The stock worn with this may be of satin or silk, a folded velvet stock being rather too warm to be agreeable. In jet and in all the imitations of precious stones, there may be gotten collars with decorative adjuncts that are detachable.

A FANCY NECK PIECE

ILLUSTRATION No. 4 shows a slightly rolling collar of fine jet, having set in at intervals large round turquoises, while falling from under it is a deep swaying fringe that reaches to the waist, of jet beads with a turquoise bead as the finish of each strand. Similar collars with their decorative falls may be gotten in black and gold, in black and amber and in black and steel, but none are quite so pretty as the one shown in black and blue. This may, of course, be worn over a black bodice of any material. The bonnet chosen to go with it is of jet set with turquoise, and has just in front two high loops of turquoise velvet with an aigrette of black standing-up from between them. The ties are of blue velvet ribbon.



COLLAR OF FINE JET (Illus. No. 4)

THE Mail Order Department

of a great metropolitan Dry Goods House is one of the greatest conveniences of the times. Long ago we recognized this fact and for years our best efforts have been devoted to perfecting this branch of

THE GREAT Dry Goods Business

which we have built up at Market and Eighth Streets, Philadelphia.

Orders sent by mail will be filled by our corps of skillful clerks *carefully, promptly and economically*, and with the same attention to the interests of our customers as though the goods were bought in person at the counters.

Write for *Samples*, and *Illustrated Catalogues* of the various stocks. They will be forwarded to any address by return of mail.

Strawbridge & Clothier PHILADELPHIA

CASHMERE GLOVES



You can get the celebrated "Kayser Patent Finger Tipped" Gloves in cashmere as well as silk. They are the warmest gloves made; fit perfect because they have silk between the fingers, and cost only one-half what the others do, and you get a **guarantee ticket** which is good for another pair, free, if the Finger Ends wear out first.

If your dealer hasn't this glove, write to **JULIUS KAYSER**, New York, and he will see that you get it.

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THE GIRL WHO USES SLANG

By Ruth Ashmore



WONDER how many times my girls are slangy? I wonder if they ever think what a lack of refinement is shown in being slangy in word, dress or manner? I wonder if they ever think how this much-to-be-deplored slanginess affects the listener and the

looker-on? I cannot believe that any of them think this out and so I am going to preach a little sermon about slang. The first step down on the very quick descent of bad manners is shown in the use of it. Commencing with the mere words of slang a general degeneration in the girl herself may be noticed. A girl may claim that she uses slang in a joking way; she may, just at first, but commenced as a bit of fun it gets to be like all bad habits, one which it is difficult to get rid of.

The American girl is bright, cultivated and refined; she is pretty and interesting, and yet when you hear her say, as many a one does every day of her life, about a book, or a song, or a play, or somebody's manner, "Oh, I caught on to it," or about something of which she was tired, something that wearied her, "Oh, I'll give it the shake," or that somebody who was very quick in manner or perception, "Oh, ain't he fly?" what would you think of her and what does the world think of her?

THE WAY SHE USES SLANG

YOU ask her if she knows something and she responds, "You bet!" You ask her if she enjoyed herself some place and she answers, "Like a streak!" If she starts to tell you a story she would possibly be surprised to know that she uses slang. She does not know where she gets it herself. Nobody ever does know. She sees no harm in it. There is no use of profane or unclean words, and yet this slangy mode of speech is the little rift within the lute that by-and-by will make all the music of the fine womanly conversation not mute, but drowned in a hubbub of loud sounds and common words. The girl who continually uses slang as naturally elevates her voice as she breathes; she does this because she wants to give the full effect of her mode of speech or, as she would say, "Give everybody a chance to catch on." In the great world of to-day it would seem as if there were plenty of girls with brains, plenty of entertaining girls, plenty of pretty girls, but can you tell me how many girls you know whose words, dress and manners are perfectly refined? I know that it is said that the various reformers see no charm in the woman who is conspicuous by her quiet manner, sweet voice and good English, and yet she is the woman who is a power where the slangy girl receives absolutely no recognition. Good English is not difficult to speak. It does not mean words of many syllables. The very best is that wherein the shortest and simplest words are used.

WHAT YOU MUST DO

I DO not want my girl to be slangy. So now I am going to make a little suggestion: Suppose you take a sheet of paper and a pencil, put on your thinking cap and then write down the various slang words you are in the habit of using, and you will be surprised when you see them in black and white. You have not realized that you were a slave to slang. But having discovered the power of the enemy half the battle is fought. Now just take to fining yourself each time you use a word of slang, and then give your fines to something that you would rather not have them. You will be a bit surprised when you see how quickly you will stop using the objectionable language, and how easy it is after all to express all that you want to say in pure Saxon.

Then, too, just think how ridiculous slang words would make certain situations in life. You are fond of that pretty play called "The Lady of Lyons"—fancy, after Claude Melnotte has made his beautiful avowal of love—one of the most perfectly expressed and exquisite word pictures in the English language—just fancy Pauline looking up into his face and meeting his question by saying, "I should smile!" Imagine, if you can, when Richelieu, to protect Julie, draws around her form "the circle of the Church of Rome," and causes the villains who are pursuing her to recognize this power as well as the purity of the girl—imagine Julie turning and saying, "Well, we got there." Now there are times when your slang sounds just as ridiculous as this, and without considering the other bad effect it has on you, it makes you appear silly and undignified.

SLANG IN DRESS

A PUZZLED girl says: "How can I be slangy in my dress?" I'll tell you, and then you can see whether you are or not. The girl who, because lace frills are fashionable, has her frills wider than anybody else, who accentuates the width of her skirts, the brim of her hat, who, because pink roses are fashionable, has the greatest number of pink roses and the deepest in tone, this girl is slangy in dress. She is the girl whose dress tires you to look at. She is the girl, who the very minute she enters a room, makes you conscious of her presence by the noise of her skirts, and who gives you an overpowering sense of her having too much to wear. That is one type.

Another is the girl who, seizing the pretty fashion of cloth skirts, soft blouses and pretty jackets, makes it slangy by having the soft blouse developed into a loud, stiff shirt, and the jacket made to look as much like a man's coat as possible. With this she wears a masculine tie, a stiff plain hat, and unconsciously she assumes the manners of a man. But as she is not a man she does not succeed in this, and the consequence is that she appears to you as being neither a feminine woman nor a manly man. Dress has its influence over everybody, and girls who are slangily dressed, that is, who go to extremes in any style of dressing, certainly become extremists in their manners and speech.

WITH THE EYES OF A MAN

A YOUNG woman I knew who affected this masculine get-up, was so pretty that it seemed a shame, and a gentleman ventured to expostulate with her, telling her that she was so charming as a woman that she ought not to try to look like a poor imitation of a boy. His words were met with a prolonged whistle, and this reply which was unanswerable, "Oh, but it is so tart!" This same young woman was invited to a dinner-party. She announced that she intended to make a sensation by her costume, and it was generally believed that she was going to appear in some very beautiful gown. Imagine the horror of the hostess when she entered the drawing-room in a black broadcloth skirt that fitted her figure closely. With this she wore a full evening shirt, a black waistcoat, cut low to show the expanse of white linen, and a black swallow-tail. Her shirt buttons were white enamel ones, so were the links in her cuffs, and her tie was white lawn arranged after the fashion affected by men in the evening. After she went away the son of the hostess said to his mother, "Never invite that girl to the house again. No woman with the least refinement would, even for a jest, appear dressed in that manner." The mother gave a sigh of relief and said, "My dear boy, I am so glad to hear you say that. She is so bright and witty and the men all seem to admire her so much that I was afraid you would not look at her dress with the eyes of a woman." "No," he answered, "I am not looking at it with the eyes of a woman, I am looking at it with the eyes of a man, and to a man it is a thousand times more offensive than it would be to a woman." Will you just think this over a little bit and conclude whether you are slangy in your dress?

WITH YOUR FRIENDS

HOW long do you suppose you will keep as friends women who are refined and intelligent and womanly if you are boisterous, loud and slangy? Gradually these friends and acquaintances will slip away and you will discover that instead of the people who had at one time a friendly interest in you, you are surrounded by those whose manners are quite as bad, if not worse than your own, and who only regard you as somebody who affords them "great fun." It will come home to you some day and hurt you when you realize that the girls you liked visit you no longer. After a while they will begin to bow coolly to you and perhaps not recognize you at all. Wise mothers do not care to surround their daughters with objectionable friends. It will annoy you at first to think that you are counted one of these, but after a while you will assume an air of bravado and say that you don't care. But you will be telling an untruth, for you do care. There is no woman who does not like to think that she has real friends—friends who love and admire her, and who are loyal to her. The slangy girl may have hundreds of acquaintances, but she will never get enough of these thoughtless people interested in her to compensate for the loss of a friend who would have stood by her through sorrow and through joy.

SLANG IN MANNERS

THE girl who is slangy in her manner is the girl who commenced by being slangy in her speech, and who is to-day the worst specimen of bad manners in existence. Carelessness in speech has brought this about. She sees no use for the pretty courtesies of every-day life; she doesn't care to be treated like a lady because she wants to be "one of the boys." She likes to call herself "a jolly fellow." She leans her elbows on the table-cloth at dinner, she lolls in her chair in the most careless of attitudes. She thinks it very funny to jump on and off the car as it is going, and equally funny to whistle for the car to stop, instead of motioning for it as other girls do. She sees no reason why she should be respectful to older people—she shrugs her shoulders and announces audibly that they bore her. She doesn't care to read books unless they have what she calls "go" in them. She is familiar with the scandals of the day, as gleaned from the newspapers, and is greatly given to announcing that she doesn't hesitate to call a spade a spade. She is very pronounced in her likes and dislikes and will not endure contradiction. She doesn't trouble herself to hint for anything that she wishes men to do for her, she deliberately asks them, and it rather surprises her after a while to find that, considering her just one of themselves, a man will refuse her. She doesn't seem to understand that while a man may be attracted by her prettiness and amused in a way by her manner, that he very soon gets tired of her, for from the beginning of the world men have never loved the women who were slangy in their manners, but rather the woman who represents what a French writer calls "the eternal feminine."

The girl who is slangy in speech, dress and manner is very apt to grow slangy in her amusements. She is best pleased by the trashiest of literature, and for a book to be advertised as not quite nice is to her a special recommendation for it. In music she selects by preference, songs that have neither wit, melody nor sentiment to recommend them, and which only please by their lack of sense. No man cares to hear a woman whom he respects sing comic songs. It lowers her in the eyes of every one, and the fact that she sings a comic song well does not add anything to the making it desirable for her to do it at all.

The slangy girl is apt to be the jester of the company, and who likes to see a woman wear the cap and bells? Why do not girls understand this? Why can't they see that to amuse people by making a clown of one's self is vulgarizing to the last degree?

A POSITIVE CERTAINTY

IT is absolutely certain that the girl who is slangy in her manner forgets to be gracious and doesn't hesitate to say disagreeable things. She is, day by day, stilling her conscience and hardening her heart, and she fails to see why she should refrain from hurting other people. She entirely loses the grace of consideration. With this gone, it is sad to relate, she next loses her belief and her regard for the belief of others. Probe way down into what heart she has and she may, all unknown to herself, still believe, but she has an idea, a very false one, that it is an evidence of her intellectual strength to sneer at all belief and all accepted faiths. She doesn't know enough to realize that knaves and fools can say, "It is not so, and I do not believe what I cannot see," but that it is the wise man who prays, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." She can talk very rapidly against all faiths, using the arguments of the non-believers of to-day, which are simply those of the non-believers of thousands of years ago. Poor girl, she is to be pitied, for it has not yet dawned on her of how little account she is to the world, and how she is, after all, hurting nobody as much as she is herself. My dear girl, you who begin to use slang in your speech, must stop right now, for if you continue it is certain that you will grow slangy in dress, and later on in manners.

CAN YOU AFFORD IT

CAN you afford, for the sake of amusing a few foolish people, to lose your own womanliness?

Can you afford, for the sake of being most prominent on the street, or at some place of amusement, to express in your dress your contempt for all women?

Can you afford, for the passing admiration of an hour, to give away your attraction as a well-bred girl, while you pose as "one of the boys"?

I do not think you can afford it. The day will certainly come when you will regret it, and then it will be too late. We who are fond of flowers know that if we wish them to give forth sweet perfume and beautiful buds we must see that they are not choked up by weeds. This is only done by continually watching for the weeds, pulling up each one, little root and all, and throwing it away. The sweetest blossom of humanity is a gentle girl—won't you make her number increase?

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

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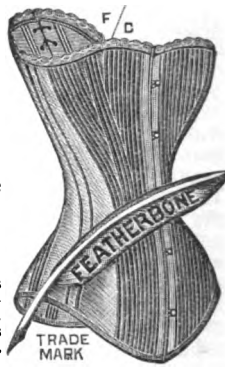
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EDUCATION IN BEAUTY'S SCHOOL

By Maude C. Murray



ALL women would like to be beautiful, but while they may not reach exactly that high standard they may all with a little care become neat, attractive and good to look upon. This, however, can only be accomplished by intelligently caring for the person in a simple, systematic way. Even the busiest woman may educate herself in beauty's school, for the simple elements which are the groundwork—rest, food, sunshine and exercise—cost but little. Few women know what real rest means. To lie down with a book or paper, or to sit down to the sewing basket, when exhausted in mind and body, is to deliberately court irritability. The rest that revives every part of the body may only be gained by lying down at full length, every muscle relaxed, worries dismissed and eyes closed. Half an hour's rest in this position will act upon the nerves, eyes and temper like a tonic.

THE FIRST LESSONS

THERE would be little necessity for medicines if women would eat properly. Let them abjure pastry and adhere to a diet of rare beefsteak, boiled mutton, brown bread, clam broth, vegetables and fruits. If this diet is persisted in the impoverished blood will grow rich, and smooth skin and bright eyes follow. Nothing makes blood more rapidly than unfermented grape juice; lettuce and watercress, and celery and salads are also good. The Turkish idea of beauty is extreme *embonpoint*, but nowhere else does the idea obtain. Every particle of extra fat reduces the force of heart, brain and muscle, and is a foe to beauty and grace. It is, however, very wrong for a woman to half starve herself to reduce her weight. She should always eat as much as her system requires, but she should use care that her diet shall not consist of foods that contain starch or sugar. On the other hand scrawnyness is to be avoided. The woman who tends in this direction should take as much sleep as is possible, indulge in moderately rich food, sweetened drinks and ices; a light lunch before retiring is also a help. A cup of hot milk or chocolate, a few oatmeal or graham wafers, or an appetizing gruel taken at bedtime will do wonders for the strength and looks. Nothing is more conducive to health and beauty than exercise. Yet it is the rock upon which the good resolutions of most women split. Not until they learn that they must conquer disinclination and domestic circumstances, and force themselves into a brisk daily walk, can they become sweet-tempered wives, or truly pretty women.

CARE OF THE COMPLEXION

WE must learn to cure imperfections, not to hide them. In nine cases out of ten if a girl finds her face rough, red or pimped, instead of trying to remove the disfigurement—which may arise from neglect of any one of the initial steps—she covers the spots up with powder, puts on a veil so that the dots may exactly cover the worst places, and sallies forth, secure in the belief that she has outwitted her unlucky star. But not so; a woman may have features as classic as a Greek goddess but if her complexion is blotched with pimples she cannot be attractive. The habits of life, diet, etc., have much to do with the cause, but so has neglect. No really clean woman will avoid the use of soap, but there are soaps and soaps. Most of the cheap scented sorts are direct inventions of the enemy. The proper way to prepare a face bath is to fill a bowl with hot water, dip in it a flannel cloth, rub the soap on this until there is a thick lather; pass it gently but briskly over the face. With both hands wash the soap off, sponge with cooler water, dry on a soft towel, afterward using the palms of the hands to arouse circulation. After the face is thoroughly dry take some unguent on the fingers and begin the massage. You will soon learn what best suits your skin. Almond oil and cocoa butter are both softening and are easily and quickly absorbed. But no unguent must be used constantly or it will produce a light down upon the face. In the morning the face should be washed in hot water containing anything the skin may seem to demand. If it looks oily a little powdered borax in the water will be advisable. If the face is unnaturally red apply through the day the following lotion:

Tannic acid, fifteen grains.
Spirits of camphor, one tablespoonful,
Rain water, half-pint.

FRECKLES AND OTHER BLEMISHES

THAT *bête noire* of so many women—the freckle—must have a few words. No positive cure has ever been found for freckles, because they are produced by an unequal distribution of the pigment of the skin, but they can be toned down to a great extent by wetting the face well with:

Jamaica rum, 2 ounces,
Lemon juice, 2 ounces;
or this preparation:
Lavender water, 2 drachms,
Muriate of ammonia, ¼ drachm,
Distilled water, 8 ounces.

Brown spots on the face are disfiguring, and may be removed by frequently taking vapor baths and by living on a diet of green vegetables and fruits.

The "virginal milk," which Cleopatra and many famous beauties since her time have used, was made by mixing an ounce of the tincture of benzoin and a quart of rose-water. A little of this poured into a bowl of warm water, and the face washed in it every morning, will make the skin very firm and white.

After the fires are lighted for the winter women begin to fade and wrinkle, and here is my opportunity to put in another word about exercise. Walk every day, especially upon rainy days. It is the mists and rains in England that render the complexions of the English woman so beautiful. See to it, then, that you take advantage of any rainy, misty days that come.

CARE OF THE HANDS

THE hands, like the face, require constant care to keep them in good order. They must have attention regularly. The shape and size may not be altered, but if they are kept scrupulously clean, and the nails well cared for, the hands cannot be altogether unlovely. To clean them thoroughly prepare a bowl of hot water, soap and a teaspoonful of borax. Soak the hands in this for five minutes, then take a little commel and rub them well. This will remove any soil and is not as harsh as a nail-brush would be; a hard rubber brush may be used to advantage. After every particle of grime has disappeared rinse the hands in clear water and rub over them a little lemon juice. Dry them thoroughly and go carefully around each nail with a sharp-pointed file or pointed wooden stick, pushing the flesh well down so as to show the little white moon at the base. Cut away any flesh which may stand loosely around the nail and rub the rough places with a piece of pumice-stone. Never scrape the nails nor file the surface; either process will thicken them. Nail powder used too constantly will make them brittle. A true gentlewoman will never allow her nails to grow to an extreme length. No style can be in better taste than the simple oval. If the hands are thin and scrawny they may be made plump by holding them ten minutes every night in a bowl of warm olive oil. If the veins are too prominent on the back they may be reduced by applying witch-hazel. I have more confidence in massage, however, as it will stimulate both skin and arteries, and if they are active the pressure on the veins will be lessened. There are a great many receipts for softening and whitening the hands, but the simplest is oftentimes the best. Equal parts of lemon juice and almond oil are excellent, also glycerine, rose-water and lemon juice. Women who have much hard work to do say they cannot take care of their hands, but a very little attention will keep them in fairly good condition, although they may be much roughened by work. One of the great agencies in marring pretty hands is dish-washing, but with a little care even that may not be so bad. A mild soap may be used in the water, and a large soft mop may be made with a good handle, which will overcome the necessity of putting the hands in the water. Rubber gloves may be worn which will entirely protect the hands from the water. Even supposing there is much hard work to do, much of the difficulty may be obviated. Lemon juice will whiten the hands and leave a clean, refreshed feeling, but there are other things which will whiten and soften. A small cheese-cloth bag filled with equal parts of wheat, bran or oatmeal, castile soap and orris-root put into a bowl of hot water, and used as an ordinary wash cloth, will be found very beneficial. After the hands are washed and dried, while they are still slightly moist, if they are rubbed with a little almond-meal they will feel smooth and fresh.

I know this all sounds tiresome to the woman who feels she is too weary to even say her prayers at night, but she will be repaid afterward, for her husband and children will take pride in "mother's hands."

CARING FOR THE HAIR

AS no one medicine has been found which will benefit all persons, so no remedy has yet come to light which will make hair grow on bald heads, or even prevent it from falling out. The roots of the hair must be treated with the same consideration we show the roots of flowers. Epithelial scales grow in several layers upon the entire body. One is always forming to replace the scurf skin which falls off naturally or is washed off in the bath. From the head, seldom subjected to water, they do not fall so easily as from other portions of the body, and encircling the roots of the hair are apt to remain until they fall naturally or are violently dislodged by the comb. If these scales of dandruff are allowed to mature and fall away they do little harm, but if they are scraped off they quickly reform.

The head should be washed twice a month in warm water with some odorless soap, and occasionally a pinch of salt may be added. The scalp should be gently manipulated with the fingers until the dandruff is all loosened and can easily be washed out. Into the rinsing water put a little bay rum. Wipe the head and hair as dry as possible, then sit in the sun's rays or glow of the fire until it is quite dry. It should be the duty of every mother to see that from infancy her children's hair is faithfully cared for. The young hair should be brushed several times a day with a soft brush and the scalp gently rubbed all over with the fingers. This will stimulate the roots. Hair dyes of all kinds are objectionable, but if one must be used let it be the simplest thing possible. A receipt which is practically harmless is as follows:

To a pint of white wine vinegar add two ounces of iron filling and one ounce of bruised gall-nuts. Boil until reduced one-half, strain and bottle for use. Brown hair may be made to take on a sunny tinge by wetting it with saffron steeped in tincture of rosemary. A handful of saffron to a pint of the tincture is the right proportion. This, too, is said to be harmless, but, granting as much, it is far better taste for a woman to retain the color nature designed to match her eyes and complexion. Oily hair on man or woman is an abomination. The natural gloss is distinctive. Soap and water, sunshine and care are the best hair tonics.

PRESERVING THE TEETH

TIME was when dentists simplified their business by extracting a tooth as soon as it became troublesome, with the natural result that the owner's face lost its contour and winsome curves. Now it is different. Dentistry has made great strides within the last twenty years, and we are the gainers. If the breath should be offensive consult the dentist and have the teeth put in order. If the trouble seems to come from the stomach take some simple corrective, and if that fails to sweeten it look for microbe growth in the mouth and war against it unceasingly. A few drops of any one of the many good antiseptic tooth lotions added to a half glass of water used for rinsing the mouth on retiring, will gradually ostracize these unwelcome dwellers. Mothers should be impressed with the importance of caring for the children's teeth from infancy. From the time the first teeth make their appearance they need constant care. Every morning the mouth and little teeth should be carefully washed with a soft sponge or cloth dipped in lukewarm water. If they begin to decay before the time arrives when nature intends the first ones to fall out, to be replaced by the permanent set, they should be filled by a dentist with white bone filling, or some soft preparation which will not require much cutting to hold it in place. This will preserve the baby's teeth as long as will be necessary, and will also preserve the shape of the face, as cannot be done if the teeth are drawn prematurely, thus allowing the jaws to shrink and crowd the new teeth. As soon as children are old enough they should be given a soft brush and taught to brush their teeth regularly. At least twice a year a dentist should be consulted. After every meal the teeth should be well brushed, and if any acid has been taken a little lime-water added to the wash will counteract any ill-effects. During the summer especially, when there is apt to be a greater acidity from the unusual amount of fruit eaten, it will be well to keep a bottle of lime-water ready for use. To prepare it take a large-mouthed bottle, put into it a few lumps of unslacked lime and fill with water. It cannot be made too strong as the water will only absorb a certain amount of lime.

A woman is no longer considered vain and silly who exerts every effort to preserve and improve her complexion and personal appearance. Nor is she censured for devoting much time and attention to the physical charms of her child. Sensible people not only consider it time well spent but look upon it in the light of a duty. Although St. Paul did say, "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair," etc., the austere saint must have known that a woman may be both beautiful and good, and may not be too much absorbed in the beauties of her person to cultivate the graces of her heart.

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Acid and grit tore your sensitive gums; cleansing was painful.



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FURNISHING THE NURSERY

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil



It is not every mother that is fortunate enough to have a separate room which she can devote exclusively to the use of the children. Many women are forced to care for their little ones as best they can amid the press of other work and the claims of household duties that cannot be neglected. The mother's constant presence and watchfulness is an immense benefit to the children, the loss of which cannot be compensated for by the most luxurious surroundings. No nurse can give the tender, vigilant oversight, or exercise the wise discretion a mother ought to bring to the guardianship of her child. As the vigorous young mind and body begin to strengthen and expand she is constantly needed to direct their growth aright. They must suffer if she leaves this task, which God has intrusted to her, entirely or even chiefly in the hands of servants, however experienced or trustworthy. A nursery does not always imply a nurse to reign over it. The mother may be able to devote herself to her children and to have a pleasant apartment for their special use. In this case let her be thankful for her mercies, and apply herself to making it the brightest, coziest room in the house.

THE NURSERY WINDOWS

CHOOSE, if possible, a room with a southern aspect. Sunshine is as essential to human beings as it is to plants. It is one of the best disinfectants, and where it enters freely, accompanied by plenty of fresh air, disease is less likely to come. Let the windows be low, so that the inquisitive eyes of the little occupants may drink their fill of the wonderful sights to be seen outside them. Should the sky only be in view there is wonder and variety enough in the clouds, but there is much else to be seen in the most commonplace landscape, or the narrowest city street. A broad, cushioned window seat is a great boon in a nursery. If there is a window in a recess one may be easily managed, and in any case a low, wide box with hinged top can be placed in front of the window and used as a receptacle for toys or papers. The cushion should be covered with denim.

In summer when the windows are open a row of plants in pots on the sill, or a window box filled with flowers on the outer ledge, will lessen the temptation to lean too far out of the window. Holland shades of buff or pale yellow make a pleasant light in the room. The curtains, if there are any, should be of cheese-cloth, muslin or some simple washing material, tied back with bands of the same, or ribbons to harmonize with the color of the room. Sash curtains keep out too much light and obstruct the view. A wooden frame covered with gray or scarlet flannel, to fit in the window when the sash is lowered, is indispensable to give air without a draught at night, or when the weather is inclement. Windows should always open from the top as well as the bottom, and mothers must remember that they are made to open and doors to shut, which signifies that pure air must be freely admitted, and that the air that has circulated through the rest of the house must be kept out.

WALLS AND CEILING

WALLS painted in some delicate tint are the most satisfactory. Finger-marks and even pencil-marks do not leave an indelible stain, and it makes a good background for pictures, of which there should be a number. There may be a frieze of paper in some pretty design, or a band of contrasting color, with the picture moulding placed below it. If paint is impossible an ingrain paper, or one with a small, inconspicuous figure should be used. The Kate Greenaway designs, which at one time were thought peculiarly appropriate for nurseries, diminish the sense of space by making the walls too obtrusive. A dado of matting with Chinese hieroglyphics scattered over it has been used. It is tacked securely in place and finished at the top with a narrow moulding of wood. A disadvantage is that it will harbor the dust which sifts through its interstices, and, on the whole, nothing is superior to the pale blue, buff or gray hues of a smoothly-painted surface. There is a deep satisfaction in the thought that careful washing will for a long time restore it almost to its pristine freshness. The ceiling is colored to correspond with the walls, either painted or papered. It should be a little lighter in tint and made as unobtrusive as possible. We do not want to have our limitations forced upon our attention.

THE NURSERY FLOOR

THE floor is a very important consideration in a nursery. The way must be made easy for the little feet that are to take their first steps there and to trot over it with uncertain tread, a ready prey to slippery pitfalls. Stained or painted wood is recommended for sanitary reasons, as it can be thoroughly cleansed, but it is objectionable in many ways. It involves a good deal of labor and trouble in the effort to keep it looking nice, is cold for the children, and unless plentifully supplied with rugs gives the room a bare appearance. Where expense need not be considered a good Brussels or tapestry carpet is the best foundation. It affords a firm footing, and the closeness of the texture prevents the dust from sifting through and lodging under it. Where this is impossible matting is the best substitute. It is woven in such a variety of shades and patterns it is not difficult to choose a pretty one. The better qualities, costing from thirty-five to forty cents a yard, wear very well. Stout carpet-paper should be laid beneath it, as any roughness in the floor cuts the straw, and it will last longer if thus protected. A rug of ingrain carpeting, known as an art square, can be laid over the matting. It should be large enough to cover the greater part of the room, and is better than several smaller rugs, which are apt to trip up the unwary. A good-sized one may be purchased at from nine to fourteen dollars, according to the texture.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR HEATING

AN open fire is most desirable in a nursery, and seems almost indispensable where there is a young baby. Even if the fire cannot be kept burning all the time it is delightful to have a blaze in the morning and evening when the children are being dressed and undressed. A fireplace may be made such a pretty object with its brass andirons and furnishings, or its polished grate and steel fittings, and is such an excellent aid to ventilation that it seems as if we could not spare it from the nursery. Still there are many things some of us must do without, and if the inexorable builder has not given us one we must fill its place as best we can. When it is present it must be supplied with a high wire screen, or fire guard.

From an open fireplace, with all its poetic associations, to an air-tight stove, which is the quintessence of the commonplace, is indeed a sad descent. Yet it is really the most convenient substitute when the room is permanently heated by a furnace or steam pipes, and a fire is only required for a short time. Its presence may be partially concealed by a screen when it is not in use.

A small coal stove with sliding doors in front, to be closed or opened at will, is better when the stove is the only source of heat. Do not have a damper in the pipe, as when it is turned to check the consumption of fuel noxious gases may be thrown into the room.

The coal-scuttle has an almost irresistible attraction for the young persons who are just setting out on voyages of discovery that are as fruitful to them as Columbus found his. If there is not a convenient closet to secrete it in it is best to have a closed one while the baby is learning not to touch forbidden delights.

A gas stove is very objectionable in a nursery because it consumes large quantities of the oxygen on which the children depend for life and health. When its use is unavoidable the greatest care should be taken to insure a constant supply of fresh air. A granite-ware basin filled with boiling water should be placed on the top where it will keep hot, and replenished from time to time that it may give off steam to moisten the air. This is a wise precaution whenever a stove of any kind is used.

NURSERY LIGHT

THE use of gas is so universal in cities, except where it has been superseded by electricity, it is well to remember that it consumes a great deal of oxygen in burning, stealing it away from the sleeping babies. This must be counteracted by the admission of a steady supply of pure air. It should not be turned low lest some of it escape unburned into the room. The same precautions should be observed in using a kerosene lamp. If a faint light is required it is better to burn a candle or night-light.

The eyes should be protected from the light. Tin shades shaped like a shield can be bought for a trifle, and there is a great variety of pretty paper ones to slip over or fasten on the side of the gas globe.

THE NURSERY FURNITURE

FOR a young baby's bed nothing is prettier than the wicker bassinet, trimmed with muslin and lace and with a canopy to match. However, the muslin adornments soon lose their crispness and it is better to purchase a rattan or iron crib, which can be used until the child is no longer a baby. These can be obtained with a frame or rod, from which to suspend curtains of China silk or some pretty washing material, held in place with bows of ribbon to match the color of the room. Iron cribs painted in white and gold, or white with brass knobs and finishings, are very effective. The mattress should be of woven wire, with a thin hair one over it. Children require warm, light coverings: soft blankets and a thin coverlet.

It gives an indescribable look of cleanliness and freshness to the washstand to have the top covered with tiles. White, blue and white, or buff are appropriate colors. Sometimes there is an upright back added, to act as a splasher, also set in tiles. It is well to have a firm one that stands solidly and does not offer opportunities for climbing, or the baby's inquisitiveness may bring about a catastrophe. The toilet set can be of any pretty china to harmonize with the room. A chiffonier with many shallow drawers is the modern substitute for the old-fashioned bureau to hold the baby's belongings. It usually has a little cupboard on one side, which may be utilized as a receptacle for the simple medicines, liniments, bandages and sticking-plaster, which should always be within reach. It has been suggested that there should hang in every nursery a large card with a space at the top for the name and address of the nearest doctor, to be summoned in case of urgent need. Following this a list of the accidents most liable to happen to children, with the remedy for each. A convenient table with a drawer and a comfortable chair or two should be provided for the elder occupant of the room. It must not be forgotten that it is furnished for the especial benefit of the small people who are to live in it, and there must be a table and chairs adapted to their requirements as well. A low, firm table, and chairs of a suitable height, in which they can sit at ease, are indispensable. They cannot enter with ardor into kindergarten work, enjoy and make the most of the "occupations" if they are seated on high chairs with their legs dangling in the air. Children, like grown persons, work best when they are least conscious of their bodies, and should not have their attention attracted to them by any discomfort.

OTHER NECESSARY ARTICLES

A BAMBOO screen with silk curtains, or a better still, those of some washable material, is a most useful adjunct. It can be used to shield the crib from a draught, to screen a corner, or shut off the washstand when it is in use.

If the nursery is far from the kitchen a small refrigerator will be found a great convenience. Tin ones can be purchased for about three dollars that answer the purpose admirably. There is room for the supply of milk for the day, beside the ice, and they are easily kept in perfect order.

If the baby is fed on artificial food some means should be provided for heating it: an alcohol lamp, a contrivance to fit on the gas burner, or a covered saucepan alone, if there is an open fire.

No nursery should be without a thermometer, and when it varies much from 68° the source of heat must be attended to.

A clock is always interesting and amusing to children, and as they grow older is useful in teaching them to tell time.

Beside a closet for the playthings that are owned and used in common, each child should have a receptacle for its own peculiar treasures, which it should be required to keep in order. The top of the chiffonier is a good lodging place for the fragile belongings whose destruction by the heedless younger ones is always so heart-breaking to the careful owner. A low cupboard, divided into compartments, is the best if it can be had. A small bookcase must not be forgotten, with room for the toy books of the babies.

A DAUGHTER'S MUSICAL TRAINING

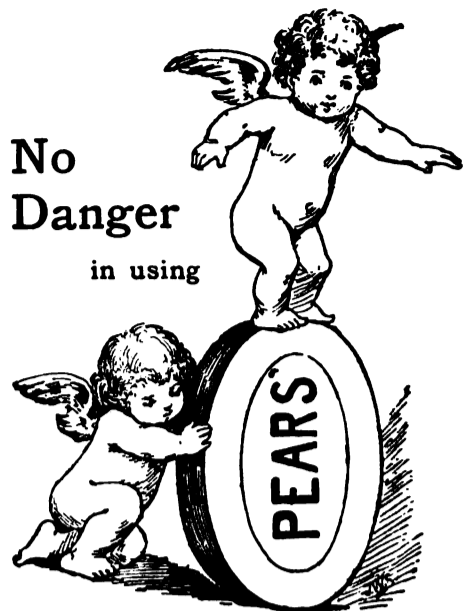
IS a strain on the purse of thousands of our American families. To overcome this obstacle to our American girls becoming proficient in either singing or playing, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL not long since formulated a plan by which any mother may place a complete musical education in her daughter's hands, without the cost of a single penny. Over eighty girls were musically educated last season by the JOURNAL, and how they studied and enjoyed themselves is told in a little book just issued by the JOURNAL, which will be cheerfully sent to any mother if she will write to

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Scovil's former column of "Mothers' Corner," which is now treated under the title of "Suggestions for Mothers," will be found on page 35 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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HANDKERCHIEFS OF DAINTY LACE

By Anna M. Porter

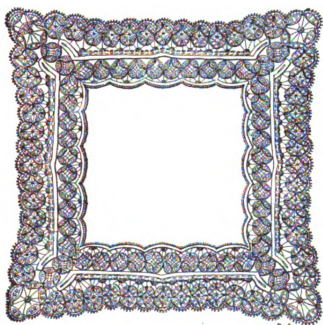
DAINTY lace handkerchiefs for dress occasions are a luxury dear to the heart of woman-kind. They are well high indispensable for weddings, garden parties, receptions, dinners, balls, or any entertainment calling for evening toilette. Indeed, no dressy toilette is complete without certain accessories, prominent among which is a lace handkerchief. Good lace of any kind is always an expensive item, and usually quite beyond the reach of a slender purse.

HONITON AND LACE BRAIDS

TO women of leisure with nimble fingers, needlework lace, carried out by the aid of Honiton and other lace braids in choice designs, is a boon indeed. Since these braids were first brought out some twenty years ago, great improvements have been made in their texture, while fresh designs closely resembling many different specialties in lace making are constantly being brought out, many of them so beautiful that they are calculated to satisfy the most fastidious taste. As a matter of fact these hand-made braid laces do not by any means rank with machine-made imitations, they are a distinct industry in themselves, well-worked specimens commanding considerable prices. The feature that brings them within the reach of amateur workers, indeed of every woman capable of using her needle, is the fact that the ready-made braids forming the basis of the designs exactly resemble the solid parts of the original laces from which they take their name, the genuine laces being entirely worked on a pillow with bobbins, a tedious process requiring lifelong practice in the attainment of great facility.

SPECIMENS IN HONITON LACE

The illustrations Nos. 1, 2 and 3 include three specimens closely resembling Honiton lace, an industry peculiar to the



DESIGN IN HONITON LACE (Illus. No. 1)

English peasantry in Devonshire and its neighborhood, the beautiful piece of point resembling the Italian point always in requisition both for dress and ecclesiastical purposes, and last but not least, a remarkable reproduction of Brussels lace, dainty and handsome enough to adorn an elegant bridal trousseau.

The three designs in Honiton lace upon this page are similar in style and method of working. All of them simulate the Honiton lace in its most simple form, from which the lozenge-shaped braids take their name. A judicious mixture of straight braids serves to accentuate the pattern, at the same time strengthening the work. These patterns are marked on the glazed side of tracing linen with black ink that will flow from the pen readily, and the lace is worked on the dull side, which makes the fine stitches less trying to the eyes.

THE CIRCULAR FORMS
WHEREVER the point braids take a circular form the pattern is fitted by drawing a straight thread, which will be found in the edge of these point braids (Nos. 155 1/2, 290, etc.), just enough to fit the pattern without drawing the braid, and then to strengthen it with whip with fine linen or cotton thread. The Sea Island cotton, called the Honiton thread, combines strength and fineness, and is better than linen thread for the purpose.

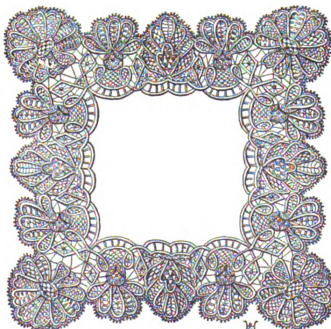
After preparing the work the connecting bars are made first, the point and filling stitches being always put in afterward. This rule is important because unless the bars are first in place to resist the strain on the braid from within the circles, the pattern will assuredly lose something of its clearly-defined outlines. For the bars fine linen thread is used, twisting them to give added strength and richness to the work. A coarser thread used singly would not give the same effect.

Some of the fillings are put in with wheels, using the single linen thread, and the effect is dainty and light; some of them with the cross set bars, the threads being twisted and tied with a buttonhole stitch where they are crossed. The half wheels against the point braid, from which some of the connecting bars start, are very effective. They occur, as may be seen, in patterns Nos. 1 and 2. The leaf-like forms which divide the design into sections are filled with a variety of stitches.

THE POINT LACE DESIGNS

The point lace design, Illustration No. 4, is carried out entirely with the point lace braids, except where small sections of Honiton braid are introduced in place of stitches to save labor. The braid is basted on the pattern, and where it is possible the thread in the edge is drawn as already described, but in places it will be necessary to whip the braid to draw it in proper shape. The connecting bars are similar to those described in the Honiton handkerchiefs, with the exception of the row of straight, thick bars within the scallops nearest the centre; these are buttonholed on a thickness of two or three threads carried backward and forward. The fillings are in point lace stitches, all of them more or less open, to give lightness. The stitches may be varied, but it is not advisable to finish the opposite sides of a handkerchief with different ones. If a pattern is composed of flowers, and among them several lily designs, fill the lily with the most appropriate fine stitches and make all or each alternate lily alike. This gives a richness to these laces that few amateur workers understand.

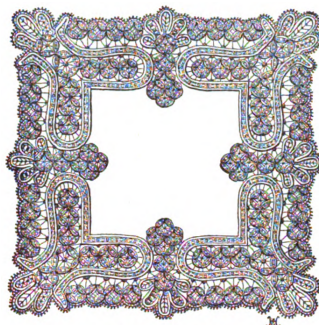
It may be noted that this handkerchief will take longer to work than those chiefly composed of the Honiton braids, the straight braid used for outlining the designs being very narrow, therefore taking up but little space, so that the pattern is nearly all composed of fine needlework. The result is, however, a higher class of lace of greatly increased value. It is impossible to judge of the beauty of this pattern to any appreciable extent until the basting threads are drawn out, releasing it from the foundation on which it is worked.



A POINT LACE PATTERN (Illus. No. 4)

BRUSSELS LACE PATTERN

The Brussels lace pattern in Illustration No. 5 is the greatest novelty in design of the five illustrations here described; it is, however, by no means so laborious in execution as the point lace design. The point braid is applied to fine Brussels net, which must be basted on the pattern as a preliminary proceeding, the outline on the tracing linen pattern being distinct enough to show through the net. The outer edge of the braid is then sewn neatly and closely into place on the net, care being taken not to pick through the tracing linen underneath. Also the inner edge will need felling down where the filling stitches are not introduced. The corners and other places in the design are filled with point lace stitches and wheels, as clearly indicated in the illustration, and the

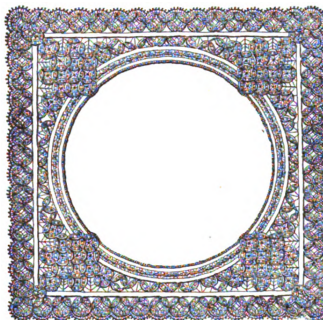


HONITON AND POINT LACE (Illus. No. 2)

net is cut away from underneath after the work is detached from the pattern. The centres of the handkerchiefs are very fine linen cambric. Two of the Honiton patterns are buttonholed on to the linen centre, the rest have the raw edge faced in against the braid, which is sewn down on both sides. Lastly the purling is sewn to the edge with rather long stitches, and replaced each time the lace is washed.

FASCINATION OF THE WORK

THERE is an indescribable fascination about lace work, and its charms are ever new, indeed there is great scope for indi-



WORKED IN HONITON LACE (Illus. No. 3)

vidual taste and ingenuity in arranging the appropriate stitches. Lace making is not so difficult to learn as fine embroidery, and it has the advantage of being suitable for taking up at odd moments. If it becomes soiled in working or wearing there is no fear of injury in the process of cleaning if ordinary care is exercised, such as is necessary in the handling of any kind of lace when being laundered. Moreover, not among the least of its recommendations is the fact that lace is always in demand, both for dress and decoration; especially is it in fashion at the present time, in many instances taking the place

of fringe for edging embroideries for the table and other purposes. It is an excellent plan for beginners in the art to compile samples of stitches for future reference. This need not be a tedious process if new stitches are added from time to time as they are learned, and a good worker can invent an endless variety of stitches. The art of making the most of a design in lace is equivalent to the art of shading properly the embroidery.

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A PURITAN THANKSGIVING DINNER

By Frances E. Lanigan

THE attempt is made on this page to give an accurate description of a New England Thanksgiving dinner, in which all the dishes served, as all the ingredients used, shall be of New England production. The receipts given have all been tested in home cooking, and have the advantage of being simple as well as palatable.

IN arranging the table care must be taken to seat the increased family so that especially congenial relatives may be near together. If the gathering is a very large one it may be well to set a separate table for the children—an arrangement which is sure to meet with great favor from the juvenile element. In the decoration of the table use yellow chrysanthemums, and if it can be obtained, goldenrod. A better arrangement still is the use of wheat and dried grasses as more typical of the festival. Two large, flat bowls of highly-polished red apples should stand at either end of the centre floral piece, while small dishes of popped corn, home-made molasses candy, roasted chestnuts and cracked hickory-nuts should be in convenient places about the table. Pickled walnuts, cucumber pickles and small cruets of tomato ketchup, should form the *hors d'oeuvre*. At each plate there may be a guest card of as much simplicity or ornateness as may be desired. A clever design is a turkey in pasteboard with outstretched tail, on which the name of the guest, with Thanksgiving Day, 1893, may be done in old-fashioned script lettering. Sheaves of wheat are also appropriate designs. If it is desired the menu may be placed upon the back of the card. Appropriate quotations add much to the personality of a guest card, and a few are here given, all taken from New England authors, from which selection may be made:

- For the mistress of the feast—
"Oh, gentle, loving, trusting wife."
LONGFELLOW.
- For the young college athlete—
"Strong of limb, and swift of foot."
BRYANT.
- For a clever bluestocking—
"A whole encyclopaedia of facts."
EMERSON.
- For a guest—
"Welcome, my old friend."
LONGFELLOW.
- For a bride, *fiancée* or wife—
"She floats upon the river of his thoughts."
LONGFELLOW.
- The following quotations may be used for different guests:
- "Be noble in every thought
And in every deed."
LONGFELLOW.
- "Happy art thou."
LONGFELLOW.
- "Mindful not of herself."
LONGFELLOW.
- "He was kindly."
LONGFELLOW.
- "His words carried new strength and courage."
BRYANT.
- "To be strong is to be happy."
LONGFELLOW.
- "Great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous."
LONGFELLOW.
- "He only is a well-made man who has a good determination."
EMERSON.
- "All things come round to him who will but wait."
LONGFELLOW.
- "We will not speak of years to-night,
For what have years to bring
But larger floods of love and light,
And sweeter songs to sing?"
HOLMES.

THE menu of the dinner is as follows:

- Soup
- Clam Chowder
- Fish
- Roast Codfish
- Boiled Potatoes
- Entree
- Pork and Beans
- Roast
- Turkey
- Onion Sauce
- Cranberry Jelly
- Baked Ham
- Mashed Potatoes
- Baked Squash
- Buttered Parsnips
- Game
- Roast Haunch of Venison
- or
- Roast Sucking Pig
- Red Cranberry Jelly
- Salad
- Cold Slaw
- Brown Bread
- Cream Cheese
- Dessert
- Mince Pie
- Pumpkin Pie
- Apple Pie
- Baked Indian Pudding

THE FIRST COURSE

TO prepare a savory clam chowder cut into small dice one-half pound of bacon or ham, and into pieces a little larger, one pound of veal. Chop fifty clams fine. Cut into dice three potatoes, and chop finely one onion. Line the bottom of the saucepan with the ham or bacon; over this put a layer of potatoes, which sprinkle with the minced onion, salt, pepper, parsley, thyme and sweet marjoram. Next a layer of veal and then a layer of the chopped clams, between which, if it is preferred, a layer of stewed tomatoes may be placed. Continue to alternate these layers, having the last layer one of clams, until all the ingredients are used. Add one pint of boiling water, which should barely fill the pot. Cover closely and let it simmer for two or three hours over a slow fire, without stirring. Add to this one pint of milk, in which has been stirred six finely-powdered crackers. Let boil for ten minutes longer and then serve. Bread and butter or small crackers should be served with the chowder.

DELICIOUS ROAST CODFISH

OPEN and clean carefully, after removing the head, tail, scales and fins, a medium-sized fresh codfish. Sprinkle the inside thinly with white pepper, powdered parsley, two truffles cut into thin slices, one thinly-sliced onion, and some grated and browned breadcrumbs. Moisten this stuffing with melted butter, into which a tablespoonful of ketchup or Worcestershire sauce has been stirred. Tie the codfish tightly, cover with melted butter and breadcrumbs. Roast for an hour in a medium oven, basting frequently with melted butter and browned breadcrumbs. Serve upon a hot platter; pour the remainder of the basting sauce and the juice of two lemons over the fish; garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

BAKED PORK AND BEANS

SOAK over night in cold water one quart of small white soup beans. In the morning wash well through a colander. Put on to boil in a pot of cold water, which should much more than cover. Let boil for an hour, when add one pound of salt pork in a square piece. After another hour, when the water is partially boiled away, remove the pork, which score into squares. Season the beans in their liquor with pepper and salt if it is needed. Add also, if you wish the beans to be especially delicious, two tablespoonfuls of molasses. Put both pork and beans into a bean-pot and let them bake in a slow oven all day long, being careful not to let them become too dry. Pork and beans prepared in this way may be served either cold or hot.

ROAST TURKEY

AFTER the turkey has been thoroughly singed, drawn and well washed, dry it, and fill with the following dressing: Add to equal quantities of bread and cracker crumbs one egg, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half a teaspoonful of pepper, and one heaped teaspoonful of summer savory. Fill the turkey, sew up the opening, and truss the turkey from wing to leg. Rub a little salt and butter over the outside, and when placed in the pan dredge with flour, and place small slices of larding pork on the breast. Baste occasionally with the gravy in the pan. From two hours to two and a half hours are required to cook a turkey weighing from eight to ten pounds. The fire should be brisk. When done remove from the pan, untruss, and add a little thickening or consommé to the gravy. Serve on a hot dish, garnished with curled parsley or celery leaves.

RED CRANBERRY JELLY

SELECT two quarts of bright red berries, and wash carefully; put them in a porcelain-lined kettle with a scant pint of cold water, and boil briskly for fifteen minutes, then squeeze through a flannel jelly bag. Return the juice thus obtained to the kettle, add two pounds of the best white sugar, and boil for about twenty minutes, stirring constantly. Pour into moulds that have previously been rinsed in cold water. Care must be taken that the berries are not over-ripe.

WHITE ONION SAUCE

COVER with boiling water and cook until soft one dozen small white onions. Drain and press six of them through a fine sieve. Mix to a smooth paste two tablespoonfuls of butter and one tablespoonful of flour. Add gradually a pint of boiling milk, stirring carefully, and remove from the fire as soon as it is thickened; salt and add the sifted onion and the whole onions and serve with as little delay as possible.

ROAST SUCKING PIG

IN choosing a pig for roasting select one not older than three weeks, being particular that every part of it is thoroughly cleansed and washed with cold water; wipe perfectly dry and rub on the inside a tablespoonful of salt. For the dressing use three pints of grated breadcrumbs, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one of minced onion, half a teaspoonful of pepper, three teaspoonfuls of salt, and one tablespoonful of powdered sage mixed together, sewing the body firmly together after filling it with this mixture. Before placing it on the rack in the dripping pan, the forefeet should be pressed forward and the hindfeet backward and fastened with skewers. Dredge with salt, rub with butter and dredge again with flour. It is a good plan to place buttered paper over each ear before placing in the oven, which should be moderately hot. About three and a half hours are required to roast a pig of this size. Butter or salad oil is preferable for basting, to water, giving also a slight dusting of flour and salt occasionally. When nearly cooked the paper may be removed from the ears, and when taken from the oven an ear of corn or a lemon may be placed in the pig's mouth. Apple sauce is very palatable served with roast pig.

APPETIZING COLD SLAW

PUT two beaten eggs into a tin cup; add to these four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, an even teaspoonful of mustard, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil and one of sugar. Stir this mixture over the fire until it becomes a smooth, slightly-thickened sauce. Pour this over shredded cabbage, and place on the ice to cool.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD

STIR well together three cups of corn-meal, two cups of rye-meal, one cup of flour and one of molasses; add one-half a teaspoonful of saleratus, a little salt and enough milk or water to mix rather thin. Pour this mixture into a tin pudding-boiler, tie the cover securely on, and boil four hours.

PUMPKIN PIE

PRESS one quart of stewed pumpkin through a fine colander; add to it two quarts of milk, two cups of sugar, seven eggs beaten very light, and a teaspoonful each of butter, ginger and cinnamon. Stir thoroughly together and fill plates that have previously been lined with a rich pie-crust.

It has hardly seemed necessary to give any receipts for apple or mince pies as they have so often been given in the JOURNAL.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING

SCALD one quart of rich milk, and pour it over five tablespoonfuls of corn-meal; add to this one cup of molasses. Pour this into a pudding-dish in which you have melted a piece of butter the size of a large egg. If whey is liked, add, just after the pudding begins to cook, a cup of cold milk. Bake in a moderately hot oven. A cupful of stoned raisins and some spices may be added. This pudding should be served and eaten while hot.

SADDLE OF VENISON

IN preparing a small saddle of venison it should first be thoroughly trimmed, the outside sinews removed, the meat finely larded, then tied firmly two or three times around. Slice into the roasting-pan one onion and one carrot; rub a half ounce of butter over the venison, adding a pinch of salt, and place it in the pan. About forty minutes are required to roast a saddle weighing about five pounds. It should be basted frequently with its own gravy, and untied before placing on a dish. Add to the gravy in the pan about a gill of white broth, letting it come to a boil. When the fat has been skimmed from this, pour the remainder over the saddle. Any hot jelly sauce may be served with venison.

BOILED HAM

WASH and scrub carefully in cold water, soak for twenty-four hours in cold water and wipe dry. Simmer in a porcelain-lined kettle for fifteen minutes to the pound, more than covering with water. Allow it to cool in the liquor in which it was boiled. Then remove the skin carefully, brush the top with beaten egg, sprinkle with dried breadcrumbs and place in the oven, basting with the liquor remaining until it is brown. Boiled ham should be garnished with parsley and may further be adorned with a white paper frill.

BAKED YELLOW SQUASH

CHOP into small pieces a Hubbard squash. Pare the pieces and cook in boiling water until they may be pierced by a fork. Drain through a colander, mash finely, season with salt, pepper and plenty of butter. Put into a baking-dish and bake in a hot oven for about twenty minutes.

BUTTERED PARSNIPS

BOIL until tender in boiling water. When done scrape and cut lengthwise in slices about one-quarter of an inch thick. Broil on a well-buttered gridiron. Serve on a very hot dish, after buttering well, with a hot cream sauce. If the broiling facilities are not good the parsnips may be fried in butter, and served in the same manner.



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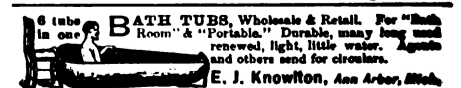
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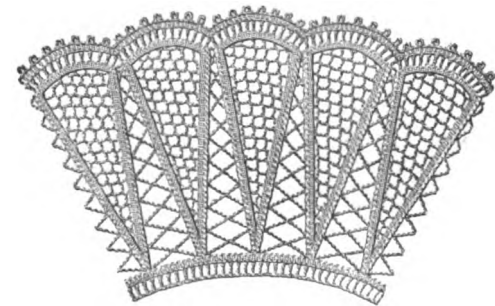
CROCHETING FOR THE HOLIDAYS

By Margaret Sims

HOLIDAY time again approaches and with it the question of how to make pretty and suitable gifts for friends and relatives. Gifts are always more valued by our loved ones when time, thought and labor are bestowed upon them by the giver than are those costlier presents procured ready made. I have endeavored to supply my readers with some dainty fancies, charming and complete in themselves, yet in a measure adaptable to the making of a variety of articles both ornamental and useful.

BUTTERFLIES AND DRAGON-FLY DESIGN
 THE butterflies and dragon-fly can be appliquéd, or made separately as need demands. The shapes for the bodies may be cut out in thin cardboard or stiff paper; this should be laid down on a firm material, slightly padded, then finished in satin stitch, with small beads for the eyes and a length of thread or silk left for the antlia knotted at the ends. The framework of the wings consists of papier maché moulds. The shapes chosen are obtainable in pairs so that they face each other. The wings may be sewn on to the bodies so that they set up, as when the insect alights; in this position they make a nice finish to a penwiper, or they are suitable as an ornamentation on the corner of a photograph stand or frame. Penwipers can be made also with the butterfly quite flat, the shape of the cloth beneath being cut out in exact accordance with its outlines. Pretty needlebooks may be carried out in the same manner. The dragon-fly makes a unique edge for a tidy, if appliquéd on bolting cloth, the moulds being covered with pale blue silk, the fillings made of gold thread. Place the insects in a row, wing to wing, cutting the material away from the outer edge. The butterflies may be utilized in the same way, and also for mats on thicker material. The middle butterfly in Illustration No. 1 is intended to be filled in with silk or satin on which the chain stitch is worked with a needle. The jewels, now obtainable in all sizes and shapes, are a great improvement but not absolutely indispensable. The second butterfly is filled in with crochet, on which the jewels may be sewn.

ATTRACTIVE WHISK CASE
 A PRETTY case for the almost indispensable whisk, so that it may be always easy to find, is very acceptable. The



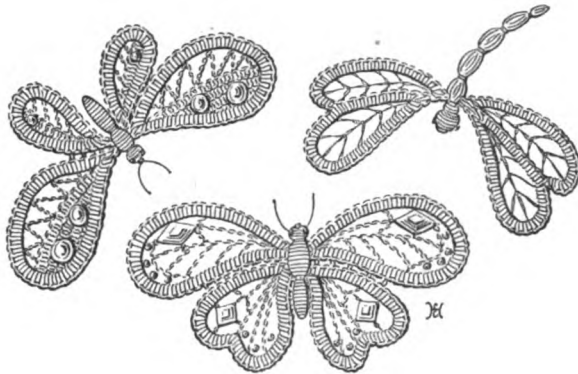
ORNAMENTAL WHISK HOLDER (Illus. No. 4)

stiffness of the moulds renders them very suitable for the purpose. Those chosen in the Illustration No. 4 measure just five inches in length; they are covered with a row of close d c in any desired shade of lustrous thread or silk; a row of single stitches, preferably in gold thread, is worked on top of the d c. The fillings and bars may also be in gold thread, likewise the picots ornamenting the top. Care must be taken to leave spaces of one inch, as shown, between the points. The case is joined all round with the connecting bars. It requires five moulds. An elastic ring is passed through the lower edge a little smaller than the size of the whisk handle. The gathering in will cause the bars to sag forward toward the lower part, but this is no detriment. A ribbon should be attached on either side, with a bow at the top concealing a ring, where-with to hang up this very decorative trifle.

The same moulds arranged in somewhat similar fashion without joining all round can be utilized for a wall pocket if lined and backed with cardboard properly shaped and neatly covered.

NOVEL PHOTOGRAPH FRAME
 A CROCHETED picture frame is a distinct novelty, more than this it is a great success, always provided that the pattern employed is suitable. That given in the illustration is eminently adapted for the purpose. Carried out in coarse cream-colored cotton, viewed at a little distance it resembles carved ivory. Another plan is to gild the work all over when finished and pasted on the frame; this is done with bronze powder, or to pick the pattern out with gold in parts. Not only for photographs but for framing small pictures, crochet can be used with excellent effect; it should be very coarse, the design giving a suggestion of carving or fretwork.

To make the design in Illustration No. 2 begin with the wheels, which must be connected in working; the number must depend upon the size of the frame; each wheel is about one inch and a quarter in diameter. Make 4 ch, join, 8 d c into the ring, then 1 d tre into each d c with 3 ch between. For the last row work



BUTTERFLIES AND DRAGON-FLY (Illus. No. 1)

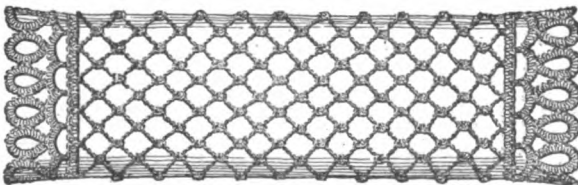
5 d c under each 3 ch with 1 d c into every d tre. For the outside edge 1 d c into the d c over d tre; next to a connection 3 ch, 1 d tre over next d tre, 1 t treble, 1 d tre into same stitch with 2 ch between each 3 ch, 1 d c over next d tre, 3 ch; repeat on succeeding wheels, taking notice of the extra group of trebles on the corner wheels.

Second row: 5 d c into 3 ch, 1 d c into d tre, 2 d c into 2 ch, 5 tre into the t tre, in the centre; work down the other side to match, then 2 d c under the 3 ch between the wheels and repeat.

Third and fourth rows are d c ribbed; in the third row work 3 d c into one st on the apex of each point. The last has picots made with 4 ch caught into the top of previous d c; the points on each corner are worked in the last row backward and forward until complete. There should be 5 d c between the picots at the sides and 3 between those on the corners; a single st between the points gives solidity, passing over one d c on either side to avoid puckering. For finishing the inside 1 tre over d tre; next to the connection 4 ch, 1 d c over next d tre, 4 ch, 1 tre over next d tre, 3 ch; repeat on succeeding wheels, making 1 d tre on centre of corner wheel without any ch between it and the tre on either side of it. For the next row 5 d c under each 4 ch, 3 d c under the 3 ch with 1 d c into each stitch between the ch. The last row is ribbed, making 7 d c between each cluster of picots.

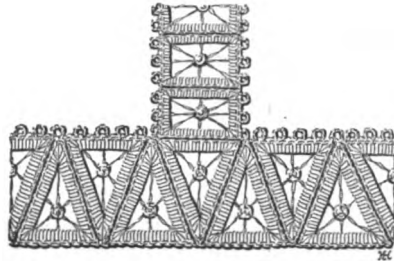
This pattern, likewise, makes a charming square or oblong mat of any desired size, the centre being filled in with a simple openwork design. In very fine cotton it is pretty for doilies.

In colored lustrous thread or silk, if treated as a border, the design is also well adapted for edging tidies or any articles calling for a similar finish, while in the coarsest lustrous thread it is eminently effective for furniture trimming or for a lambrequin. In using the pattern for a frame, as suggested, it will be well first to work it out as near to the required size as possible, and then to have a piece of strong mill board cut out or a wood frame made to the exact dimensions.



USEFUL MUSIC ROLL (Illus. No. 5)

A DAINTY BASKET
 QUITE a unique basket or tray can be made with a mould of simple shape plainly covered and afterward sewn firmly together on the wrong side (see Illustration No. 3). The spider-web fillings should be put in before the moulds are joined; they and the picots are most effective in gold thread. The corner moulds should be bent in the centre before being covered; the basket can be made square, round or oblong as fancy dictates. To give the handle the necessary firmness a wire should be



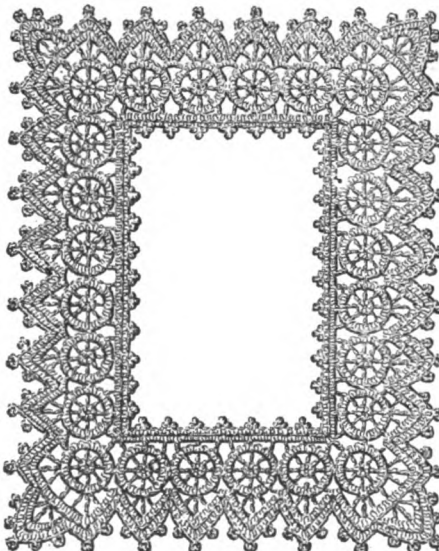
BASKET IN MOULD CROCHET (Illus. No. 3)

sewn to either edge underneath; this can first be covered with a row of double crochet to conceal it. Crochet silk or lustrous thread can be used with almost equally good effect, the silk, of course, has a brighter sheen. The foundation of the basket is made of stiff cardboard covered with silk, satin or velvet. This basket carefully finished makes a charming receptacle for visiting-cards on a hall table.

USEFUL MUSIC ROLL
 A MUSIC roll is both useful and elegant. It conveys without injury the few songs or pieces one wishes to contribute toward an evening's entertainment in a social or family gathering. Somehow such dainty accessories add much to the individual charms of a girl. They give a sense of neatness and finish to her surroundings.

A good foundation for the music roll is one of the strong pasteboard rolls used for transmitting drawings or magazines through the mail. These vary in size. Choose one about nine inches in circumference, cut it seven inches in length, then cover and line it neatly with silk or satin. The color should match the border, the openwork looks well in a contrasting shade. Our model, Illustration No. 5, is worked in olive green, edged with rich old gold. Crochet silk twist gives the best results, but lustrous thread is also very effective. For the openwork make a foundation chain to fit the circumference of the roll, join it, then make 6 ch, one single into fourth ch from needle, 2 ch, miss 3 ch, 1 d c and repeat; the following rows are the same except that in place of the d c, work 1 s into each picot in previous row. Finish with 1 s into each picot with 3 ch between.

For the border, first a row of d c three under each 3 ch and 1 d c into each st be-



ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPH FRAME (Illus. No. 2)

tween them, next 5 ch, 1 d c into st over centre of every 3 ch. This done * 4 d c under the 5 ch, 13 ch, take out needle, put it into the 3 d c that is next but one behind the thread, draw the thread through, work 21 d c under the 13 ch, 2 d c under the same 5 ch; repeat from *, connecting each ring after making four of the 21 d c. A handle of ribbon may be added. This pattern can be adapted for handkerchief cases by working a square double the required size, and turning in the four corners to the centre, where they should be tied with a ribbon bow matching the border. The border must be worked around the entire square.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR WINTER GOWNS

By Emma M. Hooper

WHEN Parisian modistes are preparing costumes for the holiday festivities they seem to become tired of what has been the style and invent some new twist or "wrinkle" which gives a certain quaintness to the midwinter gowns, and paves the way toward a general revolution in designs. But as yet they have not given us a hint of what they may do by January. They announced in September that the novelty of the fall season would be the tablier skirt, or skirt having a front gore of contrasting goods, which has already been described in the JOURNAL. Of one thing we may be sure, and that is that all new styles will become fuller until the natural rebound to plain, close-fitting designs returns in, well, let us say two years.

BRIDES' TRAVELING GOWNS

OUR winter brides are going to wear brown—golden, tobacco or reddish in tone—trimmed with a darker brown, black or purplish red, Magenta velvet—mimoir, plain or ombre—or silk; the latter fabric includes plain and changeable satin, taffeta and bengaline. Black is stylishly used on brown rough goods, having bouclé or camel's-hair effects in black curly mohair or hairs. The materials will be for these gowns, camel's-hair, basket checks, hopsacking, serge or bouclé, the latter showing knots or "niggerheads" of several colors here and there or all over soft curls of mohair. The cross-stripe called *bayadère* is much worn in plain or curved lines, but it is only becoming to a slender figure. Short capes like the dress, fur capes and the fashionable tight-fitting jackets with umbrella back, are all used to complete such a gown, which is described as for traveling and general wear. The felt hat is of a medium size, and trimmed with velvet and ostrich tips, birds or wings and a lace veil. Four-button piqué or glacé kid gloves in brown, tan or dark red should complete the toilette. The rough fabrics, like camel's-hair, require but a small amount of trimming, as a bias band on the edge of the skirt, crush belt and draped collar—these of the silk or velvet—or the sleeves are ornamented by a ruffle at the armholes, tapering to nothing underneath, being four inches wide on the top. These and the collar will trim a double-breasted pointed coat or round basque, though candor compels me to say that this far young ladies show a preference for round waists and soft belts.

BAYADÈRE FABRICS

THESE cross-striped goods are generally of a handsome quality and require but little trimming, which will doubtless be of velvet. The stripe may introduce a bright shade in a knot, and then a vest of bengaline may match and form the only trimming. A Magenta velvet belt and collar appear on a brown and black *bayadère*, and also on one of brown, blue and Magenta. Black wavy stripes crossing a ground of bright green calls for a black satin vest and belt, with a jacket front round waist, leg-of-mutton sleeves and a close-fitting bell skirt, three and a half yards wide, with the stripes all meeting, which means a plentiful supply of goods, patience and skill. Such skirts are often untrimmed, or may have three rows of stitching four inches above the edge; all of the other edges should then be stitched twice. For a blonde a metal blue, having a cross-stripe thrown up in a rough tan, red and yellow knot every few inches, is trimmed with a narrow vest, short, wide revers and draped collar of tan-colored ladies' cloth. A green, mixed with brown, yellow, red and black, has only a stock collar and narrow folded belt of ombre velvet, shading from green through red to brown, and so beautifully are the shades arranged that they rest the eyes. Cross-stripes for the skirt and sleeves are sometimes worn with a waist or umbrella basque of plain goods. These new basques have a pointed front and full back laid in umbrella plaits like the fall jackets and the English blazers worn during the summer. When the cross-stripes are decided they must meet in the seams. This means more trouble for the dressmaker, but so it is willed. Short figures can only wear such fabrics when the colors and designs are subdued and the skirt left without any trimming. Vests of *bayadère* striped satin are very stylish in silk or woolen gowns; black dresses having sleeves and vests of these stripes are pronounced quite correct in style.

VISITING TOILETTES

VELVET, velveteen, satin, ladies' cloth and the silk and wool matelassés are selected for the handsomest street dresses in black, reddish-purple, brown, green or blue. Velvet and fur are the choicest of trimmings, the latter in black or brown shades. Satin is plain, with small figures or *bayadère* stripes, and requires a quantity of velvet to show it off. The small, Dresden figures, tiny wreaths, *petite pois* dots and irregular dashes, imparting a changeable effect, are all handsome designs for such a material. Velvet still remains without a peer in point of beauty, and a dress may remain untrimmed when of such a fabric, which may be \$3 to \$15 a yard. This is beyond the reach of many, which fact brought the cotton velveteens in demand for suits, trimmings, millinery and capes this season. They are made up like velvet, with the pile running down, and all pieces cut the same way of the goods. Ladies' cloth may be trimmed with velvet, fur or silk and should be sponged before it is made up, and the different parts of a costume cut to run the same way of the goods to prevent shading. This material is one of those that never looks *passé*, cleans and dyes well. In the very light shades it makes a stylish costume for day weddings, theatre, ladies' luncheons, etc. The silk and wool mixtures are sometimes more costly than velvet, and are of novel colorings and matelassé designs that are never cheap. Where the price is an object remember that a ladies' cloth at \$1.25 to \$1.75 will give excellent wear and look more stylish than a cheap velvet or novelty. Have a velvet or cloth cape to match such a costume unless you are the happy possessor of a half-long fur cape or jacket, which will set off any handsome costume.

FOR GENERAL WEAR

THERE are very pretty changeable serges, hopsackings, etc., from \$1 and even lower in price, as well as plain goods of various weaves that will answer for a general shopping or walking suit. In color, brown, navy and grayish blue, dark green and dark brownish red are good, with stitching for the trimming, or the inevitable velvet. A vest of ladies' cloth is also allowable, or one of the heavy silk vestings in bengaline or armure covered with tiny figures. A tailor-made gown of hopsacking has a seven-gored skirt, leg-of-mutton sleeves and a double-breasted round basque, four inches below the waist-line, with a turn-over collar and revers and metal buttons, stock collar and tiny plastron of bengaline. Such a serviceable gown may be evolved out of a mixed chevrot, showing green, brown and a tiny knot of red and yellow here and there. The round waist has a circular bertha, sleeves softly falling over the elbow and close-fitting below; skirt a full bell, three and a half yards wide, with a simulated hem, stitched with brown and green silk and all of the edges finished in a similar manner, stock collar and crush belt of changeable green and brown velveteen.

THE LITTLE ODDS AND ENDS

IN buying your new gown do not stint in the linings; have a good silesia or percaline waist-lining, and use cheaper for the skirt, or the ordinary undressed cambric, which is light in weight and therefore easy to carry. Let the "findings" of your dress be plenty and of a good quality. Then do not wear a new gown with shabby shoes or gloves; better a shabby gown and irreproachable foot and hand covering. The French women can teach us many lessons yet in the general correctness of a toilette. Wear a face veil that is becoming and accords with your hat, and if it has a border, as bordered veils are very fashionable, see that this part is below the chin. Buy one and one-eighth yards of double-width veiling for a large hat, and gather it up in soft folds at the back, leaving it loosely over the face and in folds under the chin. A yard of veiling is sufficient for a small hat, but put it on in the same loose, graceful manner. Wear a fold, frill or plaiting of white or colored ribbon, silk, lisse, etc., in the neck and sleeves of your dresses, remembering that cream-white is softening, while dead-white is very trying. If you are very pale wear plenty of bright old rose and dark red; both are stylish now and will supply the warmth of coloring pale cheeks lack. Pale complexions should wear reddish browns, not the golden. Brunettes can wear dark green if lit up with pink or red. The black and white combinations are not becoming to brunettes, unless they possess rosy cheeks and clear complexions.

SOME PRETTY TEA-GOWNS

WHEN buying the winter outfit do not forego the comfort of a tea-gown. It may be of Henrietta, a silk-warp fabric—many of which are wrongly called silk-warp Henriettas—or a printed silk, though Henrietta is probably the most popular in price. In color have a dark coppery red, with a pale blue Japanese or surah silk front; a metal blue with a pink, cream or old rose front; navy with red; gray with bright old rose; purplish lavender with pinkish lavender or pink, or golden tan with green. The changeable silk fronts are very pretty, but more expensive, as surah or Japanese silk at fifty-nine cents will answer in place of a glacé at \$1. A princesse or Watteau back, loose fronts and demi-train is the accepted style upon which many changes are rung. The garment is now cut fuller around the edge and has one ruffle or a cluster of three overlapping. The lining in front is close-fitting, with the outside shirred at the neck and waist, laid in fine plaits or puffed for a yoke, etc. Soft folds of the silk, ribbon, and a belt or a bodice of *passementerie*—you can now get the jeweled very cheap, as it is *passé*, and it is quaint for a yoke and girdle on such a gown. Yoke effects and full bertha trimmings of the Henrietta, velvet, silk or lace are worn. The front edges of the princesse or woolen portion are trimmed with cream or coffee-colored lace jabots, revers of velvet, in either case continuing as a bertha over the shoulders, or a triple box-plaiting of the Henrietta, having pinked edges, is used, unless a ruche of No. 16 satin ribbon is preferred. Of course, there are many elegant tea-gowns far beyond an ordinary mortal's purse, as one of striped copper velvet and pink satin, with a satin front covered with accordion-plaited silk muslin, but such gowns have not the comfort nor cozy look of a plainer one; they are too dressy for the purpose originally intended for a tea-gown.

NEAT MORNING WRAPPERS

CASHMERE (plain and printed), serge, striped and printed flannel and eider-down cloth are accepted materials for winter wrappers. There are many cheap woolen and cotton and wool fabrics in bright colors that can also be used for this purpose. A wrapper should only be worn at a private breakfast table or in one's room, and it is rather out of place on a young lady unless she is an invalid. Much trimming is uncalled for, as a wrapper is strictly a plain morning gown. A close or loosely-fitting belt of ribbon, a cord girdle or velvet bodice may fasten the garment around the waist; collar, pockets and revers of velveteen wear well, or they may be of silk, of the material embroidered, etc. Rows of ribbon, braid (worsted or mohair in plain or fancy patterns), or feather stitching are also used for trimming the wrists, collars, pockets, belts, yokes, circular berthas, etc. A half-tight back and similar front, or one loose in the Empire style, with large puffed or leg-of-mutton sleeves, is the usual pattern, cut to escape the floor. The eider-down wrappers are often made without any lining, and are sufficiently ornamental not to require any trimming, being in plain, printed, striped and camel's-hair effects. A woolen wrapper cannot be recommended for doing housework in, as it will become soiled. A refined woman is daintily clean at all times.

A BLACK SILK DRESS

ELDERLY and young women will wear black satin duchess, bengaline, *peau-de-soie* and small satin brocades. Combined with heavy black or écu laces and narrow jet galloon they please matrons, while younger women lighten them with draped collar and crush belt of plain or shaded mimoir velvet or satin in glacé or ombre shadings. It seems almost useless to say that velvet is the richest, most effective and becoming of combinations, and the newest novelties (mimoir, ombre and miroite) are from \$2.50 a yard. These silk gowns will be worn for visiting, church, theatre, luncheons and home afternoon occasions. Full skirts, trimmed with two tiny ruffles at the edge and twelve inches below the waist, large sleeves, much puffed over the elbows, and a round waist having bertha or epaulet trimmings, is a good model; add the crush belt and stock collar of purplish red mimoir velvet or of ombre shading from purplish red to green, and a stylish gown is obtained. A young matron trims her skirt only at the lower edge, and adds a circular basque piece to her round waist. A circular bertha corresponds, and is edged with a tiny fish-scale jet galloon, like the wrists and basque piece; wearing narrow belt in decided folds and a stock collar of colored velvet. For a woman of fifty years the skirt is also three and a half to four yards wide, and trimmed with ruffles or a cluster of folds; round basque, fully four inches below the waist-line, and leg-of-mutton sleeves; black or écu insertion on the cuffs and collar, and striping a silk muslin vest; short, silk revers, edged like the bottom with jet, or lace jabots and berthas.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to correspondents, under the title of "Hints on Home Dressmaking," will be found on page 34 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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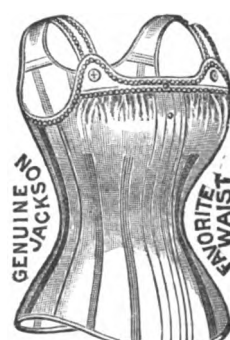
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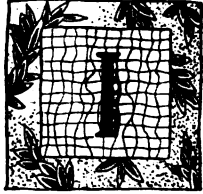
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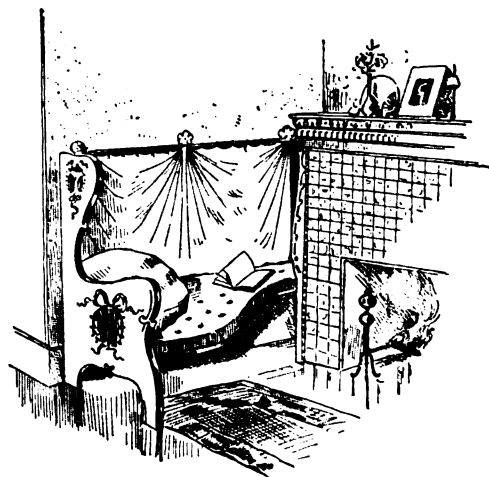
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COZY CORNERS AND INGLE NOOKS

By James Thomson



In no line of artistic development has recent advancement been more marked than in that of household art, embracing all that pertains to beautifying the interior of the house. If we but recall the conditions governing furnishing a few years ago it will be found that only people of wealth considered the subject worthy of study and attention. To the person of moderate means there was suggested but one method of furnishing, and that the stereotyped one. Consequently as there was no exercise of taste or individuality in the decorative scheme, to see one interior was to see all.



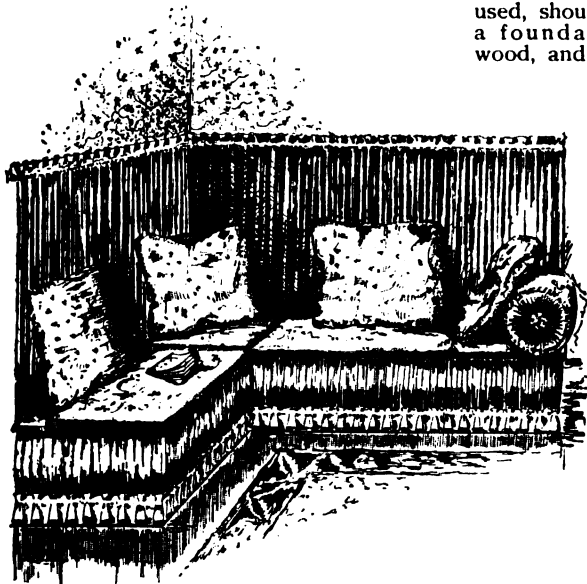
ARTISTIC CHIMNEY CORNER (Illus. No. 4)

THE PARLOR OF THE PAST

WE cannot forget the parlor of the not very remote past, that period which may be termed the dark age of decorative effort, when the haircloth-covered set of furniture was very much in evidence; nor can we forget with what painful precision it was distributed round the wall spaces, when everything—in what was often spoken of as the "best" room—assumed such a funereal aspect, that one never entered without a chill, nor departed without delight. But we are doing better now; we have learned to appreciate the beneficial effects of "sweetness and light" and the elevating influences of subdued colors. With this has come an awakening to the fact that comfort may be had as cheaply as the reverse, and that one need not rely altogether on professional assistance in arranging the domestic surroundings.

THE ARTISTIC COZY CORNER

The cozy corner may be fitted up at a small expense, or, if desired, a large amount of money may be expended upon



A USEFUL DESIGN (Illus. No. 1)

it. In England the cozy corner is usually to be found in the stock of the upholsterer, and may be purchased complete as an article of furniture. None of the furniture houses on this side have as yet had the courage to venture as far as this.

The design shown in Illustration No. 1 is, from a utilitarian point of view, about as simple and convenient an arrangement as can be devised. The foundation consists of two boxes (which may be made of ordinary hemlock boards, such as are used for packing purposes) and should be provided with hinged covers, which form the seat. The covers must be hinged about three inches from the back line so as to permit their falling back against the wall when raised; and should

be made in two sections, the piece of seat in the angle of corner to remain stationary. The seat should measure sixteen inches from the floor without the cushion, and be twenty-four inches deep to the wall; the length, of course, being governed by the size of available space. The inside of the boxes may be lined or painted, as desired. The expense after this much has been accomplished, depends entirely on one's choice of material for upholstery and drapery. Any pretty pattern in chintz or cretonne, of which there are numberless patterns and colorings to be had at prices to suit all purses, would be most suitable for a bedroom or boudoir. The figured denim may be used, or jute or

any of the similar materials that come at moderate prices. India silk, or some one of its imitations can be used for the wall guard, and should be plaited or gathered on two brass rods attached to the wall, at the top and bottom respectively. The pillows may be of the goods used for the guard, but it is not unusual to have them of different colors and materials. The seat may be upholstered with a few folds of an old quilt, or hair can be purchased by the pound for stuffing. The round bolster may be omitted, or if used, should have a foundation of wood, and be fastened to the box so as not to roll off.

SUITABLE FOR A PARLOR

In Illustration No. 2 is a variation of the one just described, which may be carried out in like manner. In this case the seat does not form a box, but may be made so if desired. This design is most suitable for a parlor, and would look well in figured silk, satin damask, plush or brocatelle. The wall guard should be of a soft silk and the festoons of a harmonious contrasting color.

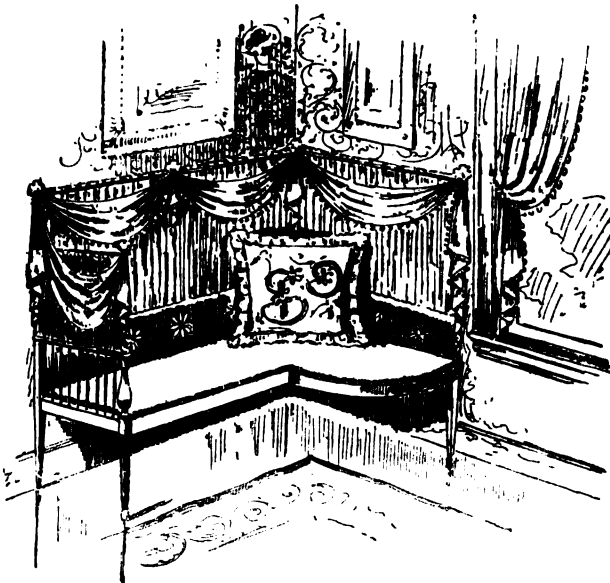
The design in Illustration No. 3 is also well adapted for parlor adornment. The original was executed in delicate blue enamel, ornamented with silver. The cushions were of blue and white satin damask; the back upholstery was of white plush with ornaments of silver outlined with blue, the pillow covering a delicate shade of green, with embroidery of pale pink and silver, the wall guard being pale green India silk and the over-drapery pale pink with ball trimming of green and silver.

A USEFUL DESIGN

INGLE NOOK OR CHIMNEY CORNER

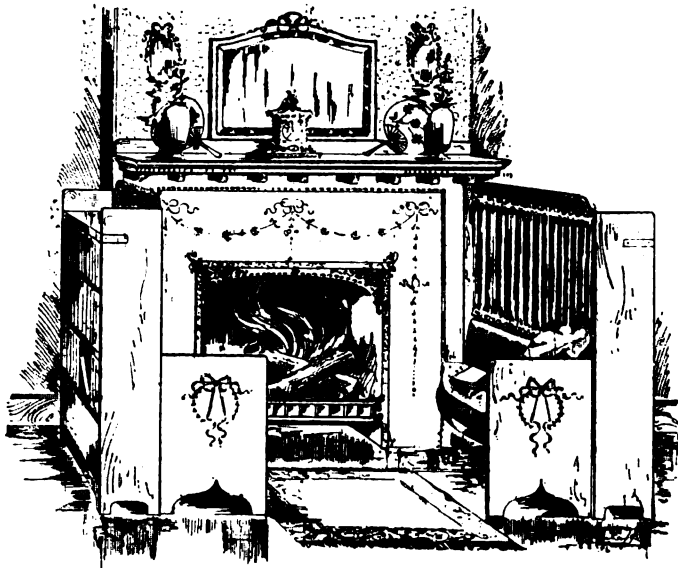
At a time when doors were nothing but apologies, as far as keeping out the draught was concerned, the most comfortable place to be found was in the fireside ingle beside the crackling blaze of logs. Some of our modern houses have the idea introduced as an architectural feature; it is a very sensible one, and one that lends an air of comfort and good cheer. Where one has not the ingle nook supplied by the architect, one may, by a little ingenuity, provide a substitute which will answer every purpose, both as regards good effect and utility.

The scheme shown in Illustration No. 4 is one that commends itself for simplicity of conception. It shows a mantel in the corner



ARTISTIC COZY CORNER (Illus. No. 3)

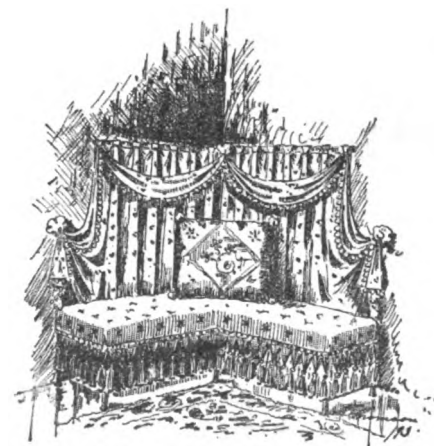
of a room, but of course the idea conveyed is applicable to a fireplace in any other situation. It can be readily seen that where cost is to be considered that much of the elaboration may be omitted. The simple outlines of the arm will look well and answer the purpose quite as well as the more ornate. The wood may be pine or poplar, painted white or tinted, or, if desired, may match the furniture of the room.



THE INGLE NOOK (Illus. No. 5)

UTILIZING THE BOOKCASES

In Illustration No. 5 is shown a very good scheme in the arrangement of library bookcases. We here have two ordinary cases utilized to form the ingle nook, the seats being attached to the case backs, which are then draped. These bookcases are of oak, nicely finished, and come in two sizes: the smaller being three feet wide and the larger (as shown here) four feet wide.



CORNER IN THE PARLOR (Illus. No. 2)

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EDITED BY MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT

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

WE are threatened with "hard times" this winter; indeed, some of us have already felt the touch of them. "What are we going to do?" is a question which hovers over many a sleeper's pillow, and turns the repose of the night into labor more agonizing, because more fruitless, than the toil of the day.

What are we going to do about it? We will face the dread "it" with courage and so be ready to take advantage of every favorable opportunity, no matter how small it seems. Courage has turned more than one defeat into a victory. How many times we have to tone up our faltering hopes with this memory. It is a terrible truth that there are men and women who have nothing to give up but their breath, but not many readers of this page are in such dire distress. We can, even at our darkest time, give up more than we think without real suffering, except in pride or sentiment.

And it is in the time of our scantiness that we can have the blessedness of sharing our small portion with our poorer friend—there is no blessedness like that which comes to one who in giving food to the hungry and clothes to the shivering takes in return some of the hunger and the chill. And, too, the courage we need for ourselves will be the best gift we can carry to our suffering neighbor, and when we find him cast down and bruised, cheerfulness will make a little "oil and wine" go a great way. I wonder if the "good Samaritan's" beast, upon which he set the wounded traveler in that old road to Jericho, was not named Courage!

I WISH to remind every mother that the boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow, and as we train our boys so we are in a way preparing the weal or woe of some other mother's daughter. Let us train our boys from earliest infancy to be kind, deferential and helpful to mother and sister; a boy thus taught will not become overbearing and masterful to his wife.

A WIFE AND MOTHER OF BOYS.

The little seed of rudeness and falsehood planted in a boy's mind, bears bitter fruit in after years. Mothers who expect their sons to be deferential, kind and truthful men forget that in order to become so, there must be training in early life, and those desirable qualities must be implanted in the nature of the child when it is just beginning life. The home is the place where the character and the manners are formed. The baby boy, building his house of blocks upon the floor, intent upon what to him is a most important construction, is suddenly grieved and angered by the downfall of the fragile structure. His mother has carelessly brushed against it with her gown and she does not so much as turn to apologize for it. What wonder that the boy grows up careless of her feelings. It is true that the father has great influence upon his sons in matters of deportment, and that a mother's training cannot always overcome the influences of thoughtless and rude conduct on his part; and yet I have seen boys who had little or no help from their father become models of gentlemanly conduct under the influence and teaching of their mother.

LAST year a letter appeared in this magazine full of excellent advice to girls as to what to take with them when going from home for some weeks. I only wish that many girls who are known to me had taken that advice. May I add a few words more? Every girl should take in her trunk, not only sewing silk to match her dresses, but pieces of her dresses to mend with. Working in a college for the last three years has shown me how necessary this is, for of all the dresses brought me to be mended, or to show the owners how to mend, very few had any scraps of the material with them. I may add that a few extra buttons are often needed.

M. R. R.

Mending is a very important part of woman's work. To repair a garment neatly is an accomplishment worth acquiring. A young girl should never be sent to school without materials for keeping her wardrobe in order, and instruction in using them. Boys would not suffer if they were taught at least to sew on buttons. And in this connection I am reminded of the bad practice of giving torn clothes to the poor and shiftless. It only increases their shiftlessness. Once a much-repaired dress was given to the child in a poor home. The mother exclaimed on seeing it, "Why, do rich folks mend their clothes?" "Yes," said the donor, "that's what makes them rich." The answer was a good one.

THERE is nothing better for a child's health and happiness than an intimate acquaintance with Mother Earth, and if parents could spare a little plot out of the garden for the children's very own, they would be amply repaid by the children's joy. Almost all the early wild flowers grow well in a cultivated place. I have a brother who is shy and sensitive and has few friends (we live in the country). Two years ago, when he was at the "hobble-de-hoy" age, we began our wild garden. In a deserted stone quarry near by he threw up the rich earth which had been washed into its bottom, thus forming a large flower-bed. Then we made many trips to the woods, bringing home hepaticas, wind flowers, blood roots and violets, also a few bulbs of dog-tooth violets; they all grew and the next spring all bloomed except the dog-tooth violets. I suppose like most bulbs they require two years. The hepaticas were masses of blue bloom much darker than they are in the woods, and the wind flowers bloomed until August. Encouraged by our success we prepared another bed in the old quarry and went for more flowers. My brother took a wheelbarrow and dug out a great mass of dog-tooth violets with their roots and the earth about them, for he said, "Let's have a bank where the nodding violet blows." We brought home some white and blue striped violets and some of the tiny pale ones found in swamps. One cardinal flower we had found the first year and it held up a spike of its vivid blossoms all summer. But as the wildings almost all bloom in spring we planted also some carnations, pansies, sweet peas and morning-glories, and thus from earliest spring to frost we had blossoms all the time. Whenever my brother grew moody and discontented I would say, "Come, let's go down to the quarry and see our flowers," and after we had watered them and picked a few for the house the dear boy was in the best of spirits and never suspected he had been "taking medicine." I would not part with the memory of those pleasant trips to the woods and all the beauties we found there.

A. N.

One does not need a large spot for a "wild garden." A shady corner in a village door-yard will hold more bloom than one who has not tried it would imagine. A fern or two brought home as a souvenir of an excursion into the woods, a root brought back from a country visit, perhaps a plant sent through the mail by some friend as a reminder of past pleasures, these will very quickly make a spot attractive to the eye and full of delightful associations. I am well acquainted with a wild garden in a city not unknown to fame where a great scholar and his wife found recreation, and although the hands that planted the roots have long since rested from all their labors, every spring calls forth the color and fragrance which make a lovely reminder of the dear one gone. "Getting near to nature's heart" is a good cure for many bodily ills and mental troubles, and you were very wise to apply this remedy to your brother's "moods."

I THINK many people would be surprised to find how much young children enjoy books which older people do. I was surprised in my teaching days to find that boys and girls nine years old enjoyed Scott's poem, "The Lady of the Lake." Just try your children, mothers and teachers, and see if they do not like it. If they do not enjoy the beginning have them read the lines, "Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er," etc., and "The stag at eve had drunk his fill," etc., before they try the whole poem.

One of my pupils once said to me, "I have learned more geography from the books we have read than from all the years of studying which I have done." There are many books on geographical subjects which are interesting and instructive. I will mention a few: "Lady Brassy's," "Around the World in the Yacht 'Sunbeam,'" "Miss Bird's," "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands," and "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," "Zigzag Journeys," by Ezekiah Butterworth—six books, all of which are most excellent, "Land of the Midnight Sun," by Du Chaillu, and "Roughing It," by Mark Twain, are a few of the many books that I can recommend, because I know by experience that children, particularly those of "geography age" enjoy them and learn much from them. C. C. Coffin's books—"The Boys of '76," "Boys of '61," "The Story of Liberty," etc., are very helpful for children who are studying history and find it so dry.

Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales," Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies," and "Greek Heroes," Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," and Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather" are all good. I feel sure that few mothers or teachers will find it a disagreeable task to read these books with the children. I enjoyed them much when I read them with my pupils a few years ago, and I feel tempted as I write their titles to begin and read them all over again.

A. L. C. G.

Children are very imaginative and anything which stirs that faculty insures attention. While their ear is thus opened it can be trained to appreciate what is called good style, and they learn to enjoy the companionship of noble men and women before they have had time to make the acquaintance of that which is evil. Books of the right sort are the best companions that our children can have.

And even the fathers, who are likely now to have some "idle time," might spend a part of it reading to their children from these good books. It would be worth while to endure a great deal of hardship if it were the means of bringing father and children closer together. The cost of these volumes may stand in the way of their use in homes touched by the "hard times," but many a book may be borrowed from neighbors or from libraries if a little effort is made to get it.

THE case of the young girl whose father disapproved of the common amusements of her school friends may not be altogether exceptional. My sisters and I were brought up in much that fashion, cards and dancing being forbidden, and our dress was simple, though always fine and suitable. Yet we have managed to enjoy ourselves so well that we are cordially in sympathy with our parents' principles.

We belonged to circles for sewing, reading history, German, French, etc. Small musicales, promenade sociables and entertainments which exercised our brains rather than our heels seemed to give pleasure to our guests. A short time ago I had a "Gracious Grandmother Party"—readers of Mrs. Whitney will understand. I invited young people from sixteen years of age upward, about twenty in all. We played a game which required wit and intelligence, furnished our own music—glees, solos and nocturnes—examined curiosities and stereoscopic views of many countries, and had a good time. I would advise the "young girl" to try this, and see whether her friends will not acknowledge that they enjoy it as well as a card party or a dance. But it must not be a romp, and she should have a pretty supper.

A "Topic Party" is worth having. Each guest has a card, on which is engraved or written a list of topics for conversation instead of dances. These topics, of which there should be ten or fifteen, are carefully selected for interest and variety, and should be chosen by a family congress, or by some clever friend, a week or two beforehand. The gentleman engages the lady for a topic, instead of a waltz, writing his name on her card. If there should be a band a new piece is played for each topic, or the change may be indicated by a sweet-toned bell, struck as the time allotted to each topic expires. The supper and the decorations should be the same as for a "small and early."

A girl in a good social position can do much, by the exercise of taste and gracious cordiality, to encourage sensible sociability.

A. L. C.

One is always glad to learn pleasant ways of entertaining friends, and success in managing an evening party, "small and early," is proof of the possession of many good traits.

I WISH you would tell a young and inexperienced mother whether or not a babe of twelve months is of an age to receive discipline. My little daughter is a problem to me, for she is unusually strong-willed and active. She understands perfectly when I say "no," but, though she may desist for the instant, invariably returns to the forbidden mischief, and her vigorous protests against further reasoning are unanswerable. Is she too young to be taught obedience? Do you approve of such arguments as spitting her little hands, or do you consider it a wrong mode of discipline? Is it not better simply to distract her attention and wait until she is older?

M. M. K.

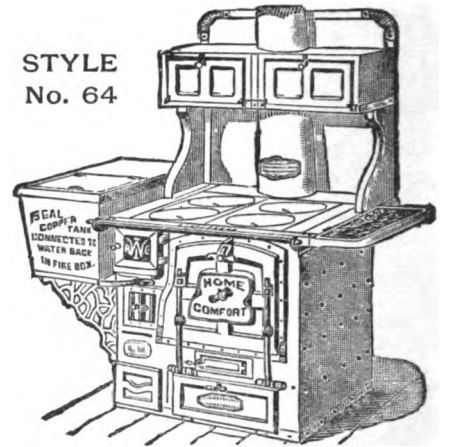
By all means try to distract your little daughter's attention from the forbidden object, and do not tempt her unnecessarily. Avoid spitting the hands. A bright child soon feels that there is a sort of injustice in "hitting" a small and weaker person, and rebellion is aroused. It may keep your wits very busy now, but it will be a great saving in the end if you keep your active baby occupied in harmless ways, as rapidly as possible interesting her in things which will supply her with resources for future occupations. Have you read "Gentle Measures," by Jacob Abbott? Be thankful she has a strong will and devote yourself to training it for good service. She will need it. Do not satisfy yourself by subjecting her will to yours, but teach her how and when to yield her will and when to assert it. Are you familiar with Froebel's philosophy? I advise you to study it at once.

IF one has time, be it but an hour, or money, be it but a dollar or even less to spend for "sweet charity's sake," ought not the expenditure to be made with an honest regard to obtaining a fair return? Yet is this the principle which governs us? It is Saturday night. We have had our wages or our allowance, or our savings are in our purse. We go to church. The minister "presents a cause." It is a good one. He has been made to see the great need, the great efficiency of the organization which he presents to his people. He has dramatic power, and he uses it well. The contribution box is passed. Our feelings have been touched, perhaps a tear or two has dropped from our eyes. Our purse unclasp very easily, and a liberal amount is taken from it and transferred to the box. Before we reach home, perhaps, we begin to feel a little regret at the size of our contribution. By Monday morning we feel that perhaps it would have been better not to give quite so much, but our neighbor "runs in." She is collecting for the—. She is rather a free-spoken woman. We know how thoroughly she examines the conduct and motives of others, and we presume she does the same for us. We do not wish her to think us lacking in appreciation of good things, and we put down as much as any of our other neighbors have given. It is not long before Mrs. So and So's carriage stops at our door. We do not keep a carriage, but it pleases us to have a fine equipage standing in front of our house. The lady who alights from it is not on our calling list, but she is very gracious as we go to the parlor to see her. The Foundling Asylum must have a new wing. We have been represented to her as very much interested in little children and very generous. Of course we are, and of course before she goes we have pledged ourselves to collect a hundred dollars from "our set." It is the season of fairs, and before we really know it we have promised a turkey here, a cake there, and a tongue to the other place. But when all this has been done have we given one penny's worth conscientiously or wisely?

A. F. H. Abbott.

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FROM GARDEN, FIELD AND ORCHARD

Suggestions for Thanksgiving Decorations

By Eben E. Rexford

THE Thanksgiving season brings with it a desire to make the occasion specially attractive in many ways. There must be a sermon befitting the spirit of the day. There must be a dinner calculated to make men and women—to say nothing of children—mindful of the many blessings of the year. And quite naturally there comes the desire on the part of the congregation and of the family to make the place in which the exercises of the time are held, bright and cheerful, and in keeping. While not a harvest festival Thanksgiving Day has in it something of the character of such an occasion. For the fruits of the harvest we are to render thanks, as well as for all other blessings, and therefore it is fitting and appropriate that the fruits and grains of the year should be used in decorating church and home.

DECORATIONS OF INDIAN CORN

ONE of the most pleasing decorations I have ever seen for a church was wrought out in dried Indian corn. Great stalks of it were made into bold groups above the windows, and disposed here and there around the room, the ears of ruddy gold showing against the paler background with most charming effect. One of the most pleasing decorations of a leading Boston church a year or two ago was wrought out almost wholly in corn used in this manner. Those who have studied the decorative possibilities of corn will understand at once how bold and graceful and entirely harmonious the lines of such a frieze can be made. Had the old Greek sculptors had a knowledge of this plant I am confident they would have made use of it in their treatment of capitals and friezes, for it lends itself as readily to fine effects in sculpture as does the Acanthus, which their chisels have immortalized. I quite agree with Miss Proctor who has so earnestly and eloquently made her plea for its adoption as a national emblem. It is distinctively American. It is beautiful and symbolizes wealth and plenty.

A VIVID SHOW OF COLOR

THE windows of a church may be framed in grains and fruits very effectively, but the best results are secured when the glass is stained by using such cereals as wheat and oats and barley for window decorations, reserving fruits for some place where a vivid show of color is desired, which will not come into conflict with other colors such as characterize stained glass. The pale yellows of these grains will nearly always harmonize, as well as contrast perfectly with the hues of stained glass, but this cannot be said of fruit colors. Besides, the window in itself furnishes all the color necessary at that point. By massing fruits at prominent places away from the windows we distribute the color-effect in such a manner as to make it satisfactory throughout, and give it more of a balanced effect than it could possibly have if all the rich colors were concentrated about the windows. I have always advised against the use of several kinds of flowers in the same vase. One or two, or three at most, are always more satisfactory than half a dozen varieties, and one kind alone will give more artistic results than two will, unless the laws of harmony and contrast have been carefully studied. The person who does not feel perfectly sure of himself should never attempt to confine more than two kinds, but the artist alone can be trusted to make use of three. This may seem a somewhat radical idea, but I believe that those who have studied flowers and their arrangements carefully will bear me out in my assertion. The old saying of "too much of a good thing" applies here. I would apply the principle to fruits for decorative work, and instead of having a confused mass of apples and grapes, and berries of the Mountain Ash, I would group these by themselves to a great extent, feeling sure that the result would be vastly more pleasing. The idea of unity of design would govern, while confusion would most likely result from the indiscriminate use of all material at hand.

The use of a small amount of harmonious color, different in tone from that of which the mass is composed, affords good results by way of contrast. But use the colors in equal quantities and the effect is weakened. This is the rule followed by all artists, and one that should be kept in mind in all decorative work.

PANELS IN FRUIT AND LEAVES

LOVELY panels may be wrought out in grapes, using the stalks with clusters and brown leaves, just as cut from the plant. If the walls upon which they are to be used are not of a color calculated to furnish an effective background thin cloth can be used over them. Take pains to stretch it smoothly and have its edges regular. Slovenly work is not admissible here. Dispose the branches in a natural manner, and on no account attempt to make them conform to a conventional design. If the color of the fruit and leaf seems too dark in tone some stalks of wheat or barley may be worked in such a manner as to lighten the effect and give a pleasing contrast. Branches of crab apples make a fine panel. Here is opportunity for contrast of color by using the yellow and red varieties.

Exceedingly bright and effective panels are made of Mountain Ash berries. The leaves will have fallen before Thanksgiving Day comes, and it will be necessary to use evergreens among the bright-colored fruits to furnish contrast of tint. Pine branches are preferable to those of Spruce or Arbor-Vitæ because they are lighter and more open in effect, and stand out from the wall in graceful fashion, while the others, being almost flat in habit of growth, can only be used flatly against the wall with satisfactory results. If they are used it should be more as a background than anything else. The fruit of the Bittersweet, berries of the Alder and seed-vessels of the Wild Rose are admirable for working into small panels. Long branches of Bittersweet (*Celastrus scandens*) are very effective for twining about pillars, the chancel rail or the altar. The Wild Grape can also be used for this purpose very satisfactorily. Long sprays of the feathery Clematis show beautifully when used with either. Branches of evergreens with cones attached are very ornamental, and so are the stately Cat-Tails of the marsh, whose mission in the decorative field is almost as wide as that of the stork. Do not reject anything from field or wood or swamp that can be used effectively simply because it does not happen to be a fruit for man's need. It has a part in the year's harvest, and man, bird or beast makes use of it in some way, therefore it is something to be thankful for. Be thankful for its beauty if for nothing else. Anything that ministers to man's love of the beautiful is a food for the mind and soul, if not for the body.

DECORATIONS FOR THE TABLE

THE table on Thanksgiving Day is expected to groan beneath its load of good things. In all good food there is more or less of beauty, but not that beauty which the eye most appreciates. Let us endeavor to blend with food for the body something that shall act as a food for the higher appetite of man. This we can do by making the table beautiful with color in the use of flowers or fruits.

I would advise the use of the Chrysanthemum for the Thanksgiving dinner-table. It is a late-blooming flower and eminently appropriate to the season. The yellow varieties are exquisite when grouped in large bowls of old blue china. The crimson and maroon varieties look well in yellow ware. So do the pink sorts. All are effective in clear glass bowls or vases, or in white china. Many a New England garden yields up its Artemisias for the table on Thanksgiving Day that never produces flowers at any other time for such a use. Where flowers are used upon the table let fruits be reserved for the decoration of the sideboard until the time comes when they are needed to complete the feast. They may be arranged in such delightful manner as to tempt the appetite and charm the eye. Heap a glass bowl with purple and green-white half-transparent grapes, another with ruddy-cheeked apples of green or gold or red; between them let the golden globes of the orange show their crinkled skin, with toothsome raisins peeping out here and there, with close at hand the walnut's russet shell, and you have a picture that is not lacking in beauty of form or color.

If no flowers are at your disposal with which to decorate your table on Thanksgiving Day, heaped-up dishes of fruit may be used to supply the color that seems needed. Or you can use vases filled with wheat or oats or barley, with clusters of the Mountain Ash berry to give tone and brightness to what would otherwise lack brilliance to catch the eye. But flowers, when they are to be had, are always preferable to anything else.

DECORATING THE SCHOOLROOM

SOME two or three years ago I attended Thanksgiving Day exercises in a little schoolhouse away out West. I was surprised to see how charming the plain little room had been made by some one who had an eye for the beautiful, and skill to arrange the limited material at hand in a tasteful and artistic manner. In the centre of the room stood an ugly sheet-iron stove with its pipe running up through the ceiling. This pipe was effectually hidden by evergreens, against which here and there some bright red native berries made a brave show of color. The evergreens were tied to the pipe, and the berries hung among them by their branches. At the ceiling, where the pipe passed through, large branches reached out into the corners of the room. These were fastened to the ceiling by small nails. From them depended clusters of the bright berries, lessening in frequency as they neared the extremity of the branches. In this manner the scheme of decoration was continued from the pipe to the ceiling, and it was vastly more satisfactory than any arrangement could have been that terminated at the point where the pipe entered the ceiling. The stove was concealed by stalks of corn and sheaves of wheat, held in place by strings unseen. Over the bare windows Ferns, which had kept their summer greenness by being hidden away in cool, damp, shady nooks, were grouped, and from them branches of the Wild Clematis hung in airy festoons, their feathery seeds shining in the sunlight of the day like silver gossamer. Looking at them one forgot all about the plain, bare window behind them. There was a little table where the minister stood, and this was covered with a white cloth, upon which a pot of Geranium was placed. Its vivid scarlet flowers made the place seem to glow with light, as the sun fell upon them. I forgot where I was in admiring the simple, pleasing arrangement. I have been in many churches where there was no lack of material to work with, where the result was far less artistic and satisfactory, and I could not help thinking as I looked about the poor little log building which served as a schoolhouse on weekdays and as church on Sunday, that some one had used simple material in such an effective manner that professional decorators in the cities could have profited by a study of it, and I would be glad to see other country neighborhoods taking pattern after it. Of course it does not always happen that we have warm enough weather in November to admit of hiding the ugliness of a stove as described, but the walls of the room can be made so attractive that attention may be drawn from the objectionable features of the place. If ugliness cannot be made beautiful let us make so much beauty about it that it ceases to attract our attention.

SOME GENERAL SUGGESTIONS

I THINK I said last year, in an article on Christmas decorations, that good results do not depend on quantity of material so much as quality of taste, and I wish to emphasize the idea here. Look over your supply of decorative material before going to work and cut your garment according to your cloth. Do not undertake elaborate effects in places where such effects would not seem in harmony with their surroundings, and never let ambition override your judgment by undertaking to do what you cannot for any reason carry through to satisfactory completion. Some persons begin well but end poorly. That is, they lay out an elaborate scheme which they abandon after a little, and the plan whose success depends on careful work all through is made a complete failure by the means. Do not undertake anything you have not material and perseverance to carry out.

Every summer grasses are gathered from the fields and meadows. In the autumn leaves are gathered from the forests and pasture-lands, where Oak and Maple and Sumach kindle their yearly bonfires. These can be used effectively at this season if other material is lacking. It is not likely, of course, that there will be enough of them to "go a great way" in each individual collection, but enough can be collected in the neighborhood to make quite a respectable showing, and "every little helps." Where it is considered desirable to do work of this kind material can nearly always be found to do it with. It is a case of the will and the way. The greater mass of decorative material that is required can be secured from the barns and granaries and the woodlands, but these little home collections of bits of the year's brightness and beauty can be made to play a quite important part in the scheme of decoration by furnishing a touch of color that is often imperatively necessary to have in order to relieve and bring out strongly the general effect aimed at. I have known of many instances where artificial flowers were used to brighten up heavier masses of color, but I would never advise this for Thanksgiving Day decorations. They are not needed if other material that can be found by seeking is made use of.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Rexford's answers to his correspondents, under the title of "Floral Helps and Hints," will be found on page 33 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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HEART TO HEART TALKS



THIS past month the waves of a sea that never seems to rest have broken up against my sympathy—wives, mothers, daughters telling me their sorrows of heart and life. There are such strange misunderstandings in families, such a want of sympathy one for the other. It makes me think of a letter I read once, in which the daughter said: "Thanks to a kind providence, father having died in the spring, we have had a comfortable summer." It would be a laudable ambition to so live that no one would be glad that we had gone, that no one would be more comfortable for our being no longer on earth!

BEING UNSELFISH MOTHERS

I AM amazed at times at the thoughtlessness of mothers who come so slowly to recognize the individuality of their children, and even after they are married they still hold a sort of authority over them, and in some cases the conflict then commences whether to please the husband or please the mother. I am sure there is a great mistake on the part of many parents in regard to their children. They have their individual preferences and we, as parents, should recognize them. I heard not long ago of a daughter that never was allowed to have a life of her own. Her mother insisted on her services at all times. She could not live, she said, without her daughter. She must be with her at all times, and at the age of forty that girl had never had a life of her own. There is a strange selfishness on the part of mothers and fathers very often, and they have to reap what they sow. If they are unselfish and willing to lose, then gain comes sooner or later. I fear, if the real facts were known, there is a lack of knowing God as our Father, and Christ in such near relationship that no early relationship is so near—so that for very lack of God we cling to others and others cling to us in a way that is hurtful rather than helpful.

NEEDING A STRONG SUPPORT

ONE early spring I left my home and was absent until the middle of summer, and such a sight as my garden presented on my return! I did not know there were morning-glories coming up, so I had made no provision for them, but they came up and they wanted something to twine about, so they twined about my fuchsias and nearly choked them to death, and so with other vines that dragged down flowers to the ground. And I could not untwine them without breaking them. They needed a support and they had no strong support to lean on and twine about. I remember a young mother telling me something once I could not understand as I can to-day. She had one little girl and she said she could always see herself in the child. The moment the mother would move the child would drop her playthings and follow her mother. At last the mother said I must save the child from suffering as I have, and one day when the child started to follow her she said: "Sit down on the floor with your playthings, darling, and the beautiful God will come to my baby." And though the child cried she sat down, and the mother passed out and waited outside the closed door until the crying ceased. After a little while the mother returned and found the child playing with her toys, and looking up with a sweet smile she said: "He did come, mamma." Oh, there must be a meaning in "Come unto Me and rest" that some of us have not yet experienced. Think of a friend that is unchangeable, that need never be absent from you, that loves you at all times. Sometimes life seems to me for one purpose, to know this friend and introduce Him to others. And no joy can come to you mothers like the joy of having your children know Him and love Him too. But they must be attracted to Him by seeing how blessed and restful your life is because of your unseen friend—the friend who never fails.

MEMORY OF A GOOD MOTHER

A DISTINGUISHED man said to me only a short time ago: "In all your work, Mrs. Bottoome, let your efforts to make good mothers be your chief business." He said his mother died when he was young and he only remembered one thing she taught him from the Bible, but that had changed his life toward people. She had brought before his mind the picture of Christ writing on the sand and saying, without looking at the poor woman who had sinned, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone at her." It had saved him from casting stones, had made him a man of charity. Dear mothers, if you should be taken from your children, what would they have to remember? Would your little ones grow up with the memory of a warm loving kiss from their sweet mother before they closed their eyes in sleep? Would they have a picture of themselves kneeling beside the one they called mamma and saying, "Our Father, who art in Heaven"? If I could speak to every mother in our land, or any other land, I would say give your children the memory of a holy mother. I heard a society woman say once, "I haven't a single memory of my mother that would be helpful to a Christian life," and that was not a solitary instance by any means. The truth is not always told, neither is it best it should be. But there are many worldly mothers, and their children see it in every word and act of their lives. To rob a child of the memory of a mother that loved God, that cared more for principle than for pleasure, is to rob the child of the greatest wealth. We need a revival of good old-fashioned mothers.

SOME PIAZZA CIRCLES

I THINK I ought to tell you of a lovely work accomplished this past summer, which would be still going on if the city friends were lingering on their piazzas. I have talked with you so little about work outside your family life, that I think I ought to tell you of work in Circles. And as some that for the first time have formed themselves into what we call Piazza Circles, have said they should continue the work in their own drawing-rooms, I think I will tell you of some Circles I started myself. I was at a certain watering place, and as I looked at the charming women from day to day I wondered how I would get the chance of telling them how they could increase their own pleasures by making life more endurable for poor women, especially mothers in what is known as the tenement house district in the city of New York. I frankly confess that I did not for a moment lose sight of a spiritual benefit that I was sure would come to them, so I proposed that while their hands should be engaged in making up what is termed maternity bags for the tenement houses, the secretary should read the contribution that each lady should bring—some thought that had impressed her in her reading, or some extract from a favorite poet, something helpful to the highest life, for I wanted the hour spent on the piazza once a week to be conducive to spiritual life, and I could see that the thought thus brought would be an index to the inner life, for we are something like what we like. I shall never forget how impressed I was when I first read "wishes are prayers." I said it over and over, "wishes are prayers!" So I knew that the thoughts the women would bring with them would indicate their inner life more or less, and I suggested that the name of each lady should be with each thought, and I could see that if when another summer should come one of the Circle should have joined a Circle on a fairer shore, how much the thoughts would be treasured that the mother or sister had selected the last summer of her life on earth. I was so glad the vice-president of our Order gave us the little leaflets entitled Piazza Circles, and that she wrote, "Cannot each member of our Circle, while away, gather about her young associates and with them pass one hour each day (we decided upon one hour each week) upon the piazza or under the trees, and while together would it not be pleasant for one of the number to read aloud while the others sew for a good cause?"

FOR THE POOR MOTHERS

AND then she told us about maternity bags. For the mother four muslin sheets, two pillow-cases, two short night-gowns, two towels. For the baby three muslin slips, two flannel petticoats, two flannel bands, a wash cloth, one piece of soap and a roll of old linen. These are the necessities for a maternity bag, but we may, if we wish, add some articles which will give to the recipient further comfort and happiness, such as an outing flannel wrapper for the baby, two pairs of socks, a square of flannel, or a shawl for the mother, etc. Then I was so glad we were told where to send these bags. "These bags will be gratefully received by the Tenement House Chapter of our Order, 77 Madison Street, New York City. Address care of Miss Dewey." How often have I imagined the delight of the poor mother in the tenement house receiving this needed gift. I write you this because of those who send asking me what work they shall do. Of course I do not know the needs of the community where you live. These Circles can be formed for any work. The Circles I formed were of the class we call the favored class, women of leisure. I have often wished there could be a sort of combination with the little teas that are so fashionable. I have nothing to say about the teas as they are. I go, and in the ten or twenty minutes I may be there I try to make it in some way subservient to the great work of my life, but I can see what Christian women might do that would make some life that is in need of help happier. I am always so glad that in some cases struggling artists are encouraged by being invited to sing or to recite and are liberally paid. I know at least one woman, surrounded with all the beautiful, and I am almost sure that when invited we shall have some treat beside what is only for the material, and I know she has thought quite as much of encouraging the artist and helping just where the need is most pressing as of giving her guests pleasure. And I remember one time when all was over, what seemed to make her the happiest was the fact that some ladies present secured the young musician for affairs of their own of the same sort. Oh, how I wish we could get to reading our Bibles in a practical way, and then acting on the advice. Only this morning I heard a chapter read that gave me some practical thoughts. It was the second epistle of St. Paul's to the Philippians. He said, "If there be therefore any consolation in Christ (and there is), if any comfort of love (and there is), if any fellowship of the spirit (and there is), fulfill ye the joy that ye be like minded, having the same love," and then I heard the words, "Let each esteem others better than himself." I saw in a moment that we were to be full of comfort for others.

A CHILD OF THE FUTURE

THE words have lingered so with me I must give them to you. They came in a letter—the friend was in trouble but said, "I am not unhappy, for I am a child of the future." Ah, in that moment I saw all the weakness that comes from not living for the future and in the future, by faith and hope. The trouble with many of us is that we are only children of the present. Some few are children of the past. Oh, what a tonic those words were to me, "I am a child of the future." The future may be here or hereafter, but we are to live in the spirit of the words "it is better farther on." I think it was Robertson who defined worldliness as "the tyranny of the present." We must not live under the power of the present. We must plan for the future. Anticipate for the future, and so live in it, and thus be children of the future, and we can do it. We can say to every disagreeable thing, you will not last. We shall sail far away from you one of these days. You think we are hedged in, but you are all mistaken. We can say, like Madame Guyon, "These bolts and bars cannot control the flight, the freedom of the soul." I want to give you a bracing thought for the new season, and I want you to look deeply into it—it is this, "One is your master." Now mind one does not mean two. One is your master. And this is the case any way, only some of you have such miserable masters. I see women whose master is fashion, and they bow down to this master till the shallowness is apparent, not only in their conversation, but in their very faces. It can be said of all, "One is your master," but the great teacher said, "One is your master, even Christ." We shall never be truly masters of ourselves and our circumstances until we decide on this one Master. Think deeply, and decide and choose to have one Master, and all will then become servants to you. Come now, my downcast sister, my dear discouraged friend. Come pick yourselves up. You too can say, "None of these dismal things have the power to make me unhappy, I am a child of the future."

Margaret Bottoome

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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS
BY RUTH ASHMORE

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

H.—A girl of sixteen does not wear her hair dressed high.

AMSBURY.—It is not in good taste to wear a veil at an evening entertainment.

EMILY B.—The young girl who goes away is the one who should write first.

ALMA.—As you live with your sister your wedding announcement should be sent out in her name.

QUEEN OF THE MAY.—I think it very wrong for a young girl to be at all confidential with married men.

LIZZIE.—If you powder your forehead under your bang it will tend to make the hair stay in curl longer.

MINNEISKA.—It is very bad form to allow one's spoon to remain in the cup; it should rest in the saucer.

KATHARINE.—If care is used I do not know that the curling of the hair stops its growth, but it certainly does discolor it.

MRS. W. T. C.—I do not know of any polish for red shoes. Personally, I have freshened them up by rubbing with vaseline.

ALICE AND OTHERS.—I can give no information about dramatic agencies as I do not advise young girls to go on the stage.

AN APPRECIATIVE READER.—A gentleman walking with two ladies at night should not walk between them, but on the outer side.

OUIDA.—Try bathing your face with very hot water, in which a little borax has been thrown; this will tend to keep it from burning.

VALE.—I do not think bright-colored note-paper is pretty or refined. Either the dead or creamy white, or a pale gray, is in the best taste.

IGNORANCE.—I do not think it is in good taste to dine alone with a gentleman at a hotel or restaurant, even if everybody in the town does know you.

A READER.—If you have the tickets to a concert and ask a man friend to be your escort you are showing him a courtesy and he should feel very grateful.

A. E. M.—It would be perfectly proper to write to the young man to whom you were at one time engaged, and to ask him to return your photograph.

A CONSTANT READER.—It is not always customary to serve butter at dinner, consequently the question of buttering the bread at that time does not come up.

M. C.—Thank you very much for your loving letter; it pleases me to think that away out in California there is a young girl who is so thoroughly and entirely my friend.

A. B. C. D.—If you do not care to use curl papers or tongs to curl your hair try the ordinary kid rollers; they will not injure the hair, and they make a very soft, pretty curl.

F. L. B.—I should not care whether it created a feeling of dislike against me or not, but I certainly would at once cease associating with the girls of whom you speak.

ANXIOUS.—Hoopskirts are not in fashion. (2) Of course, if one is very enthusiastic, one might cheer at a ball game, but it is in rather better taste to restrain one's enthusiasm.

VIOLET.—Jealousy can only be overcome by absolute belief. I certainly feel sorry for those who suffer from it, for I believe, after all, that half the time their wrongs are imaginary.

MARTHA.—I can tell you of no way to improve the memory except by studying people and things exactly as you would a lesson, and so connecting them that you can easily recall them to mind.

MEG.—I do not think it desirable for you to ask a man whom you have only seen once to pay you a visit. Wait until you see him a few more times, and let him ask permission to call upon you.

B. M. AND OTHERS.—My dear girls, you must look up for yourselves in the old almanacs facts about dates and days of the week. That is not exactly the work laid out for me in my talks with you.

SUBSCRIBER.—I do not believe that anybody who really loves can willfully worry and annoy the loved one. I do believe in forgiveness, but I am inclined to think that you are mistaking caprice for love.

C. A.—The old idea that a prospective bride must call upon all her friends before her cards are out no longer obtains. One signifies whose acquaintance one wishes to retain by the sending of wedding cards.

AN INTERESTED READER.—A lady precedes a gentleman in walking up stairs, entering a church or any place of amusement. When it is necessary she takes his arm, and at no time is it proper for him to take hers.

M. A. O.—I sympathize very much with you in your trouble, but can only suggest that you ask the help of God, and if He thinks it right that you should have the earthly love that you desire, be sure you will get it.

ANRMONE.—You are perfectly right not to answer the stranger who spoke to you, without any reason for so doing, at the railway station. (2) Pray believe that I hope you will have a very charming visit in Canada.

K. J. A.—Thank you very much for your kind letter. No, reading letters from my girls never tires me, but each letter has to take its turn, and as my mail is a very large one sometimes the turns do seem far apart.

CHARLIE P. AND OTHERS.—Indeed I should be very glad to answer the questions of the boys who are in doubt as to some points of etiquette, but as I have not a department for them they will have to share my talks to girls.

C. S. A. H.—When a lady meets a gentleman on the street with whom she is acquainted she should bow first. This rule never changes, and it is intended to give her the privilege of keeping up the acquaintance or not.

INQUISITIVE.—At the table in a public dining-room the removal of one's wraps is entirely a question of personal comfort. One generally removes one's gloves while eating anything. The napkin is not refolded upon leaving the table.

SUBSCRIBER.—Because your father and mother are invited to a wedding you are not included in their invitation. Even if you are the only daughter, if your attendance had been wished there would have been a special invitation for you.

LELIA.—If a bang is more becoming to you than wearing your hair parted in the centre then by all means wear one. There is great license allowed in the dressing of the hair just at present, that which is becoming being always fashionable.

EDWINA.—We are all more or less poor Christians at times. The best we can do is to pray for strength to be better. Try and be as pleasant as possible in your home, and do not think that because your father has married again he does not care for you.

CARRIE F.—Thank you very much for your pleasant letter. I wish you would write and tell me the names of the books that you like best. I have asked all my girls to do this, as I want to see if we cannot be in harmony as far as reading is concerned.

ECONOMY.—Experience has taught me that it is wiser to pay ten cents to have a pair of gloves cleaned than to attempt to freshen them at home. The process of cleaning gloves is rather a dangerous one, as naphtha is nearly always used for the purpose.

ETHEL.—When a gentleman has given you any pleasure, such as a drive, simply say, "Thank you very much for a pleasant afternoon." If he is your escort from church it is only necessary to thank him for his kindness, but do not ask him to come in.

BESSIE D.—I do not think E. P. Roe's books would be anything but desirable for a girl of fifteen years. I shall, when all my girls tell me the names of the books they like, give them a talk about reading. For the sweet little prayer you said for me, thank you.

M. H.—In reply to an invitation, write on note-paper and not on your visiting-card. At an "at-home" none except the ladies who are receiving are without bonnets; you enter the room with your bonnet and gloves on and retain them during the call.

B. AND OTHERS.—I do not know that there is anything absolutely wrong in sitting in a hammock with a man friend, but I do think it neither refined nor proper. There are a great many customs that, while they are not wrong, are yet undesirable, and this is one of them.

UNKNOWING.—There would be no impropriety in your sending a card to the gentleman whom you met at the house of friends, and from whom you accepted many courtesies; simply write the name of your hotel, or wherever you are stopping, on your card. This is quite invitation enough.

FRANCES.—You are perfectly right in bowing politely but distantly, to your employers when you meet them on the street after office hours. (2) I am perfectly willing that if you like you should change the "h" in my surname to a "k," for I am always glad for my girls to ask more, if they wish to do so.

A CONSTANT READER.—A very pretty black petticoat, not made of silk, is of black alpaca, and has about the lower edge a scant ruffle of black satin ribbon about three inches wide. Above this are five or six rows of black beading, through which may be run black, or if you fancy it, yellow love ribbon.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.—The proper way to address a letter is to write first the name of the person for whom it is intended, next the street address, then the city and then the State. To write "local" on an envelope, instead of "city," is merely a fad, and one that will undoubtedly cause the post-office much trouble.

MAUD.—A nice little supper to be given after coming from a place of amusement might consist of raw oysters, lobster salad, and, if it is desired, a sweet. If you prefer a heavier supper why not have fried oysters and coffee? Your letter is dated from Philadelphia and I know how very well they cook oysters there.

T. E. N.—When low tan shoes are worn it is proper to wear stockings of the same shade. (2) I have never heard of using cod-liver-oil on the skin, and cannot imagine that it would do any good, and certainly its odor would be undesirable. Pure cold cream, well rubbed in, tends to whiten and soften the skin more than anything else.

MRS. M. A. S.—The only thing you can do if you have bleached your hair and wish it to return to its natural color is to stop using the bleach. Of course, the hair will go through various stages of color before it gets back to the natural one, but this is the penalty one has to pay for being foolish. Using vaseline on it would tend to darken it.

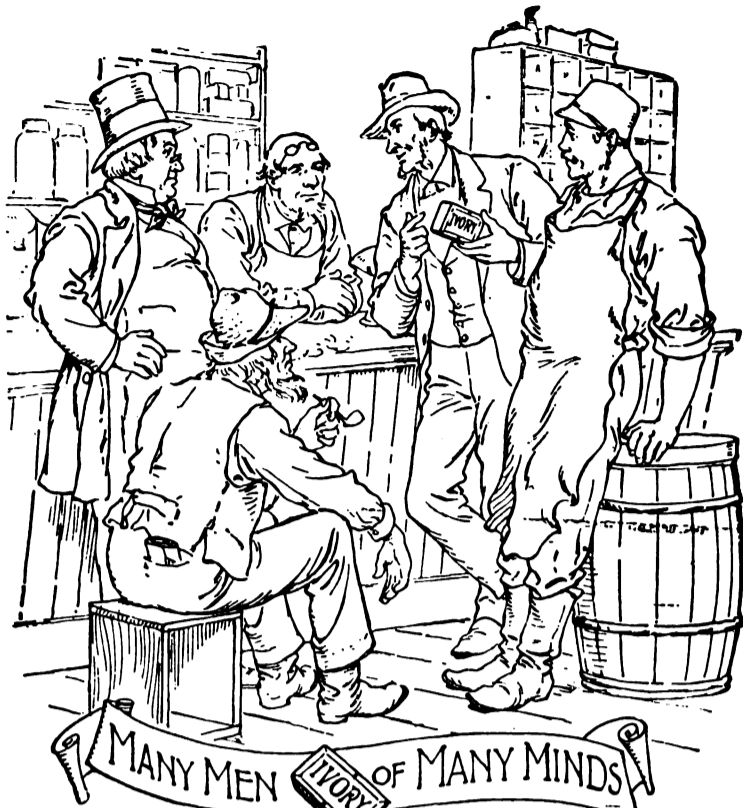
JUST SIXTEEN.—It is quite proper for a hostess to shake hands with a visitor when he arrives and when he leaves, and there would be no impropriety in expressing a desire to see him again. You should thank a man for any courtesies he shows you, and when he has been courteous and thanks you for the pleasant time you have given him, thank him in return for the pleasure you have had.

DOROTHY.—I do not think it in good taste to kiss your sweetheart at so public a place as a railway station or a steamboat landing. I am pleased to think that your sweetheart himself wrote the letter asking this question, and I am sorry that I have to decide against him, but I believe that a man who loves a woman will agree with me that he cannot subject her to the jests and laughs of an idle crowd.

H. C.—A brush with long bristles that go through the hair will keep it in better order than an extremely stiff brush, which is apt to pull the hairs out when there is a knot. Washing the hair in hot water and brown soap every two weeks should keep it free from dandruff and dust. Hard brushing is not recommended, instead, what the hair needs is regular and even brushing; this will bring out the natural oil and make it glossy and beautiful.

INNOCENCE.—It is absolutely wrong to permit a young man, to whom you are not engaged, to either kiss you or put his arm around you, and it is equally wrong to receive presents from him. (2) Yes, I do consider that an introduction is necessary before you begin a bowing acquaintance with a man. I can easily understand that a girl who is alone in a boarding-house has very many temptations, but try to remember that right and wrong stand out like white and black and that there are no lines between.

MISS UNFORTUNATE.—The only way to make your memory better is to encourage it; that is to say, select a short verse or a quotation in the morning, say it three or four times during the day, find out at night how well you know it and keep up the same practice for a week. Then increase the length of your lesson, and after you have done this for a few months you will be surprised to find how easily you remember what you read with thought. By-the-by, speaking of reading, I wish my girls would send me a list of the books they like best, for I am going to write them a little article on the subject, and I should like to know in what direction their tastes tend.



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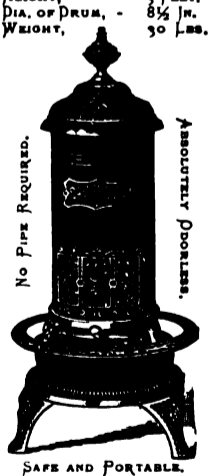
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LITERARY QUERIES

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

A. M. D.—James Whitcomb Riley was born at Greenfield, Indiana, in 1852.

CYN—The JOURNAL completes its 10th year with the present issue, the Jubilee number.

SIMPLE GIRL—The Astor Library in New York City is open to the public free of charge.

AJAX—The "Century Magazine" is published by the Century Company of New York City.

READER—The "Learned Blacksmith" of New England was Elihu Burritt, of Connecticut.

D. T. S.—A letter sent to Charles Dudley Warner in care of the JOURNAL, will be forwarded directly to him.

G. L.—"Sherman's March to the Sea" was written by M. L. Melott. It may be obtained at any music store.

CURIOUS—Daniel Emmett, more familiarly known as "Uncle Dan Emmett," wrote the song "Dixie's Land."

LILLIAN—John Bach McMaster, the author of the "History of the People of the United States," was born in Brooklyn.

WATERVILLE—Ralph Waldo Emerson was twice married. (2) The late Phoebe Cary wrote the poem "Nearer Home."

L. C. M.—Margaret Deland, the author of "John Ward, Preacher," is the wife of Mr. Lorin F. Deland, a New England professional man.

J. M. P.—Mrs. Henry Wood, the author of "East Lynne," died in 1887. Her best novel has generally been considered to be "The Shadow of Ashlydyat."

W. L. B.—You will find the poem "To a Skeleton" on page 662 of "The Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry," published by Porter & Coates of Philadelphia.

L. L.—It was Thomas Wentworth Higginson who described Edgar Allan Poe's face as one "likely to rivet attention, yet a face that no one would feel safe in loving."

QUESTIONER—"Octave Thanet" is the nom de plume of Miss Alice French. She resides in the West. Miss French is a happy, healthy, practical woman of about forty years of age.

WENDELL—The penalty for inserting the word "copyright" in an uncopyrighted book is a fine of \$100, "recoverable one-half for the person who shall sue for such penalty and one-half to the United States."

SLAYTON—Augusta Evans Wilson is the author of "At the Mercy of Tiberius." It may be ordered through THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for \$2.00. It is given as a premium for seven yearly subscriptions.

GARRISON—Longfellow and Lowell are buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Mass.; Emerson in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, at Concord, Mass., and Tennyson in Westminster Abbey, London, England.

LAURA—"Orpheus C. Kerr" (Office Seeker) is the nom de plume of Robert Henry Newell. (2) Rudyard Kipling has now become a permanent resident of this country. (3) Grant Allen was born in Kingston, Canada.

ELISE—Dr. Henry Drummond, the author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," was born in Sterling, Scotland, in 1851. (2) The author of the "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman" is Mrs. W. K. Clifford. She is an English novelist.

BILTMORE—There is a song "The Clover Blossoms," in which the first line is "The clover blossoms kiss her feet." It is by Arthur W. Thayer, and is published in Boston; you can probably order it through any music publisher.

CAROLINE—The origin of the expression "Consistency, thou art a jewel," is unknown. It is generally, but erroneously attributed to Shakespeare, doubtless because of its resemblance to the expression "Unless experience be a jewel."

LETTY—The music of the "Last Rose of Summer" was written by Sir John Stevenson. Thomas Moore wrote the words. (2) Books that are bound in white may be cleaned by rubbing the covers with chamois-skin dipped in powdered pumice-stone.

NEW SUBSCRIBER—Olive Schreiner, the author of "The Story of an African Farm," lives at Matjesfontein, Cape Colony. She is quite a young woman. Her nom de plume is "Ralph Iron." (2) Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge is editor of "St. Nicholas."

IMPERIAL—The most important of Fanny Kemble's prose writings was her "Records of a Later Life." Her poetry was quite popular some years ago, and some of her sonnets are quite pretty. She was a woman of great ability and of great strength of character, but she was self-willed and not always wise in her estimates of people and things. Thackeray spoke of her as "a grand old lioness."

NEW SUBSCRIBER—The Lenox Library in New York City, through Mr. John S. Kennedy, has purchased the library of the late George Bancroft, the historian. The payment (\$80,000) will be made out of the legacy of the late Mrs. R. L. Stuart. In his will Mr. Bancroft directed that his books, manuscripts, etc., should be offered to Congress for \$75,000. The Senate accepted the offer, but the House did not, so the documents were offered for sale elsewhere.

TAGGART—The recent cover-designs for the JOURNAL were made by the following artists:

November, 1892 W. L. Taylor
December, " Alice Barber Stephens

January, 1893 Louis J. Reahd
February, " Alice Barber Stephens

March, " A. B. Wenzell
April, " Maria L. Kirk

May, " C. D. Gibson
June, " W. Hamilton Gibson

July, " Frank O. Small
August, " Frank O. Small

September, " W. St. John Harper
October, " Frank O. Small

JOURNAL READER—In literature, as in religion, all things are possible, and we have the example of George Eliot among writers, whose best work was done considerably after maturity. (2) There are any number of literary bureaus which revise and prepare manuscripts for the press. We have reason for confidence in the Author's Agency for the criticism, revision and disposal of manuscript, managed by William A. Dresser, P. O. Box, 1193, Boston, Mass. (3) Some periodicals examine and return manuscripts within a week of their receipt, others within a month; different rules obtain in different offices, but as a rule manuscripts are read and returned promptly. Type-written manuscripts are the most welcome of all to the average editor.

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EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE
BY MARIA PARLOA

The Domestic Editor, during Miss Parloa's stay abroad, will answer, in this column, questions of a general domestic nature.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Miss Maria Parloa having gone abroad for a period of two years in the interests of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL it will be impossible for her to answer any further questions in this department. All questions of a general domestic nature will, however, be answered promptly and practically in a similar column, if addressed to the Domestic Editor, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. C. A. D.—I am sorry that I do not know of a remedy that will rid you of spiders. Perhaps some reader may volunteer advice.

A SUBSCRIBER—Try sponging your husband's clothes with ammonia and water. It will remove the shiny look, but not permanently. Still, the sponging can be repeated.

A. R. M.—I am sorry that I know of no remedy for the scratches on the glass. (2) Another time wet the paint with spirits of turpentine, which will soften it that it can be removed readily.

ZADIE—The usual price for plain hemstitching is twenty-five cents a yard. There would be three yards of such stitching in a large napkin. Seventy-five cents for cross-hemstitching such napkins would not be an exorbitant price.

FLORENCE W.—When possible it is a good plan to have the windows washed after the room has had a thorough sweeping; but, after all, much depends upon where you live, and one must be guided by the appearance of the windows. If they are dirty they should be washed; if not dirty why waste time on them?

MRS. J. V. R.—If the pie crust is rich I know of but one way to prevent its shrinking in the plate when baked without a filling. After lining the plate with the paste fill it with dry flour, and cover with paper. When the pastry is cooked turn out the flour. This flour may be kept for such use again, or it may be used for thickening soups and gravies.

MRS. E. W.—I think it would be a mistake to use lace and madras curtains in the same room. Make a broad hem at the top of the curtain, run this through the centre, then run a small brass rod through the lower half of the hem. This will give a little frill at the top of the curtain when it is "fulled" on. Rich lace curtains hang straight and touch the floor. They are sometimes looped back.

AUNTIE BESSIE—There are many kinds of coffee-pots in the market, but as for myself I prefer the coffee-biggin. For this the coffee must be ground fine. It is then packed in the upper part of the biggin, having two strainers under the coffee and one over it. The boiling water is poured in small quantities into the upper strainer and filters slowly through the coffee. You can obtain these coffee-pots at any first-class kitchen-furnishing store.

INQUIRER—I have had no experience in dyeing or staining with sumach, but as I understand it, the bark is shredded fine and steeped in hot water until the required degree of color is obtained. Alum is dissolved in the liquid to set the color. I think this gives shades of brown. Sumach is sometimes used with other barks and chemicals to produce various colors. I am sorry that I cannot give you more definite information on this subject.

LAURA—Brush all the dust from the soiled velvet; then sponge it with a clean cloth wet with naphtha or benzine. When the cloth becomes soiled take a clean one. After the velvet is cleaned raise the nap by putting a wet cloth on a hot flatiron. Put the velvet over this (wrong side toward the iron) and brush until the nap is raised. If the velvet is so much soiled that it requires a great deal of rubbing it will be difficult to raise the pile again.

G. L.—In the JOURNAL of April and May, 1892, you will find, in "Everything About the House," instructions for staining and polishing floors. The floors, which I myself stained, were the common soft pine, and they look well; therefore, you need not fear to stain yours. If you buy the prepared stain, and then use the thin varnish, you will find the work easy. Preparing the stain yourself, and polishing the floor, means a great deal more work, but a softer lustrous comes than when varnish is used.

M. M.—Follow the rule for making the soap given in the JOURNAL for January, 1892. When the soap has been stirred for ten minutes add two quarts of cold water and stir ten minutes longer. At the end of this time add two more quarts of cold water and stir until the soap is so thick that it will just pour. If you wish you may add a second gallon of cold water, stirring frequently, until the soap is thick enough to pour into the box. It may take two hours, but the soap will be much softer than when less water is used; it will also be whiter. I prefer to have the soap quite hard.

W. J. B.—The proper method of washing dishes is briefly this: Have ready a pan of hot suds and a pan of clear hot water. Wash the dishes in the hot suds, rinse them in the hot water, drain them on a wooden rack and wipe them perfectly dry with clean towels. The glass should be washed and wiped first; next the silver, then the fine china, and so on to the tin and iron utensils. As soon as the water becomes soiled or cold it should be thrown away, and the pans be filled with clean hot water. Linen towels should be used for the glass, silver and china; coarser cloths will do for the kitchen dishes, but they must always be perfectly clean and dry.

BREADMAKER—Bread made with water and without any shortening will have rather a hard crust. If the oven is too hot the crust will bake hard. If much flour is used in kneading it will make the bread hard and dry. Bread made with milk will dry much more quickly than that made with water. A two-pound loaf of bread should bake one hour. To have moist bread mix the dough as soft as possible, using very little flour in kneading. When shaping the risen dough into loaves wet the hands in water and use no flour. Keep the pan covered closely while the loaf is rising. When baked, cool quickly and keep in a closely-covered tin box or a stone jar, and in a cool place.

JOURNAL READER—Some time ago I gave directions for removing iron rust from washable goods. Here they are in brief: Fill a large bowl with boiling water. Have a second bowl filled with hot water. Place the spotted part of the garment over the bowl of hot water. Wet a cork with muriatic acid and touch the iron rust with it. The spot will turn a bright yellow. Dip this in the boiling water and the stain will disappear. Continue the work until all the stains have been removed. Rinse the garment thoroughly in several waters. In the second rinsing water put one tablespoonful of household ammonia. This will neutralize any trace of the acid that may remain in the cloth. The third and fourth rinsings will clear the fabric of the acid and the alkali. Two ounces of muriatic acid will remove a great deal of iron rust. Muriatic acid, even when closely corked in a bottle, should not be placed near tins, as it ruins them.

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.

L.—Cannas should be planted in soil always, never in water.

MRS. S. F. A.—If you cannot keep worms out of your pots when you use manure in the soil give up the use of it, and try plant food instead. This fertilizer answers just as well as manure, and you need not be afraid of its breeding worms. For the garden beds use guano or bonemeal.

MRS. G. E.—Dahlias grow easily from seed, which should be planted early in the season, in pots or boxes, and the young plants should not be put out in the open ground until warm weather is assured, as they are very tender, and a slight frost would be the death of them. They bloom the first season. I answer the above query because the information asked may be of use another season, but, of course, it is too late for it to be of any use the present season.

MRS. J. T. B.—Perhaps the variety of Geranium you are in search of is the Oakleaf. This variety has a very dark green leaf, thick in texture, with dark brown marking along the centre. Its fragrance is not like that of the Rose Geranium, however. It has foliage shaped more like that of the Oak, from which it gets its name, than like that of the Rose Geranium. It makes a very beautiful plant when well grown, and is of the easiest culture.

M. B. K.—The Hoya likes a moderately rich soil, rather coarse, and well-drained, and considerable warmth in winter. It is a peculiar plant, often standing still for years, but apparently healthy; all at once it will take a start and make a rapid growth. Why it should stand still, or why it should so abruptly begin to grow I cannot say, and I do not think any of our florists can tell. I know of nothing that can hasten the development of the plant. Have patience.

K. M. D.—If the old leaves of your Palms turn yellow and die it is because insects injure them, or because the plants are not properly provided with drainage. Palms require a good deal of water at the roots, but it should not be allowed to become stagnant there. Always give these plants a deep pot to grow in, as they send their roots down instead of out, if it is possible for them to do so. The variety having leaves like the fans in the market is called *Latania borbonica*.

M. A. H.—To "rest" the Calla simply turn the pot containing it down on its side under a tree or in some shady place, and let it remain there until September, without giving it any attention whatever. Of course the leaves will die, and to all appearances the plant will be dead, but repot it, water well, and in a short time it will begin to grow, and be all the better for its resting spell. Some persons, however, do not allow their Callas to rest at all, but keep them growing the year round, and I have seen some very fine plants that were grown in this way. The Calla is a very easily-grown plant, and does well under almost all conditions.

L. Z.—For covering a veranda I know of nothing better, nor as good, in fact, as Clematis Flammula, a native variety, having great clusters of feathery white flowers of exquisite beauty. They have a delightful fragrance of the woody kind, and you will find them attracting the bees and humming-birds and all winged creatures that are fond of sweet flowers. They are excellent for cutting, combining charmingly with most of other flowers. The plant is of rapid growth, and is hardy. There is a new variety of Clematis of recent introduction—*C. paniculata*—that has larger flowers, and is very beautiful, but I am not quite sure of its hardiness.

MRS. E. A. H.—Water for spraying plants should have the chill taken off it, but it need not be warm. There are so many plants called by the name of the "Wandering Jew" that I am at a loss to know which kind you refer to. If the *Tradescantia* is meant, a succulent plant, with almost transparent leaves of a dark olive with green stripes in some varieties, and in others green with pink and white stripes, it flourishes as well in the shade as in the sun; it will grow anywhere. If you mean the little creeping plant, with a leaf shaped almost like that of the Geranium, growing wild in many gardens, and having a tiny blue flower, I would advise the sunshine. These two plants are known all over the country as "Wandering Jew," and I presume you have reference to one or the other.

SUBSCRIBER—If your Oleander is too tall cut it back to the height you want, and let it form a new head. It will do this in one summer if you give it a rich soil and plenty of water while growing. It requires a rich, light, mellow, sandy soil. If it is allowed to bloom in summer the old top off it will probably busy itself with the production of a new one the present season, therefore will hardly be inclined to bloom. If you want flowers in winter cut off the buds that appear in summer, and do not give very much water when the plant is standing still, and no fertilizer. As soon as you bring it into the house in the fall increase the supply of water. This, with the warmth of the room, will be likely to induce growth, and as soon as this begins give some kind of fertilizer.

L. C.—*Sanseveria zeylanica* is grown in almost any way you see fit to grow it. It is immaterial whether you give it good care or no care at all. It will grow under all conditions, and on this account is a very valuable plant for those who have not the best of places to grow plants in. It stands drought and sunshine of the most intense kind, and does equally as well in total shade. It is a very good plant for use in halls where there is never much direct light. It is not at all particular as to the soil it has, nor as regards warmth. The *Dracena* requires a light, rich, porous soil, with good drainage, considerable warmth, moisture in the air, and good light. *D. terminalis* must have some sunshine in order to bring out its colors well. Many of the varieties are grown from root-cuttings, which are placed in a bed of moss which is kept warm and moist. They also strike readily in sand, if the required heat and moisture are given.

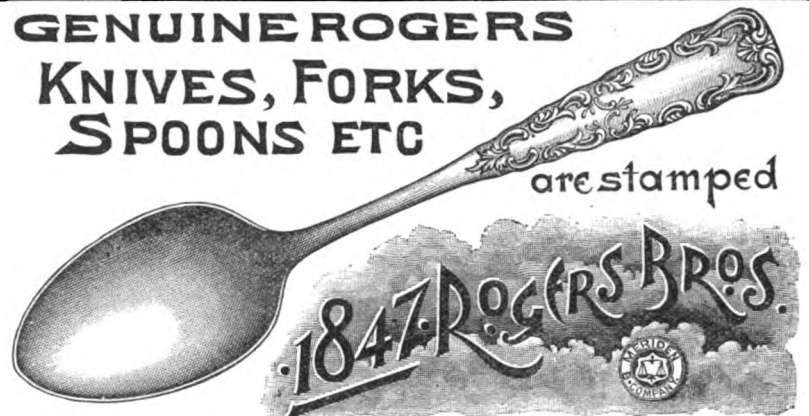
L. G.—Winter-flowering Geraniums must have peculiar treatment in summer. They must not be allowed to bloom from May to October. Every bud must be picked off as soon as seen, and the branches must be cut back to induce the formation of new ones, thus increasing the amount of blossoming surface. If you persevere in this treatment your plants will have a large number of branches, like a shrub, and be compact, and as unlike the scraggly, long-legged specimens usually seen, as you can imagine. I have known a great many persons to think that well-grown specimens of this plant were rare varieties, because of the difference of form. It all consists in training. If given fresh earth in the spring the plants will not require repotting in the fall. Simply remove some of the old soil on top of the pot, and give fresh earth in its place, and as soon as buds appear give a weekly application of some fertilizer. Geraniums do better as flowering plants in rather small pots than in large ones. Seven and eight inch pots are quite large enough for plants two years old.



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HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING
BY **EMMA M. HOOPER**

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

M. R.—You will find fall and winter designs written of in this issue. (2) Get a crépon or fine hop-sacking weave for your dress.

MAY FRENCH—The long sashes are passé. (2) Many girdles, Empire and crush belts have been described in previous issues.

MRS. D. L.—I am sorry to disappoint you, but letters are not answered personally, except when they are sent to me through THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

N. F. G.—An afternoon home gown of light crépon and satin, one of changeable silk trimmed with lace, or a handsome cotton goods like organdy, elaborately trimmed with lace and satin ribbons.

MRS. B.—The present styles should prove becoming to you, only do not trim a dress above the knees, as you are not sufficiently tall, and avoid an Empire girdle unless you have it pointed in front.

L. H. B.—Long street dresses are not worn this fall. (2) Do not take a long sealskin ulster to Chicago in October. (3) For a traveling cap wear a soft felt or cloth Alpine or round shape.

LUXURY—The iridescent gauze sells as high as \$7 a yard and must be made over satin. (2) Changeable silks will continue the chief style for the fall. (3) The new colors are to be found written of in the September issue.

M. W.—Combine stem green velvet with the drab serge, using velvet for a crush belt, draped collar, sleeve puffs to the elbows, if the present sleeves are flat, and two bias folds, each two inches wide, on the skirt. (2) New designs in this issue.

H. H. AND E.—Have pink or yellow silk crêpe or chiffon dresses over satin, or accordion-plaited silk muslin is even newer. (2) Girls of sixteen wear the loop of hair caught with a bow of ribbon or fancy pin, while those of eighteen years wear their hair as young ladies do.

JENNIE IRENE—Your dress spotted from the high-finished surface not being sponged. The dyers can sponge the dress now, made up, but it will prove very expensive. Try naphtha on it; remember it is very explosive, and first test a tiny piece to see if naphtha will spot it, which is hardly probable.

SUBSCRIBER—You can order the back numbers spoken of, as it would be impossible in this column to rewrite the full description of making waists and basques given in the January number. (2) Many physicians do not consider linen underwear healthy, as it certainly is not from a sanitary point of view.

GAY JEWEL—Kilts are certainly not discarded and are worn by boys, if well grown, of three to four or five years of age, when knee trousers are put on. (2) Gathered skirts may be worn by boys up to three years of age, in all materials and in wash goods. (3) In dressing boys, size as well as age must be consulted.

DRESSMAKER—The linings referred to are the "linen foundations" made by J. N. Richardson, Sons & Owden, L'd. They are suitable for skirt or waist linings and are practically indestructible. They are sold by all of the leading stores and are in great favor in Paris, London and New York. I am sure you will be pleased with their appearance, wear and texture, which enables a dressmaker to easily secure a good fit from their moulding quickly to the form.

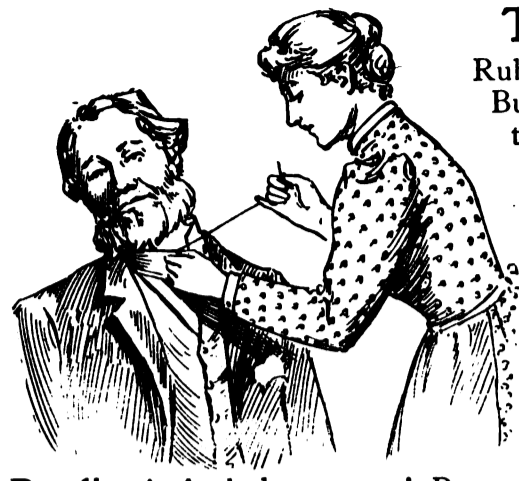
AGENT'S BRIDE—This is too late to be of any service, but if you read the May issue you certainly must have seen the article on outfits. (2) Two hats, fall cape, winter cloak, a pretty cashmere tea-gown, elderdown room wrapper, traveling dress of serge, street dress of changeable hop-sacking and velvet, semi-evening gown of a small changeable brocade, satin ground trimmed with velvet. If you add another dress have a silk and wool combined with satin trimmings. (3) Colors and new fabrics were written of in the September issue.

NELLY GRAY—You cannot combine the two shades sent me; they would jar on the eyes of every beholder. Either dye them a navy blue or black, or use them separately. (2) The blue would combine with velveteen or a fancy blue stripe, and the green with a brighter plaid. (3) Use the new goods for bias bands on the skirt at edge and knees, for sleeve puffs to the elbows, collar and revers on one gown, and shoulder or cape ruffles on the other. (4) In writing for advice it is necessary to give some idea of your size and the quantity of goods that you wish to remodel.

MAPLE LEAF—The quickest way to solve your difficulty is to ask for a personal letter. The brocade velvet will not be worn, while plain, changeable and ombre velvets will be very much in demand. (2) A grenadine or net with chiffon yoke of the pink or pale green striped with black lace insertion and cut slightly low. (3) With the other waist wear the plastron fronts of chiffon that come ready made and include a draped collar, full vest and plaited jabot. (4) A bright garnet cord trimmed with black satin would be in good style without the broché velvet.

A. C. A.—It cannot be said that a dozen sets of underwear are "vulgar," but they certainly are unnecessary, as such extreme outfits as from two to four dozen sets, as were fashionable a few years ago. Such a quantity made up for a bride led to two conclusions: either she had never been decently supplied before, or expected her husband to decline paying for any in the future. (2) There are small and large silk cords on a narrow footing, knife plaiting of lisse or silk, folds of lisse, silk or bolting-cloth, plaited ribbon and double frills of silk, white or colored, used in the necks of dresses. (3) The fashion of omitting any finish in the necks of dresses started from a French actress, showing by this that her neck could stand such a severe test to its form and color; then women followed pell-mell, and the universally unbecoming fashion at once dropped among really stylish, well-dressed women.

CLARE—The tall brunette may wear cream, yellow or pink China silk, bengaline, striped changeable taffeta silk, fine all wool or silk and wool crépon or armure. (2) Trim with cream guipure lace and satin ribbon or a contrasting velvet, as pale green with yellow. (3) Do not put on a felt or velvet hat before October first. A black straw trimmed in black tips and velvet flowers may be worn from August until December. A velvet hat certainly must be numbered with the outfit. (4) A flannel dressing sacque may be worn over the silk or mohair petticoat or you may have a Mother Hubbard wrapper of percale. At night this must be slipped on in your berth. In the morning if you rise early, wear it to the toilet-room, carrying your dress with you, but if many have already risen, dress in your berth and finish in the toilet-room, where you are apt to be hurried owing to the number waiting to enter. (5) You will be very comfortable if you buy both berths of a section and have but one made up, which gives you room to move without striking your head against the upper one.



This is tiresome.
Rubbed off in the wash you see. But the wonder is that any buttons at all are left on, when you grind them up so against a washboard. It isn't necessary, if you wash with **Pearline**. No washboard; no rubbing; no buttons worn off; no holes worn in. Think of the different kinds of work that you save with **Pearline!** And the money! Remember, too, that if you keep to things proved to be absolutely harmless, there's nothing you can use that is equal to **Pearline**, the original washing compound.
Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as **Pearline**." IT'S FALSE—**Pearline** is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in the place of **Pearline**, be honest—send it back.
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Postpaid price-list, fully descriptive, to any applicant. **SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass.**

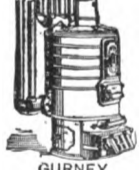
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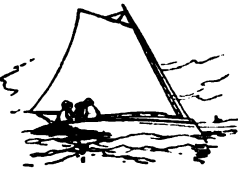
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WITH ANY KIND OF MATERIAL
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Baby's

long Slip made of fine Nainsook, yoke has three rows of insertion with hand feather stitching between, finished with feather banding, Cuffs of insertion, collar and cuffs edged with fine embroidery, deep hem and full skirt.

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There is no preparation that fills all conditions for healthy Child as **Ridge's Food.** 35 cts. up.
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Don't put him in a chair, where he cannot move around with ease and freedom. Put him in his **Baby's Delight** machine and see him enjoy it. He bobs up and down by his own effort; he cannot fall out or tip over. Better than a nurse. In it he is safe and happy, and is developing into a strong, healthy child. 6 mos. to 4 years. Delivery free East of Chicago. Circular free. Send \$3.50 to WILDER MFG. CO., 1 Washington Street, Salem, Mass.

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WILL NOT COLLAPSE.

Make nursing easy, and prevent much colic, because they admit air into the bottle as the milk is drawn out, and prevents a vacuum being formed. Sample free by mail upon request, with valuable information for cleansing and keeping nipples sweet and healthy.
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Complete outfit, 25 improved patterns for infants' clothes. Also 25 of short clothes. Either set with full directions for making, amount and kind of material, by mail, sealed, 50 cents. Patterns absolutely reliable. HINTS TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS, a book by a trained nurse, free with each set of patterns.
Mrs. J. BEIDE, P. O. Box 2033, New York.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

Questions of interest to mothers will be cheerfully answered in this column whenever possible—ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

KINDERGARTEN PLAYTHINGS

IT may not be possible for every mother to buy the kindergarten gifts for her little ones, yet the desire to furnish amusement and instruction is just as strong as in her more favored sister.

To such mothers I would say: get a bunch of jack-straws or even match sticks. With these you can teach simple geometrical forms, counting, addition and subtraction. For the older children you can demonstrate the relation of multiplication to addition. If the children own a Noah's ark you can lay out quite a farm. On manilla paper write some short word, as "no" or "at," making the letters about one inch high. Perforate the letters enough to show the outline, and let the children outline them with split zephyr. Different designs may be introduced. Brick work is very pretty. From the same kind of paper let the children make boxes. One having equal dimensions is easy to begin with. Allow a margin to paste to. The ingenious mother will soon supply various shapes.

A. A.

BABY'S SHORT CLOTHES

THE baby's first short clothes are either outgrown before worn out, or are awkwardly large and long for the child to walk. After many experiments and much making over of garments I have found the following method so satisfactory that when my baby was eighteen months old I made him a complete outfit of linen cambric, having the skirts hemstitched and drawn-work in the front of each little dress waist, and the linen wears so well that with such alterations as I shall suggest the linen clothes are much cheaper in the end.

As the neck of a child's dress need not be enlarged between the ages of eighteen months and three years, we can therefore finish the neck and shoulders of the waist, leaving large under-arm seams, and cut the waist full long, and hem it by hand around the bottom. Make full sleeves, which can be finished with a hemstitched hem and a casing at the wrist, for a tape or ribbon to be run through, and thus the sleeve is easily adjusted to a growing arm.

Now the skirt can be hemstitched or finished as one pleases, and made long enough to reach nearly to the armhole, and is either hemmed or turned down at the top, and shirred and stitched on a tape, and sewed by hand on to the waist, just under the arms, and as it is necessary to lengthen the dress it is a very simple matter to slip the skirt down on the waist.

HELEN A. McCUNE.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

WHAT would be an appropriate grace for the table? We want to teach our baby to say grace before each meal, and do not know what to teach her.

EOLA NELL.

A very old form of "grace before meat" is the following: "Bless, oh Lord, this food to our use and to Thy service, for Christ's sake. Amen!"

WEANING THE BABY

I HAVE a little one eight months old. He is very hearty and weighs thirty pounds or more. I have plenty of milk for him and only nurse him every four hours, still I grow thinner all the time. Do you think it would be safe to wean him now or would you advise me to wait?

L. H. M.

Wean the baby by all means. A child as large and strong as yours will take eight ounces, a teacupful or more of food at one time. Try him first with milk diluted one-third with barley water. Let him take it at one of the hours of nursing; the next day give it twice, increasing the number until it is substituted for the natural food. He can soon have bread and milk, cracked wheat, oatmeal porridge, etc. After he is a year old give a lightly-boiled egg occasionally and the juice from rare roast beef or mutton, on bread. It is wrong to nurse a child when the mother's health is affected by so doing.

A BOOK FOR MOTHERS

WOULD you be kind enough to recommend a work that would give instructions to a young mother with a baby eighteen months old, in regard to its welfare?

L.

Dr. Louis Starr's "Hygiene of the Nursery" is a very useful book for young mothers. It is sensible, practical and trustworthy, and will be sent you from the JOURNAL for \$1.00. It is also given as a premium for three yearly subscribers. Dr. Albert Westland's "The Wife and Mother," price, \$2.00, is invaluable for the mother as well as for the child. "Hygiene of Childhood," by Dr. Francis H. Rankin, is admirable as a nursery guide. Price, seventy-five cents.

THE THUMB IN THE MOUTH

THE request of a mother to know how she can break her daughter of sucking her thumb appeals to me as my nephew had such a struggle with the same habit. Mistaken friends advised us, when the tiny baby began, to allow it, as it would keep him contented, but we sorely regretted doing so, as, when he was about four years old it began to change a naturally well-shaped mouth, and it was not a pretty sight in a little man five years old.

Bitter applications and tying his hands had no effect, and though he was ashamed of it and bravely tried himself to second our efforts, nothing seemed to avail until his mother promised him a "real watch that would go" for Christmas, when, with patient and constant assistance for nearly six weeks, the little fellow conquered the hateful habit. He has never taken it up again, and his mouth has recovered its pretty shape.

We praised his efforts freely, and often told his grand mogul, grandpa, with whom he was staying then, "how well he had done that day," and hoped we could "soon tell him that K— doesn't suck his thumb at all now," painted the watch to the prospective owner in glowing colors, and encouraged him in the many loving ways one has to devise with children. His younger cousin began when first born, but her mother, who had been much annoyed by seeing him, broke her at once by pinning her sleeve down on her dress loosely, but so she could not get her hand to her mouth while asleep. It took firmness and watchfulness to overcome it, even in so young a child. It seemed born in her, but it was soon over, and not nearly so hard nor pitiful as in the case of the older one.

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The BEST FOOD for Hand-fed Infants, Invalids, Convalescents, Dyspeptics, and the Aged is

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Our Book for the instruction of mothers, "THE CARE AND FEEDING OF INFANTS," will be mailed free to any address upon request.

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To enable them to get through work as early as their husbands.

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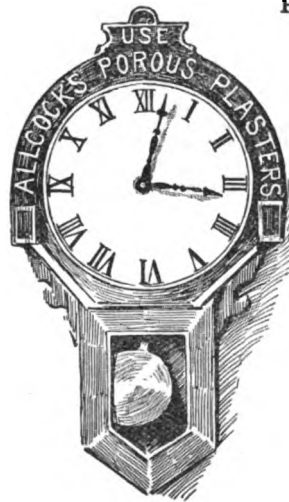


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Prompt action is essential—Avoid the dangerous results of a cold—Fortify the weak organs and muscles of the body by applying an

ALLCOCK'S Porous Plaster

which not only relieves the pain, but invigorates the affected parts. If you would be certain of results, accept no other than an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER—sold everywhere.



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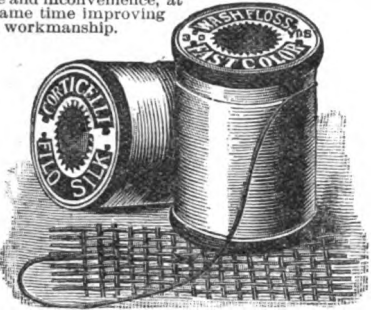


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These goods are adapted to a wide range of Art Needlework. For light and delicate embroidery use the thread singly; for heavier work use two threads in combination.



Florence Home Needlework for 1893 is now ready. The subjects are Corticelli Darning, Corticelli Drawn-work and Beeling Raw Silk as seen at the World's Fair.

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How to Choose and use Perfumes. Souvenir Booklet (mailed on receipt of 4 cents). Artistically illustrated with portraits of beautiful Society ladies. Also contains many valuable Toilet Hints.

Advertisement for 50c. WILL BUY YOU. Includes illustration of a ring and text: '50c. WILL BUY YOU a nice Bangle Pin or Friendship Ring. Any name artistically engraved. Dainty birthday gifts. 5 for \$2. Rolled gold plate or solid silver. (Solid gold, \$1.50.) H. F. LELAND, Worcester, Mass.'

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THE OPEN CONGRESS

In which any question of general interest will be cheerfully answered when addressed to the editor of 'The Open Congress,' care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

INQUIRER—The name 'Lucy' signifies constancy. POTTSVILLE—Yale College was founded by Elihu Yale.

INEZ—The birthday stone for March is the bloodstone.

HARRIET—'Santa casa' is Italian for 'holy house.'

MANHATTAN—President Cleveland is of English descent.

STEWART—Longfellow and Emerson were both married twice.

WILLIAM—The United States Naval Academy is at Annapolis, Md.

LEWIS—The salary of the Vice-President of the United States is \$8,000.

SUBSCRIBER—The University of Pennsylvania has a post-graduate course for women.

A. J. D.—All school and church property is exempt from taxation by the laws of Alabama.

TAYLOR—The word 'roster' is commonly supposed to be a corruption of the word register.

MRS. B. F. P.—It is forbidden to send by mail to foreign countries any letters or packets containing articles liable to customs duty.

F. A. S.—The 'peachblow porcelain' is of Chinese manufacture and is about three hundred years old. Specimens of it are very rare.

F. M.—By 'first class mail matter' is understood letters, postal cards and all matters sealed or otherwise closed against inspection.

LEX—A will must be signed by the testator in the presence of witnesses. No person made a beneficiary under the will may be a witness.

AMELIE—If a gentleman sees a lady approaching him on a narrow crossing he should lift his hat and stand aside until she has passed.

MARY—The Duke of York, who married the Princess May of Teck in July of this year, is the only living son of the Prince of Wales.

WELLS—The term 'hybrid' is used to denote the offspring of plants or animals of different varieties or species, a half-breed or cross-breed.

K. B. S.—Kuhne Beveridge, the sculptor, was born in the Executive Mansion at Springfield, Illinois, while her grandfather was Governor of the State.

M. T.—All plural nouns ending in s form the possessive by the addition of an apostrophe after the s. The possessive pronoun never takes the apostrophe.

CHICAGO GIRL—Mrs. Cleveland was born at Buffalo, N. Y., on July 21, 1864. (2) The Christian Endeavor Society does not discuss theology nor teach doctrine.

F.—Postmasters cannot lawfully accept postage stamps in payment of postage remaining due on letters. The amount due must invariably be paid in cash.

LANCASTER—The 'Department of Domestic Economy' in connection with Drexel Institute comprises courses in cookery, dressmaking, millinery and household economy.

SPENCER'S ISLAND—The superstition concerning the horseshoe demands that it shall be found, and also that it shall be hung with the points up so that the luck may not run out.

LUCY—'Materia medica' are Latin words signifying the substances used in the preparation of medicines. (2) The present King of Spain was born after the death of his father, Alfonso XIII.

TOM—If you love the girl and are able to take care of her, why not tell her so? From your letter we should infer that she is too sensible and good a girl to wish to trifle with any man's affections.

MAUD—In this country it is considered quite proper for ladies to ask gentlemen to act as their escorts to either theatre or concert, it being, of course, distinctly understood that the ladies provide the tickets.

ST. JOHNS—Agnosticism, according to Herbert Spencer, is the belief that the existence of a personal God can neither be proved nor disproved. The word is derived from the Greek and signifies not to know.

RUTH—An 'intaglio' is generally understood to be a precious stone, in the surface of which a head, figure, group or other design is cut. (2) Both State and private lotteries are illegal in nearly all the United States.

EDNA—The Italian alphabet consists of twenty-two letters similar to the English with the omission of k, w, x and y. (2) All compound nouns ending with tree should be written with the hyphen, as oak-tree, cherry-tree.

NORA—A man under the age of thirty-five years may not become President of the United States. (2) The silk section of the Department of Agriculture has been abolished owing to the lack of an appropriation by Congress.

BEACH HAVEN—The library and museum of the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia are open daily (except Sunday) to the public, and during the winter on three stated evenings. On Saturday the entire building is open to visitors.

ISABELLA—The capitulation of Paris, during the Franco-Prussian war, took place on January 28, 1871, when an armistice for twenty-one days was signed by Count Bismarck and Jules Favre. The German troops entered Paris on March 1, 1871.

SHAKAN—Speaking generally a creditor may dun a debtor upon a postal card to the extent of reminding him of his debt and requesting him to pay it. But he may not threaten or use defamatory language without infringing one of the Post Office laws.

JACK—The trial of Harold, Mary E. Sarratt, Payne, Atzerodt, Spangler, Mudd, Arnold and O'Loughlin for a conspiracy to assassinate President Lincoln took place in 1865. The four first named were hanged, the others sentenced to hard labor.

O. T.—An amendment extending full suffrage to women passed the Senate and the House in North Dakota, but it was afterward reconsidered in the House and lost. (2) 'The Christian Union' of New York has changed its name to 'The Outlook.'

C. W.—If you are quite sure that your feelings have changed toward your betrothed, in mercy tell him so. Return all the presents he has given you, and write him a straightforward letter telling him the truth as kindly and considerately as you can.

I. H.—The Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C., was named after James Smithson, an English scientific man and philanthropist, who died in 1829, leaving a legacy to the United States Government, to found at Washington an institution for the increase and diffusion of knowledge.

LILLIAN—When ordering your wedding stationery order a supply of note paper and envelopes of a smaller size, upon which to acknowledge your wedding presents. And try each day to acknowledge the presents received that day, making your notes as brief as courtesy will permit.

OLD LADY—Betsy Ross, who made the first American flag, is buried in Mount Moriah Cemetery at Philadelphia. In 1777, when she made the flag by the direction of a committee appointed by Congress, of which Washington was chairman, she kept a little shop on Arch Street below Third.

JOURNAL READER—Miss Mamie Dickens, the daughter of the famous novelist, is a devout member of the Church of England. She belongs to the High Church party and is an associate of the English Church Union. She writes, in a recent letter, 'I glory in my church and in my religion, and have done so ever since I was a little girl.'

GEORGIE—The United States has no national flower. The goldenrod was chosen by the children of New York State as the flower of that State, but there has never at any time been a flower chosen by the States as a national one. There has always been more or less discussion upon the subject but no definite action has ever been taken.

BUCKEYE—Section 4 of the law authorizing the holding of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago is as follows: 'It is hereby declared that all appropriations herein made for, or pertaining to the World's Columbian Exposition are made upon the condition that the said Exposition shall not be opened to the public on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday.'

LOTTIE—Any woman may form a branch of 'King's Daughters' by uniting other women with herself for joint effort in good works. The yearly membership fee of the society is ten cents. (2) Only one daughter of the late Mr. A. J. Drexel survives. She is married to Mr. John R. Fell, and resides in Philadelphia. There are three sons, Anthony J., George W. Childs and John.

PETER—THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has a larger circulation than any other magazine in the world. (2) Francis D. Millet, director of color at the Columbian Exposition, is a native of Massachusetts. (3) 'Lucas Malet' is the nom de plume of Mrs. Harrison, daughter of the Rev. Charles Kingsley. (4) Ex-President Harrison went directly from Washington to his old home in Indianapolis, Ind.

ANN ELIZA—The Episcopal Bishop of Western New York is Arthur Cleveland Cox. (2) The pledge of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union is as follows: 'I hereby solemnly promise, God helping me, to abstain from all distilled, fermented and malt liquors, including wine, beer and cider, and to employ all proper means to discourage the use and traffic of the same.'

MYRTLE—The Columbian stamps are really steel engravings, and form the third special issue of stamps in the country. The first of these was a 1-cent stamp representing the landing of Columbus, which was issued in 1869, and the second commemorated the 1876 centennial by a souvenir envelope, with a shield-shaped 3-cent stamp in the corner, having at the top the figures 1776, and at the bottom 1876.

GERTRUDE—In England the title 'Honorable' is given to the younger sons of earls and the children of viscounts and barons, also to the members of the House of Commons. In the United States it is commonly given to persons who hold or have held any considerable office under the national or State government, particularly to members and ex-members of Congress and of State Legislatures, to judges, justices and to certain judicial and executive officers.

LITTLE MAY—'Tenement house' is a name given to a building that is designed to give shelter to the largest possible number of persons, at the least possible cost to each tenant. The word tenement is derived from the Latin word *tenere*, to hold. (2) Mr. Palmer Cox, of 'Brownie' fame, is a bachelor. (3) The 'Actors' Fund' of America assists sick and indigent persons connected with the dramatic profession in any capacity, and provides for their decent burial.

MELROSE—Fanny Kemble died at London, England, on January 16, 1893, aged eighty-two years. (2) The Pratt Institute in Brooklyn was founded by Mr. Charles Pratt, a wealthy business man of New York City. The Institute was founded in 1837, 'to make the way open to as many young people as possible to intelligently enter upon the technical high-school course of instruction, and to establish for their schools a type of what kindergarten and primary education should be.'

COUNTRY GIRL—Can you not find work for your hands in your own home? Do not leave the little village in which your parents live, for the city until you have quite made up your mind to endure almost everything that is hard. City life is full of grind, there is but little rest for the working girl and the pleasures are few and far between. Try and be content with your surroundings, those that would be yours on a shop-girl's income would be far less pleasant and decidedly less safe.

OLD MAID—The Margaret Louise Home, in New York City, was founded as a 'temporary home for Protestant self-supporting women.' The liberal endowments of the Elliot Shepherds and the Vanderbilts have made it possible for the managers to furnish accommodations to business women at an almost nominal price. The home is located at 14 and 16 East Sixteenth Street. Application for rooms must be made by letter in advance. Children and invalids will not be admitted, and guests may not remain longer than four weeks.

SAMUEL—Unclaimed packages in the Adams Express offices are placed in a department called the 'O. H. (on hand) department,' and are kept for a term of years, generally five, to await claimants. Whenever a sale of unclaimed articles is decided on by the company an order of court to sell is obtained, and under that authority all unclaimed goods are advertised and sold in original packages. It is seldom, however, that anything of any considerable value finds its way to a sale—much less so now than formerly, because it is now the rule that the address of the shipper is required so that if goods are not called for they may be returned.

FRANKLIN—An old almanac for 1814 gives the following as the rates of postage prevailing at that time: 'For every single letter by land, for 40 miles, 8 cents; 90 miles, 10 cents; 150 miles, 12 1/2 cents; 300 miles, 17 cents; 500 miles, 20 cents, and for more than 500 miles, 25 cents. No allowance to be made for intermediate miles. Every double letter is to pay double the said rates; every triple letter, triple; every packet weighing one ounce, at the rate of four single letters each ounce. Every ship letter originally received at an office for delivery, 6 cents. Magazines and pamphlets, not over 50 miles, 1 cent per sheet; over 50 miles and not exceeding 100 miles, 1 1/2 cents per sheet; over 100 miles, 2 cents per sheet.'



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REFERENCES: The Chicago Tribune, The Northern Trust Co., Chicago. FALL CATALOGUE Now Ready. Send for it PUTNAM CLOTHING HOUSE All around N. E. Corner Clark and Madison Streets CHICAGO, ILL.

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Advertisement for MRS. SARAH J. SCHACK'S DRESS REFORM. Includes illustration of a woman and text: 'MRS. SARAH J. SCHACK'S DRESS REFORM Abdominal and Hose Supporter. Corpulent figures reduced and made shapely in from three to six months. By wearing this Supporter women need no longer suffer from weakness of their sex. For circulars and information inclose two-cent stamp. Agents wanted. Address EARL MANUFACTURING CO. 231 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.'

Advertisement for THE Perfected Artificial Leg. Includes illustration of a leg and text: 'THE Perfected Artificial Leg is the best in the world. The lightest, most elastic, most enduring and perfect in action. For special information address EDWIN OSBORNE, 2900 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.'

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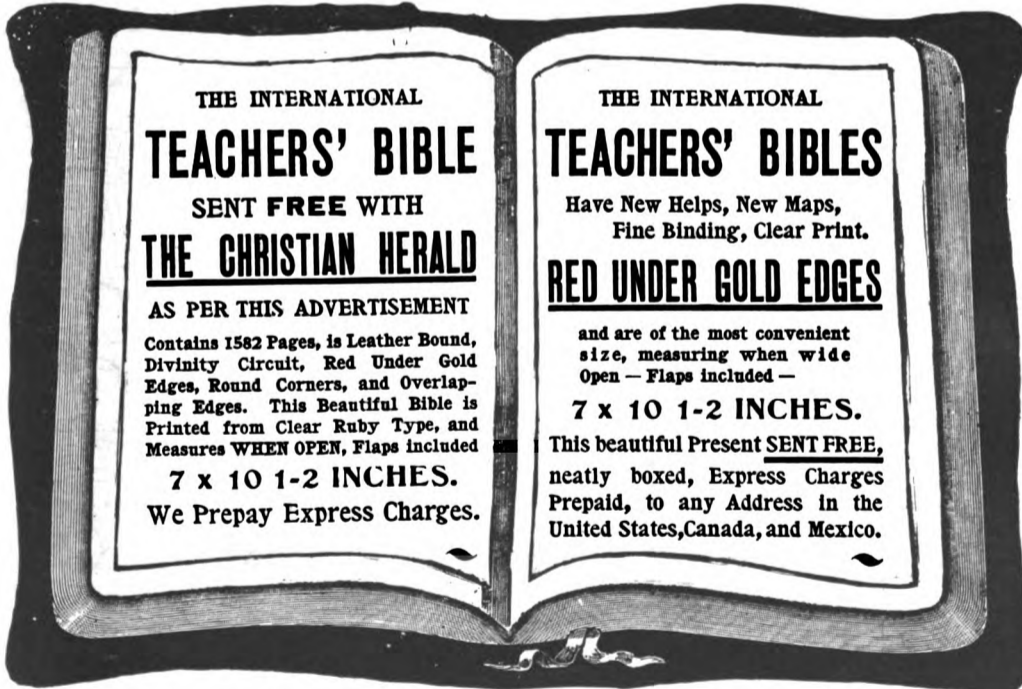


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