

THE  
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Christmas  
1894



·Ten·Cents·

The·Curtis·Publishing·Company·Philadelphia·

W. Smedley, 1894

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**BOB'S STOCKING.**

Susan and Mary, and dear little Rod,  
All hung up their stockings, but greedy Bob,  
Who was always hungry and dirty, too,  
Thought he had a much better plan in view;  
The rest went to bed, he lingered behind  
With the largest stocking he could find,  
And laughed with glee as he thought of the lot  
Of things he would get by means of his plot.  
When Christmas morn dawned, the children all ran  
To the chimney-piece their treasures to scan.  
A doll was for Mary, another for Sue,  
And in Rod's stocking a horn hung in view,  
While all of the three that hung in a row  
Were stuffed full of candies from top to toe,  
But greedy Bob's held to its utmost scope  
Nothing but cakes of pure Ivory Soap.  
Santa supposed it was for Bob's mother,  
And knew she preferred this soap to all other.

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**Archdeacon Farrar**

contributes an article on "Christ in Art," fully illustrated, to the December number.

**Beatrice Harraden**

Author of "Ships that Pass in the Night."  
An article about the writing of her famous book.

**True Detective Stories**  
From the Archives of the Pinkerton Agency

"How Allan Pinkerton Saved Lincoln's Life in 1861," in November number.  
Other stories will deal with the hazardous investigations of the Molly Maguires, with the breaking up of bands of train robbers, etc.  
They are not stories of crime, but of the thwarting and detection of criminals.

**Short Stories**

Conan Doyle      Bret Harte  
Octave Thanet      Stanley J. Weyman  
Rudyard Kipling      Robert Barr  
Anthony Hope      Mary E. Wilkins  
Joel Chandler Harris and "Q"

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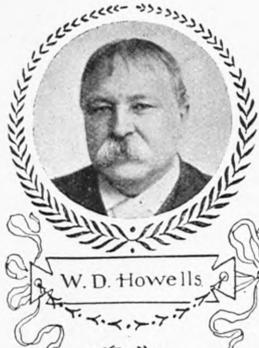
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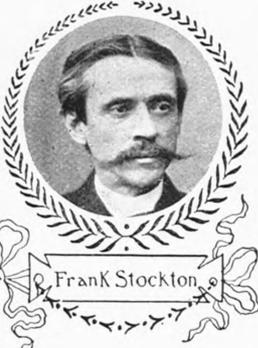
**THE CONTRIBUTORS.**

- R. L. Stevenson,
- Rudyard Kipling,
- Bret Harte,
- Herbert Spencer,
- Andrew Lang,
- A. Conan Doyle,
- Octave Thanet,
- W. D. Howells,
- Stanley J. Weyman,
- Charles A. Dana,
- Sarah Orne Jewett,
- Joel Chandler Harris,
- Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,
- Clark Russell,
- Beatrice Harraden,
- Robert Barr,
- Henry M. Stanley,
- Professor Drummond,
- Louis Pasteur,
- Edward Everett Hale,
- Louise Chandler Moulton,
- Gilbert Parker,
- Mrs. Spofford,
- G. W. Cable,
- Archdeacon Farrar,
- Thomas Hardy,
- Sir Robert Ball,
- Prof. E. S. Holden.

THE WRITERS FOR  
THE  
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL  
FOR 1895



W. D. Howells



Frank Stockton



Mrs. Burnett



Mrs. Whitney

During 1895 THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will strive not only to equal but to excel its past, and prove in every respect what it aims to be: the most attractive and readable magazine published. Some of its more prominent features will include:

Jerome K. Jerome's Bright Humor

Will be enjoyed in a special series of articles directly written for American girls and women,—the first he has ever addressed to an American audience. The papers will be in the same vein as his delightful "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" and his equally charming "Three Men in a Boat."

Frank Stockton's Short Stories

Will be a feature of the JOURNAL during 1895, presenting that popular writer in some of his most humorous and fanciful creations. At the conclusion of his two-part story, "As One Woman to Another," he will begin another two-part tale entitled "Love Before Breakfast."

Conan Doyle on American Women

At the conclusion of his present American visit, the famous creator of "Sherlock Holmes" will write an article telling "How Your Women Impressed Me."

Mrs. Burton Harrison

Has been induced to add three articles to her series "The Well-Bred Girl in Society," which was so popular in the JOURNAL two years ago. These articles, touching upon points of deportment not covered in the previous papers, will be welcomed by every girl who wishes to appear at her best in society, and observe social laws and usages. The first article will be called "Heigh Ho! for a Husband."

Mr. Howells' Literary Autobiography

Will continue through a portion of the year and increase in charm and interest as he reaches his reading of contemporary authors whose books are now in every one's hands.

Stories of a Southern County

Will present a trilogy of love stories, by MRS. J. H. WALWORTH, with their scenes laid in a quaint Southern county in ante-bellum days.

Reginald de Koven's New Song

Will be the next musical composition printed in the JOURNAL's series, and all through 1895 the compositions of some of the best musical writers will appear,—now a song, then a waltz, and again a ballad, devotional song or piano piece.

A Romantic Southern Novel

Entitled "The Luck of the Pendennings," by MRS. ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY, will present one of the most charming girl-characters in modern fiction. The story recounts the struggles of a Southern family of reverses to sustain a social aristocracy, and has been beautifully illustrated by MRS. ALICE BARBER STEPHENS.

MR. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS' "Paradise Club" will continue throughout the year; "BILL NYE" and ROBERT J. BURDETTE will furnish humorous and yet wise articles; EUGENE FIELD's work will be continuously represented in character verse, prose and poems of childhood and home, while other writers will include "OCTAVE THANET," HAMLIN GARLAND, SOPHIE SWETT, "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE," MARGARET DELAND, MRS. ELIZABETH B. CUSTER, DR. CYRUS A. EDSON, MRS. RORER, MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN, REV. JOHN R. PAXTON, D. D.

All the editorial features of 1894 will not only be retained but strengthened throughout the year of 1895.

And yet the Subscription Price will Remain at One Dollar per Year

The Man Who Most Influenced Me

Inaugurated in this issue of the JOURNAL by MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, will be continued by several of the most famous women of America and Europe.

Alternating with this will be a companion series entitled

The Woman Who Most Influenced Me

Which MR. EUGENE FIELD will initiate in the January JOURNAL, and other famous men will continue in subsequent issues.

A New Story by Bret Harte

MR. HARTE has written a distinctly American love story for girls, which will be printed in the JOURNAL during 1895.

Kate Greenaway's Little Women

Will appear in a delightful series for the first time in any magazine. MISS GREENAWAY is making a series of drawings of her quaint little women clad in Kate Greenaway frocks and hoods, which will excel any of her previous work.

Alternating with MISS GREENAWAY'S series will be a new series of

Palmer Cox's Funny Brownies

In new adventures, thus bringing two of the most delightful entertainers of the young between the covers of one magazine.

Mrs. Whitney's Letters to Girls

Will continue and treat of phases of society, dress, manners and marriage.

The Story of a New York Girl

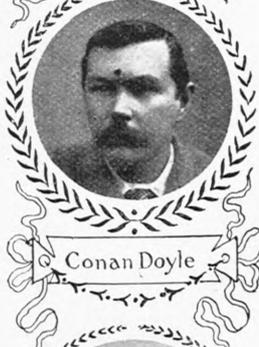
Is one of the breeziest, brightest three-part stories for girls ever written for the JOURNAL. It is by MISS GRACE STUART REID, and fairly sparkles with the doings of a clever, fun-loving girl. All those moments of pleasure dear to the heart of a girl enter into the story, which takes, unlike the usual run of tales, the reader on a honeymoon and into the first year of a couple's married life.

Madame Nordica on Singing

MADAME LILLIAN NORDICA will, with an article on the voice, inaugurate a splendid series of musical papers, for which MRS. JESSIE BARTLET DAVIS, of "The Bostonians," THOMAS A' BECKET, FREDERIC PEAKES and other vocal and instrumental experts have written.

A New Story by Julia Magruder

Whose novel, "A Beautiful Alien," was so popular in the JOURNAL of this year, will be printed during 1895.



Conan Doyle



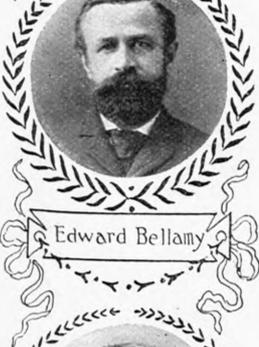
Jerome K. Jerome



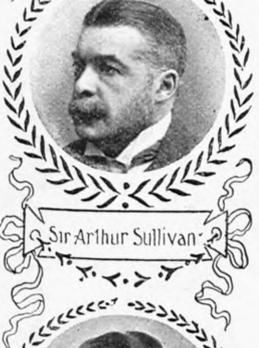
Eugene Field



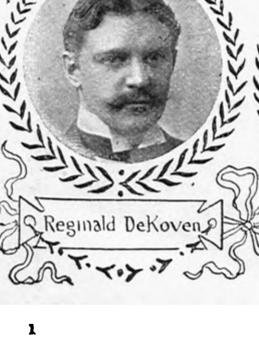
Bret Harte



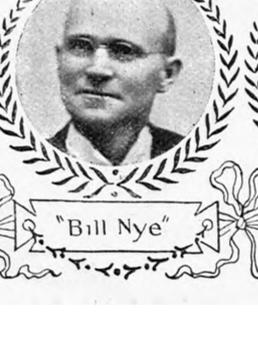
Edward Bellamy



Sir Arthur Sullivan



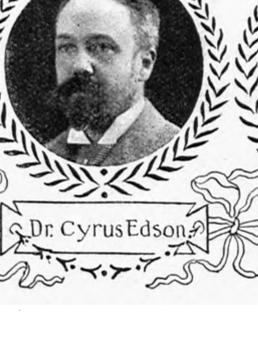
Reginald DeKoven



Bill Nye



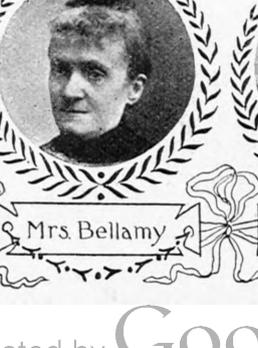
John Kendrick Bangs



Dr. Cyrus Edson



Mrs. Jessie Davis



Mrs. Bellamy



Mme. Nordica



Kate Greenaway



Mrs. Burton Harrison



Julia Magruder



Mrs. Jane Austin



Octave Thanet



Mrs. Mason

# ST. NICHOLAS

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

EDITED BY  
MARY MAPES DODGE.

IN 1895.



RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE GREATEST YEAR ST. NICHOLAS has ever had is just closing. "The best of children's magazines" is now the only high-class monthly for young folks published in America. It is without a rival.

Rudyard Kipling's famous "Jungle Stories," written especially for ST. NICHOLAS, were a great feature of 1894, and it will be pleasant news that Mr. Kipling will continue them in the coming volume which begins with the November issue.

While their elders are reading Prof. Sloane's Life of Napoleon in *The Century*, the boys and girls will be enjoying a story life of the same great hero, told by Elbridge S. Brooks, and superbly illustrated. The hero of "A Boy of the First Empire" renders a service to Napoleon, becomes one of his pages, and finally an aide. He is with him at the most critical times of his life—at the departure for Elba, in the glories of the life at Fontainebleau, and finally at Waterloo. The story glows with pageantry, and is a truthful account, based upon the best authorities and verified by the latest information, of the life of "the man of destiny."

"The Quadrupeds of North America," entertaining and up-to-date chapters on animals, will be contributed by the well-known naturalist Prof. W. T. Hornaday; and Theodore Roosevelt will write a series to be called "Hero-Tales from American History," recounting famous deeds of heroism which young people ought to know more about. The series on "Historic Dwarfs" will be continued, and Prof. Brander Matthews will include in his entertaining papers on "The Great American Authors" accounts of the lives of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, Poe, and Lowell. The Serial Stories are many. One called "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" recounts the marvelous adventures of a modern boy who became the accidental purchaser of Aladdin's lamp. A delightful story of college girls, "The Three Freshmen," will appeal to every girl; and "Teddy and Carrots," James Otis's serial of newsboy life, will be read by every boy. A serial story by Frances Courtenay Baylor is one of the features.



"West Point" will receive attention from Lieut. Putnam, and Life on a Man-of-War will be described by Ensign Ellicott, of the flag-ship "Chicago."

Stories of Famous Horses in history and mythology—Bucephalus, Napoleon's and Sheridan's horses, etc.—will be told by James Baldwin, author of "Stories from the Northern Myths." City Fire Departments will be treated, and there will be two or three papers on The Boys' Brigade.

THIS is by no means all that ST. NICHOLAS has in store for readers of the coming volume, but it is enough to show the character of what is to come. Can you afford to be without this great entertaining educational influence in your home?

ST. NICHOLAS is always issued on the 25th of the month; price 25 cents a number. New subscriptions should begin with November, the first issue of the new year. Price \$3.00.

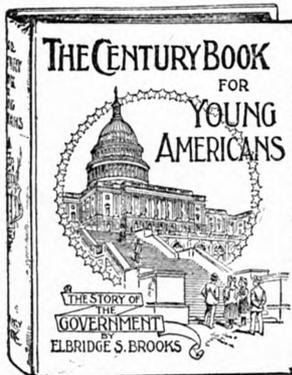
In order to induce you to begin to take ST. NICHOLAS now, we make

### A GREAT OFFER To Readers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

We will send, post-paid, to every reader of "The Ladies' Home Journal" not already a subscriber for or a buyer of ST. NICHOLAS who will subscribe for that magazine for one year beginning with November, 1894 (first number of new volume), a copy of

### THE MOST POPULAR CHRISTMAS FREE BOOK OF THE PRESENT SEASON

"THE CENTURY BOOK FOR YOUNG AMERICANS."



The first edition of 10,000 copies was exhausted on issue (in October). It is the story of the Government of the United States, written by E. S. Brooks, and telling, in attractive story-form, what every American boy and girl ought to know about the Government: the functions of the President, the Senate, the House, and the Supreme Court; the duties of the different Cabinet officers and the work of the various departments; how State, municipal, and town governments are carried on, and what are the duties and responsibilities of an American citizen. In the book a party of half a dozen bright young people visit Washington. It is illustrated with more than 200 engravings, and is issued under the auspices of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, with an introduction by General Horace Porter, President-General of the Society. Copies are sold at all bookstores for \$1.50. Be sure to get the book anyway, and bear in mind that we will give it to you with a subscription to ST. NICHOLAS.

**HOW TO DO IT.** Remit to the address named below the subscription price of ST. NICHOLAS for one year, \$3.00. State that you are a reader of "The Ladies' Home Journal," that you are not at present a subscriber for or a regular buyer of ST. NICHOLAS, and that you wish to avail yourself of the special offer of a year's subscription beginning with November, 1894, with "The Century Book for Young Americans." We will enter the subscription, and send you the book, charges paid. The book will be sent only to those who ask for it at the time of subscribing under this offer. Remit by money-order, express-order, check, draft, or cash in registered letter. Address

THE CENTURY CO. 33 E. 17th St. New York, N.Y.

#### THE BEST CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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- THE JUNGLE BOOK. Rudyard Kipling's latest.—The Sunday-School Times calls it "his best bid for immortality." 15th thousand. Illus. \$1.50
- DONALD AND DOROTHY. By Mary Mapes Dodge. A new and beautiful edition. \$1.50
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- TOPSYS AND TURVYS No. 2. Fun for everybody. Colored pictures. \$1.00

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## THE JOURNAL'S FREE EDUCATION COURSES

The free educational offers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, which have been so successful during the past three years, will be again strengthened and broadened during the year 1895. The force of an entire and separate bureau in the JOURNAL'S building is now exclusively given over to this feature of the business.

### The Musical and Fine Arts Course

At the Finest-equipped Musical Conservatory in America

Over 162 scholarships have already been given in this course in the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston, and to this number many will be added this season. Any girl can, through the JOURNAL, secure a complete education in either vocal or instrumental music without any expense to herself. A little pamphlet, "Girls Who Have Push," in which the successful girls tell how they secured their scholarships, will be sent to any one upon application to the JOURNAL.

### The New Collegiate Courses

Adapted to Young Men as well as to Young Women

These courses, just established, offer to young men as well as young women, free collegiate and university scholarships at nine of the best institutions for learning in America. As low as 100 subscriptions to the JOURNAL entitles a young man to a full term at the best university in New York City, for example. Other offers in colleges in other cities. A book, fully describing these free collegiate educations, will be sent by the JOURNAL upon application.

### A New Practical Course

Of Instruction in Cookery, Millinery, Dressmaking, Etc.

This is a new course now being formulated by the JOURNAL, of which a complete announcement will be made in a future issue of this magazine, probably in January. It will place a thorough education in the practical arts of the home within the power of every girl under the most experienced teachers and at the finest institute in America, if not in the world.

Any information regarding these offers will be cheerfully supplied by

The Educational Bureau of  
The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia

All these offers mean absolutely free educations, with no cost entailed. Board as well as tuition is paid for. There is no competitive element in them; every girl works for herself and in competition with no one.

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

Vol. XII, No. 1

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1894

Yearly Subscriptions, One Dollar  
Single Copies, Ten Cents



## JES' 'FORE CHRISTMAS

BY EUGENE FIELD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

FATHER calls me William, sister calls me Will,  
Mother calls me Willie—but the fellers call me Bill!  
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy  
Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!  
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—  
Hate to take the castor-ile they give f'r belly-ache!  
Most all the time the hull year roun' there ain't no flies on me.  
But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!



II

Got a yaller dog named Sport—sick 'im on the cat;  
Fust thing *she* knows she doesn't know where she is at!  
Got a clipper-sled, an' when us boys goes out to slide  
'Long comes the grocery cart an' we all hook a ride!  
But, sometimes, when the grocery man is worried and cross,  
He reaches at me with his whip, and larrups up his hoss;  
An' then I laff and holler: "Oh, you never teched *me*!"  
But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!



III

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man  
I'll be a missionerer like her oldes' brother Dan,  
As wuz et up by the cannib'ls that lives in Ceylon's isle,  
Where every prospeck pleases an' only man is vile!  
But gran'ma she had never been to see a Wild West show,  
Or read the life uv Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know  
That Buffalo Bill an' cowboys is good enough f'r me—  
Excep' jes' 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!



IV

Then ol' Sport he hangs around, so sollum like an' still—  
His eyes they seem a-sayin: "What's er matter, little Bill?"  
The cat she sneaks down off her perch, a-wonderin' what's become  
Uv them two enemies uv hern that use ter make things hum!  
But I am so perlite and stick so earnestlike to biz,  
That mother sez to father: "How improved our Willie is!"  
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me,  
When, jes' 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

V

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots uv candies, cakes an' toys,  
Wuz made, they say, f'r proper kids, and *not* f'r naughty boys!  
So wash yer face, and bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's an' q's,  
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, an' don't wear out yer shoes;  
Say yessum to the ladies, an' yessir to the men,  
An' when they's company don't pass yer plate f'r pie again;  
But, thinkin' uv the things you'd like to see upon *that tree*,  
Jes' 'fore Christmas be as good as you kin be!

## THE MAN WHO MOST INFLUENCED ME

A SERIES OF SIX PAPERS

### \* I—MY ENEMY—By Frances Hodgson Burnett



Looking back upon life one sees that so many people have influenced one in so many different ways and in such varied degrees. If one is at all an impressionable person, who is there who does not represent an influence, and whose influence is it—howsoever slight it may be—that can be counted for nothing? The man or woman with whom one spends a brilliant ten minutes chances to utter a thought which remains a memory for a lifetime; the man or woman who irritates or bores one leaves an atmosphere of annoyance or depression which may lead to action or inaction whose influence may last as long. And where all seem to count in some degree it becomes difficult to decide who has counted for the most. What effect is it which counts for the most? One cannot possibly generalize about it. It is merely a matter of temperament and individual. With one character it is one thing, with another something totally different. Here, the influence which affected all things might be an influence which resulted in the control of a temper; there, in the broadening of an outlook; again, in the strengthening of a will; yet again, in the blighting of a hope and the embittering of a character. If the man or woman who influences a human creature does evil work, God help them both.

"The Man or Woman Who Most Influenced Me" is a title with a serious air, and yet such influences may often have been the simplest seeming things, and totally unconscious of their power and workings.

AS I look back upon the line of those whose lives or characters or points of view have all counted as factors in the forming of my own, and select from it the man who I feel convinced has influenced all three the most definitely, it is with a smile as I realize what the amazement of that quiet English gentleman would be if he were confronted with my statement that he, of the many men I have met in different countries, and in worlds so much more exciting than his own, is the one—my mental review of the situation leads me quite calmly to decide—whose influence has been more definite in its results than that of any other person.

Exactly what his opinion of me was in those days long ago, when he was—quite unconsciously I am sure—producing effects upon me, I have no clear idea at all. He was not a serious-minded person in those days, and I feel quite sure his view of me was not a serious one. He was "a grown-up gentleman" and I was a little girl. That for some reason he found me rather amusing, and was sufficiently entertained by me to be rather fond of me, and liked me to linger in his vicinity, I am quite sure, simply because he was entirely capable of having disposed of me if I had bored him in the slightest degree. He was "a grown-up gentleman" under thirty, and was a man who was clever and amusing himself, and not given to submitting continuously to boredom which dexterity could avoid. That he knew I was very fond of him I think must have been unavoidable—that he could not have helped knowing, but that I regarded him with adoration as the most brilliantly accomplished, the most dazlingly witty and undoubtedly profound of his sex, would have filled him—if he had for a moment realized it—with an intensity of amusement which he could not possibly have concealed, and a knowledge of which would have crushed me to the earth with indignant humiliation when it had revealed itself to me.

He was, as I have said, not a serious-minded person, or, at least, he never presented to me that aspect of his character if it existed. He had no views whatever on the subject of guiding tender youth or teaching the young idea how to shoot. He was a man who was well-bred and well-read, who was witty and had an ironical point of view. He had a tendency to sarcasm, which at once filled me with delight and rage, and cut me to the quick when its shafts came my way, which they not infrequently did.

Our friendship for each other I do not find an exact parallel to. The sentiment most nearly approaching it would seem to be a combination of the affection of little Polly for Mr. John, in the opening chapters of "Villette," and that of Pet Marjorie for Sir Walter Scott, in that most exquisite of stories, "Marjorie Fleming."

THE friendship dated from my tenth year, when a little girl friend came to me one day and said: "There are three such nice gentlemen living in that house next door to the Forsythes. They live there with their mother and sister. They have been living there nearly a year, but nobody has known them. One of them spoke to Baby yesterday and she says he is so nice and so funny. And they all three like children. Baby says the one who talked to her is such a laughing gentleman. He says funny things all the time."

"A laughing gentleman" was considered very attractive. It meant that he made jokes suited to the comprehension of tender youth, and that one laughed a great deal one's self when one was with him, and one was apt to be with him very frequently.

Before two weeks were over we were on the most friendly terms with the entire family. One by one we had been invited into the interesting, hitherto exclusive household. We had been talked kindly to by the mother and sister, and had discovered that one of the grown-up gentlemen played a great deal on the piano, that one had a beautiful voice and sang songs, and the other one was very clever and read a great many books. Then gradually each one of the brothers adopted, as it were, a special favorite. She was spoken of as his "Pet," as Pet Marjorie was Sir Walter Scott's. The attitude of each "Pet" to her lawful owner was a very pretty and rather touching one. She regarded him with admiration mingled with the deepest respect and devotion. The difference between her years and his gave him a most exalted position and placed between them a gulf of maturity only affectionate condescension could bridge. I think it would be impossible for a child brought up in the freedom of an American nursery to mingle her affection for any human being with the respect for ripe years which dominated ours. The "Pet" was rather like a very well-behaved and loving little cat, who came with delight when she was called, and was quite prepared to be left or told to run away when more important interests claimed attention. Fortunately, no little girl ever thought of regarding herself as even an embryo young lady. She would have thought it "rude" to intrude her small personality, and unbearably humiliating to do or say anything which might be called "pert," even by an enemy.

I WAS at first adopted by the musical brother, but it was not very long before the sarcastic one, who read so many books, found that I was really a piece of property which should have fallen to his share, and by a gradual process I was appropriated by him.

I think he began to show his interest in me first by teasing me very much, by studying my queer points and "chafing" me about them. The queer points which amused him most were that I had a voracious appetite for books of all sorts, without the least tendency toward discrimination; that there were jocular legends about what I read and vague rumors that I very furtively tried to scribble myself; that I was wildly romantic in secret and that I had a fiery and most rebellious little spirit, which revealed itself at once when I was twitted about these hidden weaknesses.

IT was the old story of "fun for the boys but not fun for the frogs." To this clever young man I was only a comical little girl who could be lightly teased until her small face flamed with wrath, and she was goaded into saying comical little things it was rather good fun to hear. The man was not in the least ill-natured, and though the teasing continued through our acquaintance, I think a genuine elder brother affection began, even in its earliest stages, to be mingled with it. I think I was perhaps about eleven when our friendship began, and the point I have realized with interest since I was old enough to recognize it is that though his attitude to me was always that of a person of mature years toward a child, and though it would never have occurred to me to think of myself as anything but a child in reference either to him or to any one else, I can look back and see that he talked to me of books and people almost as he might have done if I had been a young woman, instead of a very little girl. He teased me, he laughed at me, he derided me, but I can remember that it was his habit to say to me, when we met in the "square," as we usually did each evening, "Have you read this or that?" or "There is a story in 'Cornhill' this month you ought to read," or "Come into the house and I will read you some verses you will like in the last number of 'Once a Week.'"

AND when the story and the verses were read his comments on them helped me to many a point of view I should not have had if I had read them alone. There was not the slightest shadow of the air of an instructor about him. If he had any views at all on the subject of mental improvement for me he must have been a much more benevolent and serious-minded person than he appeared, and really wonderfully subtle into the bargain, as it was so well done that I never suspected him. I thought an abnormal intellect made him like clever books, and that a fondness for children made him like me enough to care to talk to me of what he had been reading—just as it made him find it rather amusing to address clever "chaff" to me, which ended by throwing me into a rage, for which he afterward could make me feel penitent—because I had been brought up to accept as a fiat and law of the Medes and Persians, that a little girl had no right to retort upon her elders.

I CAN remember to-day—of this person with whom my acquaintance ended when I was fourteen—his trick of manner in replacing his eyeglass and giving a light, unconscious touch to his mustache, when he had just said something satirical and was laughing at me.

I can recall only one incident during our friendship which might lead one to suppose that he sometimes regarded me a little seriously.

I was not, as I have stated, a discriminating reader or a studious one. I was simply voracious. I devoured Shakespeare and Byron, Walter Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, Mrs. Braddon, Miss Mulock and also the lurid and delightful penny papers the housemaids bought, and of which I found occasional odd numbers. One, of which I have quite forgotten the name, was such an entrancing history of an orange girl who was simply surrounded by brilliant but pining marquises, whom she had the discretion to slight in consequence of a duke, that I formed the bold plan of subscribing a penny a week for it, and having assimilated the earlier chapters I told my friend about them.

He was leaning against an iron gateway by which I was standing, and the laugh he broke into when I stated my case was the kind of laugh which always made me feel intensely uncomfortable. It was not a loud nor a long one, rather a series of intensely amused little laughs like unpromising running comments.

"What is the matter?" I said. "What are you laughing at? You are always laughing at me. Don't you think it is a nice tale?"

"Well," he answered, in his lightly derisive way, "if you ask my opinion I am obliged to confess I don't. A penny journal is not exactly the kind of literary nutriment I should advise. You had better leave it to the housemaid."

"But it is so interesting," I answered, "and I want to find out the end."

"Do you?" he said, with the little trying laugh again. "Well, I wouldn't if I were you." Then suddenly, with more seriousness than I was used to in him, "Throw it in the kitchen fire, and I will get you something worth reading."

Perhaps he had benevolent views after all, only I was too young to understand. At that early stage of existence no one else ever talked to me about books as he did. Whether it was merely *pour passer le temps* or not, he was an influence, and the fact that he was so at a period covering the dawning mentally impressionable years gave him a power no other years or circumstances could have given.

GIVEN an intensely romantic child browsing unguided mentally, with the inordinate appetite of a young goat, in untrodden fields of literature, assimilating everything, believing in everything which could get itself printed, full of exaggerated, highly-colored dreams and fancies, if no clear-headed person with a sense of humor is on the spot to call her attention to the perilous slightness of the barrier between the sublime and the ridiculous, the result may be a very queer one. So it is my opinion that the chief point of this influence was that the benefits accruing from its repressing qualities were even greater than the results of its developing ones. It cleverly parodied sentimental things I might have leaned toward, it jeeringly made light of lurid romances, its ironical view of certain things made me burn with uncomfortable blushes when I realized that I had regarded with secret respect sentiments and situations which could be so brilliantly derided. There was a great deal of derision in it all, but as it was really clever derision it certainly developed my sense of humor. And one thing, in a measure—if only in a measure—modified its painfulness even then. He lightly badgered me more or less always, this acquaintance, he laughed at me and was witty at the expense of many an imagining, but he never looked at me nor spoke to me as if he thought I was a little fool or in the least dull of comprehension. His point of view always seemed to be that, child though I might be, I was after all, in a measure, "a foeman worthy of his steel."

AND immensely as I admired him and was privately filled with deep affection, he might, in a sort, have been called foemen. He was not intentionally cruel at any time, I am convinced in these maturer days, but he gave me many a *mauvais quart d'heure*. He knew the things which made me lose my little temper—which was a fine one—and it amused him to make me lose it. When he had goaded me into the final flaming outbreak of, "You are my enemy, my enemy. And I hate and hate and hate you!" then he invariably laughed, with the little delighted laugh which I at once adored and detested, dexterously letting his single eyeglass drop, or replacing it with the light, unconscious stroke of his mustache. All this was in the day of the monocle, and his dexterous, careless fashion of fixing his in his eye or dropping it out, seemed to me a finished accomplishment quite inseparable from him, and a sort of graceful, dramatic accentuation of all conversation.

But on all occasions he was referred to as "my enemy."

"Are you fond of him?" people used to say to me jocularly sometimes.

"I like him," I would answer. "I like him because he is so clever, but he is 'my enemy.'" So he was known as "the enemy," and the title amused and did not displease him at all.

"You are ordered to love your enemies," he said, "and do good unto those who despitefully use you."

"Then I shall have to do good unto you," I retorted, with infant savagery.

IF he had not had an elder brother fondness for me, which made him kind after all; if he had not been the most interesting person I knew, and mentally the most *sympatica*, and if, as a consequence, I had not loved him quite fiercely in a childish way, I should, without doubt, have hated him very much. That I did hate him and that he was my enemy were soothing factions to me because they were a sort of defense to my pride. I was a proud child and it would have galled me horribly to admit to myself how much I depended upon him and was moulded by his opinions. But I read the books he admired, my mind did its best by the subjects he was interested in, my sense of humor grew under his influence, and an appreciation of the value of certain emotional and imaginative restraints developed itself, because lack of such qualities in others moved him to such ironical laughter and disrespect. And now, with a long stretch of years between, in which we have not had communication with each other and have lived in countries far apart, I feel quite sure, when I reflect upon the subject of those whose influence has affected me, that his was of a kind and was felt just at the period which made it count for the most. And remembering him as he was, I know, too, that he would smile to hear that I had said so.

OUR paths diverged when I left England at fourteen. He was on the point of marriage, and our worlds became totally different ones.

It would not be easy for me to forget the evening I went to take tea at the house where he lived with his sister, and break to him the news that it had been resolved that we should all go to America, and that therefore it was not likely that he could continue to be my enemy. America was a land many thousands of miles farther away from England in those days than it is now. One never thought of returning from it.

"America!" he exclaimed when I told him I was going away. And he adjusted his eyeglass and stared at me a moment, with a slightly disturbed expression, then he let the eyeglass drop, laughed shortly and touched his mustache.

"Oh, I say!" he added, with the half-chafing lightness to which I was quite inured. "Confound America, you know, in fact, hang America!" And he laughed the short laugh again, and I—sitting upon the hearth-rug—responded by a sad little grin.

He was entirely English in his habit of mind, and not the least given to the expression of emotion, but I think he was sorry and I know I was. There was a certain church in the town concerning whose clock we had a favorite joke.

"Frances," he said to me the first time we passed it together, "half a crown's worth of that clock belongs to me. I subscribed half a crown toward putting it up years ago. I regard it with honest pride."

A couple of days before I left England his sister invited me to spend the night at their house that I might say my farewells at leisure. The following morning my enemy walked part of the way home with me; near the church we stopped.

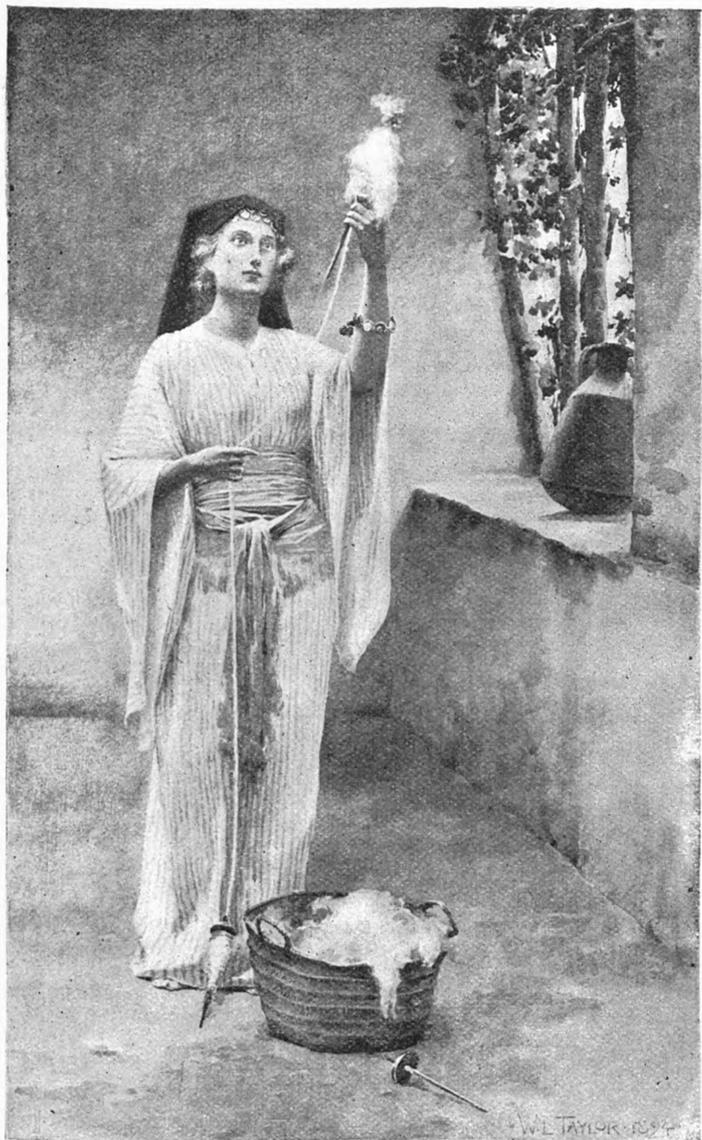
"Well," he said, "I am afraid we must say good-by here—under the shadow of my half crown's worth of clock."

"Yes," I said, as we shook hands, "under the shadow of your half crown's worth of clock, good-by."

"Good-by," he answered. "Good-by, and—confound America, you know!"

And so we went our separate ways. And in this manner I parted from the man who—whether carelessly or not—was the one who most influenced me.

\* This series of six papers will alternate with a companion series under the title, "The Woman Who Most Influenced Me," the initial article of which, by Mr. Eugene Field, will open the next (January) issue of the JOURNAL.



"Spinning . . . and dreaming her long dreams the while"

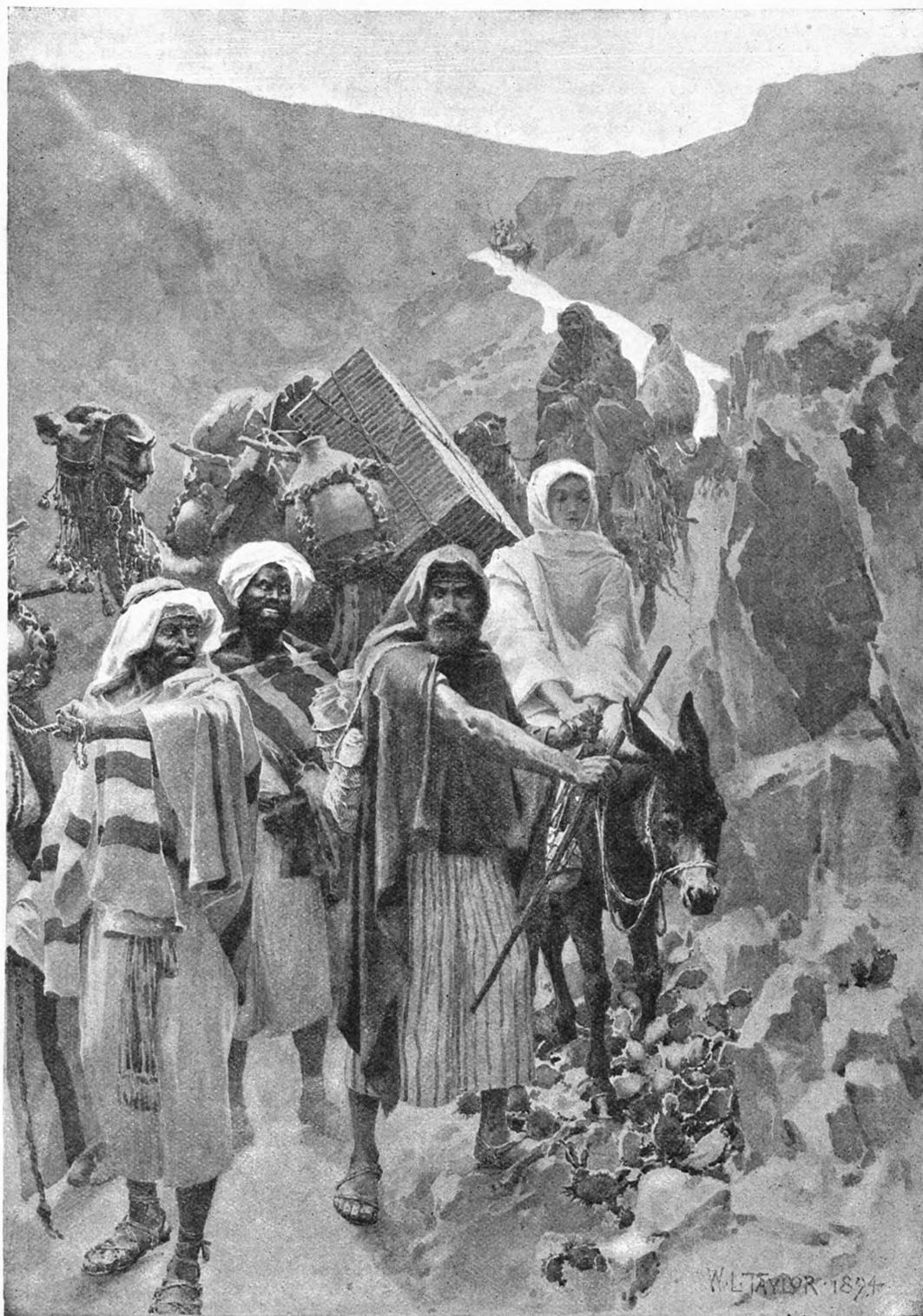
### A GIRL OF GALILEE

By Rev. S. D. McConnell, D. D.

[With Illustrations by W. L. Taylor]

It was "all in the month of May." And the month of May is the month of Mary. Mary is the English form of Miriam. Miriam was a maiden of Nazareth. It was a beautiful town, and it was nineteen centuries and ninety-eight years ago, for Christ was born four years earlier than our popular chronology shows. Nazareth was a fair city of sweet Galilee. A small vale opened by a narrow valley from the broad, rich plain of Esdraelon. Following the path up the valley one found himself in a sort of amphitheatre surrounded on three sides by hills rising one behind another. Upon the first bench or terrace stood Nazareth. It was called "the City of the Rose" on account of its shape and plan. Street surrounded street, and terrace rose above terrace like the petals of a rose. From the valley the road climbed up to the first terrace. The street into which it there opened swept round, crescent-shaped, until at either end it stopped against the cliff. The south side of each plaza

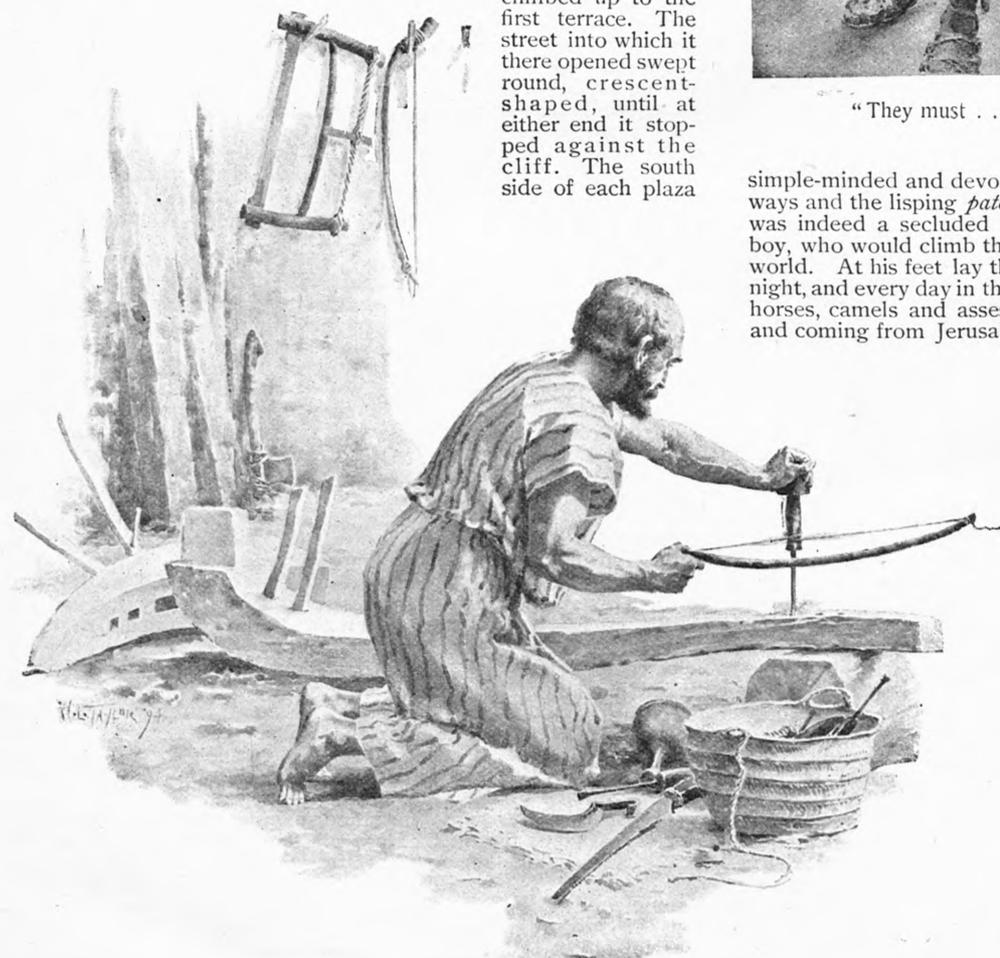
was open, overlooking the little valley, and looked out beyond, upon and across the broad plain. On the north side it was lined with block after block of flat-roofed, two-story, white chalk and limestone houses. The fronts of the houses were generally without windows, and the life of the families within was mainly spent either about the open court, which each house inclosed, or upon the housetop. Terrace rose behind terrace, making space enough to accommodate a population of probably from five to ten thousand inhabitants. Olive and fig trees grew in clumps among the houses and in the open spaces, and orange groves filled the air with fragrance. Behind the town vineyard after vineyard climbed and embowered the hills. In the little space at the foot of the hill a clear, cool spring rose and filled the pool, to which the maidens of the town came at evening-tide to fill the water jars which they bore to their houses balanced upon their heads. About the pool and out in the valley grew anemones and lilies, the crocus and narcissus. Nazareth was one of the smallest and most obscure of more than two hundred and fifty towns which dotted Galilee, a province the size of an American county. The people were a



"They must . . . draw off by the roadside to make way for the strong and the hurried"

simple-minded and devout folk. The cultivated aristocrats of Jerusalem quite despised their uncouth ways and the lisping *patois* which betrayed their speech. The little nook which contained their town was indeed a secluded and retired one, but it was within easy reach of the great world. A Nazarene boy, who would climb the hill back of his town, could see one of the busiest and fairest scenes of the world. At his feet lay the two great post roads which led from Egypt to Babylon. From morning to night, and every day in the year, these roads were thronged with travelers: caravans of merchants with the horses, camels and asses, bearing the wealth of the earth; processions of thousands of priests going to and coming from Jerusalem; regiments of Roman soldiers tramping with silent rhythm; files of slaves, white, black, red and brown, fastened hand to hand and hurried on by their driver's lash. South of him stretched the broad, fertile plain of Esdraelon, thick with villages and laughing with corn; among the hills and vales to the north showed town after town and city upon city, till the snow-covered mountains rose and shut out the view. To the west poured upward the plumes of smoke from the great glass works which supplied the world. Where his eye could pierce the smoke it caught glimpses of the blue Mediterranean dotted with the brown and white sails of every nation.

In this fair town lived a carpenter whose name was Joseph, a man past middle life, heavy of movement and slow of speech, bald of forehead, with a fringe of grizzled hair and a close-curved beard. The Jewish carpenter's work was simple and his skill small. The woodwork of houses was the plainest and the furniture scanty. He made ploughs, and ox yokes, and harrows, and chairs, and tables. His shop was small and ill-furnished. He used no bench but squatted upon the clay floor when he worked. But humble as he was he had royal blood in his veins, as had also the maiden to whom he was betrothed. He was of the house and lineage of David. It seems odd to our way of thinking that people of such lineage could be found in such obscure station. It would not seem so in the Orient. One can see to-day in Cairo or Alexandria or Damascus the green turban, which marks the descendant of Mahomet, upon the head of a water-carrier, a porter, a camel-driver, or even a beggar. Nor is it unknown in the Occident. As late as 1637 a descendant of Margaret Plantagenet was a cobbler in Shropshire, and as late as the middle of the last century a direct descendant of Edward III was the sexton of a London church. Blood was held in high repute, but reputation was not measured then as now, by wealth or social prominence. The dress of the time has so little changed that one can almost see Joseph in a modern Galilean villager. He wore a long, loose, sleeveless robe with blue and white perpendicular stripes, girt in about his loins when he worked with a woolen rope or a leathern belt. When he went out-of-doors he wore upon his head the *Kufeyeh*, a head-dress which one might make by taking a square yard of red cloth and



"He made ploughs and ox-yokes"

gathering one side of it upon a foot of the middle of a woolen cord a yard long. The middle of the cord passed across the middle of the forehead, and was tied behind the head, leaving the loose end of the cloth to fall over the neck and shoulders. On his feet he wore leather sandals or wooden *sabots*, fastened by thongs about the ankles and great toes.

Joseph was betrothed to a relative of his own, a girl of fourteen, Miriam by name. Of her family and surroundings we know nothing at all. A tradition so ancient and uniform that it is in all probability correct describes her as a tall and graceful girl of fair complexion, with chestnut hair turning to gold in the sun, soft violet eyes, and slender but womanly figure, with tapering fingers and high, arched feet. Her dress was a loose blue and white striped robe with wide, falling sleeves. About her waist she wore a broad embroidered blue shawl or girdle. Her veil was of red cloth, a yard wide and four yards long. One end was fastened behind upon the left shoulder by a brooch or clasp, then carried across the back of the neck and over the top of the head, the edge which fell over the forehead being ornamented with a fringe of coins, then carried under the left arm and brought up across the lower part of the face, which it was meant to conceal, then thrown backward over the right shoulder. She wore long pendent silver jewels from her ears, and bunches of silver or copper bangles on her wrists and ankles. Her life was the simple, uneventful life of a Galilean girl, cooking, spinning, going to the synagogue of a Sabbath, where, with the other women, she might look through the lattice of their gallery at her townsmen; gossiping with the other maidens at the well when they collected to fill their jars of an evening, dreaming her long dreams the while. Once in her day dreams there came to her an angel saying:

"Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women."

"And when she saw *him*, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be."

"And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favor with God."

"And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call His name JESUS."

"He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David."

"And He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of His kingdom there shall be no end."

"Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?"

"And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

"And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word. And the angel departed from her."

Surely hers was no common nor feeble soul to calmly accept such an announcement! For among the Galileans betrothal was sacred as marriage. Indeed, as far as law and obligation were concerned it was the marriage. The maiden's parents had made their contract with the representatives of the bridegroom. Woman's place was higher and freer among the Hebrews than anywhere else in the world. The maiden could not be coerced. When she came of age, at twelve years and a day, she had the liberty, not indeed to choose, but to decline any suitor who wooed her parents. If she had money the man was bound to double it in the marriage settlement. After wedding she could still demand one-tenth of her dowry, to be spent as she would without account. If her husband put her away she was entitled to alimony without suit. Even then, though he might have taken another wife, she still had the right to demand a seat at his table every Sabbath day as long as she remained unmarried. Her husband could not compel her to move with him out of the country to the city or out of the borders of Palestine. These things had all been settled at the betrothal. Before witnesses Joseph and Mary had mutually exchanged their troth, and she marveled much as to what her betrothed and her friends and neighbors would think and believe when they heard of the revelation that had been made unto her. Joseph was "a just man." His slow, ponderous, unimaginative, practical justice must have been the thing which of all else she feared. In her agitation and perplexity her thoughts turned to her cousin Elizabeth. The whole neighborhood was still ringing with the story of the prodigy which had a few months earlier heralded the expected birth of John. In haste and in secrecy she determined upon the long and perilous journey to see and advise with her far-away cousin, who lived in the remote and dangerous hill country of Judea. During the journey her tumultuous soul seems to have calmed itself and risen into a divine exaltation, for she burst into her cousin's house chanting the *magnificat* which has been found by experience fit to voice the piety of sixty generations:

"My soul doth magnify the Lord  
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour,  
For He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaid."

For, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed!

For He that is mighty hath done to me great things;  
And holy is His name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him  
From generation to generation.

He hath showed strength with His arm;

He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts;

He hath put down the mighty from their seats,  
And exalted them of low degree;

He hath filled the hungry with good things,  
And the rich He hath sent empty away;

He hath holpen his servant Israel,  
In remembrance of His mercy,

As He spoke to our fathers,  
To Abraham and to his seed forever."

Elizabeth's matronly arms opened to the tired and excited girl.

This was the meeting between the two Hebrew women, the matronly wife of Zacharias and the maiden betrothed to the Nazarene carpenter.

Mary's visit was prolonged three months. But he it extended as it might, the necessity pressed upon her that she must go home. Meanwhile Joseph's simple soul was rent.

He was "a just man." The "just" man was the man who abided by the law. But the law had an alternative of at least comparative kindness. He might bring her to open disgrace and to the death which would follow; or he might, still within the law, put her away privily. This latter he had determined to do. It was the best he could do. But before the trembling maiden's return,

"while he thought upon these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call His name JESUS, for He shall save His people from their sins."

Months, or possibly several years before these things occurred, Augustus the Cæsar, away at Rome, had issued his decree for a new and general tax levy. The mandates of the iron Empire moved slowly, but surely as fate or time. In due course the machinery was set in motion to enroll and assess the people of far-away Galilee. But Rome's methods were as flexible as they were inexorable. All the world must be enrolled, but each province or people might do the business after its own fashion. The Hebrew way was to do everything by tribes and families rather than by territory. So

"all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David), to be taxed, with Mary, his espoused, being great with child."

The journey was a long and not over-safe one. A seat in a pannier on the back of a slow-paced ass was the best Mary could command. Joseph must plod by her side on foot. The distance was more than a hundred miles. The rude mercenaries of the garrison in every town through which they must pass would likely make coarse jests upon her, and her protector must not resent them as he valued his life. Well-equipped and mounted caravans would take the road of them. They must plod unobtrusively in the dust, and draw off by the roadside to make way for the strong and the hurried. It was cold, too. Not like our cruel winter, to be sure, but the sort which makes the tender Oriental shrink and shiver. They must carry their own provision, or trust to the doubtful hospitality of some kinsman at their stopping places. The whole populace was also on the move. The people of all Palestine were hurrying each to his own ancestral home. No names among them all have survived the centuries save those of the two unnoticed rustics Joseph and Mary. When these set out down the street from the terrace where they lived, down the road through the vale and out into the great valley, they had two routes to choose from. Either choice was bad enough. If they took the main highway south by way of Shechem, Shiloh and Jerusalem they ran the chance of being driven over by the crowd, and cheated by the Samaritans. If they took the left-hand road by way of the banks of the Jordan and the fords of Jericho they ran the risk of molestation by the banditti who infested the region. The chances are, however, that this was the way they chose. It was less crowded, it was not much longer, it was much warmer along the low border of the river than among the hills of the other road, and very likely it was the road over which Mary had gone and come only a few months before on her visit to her cousin Elizabeth. It would take them three days, at least, and in their condition more likely four.

The last day of their journey would be a weary one. In it they must climb nearly three thousand feet from the Jordan valley to the top of the plateau, where stood Bethlehem, "the House of Bread." Little wonder they were late or that the inconvenient khan was full. Mary, sore and cramped after three days' constrained sitting on an ass' pannier, is helped down clumsily but reverently by her betrothed, and stands with tingling feet and dazed head in the midst of the thronged courtyard, around the three sides of which are ranged the stalls for cattle, and across the upper end is raised a platform of earth with a roof, where the first comers may spread their rugs and eat their suppers. It is the bustle which precedes the quiet night of an inn. Camels are grunting, donkeys braying, hostlers bawling, servants pushing and jostling one another. The inn is not at all like an inn in our sense of the word. There is no landlord, no owner, no furniture, no service. It is simply four stone

walls inclosing a large roofless space. A wide arch in one end gives entrance and exit. A smoky lamp swinging over the arch gives the only light, save what comes from the brilliant stars. In this squalid and confusing hubbub the Nazarene travelers stand for a little, uncertain what to do or where to turn. But dire necessity presses. Mechanically they follow the ass as it is driven by impatient hostlers to a vacant stall. At the inner end of the stall is an unoccupied manger. It must serve. The hay and straw for the beasts are quickly arranged for a couch. Little by little the place grows still. The clear winter stars shine down upon the smouldering embers of the dying fires in the middle of the court where the suppers had been warmed; upon the ranks of men, women and children rolled in their rugs asleep on the bank. The oxen lay ruminating and turning their great, slow-moving eyes upon their unwonted visitors. An uneasy sleeper now and again muttered in his dreams, and the sound of a shepherd's voice shouting at the marauding jackals came faintly from the distant hills.

"And so it was that while they were there the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, for there was no room for them in the inn."

A mile away a group of shepherds sat watching the Temple flocks, from which sacrifices were supplied. Probably there were priests also. Sitting in the silent midnight, with their bournouses drawn over their heads, their crooks resting in their hollowed arms, their dogs lying asleep at their feet, as they talked together, suddenly a "light which never shone on sea or land" illuminated the landscape with a ruddy glory. It was not the silver of the moon nor the gold of the sun, but a lambent brightness which caressed the earth. As they lifted up their faces in a surprise which had no terror in it they heard a voice, as though the rustlings of the night had become articulate, saying:

"Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

Then the light which lay upon the fields began to wane. The penetrating voice, whose recitative had filled the heavens, grew thin and remote. But slowly there came the first dropping notes preceding a rain of heavenly harmonies. As the prelude of tumultuous harmony took form and rhythm there rose above it the gracious melody still sung by men and angels:

"Glory to God in the highest,  
And on earth peace and good will to men."

The light faded out and the unanswering stars shone again serene, and when all was still the shepherds said to one another:

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

"And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger."

PLEASANT MOMENTS FOR INVALIDS

BY MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

THE hardest thing to bear in illness is not always the real suffering, but the trial of being set aside, of having no part in the life of the world about us—of being forgotten and unmissed. The thought brings with it a keen sense of one's unimportance that is not only humbling but humiliating. Anything that carries the assurance that we are lovingly remembered is the best possible "tonic," and little tokens of thoughtful kindness are treasured when things of infinitely more intrinsic value cease to interest or please.

In the rush and turmoil of our busy modern life there are many who "fall by the way," overtaxed nerves exacting a terrible penalty—and months of weakness succeed hours of imprudent spending of vital force.

Elaborate fancy-work is, of course, too taxing to the strength and patience of an invalid, but a long straight scarf, made a little at a time, in the plainest of knitting stitches, will not tire the eyes, fingers or attention, and the maker may rejoice in doing something useful, since these same scarfs are eagerly sought by the charitable institutions, which distribute them to newsboys and others. Drawn well about the throat and crossed on the chest they were pronounced by one little street Arab as "most as good as an overcoat."

A little down pillow, covered with the soft, pliant German ticking, is a luxury that, once known, will never be relinquished. It is most comforting to a pain-weary back, tucked in at just the right place. It can be turned over, again and again, without effort, and present a cool surface to the cheek, heated by nervous restlessness when sleep proves elusive. Two or three fine and dainty linen cases should accompany the gift.

A screen made of some pretty flowered China silk is useful to protect from draughts, and is a cheerful object to look upon. I heard the other day of a screen, whose entire surface was covered with the photographs of friends.

Lying day after day in the same position the eyes weary of the familiar objects. Often the wall paper is a source of real torment.

To a sick girl a friend once gave a simple frame that could be adjusted to pictures of several sizes. Every few days the girl's eyes opened in pleased surprise to find a new picture opposite her bed. The frame held simply some pretty prints that came with the Christmas numbers of English illustrated periodicals, and which had been treasured year after year to serve some such purpose. The lady called them her "loan collection," and they brightened many a sick-room. Indeed, a great deal of pleasure may be given to a friend who is ill by lending some of our own little household gods. A bit of bric-à-brac, a clock with soft cathedral chimes, or some choice etching will serve to keep us lovingly in mind. An invalid's room is usually so sheltered, so daintily kept, that the articles are in no great danger of accident or careless handling.

A little bed-table—which is only a wooden tray with short legs—is almost a necessity, but if our friend has not known the comfort of one we are fortunate to have her owe to us the pleasure of its possession.

An adjustable back-rest is also a boon to one able to sit up but a short time. It supplies the firmness that the tired back itself has temporarily lost.

A tiny silver bell to summon the attendant, a pretty vase to hold flowers, a scrap-basket, soft, worsted slippers—there is no end to the trifles that may bring comfort and pleasure to one "shut in."

A gift of some bit of one's own handiwork has an added value to a real friend.

A little sacque made of some delicate shade of unrustling silk, and trimmed with lace at throat and wrists, is both useful and pretty. It may be slipped on at a moment's notice over the nightdress that is probably slightly crumpled, and the patient is made ready, without fatigue, to receive a visitor.

It is sometimes a gratification, when feeling a little brighter than usual, to be "dressed up" to receive family visits, when the becoming sacque is a welcome addition to the invalid's wardrobe.

A bit of lace and ribbon artistically combined to form a little cap is also a gift that finds favor.

A large *couvre-pied* of soft surah, lined with wool wadding, and tacked here and there with tiny bows, is light and warm. If the under side be covered with cashmere or albatross, it will prevent its slipping about and add much to its usefulness.

Flowers serve as the universal expression of sympathy, condolence, congratulation. They speak all the languages of the heart, and the lovely messengers were never unwelcome. In sending flowers to the sick it is better to send few and send often.

During an illness of many weeks I received from a friend two or three blossoms every day, and no two were alike: Moss-roses with lilies-of-the-valley; an "American beauty" with a spray of white lilac; Jacqueminots with forget-me-nots; Mermets roses with heliotrope or mignonette. It was a daily interest to watch for the new combinations that my friend's taste would select.

A branch of fruit blossoms in the spring time or a mass of almost any foliage brings a whiff of outdoor life to a sick-room, and a few flowers are really more keenly enjoyed than a larger number, that seem to overpower one with their loveliness.

Anything to eat, sent in unexpectedly from a friend's table, often arouses a flagging appetite, and is relished if it be only thin bread and butter sandwiches cut in a novel shape. Even the unfamiliar china or silver dish gives a pleasant sense of novelty.

A canary bird that chirps gayly but does not sing is a cheerful object in a sick-room, and growing plants—no longer forbidden by the physicians—are objects of interest that do not pall. Books, light enough in weight not to fatigue the weak arms, and so light in character as to leave the mind unwearied; bright, short stories treating of pleasant themes; illustrated papers and magazines are most acceptable.

Few people understand the art of visiting the sick. They either stay too long, and weary the patient, or they appear in haste, and excite one who is weak. The manner should be quiet and restful, and after expressing the sympathy that satisfies the sufferer that one does not underrate his or her trials, it were well to draw attention to other subjects, which should invariably be cheerful ones.

A bright "chatty" letter, written with a purpose to amuse and cheer, is like a sunbeam in a dark place. Letters have the further advantage that they cannot intrude themselves inopportunely.

Sick and suffering ones are apt to imagine that all the well people are happy. Without dwelling upon details it is sometimes a kindness to lead them to realize that nearly every one has a burden of some kind; that in all forms of trial our faithfulness is being tested by One who designs to develop us to our highest capacity, and that the trial itself must and will pass, as the clouds pass that obscure the sun.



"While the inn-keeper was giving me the information I endeavored to suppress my excitement"

AS ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER

By Frank R. Stockton

[With Illustrations by Frank O. Small]

PART I

**I**T was a beautiful, quiet August morning and I lay in the hammock looking up at the blue and cloudless sky. The hammock was hung between two trees on the back lawn of my father's country house. A few hundred feet to the right the roof and chimneys of the house rose above the tree tops. At the foot of the lawn, not quite so far away, a little river ran. I could not see it, but now and then I heard the gurgle of the water, and this, with the singing and chirping of the birds and the occasional chatter of a red squirrel in a tree near by, were all the sounds I heard upon that quiet morning. Gazing upward past the nearest tree tops I saw against the sky a little black spot. This was odd and I waved my hand in front of my face, thinking

gentle wind, and this blew directly in my face as I looked at the balloon. I believed that it would pass over the lawn.

I became very much interested, even excited, and the more so because I now perceived that it was a small balloon, entirely too small to sustain the weight of a man. If it had been an ordinary balloon with an occupant it might have been interesting to hail him as he passed over my head, but here was something that came floating out of the sky toward me, and which I might secure as a prize if I could follow it until it came to earth.

Nearer and nearer it approached, and I could plainly see the little basket which hung beneath the partly-distended bag. The wild desire seized me to capture this air-ship. As I hastily considered my chances they did not appear encouraging. The wind, though light, was steady, and there was every reason to believe that the balloon would be carried across the river, and might not touch the earth until it had gone a long distance on the other side. If I crossed the river I might be able to keep up with the balloon, but I suddenly remembered that this would be impossible because my younger brother Richard had gone fishing in the boat. He had started to fly a kite I had made him, but the wind had not been strong enough and he had taken to the water.

As I hurried down to the river I could not see nor hear the boat, but by the wall at the bottom of the lawn I saw Richard's kite, and near by a basket in which he kept his fishing tackle. A thought struck me; I ran down to the wall and turned over the basket and spread its contents on the ground. Among them I found three large fish-hooks which the youngster had used at the seashore. Then I sprang to the kite; the wind was fresher now. With all the nervous earnestness of a boy I bound the three hooks back to back, and points downward, to the cord a few feet below the point where it was fastened to the kite, and then, the kite in one hand, and the ball of cord in the other, I ran out into the open and looked up. Not far away on the other side of the house, but still high above the tree tops, I saw the balloon steadily moving toward me. It would certainly cross the river, it might sail on for hours. I set the kite against the wind; I tossed it up; I ran.

In a few seconds it caught the breeze, steadied itself and began to rise. On I ran toward the house, and higher and higher rose the kite. If I could only get it high enough; if I could only hook it on to that balloon I should be as happy as a deer stalker who brings down a stag.

The kite went up grandly, high over the river, higher and higher, and I ran this way and that to bring it in line with the balloon. I let out more cord; the kite, like a hawk, was now soaring far above its quarry. If I could bring the cord against the balloon; if those hooks would catch; if they would take such good hold of some of the netting

or of the basket so that I might pull it down! In my excitement and with my eyes ever aloft I fell over a little bush, but it did not matter, I was up in an instant and the kite made but a few flaps before I had it steady again.

The balloon had now passed over my head and was not far from the cord. I ran a few steps to the right and then pulled down. The cord almost touched it. I pulled down harder. I could feel a little thump upon the cord and then the balloon moved gently away from the kite.

I let out more cord and ran toward the river. The kite rose again. I pulled it down. With eyes fixed as though I were aiming a rifle I moved the cord so that it might again touch the balloon. It did touch; I pulled it sharply; the hooks caught in the netting over the bag and held! What a bound my heart gave! Had I been my young brother I could not have breathed more triumphantly.

But I had not yet secured my prize. The cord, though light, was a strong one, but there was now great strain upon it. Although the balloon was small, with the bag but partly filled with gas, it presented a considerable surface to the wind, and I soon began to fear that the cord would break before I could pull down both the balloon and the kite, but in a moment I saw that the bag was collapsing, and the strain upon the cord was becoming much less. I could easily imagine what had happened. One or more of the hooks had torn the silk of the balloon, and as gas escaped through the rent it was falling by its own weight.

Down, down it came, pulling the kite with it, and all I had to do was to draw in the cord and direct my descending prize toward an open spot where it would not catch on the boughs of trees.

Down, down it came, and as if I had pulled in an aerial fish I soon beheld the whole affair lying on the grass at my feet.

For a moment I stood and gazed, but in the whole jumbled mass I paid attention to nothing but a small basket with a piece of waterproof cloth tied over the top. I approached it and then I stopped to consider. I felt a strong desire to inspect the secret of that basket alone. Fortunately my mother and father were away and my sister had gone to visit some neighbors. Richard was boating, but he might return at any moment. I jerked out my knife and cut the basket loose from the cords, and then, taking it under my arm, I ran to the house and up-stairs to my room, where I locked myself in.

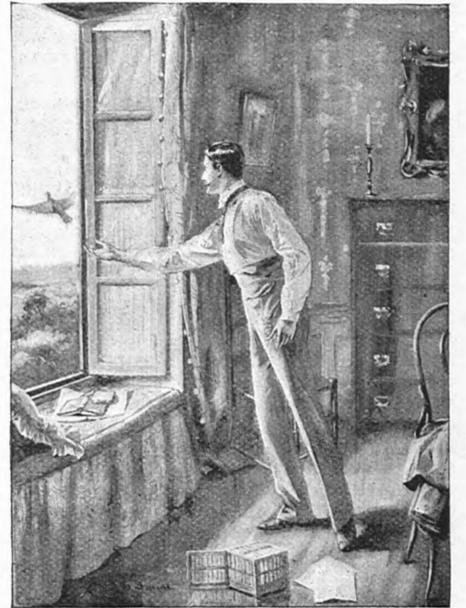
With trembling hands and eager curiosity I removed the cover from the basket. The first thing I saw was a small cage containing a pigeon. I took this out and set it on the floor, the bird cooing and turning itself around as if it were glad to see a human being. Then I perceived a wooden framework, in which were set some instruments, thermometers, barometers and I know not what. On the top of this was attached a stout envelope on which was written: "To the person who finds this balloon."

It took me but a few seconds to release the envelope. It was not sealed and I opened it and drew out a letter. This surprised me. As soon as I had noticed the instruments securely fastened to the framework I had suspected that this balloon had been sent up by some scientific person and that the envelope contained technical directions to the finder. But here was a letter on two sheets of cream-colored note paper, and evidently written by a lady. I glanced at the end of it. It had no signature, and then, still seated on the floor, I read it:

"Whoever you may be who shall find

this letter I beg and implore you to read it carefully and then do what you can to assist a fellow-being who can ask no one in the world but yourself to help her. I cannot write everything in this letter, but I will put in all that I can. I am an unfortunate girl who is suffering great misery, and who is cut off from all the world by a cruelty which would take a long time to describe. All I can say here is that my uncle, who has been appointed my guardian and the trustee of my property, has kept me for months and months and months as a close prisoner. I never go off the premises and I never see anybody but him and one or two servants. I am not allowed to send any letters that are not first examined by him, and my situation is getting to be more dreadful every day.

"It will not be long before I shall go crazy. I have tried ever so many ways of getting news of my situation to somebody in the outside world, but I have failed, and now I try this, which is my last chance. My uncle is a very learned man and is always making experiments. He sends up balloons with instruments in them, which register heat and cold and height, and all sorts of things. He always puts in his balloon a letter to the person who shall find it when



"Going to the window, I threw the pigeon into the air"

it comes down, asking that person to look at the instruments and set down whatever they register. Then he tells him to take out the pigeon which is in the cage and take from its wing a roll of very thin paper. Then he asks that the registrations be written on this paper, and that it shall be tied on the pigeon's wing just as it was before. After which the pigeon is to be set at liberty, when it will immediately fly back to him. He also sends his address and requests that a letter be written to him giving all sorts of information on a printed form which he incloses. But he wants the pigeon sent first, because the balloon may come down at some place which is very far from a post-office.

"My plan is this, and if you get this letter you will know that it has succeeded. He sends up his balloons from a courtyard which is under my window, and one of the first things he does is to tie his letter to the instrument frame, and the last thing he does is to go and get the pigeon. While he is away doing this I shall slip down to the court, take out his letter and put in



"A message came to me out of the clear August sky"

it might be some fly or insect near me, but it was nothing of the kind. It was a spot in the sky. I moved my head from side to side but I could see it only in one place. It was not the effect of disordered vision, it was not fancy, it was really a spot against the sky.

I sat up in my hammock and gazed steadfastly at the distant speck, and as I looked I could see that it was growing larger. In less than ten minutes I saw that it was a balloon, and that it was slowly approaching in my direction, and also descending. I ran out on the open lawn to get a better view of it. There was a very



"Do you think you could speak to her, and listen to her, as one woman to another?"

mine, and then pray that it may go to some good soul who will help me.

"What I want you to do is this: first make up your mind whether or not you are willing to help a poor unfortunate girl, shut off from all other help by a sky above her which she cannot reach, an earth below her which she cannot penetrate, and walls all about her which she cannot get through. If you are willing to do what you can for me please take the paper from the pigeon's wing and write your name and address upon it, and then tie it on as it was before. But if you are not willing to help me, and do not wish to put yourself to trouble by meddling in the affairs of an utter stranger, please at least be kind enough not to write anything on the paper which might let my uncle know what I have done, but let the pigeon come back just as it is.

"I am almost sure it will come to me before he sees it, for I have fed this bird for a long time on the balcony under my window, and I shall watch for it by day and by night. But if my uncle should get it first he will see nothing but your address or the empty paper, and so he will not know what I have done. But if I first get the pigeon and find your name on it, I will immediately write to you, asking you to send me some drawing materials or something of that kind, and give my name and address. That sort of letter my uncle will let pass. I do not send my address now because I am afraid to do so until I really know of some person who is willing I should send it.

"Then when you get my note I implore you to come to the little town where I live and find out where my uncle's house is. You can easily do this for everybody knows him. Then please, I beg of you, try to see me. There is a large garden at the back of the house and a high wall all around it. After I hear from you I shall be there as much as I can. You cannot make a mistake for I am the only young person in the house. Even if it should rain I will go out with a mackintosh. And now, without knowing who you are, I put my happiness, my fortune, and I may even say the possession of my senses into your charge, for I know if you will make my situation known to the proper persons I shall soon be free and happy."

For a long time after I read this letter I sat on the floor holding it in my hand. What a message to come to me out of the clear August sky! How glad I was that nobody but myself had seen the balloon, and that I could sit here and consider the matter without interference. While thinking thus I was reminded that I was not alone, and that there was another party who had an interest in the proceedings. This was the pigeon, who began to coo louder and louder and to turn itself around with considerable vigor.

I laid down the letter and picked up the cage, and as I put my hand under it to raise it, so that I could better look at the pigeon's wing, I felt that the bottom of the cage was very warm, and on examining it I found that the bottom was a double one and contained a long bag of fine charcoal, which, on being lighted at one end, would burn for many hours, after the manner of the little Japanese stoves. This, no doubt, was to protect the pigeon against the extreme cold of high latitudes. The wicked uncle must indeed be an ingenious and practical man.

I did not look at the instruments; my mind was too much excited by the letter to allow me to examine their registrations. I was entirely occupied with the question: "What shall I do for the writer of this letter?" I could not believe it was a hoax because no one wishing to play a joke would send up such a balloon with those expensive instruments.

I thought for a moment of waiting until some of the family returned, and taking counsel of them, but this idea I quickly rejected. If I were going to do anything I ought to do it now. If there really should be a young woman who needed help she was waiting and watching for the return of that pigeon. If it should prove to be nothing but a joke I would rather be laughed at for doing what I thought was a good action than to have my conscience reproach me for being a coward, afraid of being laughed at.

Now that my decision was made I drew the pigeon from the cage, took off the paper, noticing how it was rolled and tied, wrote on it my name and address, attached it again to the wing of the bird, and then, going to the window, threw the pigeon into the air. For a few minutes it flew round and round, then it mounted high and disappeared over the tops of the trees.

"It has gone to her," I said, and I sat down and read the letter over again.

Suddenly I thought of the balloon on the grass. Why should any one know of this thing but myself, at least until I chose to make it known? I ran down to the lawn and disengaged the kite, and then, rolling up the balloon-bag with its netting, I carried it to a corner of the grounds and concealed it under a heavy hedge. Then I took Richard's kite to the river wall and restored all his possessions to the condition in which I had found them.

Now all traces of my messenger from the sky having been removed and my answer to the message having been dispatched, I

sat upon the wall to think more about it, and while doing so my mind became deeply, and, I may say, not altogether pleasantly, impressed by the remembrance that I was engaged to be married. This, of course, had never been anything but a most delightful remembrance, but just now it did not seem to fit into the condition of things. Perhaps I ought to have remembered it sooner.

What would Clara Markham think of my offering to become the knight-errant for the benefit of another young lady? That this lady's name and habitation were unknown would make no difference, and if it should prove that no such lady existed it would still make no difference, for I had assumed her to be a real person, suffering real hardships, and had, in fact, offered myself as her protector. The more I thought of Clara Markham in connection with what I had done the more my thoughts troubled me. One thing was clear to me: I had no right to keep this affair a secret from her. And that afternoon I rode over to her father's house, about two miles distant, and being fortunate enough to find Clara at home I conducted her to a secluded spot on the grounds, and there I astonished her as I think she was never astonished before. With her eyes very wide open she sat and looked at me.

"If it had been anybody but you, Tom," she exclaimed, "had told me this, I would not have believed it. I would not have believed there had been any balloon, any pigeon, any letter. But what you tell me I believe no matter what it is."

To this I replied properly and added that I expected her always to do so.

"But there is one thing I do not believe," she went on to say, "and that is that there is any young lady at all in the matter, or if there is that she is in trouble and needs assistance. I think it is all a hoax, and we need not consider it or talk about it any more."

"But, my dear girl," said I, "I have sent my name to the writer of that letter, and in so doing I have given her a promise that I will help her. Of course it all may be a hoax, but suppose it is not, would you like to think that I had positively declined to help a fellow-being in distress? Would you like to consider me that sort of a man?"

"Of course not," said Clara. "If she is a real person and needs help she ought to be helped, but there are other people beside you who can do it."

"Who, for instance?" I asked.

"There is my cousin Charles," she said. Now above all people in this world I hated that cousin Charles. He was in the habit of mingling with the Markham family as if he belonged to it, and I had often been jealous of him in regard to Clara, and now it seemed as if I were even more jealous of him in regard to this unknown girl, to whom, perhaps, the pigeon had, even now, carried my message.

"No," said I, a little too decidedly perchance, "your cousin would not do. I have sent my name in good faith, and whatever happens I shall act in a straightforward and honest way, telling you everything that I do and taking your advice about it. But your cousin would either make fun of the whole affair or else—anyway it would in fact be a breach of confidence for me to pass over the management of this affair to any one else until the writer of that letter should authorize me to do so. I found the balloon, I am the person to whom she wrote, that is to say" (and a happy thought struck me) "you and I are the persons to whom she wrote, and it is to us that she appeals for help. Now are we going to throw her over even before we know who she is?"

At this Clara's countenance began to clear a little.

"That is true," she said, "you and I are the persons who have this case in our hands."

"And whatever happens we will keep the whole matter a secret between ourselves," I said.

It was three days after this conversation that, walking on the lawn, I saw our man bringing the mail bag from the post-office. As had happened on the two preceding mornings I met him at the gate and looked into the bag to see if there were any letters for me. This morning there were several letters addressed to me, and among them one in the handwriting of the balloon lady. I put this in my pocket and tore open the others, but I am sure I did not know then, nor have I ever since known, what was in them. I went to my room and opened my letter. As I did so I said to myself that I ought not to be so interested in this correspondence. But I was interested—so much so that I cut my finger with the knife with which I opened the envelope.

The following is an exact copy of the note I read:

August 17, 1891  
MR. THOMAS W. GRANT,  
Dear Sir:—Having seen your advertisement of music for the guitar I beg you will send me the pieces No. 39, 102 and 68. I enclose a postal note for the amount, ninety-five cents.

Yours truly,  
GRACE SOMERVILLE ROSLEY,  
Care George R. Rosley, Esq.,  
Wolverton, Hunterdon Co.,  
New Jersey.

"Well! well!" said I, "she is as practical-minded as her uncle. To think of her putting in that postal note. What a capital

idea! The most suspicious person would never imagine that this letter had been sent to one whom she had called upon to act as her protector, her knight-errant. Of course the pigeon had gone to her first, for had her uncle received my address there would have been no reason for his giving it to her. Everything had gone well, and now what was I to do?" As I asked myself this question my conscience again reproached me for taking so much interest in the matter, but I turned severely on my conscience and asked it, in turn, if it were not possible for a man to truly love one woman and yet feel desirous of helping another woman in sore distress? If these two things were incompatible, no man should love. At this, I am happy to say, my conscience was completely humbled and said no more.

But when I took the note I had received to Clara she said a great deal. She took much interest in the matter, even more, I thought, than I did, and in my opinion entirely too much.

"I believe," said she, "that the writer of this is a person accustomed to deception. I do not see how she could bring herself to say she had seen your advertisement, and then to send you money! It is a positive insult! How much better it would have been if she had written plainly and honestly what she had to say without all these tricks."

With a sigh at the obtuseness of the female intellect I explained to Clara that if Miss Rosley had written a plain, straightforward letter her uncle would not have allowed her to send it. Nothing but a simple business note like this would have passed his suspicious scrutiny. The inclosing of the postal note was—I was about to say a stroke of genius, but I changed this expression to—the most prudent thing possible.

"When a person is a prisoner and guarded with cruel watchfulness," I said, "subterfuges are necessary and right. Would you hesitate if you were cruelly imprisoned, and wished to communicate with me, to resort to a subterfuge?"

"I do not believe in such imprisonments in this enlightened age, and in this country," said she; "it is nonsense to suppose that there are such things."

"It does seem so," I answered, "but everything is possible, and supposing that this young lady's story should be true how could we reconcile it to our consciences if we totally disregard her second appeal to us for help?"

Clara did not immediately answer. Her mind seemed disturbed.

"Of course she ought to be helped," she said, "but you are not the person to do it. Why couldn't I go to her and hear what she has to say?"

"You!" said I. "Impossible. Wolverton is a long way from here, and besides you could not go about alone asking for Mr. Rosley's house, and even manage to get an undisturbed interview with his niece."

"I would rather do that than have you do it," she said, "but it is not necessary for me to go alone. Cousin Charles could go with me."

"If your cousin goes," said I, a little sharply, for this remark annoyed me very much, "he would better go by himself. But I do not want him to have anything to do with it. This is my affair."

"And mine," said she.

"Yes," I assented, "it is ours. But," I added, "although I came to you with it and laid the whole thing before you exactly as I knew it myself, trusting you as I always do in everything, you do not seem in the least willing to trust me."

At this Clara's eyes became a little dim. "Tom," she said, putting her hand on my arm, "you have no right to say that." And then for ten minutes our conversation became strictly personal. When this interchange of sentiments had been satisfactorily concluded Clara suddenly exclaimed: "Tell me, Tom, what it is that you think you ought to do. Have you thought of any plan?"

"It is all as simple as can be," I answered; "there is no plan but one. I go to Wolverton and I find out where Mr. Rosley's house is. Then I walk toward it and around the back of it, on some elevated ground where I can look over the wall, for of course if there were not such a place she could not expect any one to see her in the garden, and then if I see a young lady I will approach the garden and speak to her, probably through a grated gate. I will ask her to tell me her story as quickly as possible, and then, after making some inquiries in the village, by which, without exciting suspicion, I can find out something about the Rosley family, I will return to you and tell you all about it. Then we can decide whether or not we ought to inform the legal authorities or her distant friends, if she has any, of the state of her case, or let the whole thing drop."

"You must have been thinking a great deal about it," she said quickly, "to have such a plan as that so pat and ready to carry out. But I am not going to find fault with you, I know you have one of the quickest of minds. Of course your plan is the proper one, and I would approve of it in every way if it were Mr. Rosley's nephew who is imprisoned, but a young girl in a sequestered garden, that is dreadfully different."

I replied loftily, "To me she would be simply a human being—her sex, her age, her appearance would be nothing to me. I would consider only her suffering, and would not even consider my ability to relieve her. I would consult you about that."

"Tom," said Clara, "I do not suppose I really can go to talk to that girl, which is what I want to do, but do you think that you could go to her as I would, feeling all the time that you were filling my place, and that you could speak to her, and listen to her, as one woman to another?"

I did not hesitate a moment. "Clara!" I exclaimed, "I believe that I could."

"Then, Tom," said this noble girl, "you can go."

There was no opportunity to say more, for we saw people approaching from the house.

The next morning I took an early train for Wolverton. I determined to be very cautious about this business, and if I should find there were no Mr. Rosley, and consequently no young lady in a garden, I would quietly return without giving any one a chance to make fun of me.

Wolverton was a small village, and as I took some refreshments at the inn I asked some very natural questions of the innkeeper about the village and some of its principal residents.

I was disappointed that he did not mention the only name I cared to hear, but on my remarking that I had heard a scientific gentleman lived in the place, he answered:

"Oh, you must mean Mr. Rosley, but he doesn't live in the village. His house is about a mile out."

"In what direction?" I asked carelessly, and while the innkeeper was giving me the information I endeavored to suppress the excitement caused by the knowledge that I was really on the right track.

As soon as I could decently do so I paid my little bill and sauntered out. I know the man took me for a book agent, but I was very well satisfied that he should do so.

The Rosley place was an old-fashioned one. The house faced the main road, but stood well back from it, and a narrow lane, at right angles with the main road, passed the house at no great distance, and as I walked along this lane I could see through a bushy hedge a courtyard, lying in an angle of the mansion.

"That is the place where he sends up his balloons," I said to myself; "her window must look out on it."

Passing still farther on my heart fairly bounded when I perceived behind the house the high wall of a garden.

As I passed the long side wall I saw that it had no gate nor opening, and when I reached the end of it I found that the garden backed upon a field planted with corn. On the outside of the back wall was a row of cedar trees.

Looking about me and finding that no one was in sight I got into the cornfield and approached the garden. I passed along the whole of the back wall but found no door nor grating. I peeped around the corner to the other side and saw there was a door there but it was of solid plank and too near the house. When my unknown correspondent wrote to me that I would see her in the garden, it evidently had not entered her head to inform me how I should see her. The neighboring elevation from which I had imagined I might look down into the garden did not exist, and the only way in which I could see into it was to look over the back wall, where I would myself be protected from observation. This would not be difficult if I could manage to climb into one of the cedar trees which stood on the outer side of the wall.

(Conclusion in January JOURNAL)

## A CHRISTMAS CHURCH IDEA

BY FLORENCE WILSON



If the platform of a church or Sunday-school room be deep enough to admit of it an artistic Christmas arch can easily be made by an amateur carpenter. The upper part should have wires stretched across, to which may be fastened small hemlock boughs, thus forming a solid mass of green. The framework should, of course, be wound with evergreen, the whole placed about two feet from the wall, so that behind it may be hung the Christmas bells of red and yellow immortelles at different lengths by ropes of evergreen. These bells may be made to hang at different angles by using fine picture wire, which would not be visible from the pews. Let each bell be worded, so that they may seem to ring out their own song of "Glory to God in the highest." The lower part of the arch should be arranged to form a dado of green about four feet high.

For a Sunday-school festival, a post-office where each child upon inquiring might find an envelope addressed and sealed, containing a pretty Christmas card, is a unique feature. Then there is the huge snowball made of cotton, besprinkled with diamond dust and filled with gifts for the infant class, which may be rolled through the window with an appropriate letter from Santa Claus.



# THE PARADISE CLUB

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

[With Illustrations by W. A. Rogers]

I—DREAMS OF UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE

It was ill-named, that Paradise Club, to which belonged the Philosopher, the Cynic, the Married Man and the Irresponsible Person, unless man's paradise is a little hedged-about spot wherein selfishness is the ruling spirit.

This particular Paradise Club held neither a woman nor a serpent. It was an affair of Adam entirely, and was gotten up by the Irresponsible Person, its youngest member, a fellow of great intellectual resources, no particular education, and very little to do. He was a great man for clubs—one club never satisfied him. Clubs within clubs were his pets, and he kept himself well supplied with them. Nobody believed in him, and yet everybody liked him, he was so fascinatingly irritating. The Philosopher liked him because he was about the only creature he had ever encountered who actually defied analysis. The Cynic liked him because he kept the Cynic from being cynical about his cynicism, his very irresponsibility confirming many of the sour-minded man's views as to the inanity of life, the insincerity of the world as a whole, and the complete idiocy of man as an individual. The Married Man liked him because he liked to be amused. And so when the Irresponsible Person suggested the formation of a club of four within the walls of the Decade Club, for the purpose of lurching, and more particularly for the advancement of irritating discussion, the Philosopher, the Cynic and the Married Man readily acquiesced, and the club was formed.

It was their wont to meet at the luncheon hour at the Decade; to eat their midday meal in thoughtful silence, and then, as the smoke from their cigars rose in graceful clouds, curls and rings to the ceiling, to unbosom their thoughts.

Occasionally I was invited to join this ill-assorted quartette, and with what I heard them say upon certain of these occasions it is the purpose of this series of papers to deal. The first discussion I remember overhearing was when the Irresponsible Person had the floor.

"Had a row with my sister last night," he said. "We got talking about universal suffrage, and she's never going to speak to me again, which is very embarrassing for both of us. We've got to communicate with each other, and if there's anything I hate it's to see a brother and sister using a slate as a means of conversation."

"What's the slate got to do with it?" asked the Cynic.

"Everything," said the Irresponsible Person. "I can't have my sister breaking her word, and since she has promised never to speak to me again she'll have to write out all she has to say. I think a slate is better than pencil and paper. It's better to rub out your remarks than to tear them up and intrust them to the waste-basket."

"Can't you fix it so that she can withdraw from her extreme position gracefully?" asked the Married Man. "Give in yourself. Tell her you were wrong, whether you think you were or not."

"That's so," said the Irresponsible Person. "I can do it very easily—I never thought of that. Fact is I have come around somewhat since we had our debate. I had a dream last night that made me feel that universal suffrage wouldn't be a bad thing after all."

"Isn't it curious?" said the Married Man. "I dreamed about the question, too, last night, only my dream pointed to the directly opposite conclusion. It has made me more rabid than ever against the movement."

"Well," said the Cynic wearily, addressing the Philosopher, "I suppose we've got to listen to the sleep-thoughts of these two dreamers."

"Certainly," said the Philosopher. "That's one of the penalties of membership in this Paradise Club."

"Well," said the Cynic, settling himself in his chair, "go ahead, what was this dream?"

"It was what might be called an idyl of suffrage," returned the Irresponsible Per-

son. "I'm thinking of writing a poem based on it. I tell you this so that you will understand at the outset that I claim all rights in the dream for literary purposes. After my little spat with my sister I went up to my room and to bed. For a time I couldn't go to sleep, I was so worked up over the debate, and so mad to think that a woman with such good sense as she has should want to mix herself up with politics. After a while, however, I dropped off, and the first thing I knew I was living in a world where the franchise was universal. Everybody had it, men and women alike, ignorant or educated, it made no difference, only every one was allowed to cast his or her vote wherever he or she pleased, and the next day the inspectors would go about with large bags collecting the votes, after which they were taken to the City Hall and there counted. Every voter was compelled to put his or her name and address upon the back of the ballot cast, and unless the indorsement on the ballot coincided exactly with the names and places of residence which the voters had previously registered they were thrown out. It was a little complicated, but what balloting system is not? Best of all, how-

tisan inspectors they found themselves in the care of patronesses. You have no idea how much pleasanter it was voting that way than going to the polls, as they are to-day. There was a picturesque effect about it all, too. The ballots were nicely got up like orders of dance, and the boxes were trimmed with ribbons, and as a voter would hand his ballot over to one of the patronesses to be deposited in the box she'd offer him a cup of bouillon, or ask him how he enjoyed the Willoughbys' musicale, or do something else that gave a social tone to the whole proceeding. There was only one feature of the system which I didn't like, and that was when I dreamed that I asked a young woman for the fourth two-step. I was on my way to the ballot box to cast a straight Democratic ticket, and meeting this young woman on the way I asked her for the dance, and she replied that she wished first to see my ballot. When I showed it she refused to give me the dance unless I would erase the name of my candidate for governor and paste that of Miss Sallie Watkins Hickenlooper in place of it, Miss Hickenlooper being the women's candidate. You can very well see how awkward that might be, and how a man might be tempted to sacrifice his party to the pleasure of a two-step with a pretty girl. My recollection of it is that I weakly yielded and voted for Miss Hickenlooper, and then like an idiot waked up before I had the dance. On the whole, however, the system was a pleasing one, and I have since become a female suffragist of the most violent kind, stipulating only that with female suffrage must come liberty of locality in the casting of the vote."

"A first-rate dream," said the Philosopher. "But Utopian, like most dreams."

"I don't know about that," said the Irresponsible Person. "Woman has a refining influence wherever she goes. I'm more of a man to-day because I have a sister whose love and respect I value and endeavor to retain than I should be if I hadn't one, and was responsible only to myself. I believe, really, that if women voted, husbands, brothers, fathers of daughters old enough to exercise the right of the franchise, would more strongly feel the necessity of themselves taking part in politics, and seeing to it that the surroundings of the polling place were at least decent; that the primaries were held in places to which their wives, sisters and

"Bosh!" said the Cynic. "It's all bad."

"I don't say that exactly," said the Philosopher.

"Good!" cried the Irresponsible Person. "Quarrel. That's what I want you to do. Quarrel, quarrel, quarrel. When philosophers fall out the world gets its due."

"Well, don't quarrel until I've had a chance to tell my dream," said the Married Man pleadingly.

"Certainly, let us hear it," sighed the Cynic. "When I say that life's all misery I'm always glad to have some one else prove it. Listening to the dream of the Married Man can't help but prove my point. Lay on, MacDuff!"

"Well, my dream," said the Married Man, "ran directly counter in its conclusions to the one we have just had told us by the Irresponsible Person. I dreamed that women were at last placed on a political equality with men; that they voted, and by no means unintelligently. Everybody was happy. Men, women and children had more money than they knew what to do with, when suddenly a bomb was exploded in our peaceful household. My wife was summoned to do jury duty."

"There," said I, "it has come at last—the thing I feared the most. The idea of you sitting on a jury!"

"I am willing and ready," she replied. "The novelty of the thing, I suppose, is what overcomes you. Intelligence on juries is so rare."

"Oh, well," I replied, "if you look at it in that light, and really think you will enjoy it, go by all means."

"Certainly I shall go," said she. "I can't help myself. If I don't I shall be fined one hundred dollars, for I haven't any excuse for not going. I wonder what I'd better wear."

"Do as you please," said I. "Only I wouldn't wear a theatre hat in the jury-box if I were you. The jurors sitting behind you may object."

"Dear me!" she cried. "I do hope the other jurors will belong to our set."

"It is not likely," said I.

"So after much more or less disturbing speculations as to what might or might not happen I dreamed that madame wrote to her mother, and arranged to have her come in from the country to take care of the children, and then the next morning we went to the courthouse. By some miser-



"Do you think I am going to waste my time over you and your old jury-box with my baby at home with a Dutch coffee-spoon in its stomach? Well, I think not! I'm going home"

ever, it enabled women to vote without being necessarily brought into contact with the rougher elements of political life.

"I seemed to see myself clad in full evening dress on election night starting out to what was called a Ballot Ball, which a number of married ladies of my acquaintance had gotten up, the idea being that a select company of voters, male and female, of their acquaintance could attend the function, vote there and have a dance afterward. It was particularly nice for the unmarried women. The election, as far as they were concerned, was no more unpleasant than a five o'clock tea would be, and instead of being compelled to vote under the espionage of watchers and par-

daughters might, with propriety, go, and that the records of the candidates were such that their wives, sisters and daughters could read them without a blush."

"There's a good deal in that," said the Philosopher, "but my observation has taught me that the more there really is in a reform the less likely it is to commend itself to the world."

"Hear, hear!" cried the Cynic. "That remark is worthy of me."

"Yes," said the Irresponsible Person, "worthy of you, and worthy of the Philosopher, but if you'll put your minds together and look at things as they are you'll find it unworthy of any one else. The world isn't as bad as you make it out to be."

able idiosyncrasy of fate the case to be tried was a poisoning case, and when I found it out I begged my wife to pretend that she'd made up her mind before being called that the prisoner was guilty and must die. That was the only way out of the dilemma. If she admitted that, when being examined for the box, she'd have been challenged by the defense, and we could have gone home, but she wouldn't. She said she couldn't, because it wasn't so. I pleaded and pleaded, but without avail. She was firm, and in consequence we were delighted to find in the evening papers that she was one of the twelve good and true persons selected, after searching examination by counsel, to say

## GIRLS AND OPERATIC CAREERS

By Lillian Nordica



HAVE often been asked by young American girls with voices, and with ambition to use their gifts for singing to the best of their ability, whether I would advise them to undertake an operatic career, and how they should go to work to perfect themselves for opera. I have found it extremely difficult to answer these questions satisfactorily, and I have finally decided to reply to each individual according to her qualifications, for the advice that would be of help to one might not be applicable to another—might, indeed, do positive harm.

Under these circumstances it is even harder to give general advice to girls gifted with musical talent. The best I can do is to offer a few suggestions from my own experience that may make them realize just what an operatic career is; what the qualifications necessary for it are, and how great and how many are the difficulties that beset it. Only those who have been in opera can appreciate just how hard it is to win success, and how difficult it continues to be to retain it even after one has been accepted by the public as a finished artist. To be a successful operatic singer one must be well endowed physically and mentally, as well as vocally. Of course, the foundation lies in the voice; that must of necessity be of exceptionally good quality. Then to sing difficult and sustained music and to endure all the hardships that the life of an artist entails, the aspirant must have an unusually good constitution. Moreover, in order to master the various languages in which she will have to sing, and to learn the music and interpret it in the proper spirit and sympathetically, she must possess intelligence of a superior order. Both her physical and mental endurance are great essentials. If she possess the good constitution that I have mentioned she will probably have the physical endurance; but the mental endurance has nothing to do with the physique; it comes from the quality that is best known as pluck or grit. She must have the temperament that will allow no obstacle to stand in her way, that will be daunted by no ill-fortune, cast down by no difficulties, and that always sees the goal of success ahead and keeps striving to attain it.

Assuming then that the young girl does possess all these qualifications, what shall she do? Shall she go to Europe as soon as her voice is strong enough to be cultivated and have it trained there? By no means. Let her stay in this country and receive the foundation of her musical training here. That is the plan that I myself pursued, and thus far I have never had reason to regret it. Before going to Europe I studied for three years in Boston, and I still sing in the way in which my teacher taught me. Fortunately I have not been obliged, as so many singers have, to unlearn when I went to one teacher, what another teacher had taught me. I began with the old Italian method of singing, which in my opinion is the best, and the only absolutely correct method, and my faith in it has never wavered. For three years my teacher kept me on scales and exercises, not permitting me to sing even a song. But by the end of that time I had learned to sing correctly. When finally I did go ahead, I was able to continue with my studies and to sing in public at the same time. So I would say to young singers, to those, I mean, who have all the qualifications I have mentioned as necessary for success in opera: Acquire your

method and the essentials of your education before you leave your own country. Then, if you are determined to undertake opera, by all means go abroad.

But when the preliminary training is finished the work has only begun. Young singers have so much to learn in Europe! In the first place, there are the languages to be mastered. Then there are the operas to be learned in those languages. Not until all this has been done thoroughly is the candidate for opera ready to make her *début*. By this time her resources have been well tested. She has had to work hard, to practice singing several hours a day while she is going on with her other studies, which include, of course, lessons in acting. When you consider all that an operatic artist has to do, then it is, and then only, that her work is seen in its true light of difficulty. She goes to the theatre at half-past six in the evening. At that early hour she is obliged to go, for it takes her at least an hour and a half to prepare for her appearance, to get her trunks unpacked, to undress and

dress again, and to go through all the thousand and one details of the make-up. And bear in mind the fact that for several hours before arriving at the theatre she has not eaten. She takes her dinner at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and from that time until midnight, perhaps until one o'clock, not a morsel passes her lips. Meanwhile, she is working hard, performing tasks that tax both body and mind, that demand and exhaust the greatest nerve force. When the time comes for her to go on the stage and sing, she appears before the footlights and she faces an orchestra led by a man who beats time with merciless regularity, who stops for nothing. And she is his slave; she is obliged to keep up with him, to sing at exactly the right moment or to find herself lost

in a sea of sound. She has, besides, to continue acting all the while, to move here and there according to a prearranged plan, to be in this spot at one particular moment and in another spot at another particular moment. So she goes through a long opera, wearing, perhaps, the heaviest of clothing which positively weighs upon her. Is it any wonder she is exhausted at the end of the performance? One may say: "But would it not be better for a singer called upon to endure such a strain, to support herself at least by eating heartily before it?" Every artist of experience knows that it would not. For my own part, I confess that I am usually hungry while I am going through an opera, and I have noticed that the more hungry I am the better I am able to sing and to maintain my part.

Many times I have been asked by young American singers who think of going abroad for their education, where they should study while there. I myself studied in Italy after my season of American study. There are always plenty of good teachers in the leading Italian cities. Paris, too, offers exceptional advantages to students of singing. I suppose that at the present time there is no teacher who is finer than Mme. Marchesi in Paris. To the *débutante* Italy offers the greatest advantages, that is, the advantages which I myself esteem highest, rare opportunities of gaining experience. Nearly every Italian town of any size has its opera; of course, the performances are conducted on a modest scale, and, as the Italians are not overburdened with wealth, the operas do not yield very large profits. Nevertheless, the people of Italy are genuine lovers of music, and they do support operatic performances. There are so many of these in the country—more, I fancy, than in any other country

in the world—that a young singer can secure engagements in Italy much more easily than elsewhere. She can also go from city to city there and sing in different operas. Such experience as she acquires in this way is of inestimable advantage to her. During my period of study in Italy I sang in several cities, making brief tours and returning to my teacher for further instruction. Once I sang for three months in Brescia, and for all of my services there I received the munificent sum of one hundred dollars; but the work itself more than repaid me for my labor. This will suggest the idea that in Italy young singers are not very highly paid. But why should they be? People in this country think nothing of sending their children to college and paying large sums for their instruction; they do not expect the universities to turn out educated men and lawyers and doctors in a year. Why, then, should artists expect to earn a great deal of money while they are yet trying to learn a great art? We often hear of singers in Italy actually paying for the privilege of appearing in opera, and some of these send home sad accounts of the way they have been treated by the wicked Italian *impresarios* who robbed them of their money. But what are the facts of such cases most likely to be? A young singer wants to be heard at a performance in, let us say, Ravenna. She goes to an *impresario* and he organizes a company, hires an orchestra and takes the whole company to Ravenna. Now this entails, of course, very great expense. Is it so surprising that the singer, untried and unknown, should be asked to share this expense? Moreover, is it surprising that when she fails she should say that she had been cheated? As a matter of fact, I am inclined to believe that many of the pathetic tales we hear about the way American music students are treated in Italy have been started by those who have failed of what they hoped to achieve.

The benefits of singing in Italy to a young singer, however, do not consist solely in the experience that they give her; if she is genuinely gifted they are sure in time to secure for her an offer from an enterprising manager to sing elsewhere. The *impresarios* of Europe are constantly looking about for fresh talent, and they soon discover when a new singer is making a good impression. But even after this recognition is won and the young artist is launched on a successful career, she can make no greater mistake than to think that her hard work is over. On the contrary, it is never over. The true artist never flags in her practice, in her efforts to perfect herself in all the many branches of her art. There is so much to be learned, and wherever she may be she will find those who can teach her, those who can help her and those whose help and whose teaching will be of inestimable value to her in the artistic career which she is proposing to follow.

Success in opera, like success in everything else, cannot be attained without hard work. As in business ninety men out of a hundred are said to fail, so in art may the same proportion be found. So many of those who aspire to the highest success fall by the wayside. But I am a great believer in invincible will, and to those who possess this quality, together with the requisite talent, success is certain. It would be useless to try to discourage such people even if one wanted to. But I have no such desire. On the contrary, I would advise all girls who are desirous of following operatic careers, to study hard and to be observant of everything connected with the operatic stage. Nothing in connection with either the music or the stage can be too trifling to be studied—the very smallest details must be mastered before any success can be attained. And I would counsel them not to be discouraged by the adverse criticisms of over-critical critics, nor to allow themselves to be encouraged and elated by the enthusiasms of over-sanguine friends. There are plenty of chances for success in a musical career at the present time. The successful artist of to-day is beset with offers to sing here, there and everywhere, in opera, in oratorio and in concert. Have an ideal and come as close to it as you can; never relax your efforts, for the career you have planned for yourself will require all your courage, all your strength, all your thoughts, and almost all your time. I would further urge upon you the necessity of familiarizing yourself with the history of music and of making yourself conversant with the musicians and the music of the past as well as of the present. And while giving this attention to the past, consider well the art and artists of the present. Imitate what is best and adopt what is good in all the great singers of to-day. And particularly should you delve deep into the methods of work, of routine, of dressing and of living of the great prima-donnas of the past.

Do your very best, never weary of trying, of bringing out and perfecting all the talent that is in you, and you will win the recognition that you seek. I have no faith in an artist's being driven to the wall by prejudice, or by cabals of any sort. Talent properly directed, and combined with good sense, industry and a determination to think no hardship too great to endure for art's sake, is bound to make itself appreciated under any and all circumstances.



MME. NORDICA

whether or not Dr. John W. Higgins had administered with criminal intent an overdose of morphine to his third wife, from the effects of which she died. The other good and true persons in the box were Patrick O'Halloran, grocer, of Vesey Street; Mrs. Nora O'Shaughnessy, laundress, of First Avenue; Nathan Einstein, a commercial traveler; Robert Brown, broker and man-about-town; James Tate, horse auctioneer; Miss Mamie Roberts, a book agent; Miss Tessie McLaun, a clairvoyant from Harlem; Thomas Bryan, a liquor dealer; Mrs. G. Washington Doodelle, a society leader; Peter Snivelhead, a salesman in a Sixth Avenue dry goods house, and by a singular coincidence, Bridget McNulty, who had been discharged from our *ménage* three weeks before because her civility was not of so good a quality as her cooking. The fact that Bridget McNulty was on the jury should have been sufficient to exempt my wife, because it made agreement impossible. Nothing short of a miracle could have ever induced Miss McNulty to agree to any proposition madame might advance. I whispered this to one of the counsel, but he said the same might be said of almost any two women, and so declined to interfere. The jurors as named were unanimously accepted, and what a lovely-looking body they made! A regular Congress of Nations, such as hasn't been seen since the World's Fair. It made my heart beat with pride to see my wife sitting up there in the front seat with the horse auctioneer on one side, the clairvoyant on the other, and Nathan Einstein, the drummer, sitting directly back of her. How I blessed universal suffrage that made these things possible!

"Well, the dream went on. Mrs. G. Washington Doodelle, the society leader, kept delaying the trial by swooning away every other hour. The clairvoyant had to be twice wakened out of a trance, and his honor, the judge, was frequently compelled to reprimand Miss Roberts, the book agent, for inattention, due to her efforts to dispose of one of her subscription volumes to Mr. O'Halloran, the grocer. The consequence was that four days went by before the defense began to get in their work, and as the chief object of the defense seemed to consist in an interminable prolongation of the trial until the prisoner should die a natural death, it began to look as though my wife would never be free again.

"On the morning of the fifth day, however, a wholly unexpected climax arrived. Madame was well nigh exhausted, but she stuck to her disagreeable duty like a heroine. The fact that she could do nothing else but stick it out does not affect the heroism of her attitude. She never complained, but it was clear to me that nervous prostration was certain for her whatever might happen to Dr. John W. Higgins, the alleged poisoner. How to get her out of the trial before she broke down I could not think, but on the morning of the fifth day at a most exciting period of the trial a telegram was handed to the judge. He opened it and handed it over to my wife. It was from her mother, and said briefly, 'Come home at once. The baby has swallowed one of your Dutch coffee-spoons.'

"My wife turned even paler than before, and rising hurriedly in her seat left the box.

"The counsel for the prosecution frowned, and the judge ordered her to return.

"Return?" she cried. "I? Do you think I am going to waste my time over you and your old jury-box, with my baby at home with a Dutch coffee-spoon in its stomach? Well, I think not. I'm going home."

"The judge grew red with anger. 'Once more I order you to return,' said he.

"And twice more I say I'm going home!" she retorted, and then with a majestic carriage she walked out of the courtroom into the street.

"I followed, and together we hastened home, to find that the baby hadn't swallowed the coffee-spoon, but his grandmother thought he had. He'd been playing with it and it had disappeared, and she naturally supposed it had gone inside, whereas, as a matter of fact, he had slipped it under the bureau.

"Well, I'm glad Jimmie is safe," I said. "But what's going to happen to you? They'll lock you up for contempt of court."

"Let 'em," she replied, with a great show of spirit. "Let 'em do that just once. If any judge ever dares commit a woman for contempt of court because she insists on leaving a nasty murder trial to go home to her sick baby I think he'll soon find himself wishing he never was born. Now that women can vote, public opinion is worth a thing or two."

"That was the proper spirit," said the Irresponsible Person. "But I suppose you had a strong answer for her?"

"Yes, I had," said the Married Man, "but I waked up before I could get it off. But one thing is certain, as long as my mind retains that picture of my wife sitting in that jury-box between the horse auctioneer and the clairvoyant from Harlem, I shall oppose extending the obligations of the franchise to women, and don't you forget it, my boy."

EDITOR'S NOTE—In the next issue of the JOURNAL Mr. Bangs will report the second meeting of the Paradise Club.



"There ought to be a kind of invisible affinity between us"

## A MINISTER OF THE WORLD

By Caroline Atwater Mason

[With Illustrations by W. T. Smedley]

II—CONTINUED

STRANGERS were rarely seen in the little church at Thornton, and the women stood aside and watched with half-averted but observant eyes the two ladies who followed Mr. Deering down the aisle and out from the church to the horse block, where a man was sitting in a handsome covered carriage holding a pair of well-groomed horses. Young Mrs. Deering and her child received their share of attention, especially from the young mothers who were interested in the dainty gown of the little girl. It was the young lady who accompanied Mrs. Deering, however, who was most intently observed, and there were some who, seeing her that morning and never seeing her again, could still, years after, recall the grace of her slender figure, the exquisite color and texture of her gown, the faint fragrance that passed by with her, and the brilliant light of her smile.

Mrs. Barry, upon whom none of these things were lost, turned back as the door shut upon the stranger, and looked at Lina, who had just come down from the gallery and was standing, in her thick white cotton gown and pink ribbons, with something of disapproval in her eyes. She was a pretty girl, everybody said so, and she had a nice, fair skin, but nothing would ever make her look like that, even her mother was admitting. It was just then that Emily Merle came by with an armful of library books, for it was time for the session of the Sunday-school to open now, and with her clear, untroubled voice said:

"What a beautiful woman that was, Mrs. Barry! It was a pleasure to look at her."

To which Mrs. Barry replied with a shade of coldness:

"Why, do you think so? I should never have thought of calling her beautiful—she was so dark."

Emily Merle made no reply.

On the Wednesday following Stephen Castle was driving his bay mare Doll, between nine and ten in the morning, along the turnpike road, or the old stage road as it was often called, between Thornton and Pembroke. Beside him in his single carriage sat Mrs. Castle in her best gown, with a look of lively but restrained interest on her face.

The morning was breathless with heat already, and the dust from their wheels settled heavily upon the tangled weeds and brambles by the roadside. The pine and spruce trees exhaled a pungent fragrance under the keen July sun, and on the more distant hills shaded to almost a bluish black in its early light. It was mid-summer day.

"It's going to be a pretty hot day for a wedding, Stephen. Look how Doll feels the heat already," remarked Mrs. Castle.

"The warmest day yet, I think," Stephen replied in a tone which said plainly that the weather did not interest him vividly. His face wore an abstracted expression, which his mother perceived, and so kept silence for some moments. Whether it was the close sympathy between them which made the same thoughts common to both without words, or whether it was

accident, when Mrs. Castle spoke again she touched the subject of Stephen's innermost thought.

"I wonder," she said, after they had driven a mile in silence, "whether the Deerings won't most likely come to Sarah's wedding? I should most think they would, George Allen being their tenant for so many years. What do you think?"

"Very likely they may be there," Stephen replied, and again they rode on in silence until they came in sight of a low, brown farmhouse near the road, with an orchard on one side and a smooth, green yard on the other, sloping down to a vegetable garden. Contrary to custom, the front door of the house was in use to-day and stood open, showing that an event of importance was to take place, and accordingly Stephen drove up to the front steps, instead of to the kitchen door, as was his custom when making pastoral calls. George Allen, the father of the girl whose wedding day it was, stood in his shirt sleeves ready to greet them and to take the horse around to the barn, and Stephen, after a moment's delay, followed his mother into the house. The small entry had a close smell of new oilcloth, and contained no furniture beyond an oblong, leaved table covered by a red and black printed cloth. On the table stood a crimson fuchsia in full blossom.

Stephen laid his straw hat on the table and went into the square room at the left, called the parlor, which was full of heavy odors of flowers, and closely shut and shaded as if for a funeral. The room was of moderate size, and contained besides a few chairs and tables, a new melodeon and a polished sheet-iron stove, which was freely decorated with branches of asparagus. The carpet was in violently-contrasting shades of red and green, and felt rough and uneven to the feet by reason of its underlining of hay.

When Stephen entered the room there were ten or twelve women standing about its outside limits, with all of whom he shook hands, and then, withdrawing to a corner behind a small table, he stood silent, a small, morocco-bound book in one hand. His look and attitude plainly indicated his disinclination to the small talk with which the women were trying to fill up the time of waiting, and respecting his wishes and standing in especial awe of him as probably passing through mysterious mental conditions appropriate to the discharge of high official function, they left him to himself.

Very soon there was a flutter in the little entry, and Mrs. Allen, in a tidy gown with a little lace about her throat and a

bit of pink geranium in her bosom, ushered into the parlor Mr. and Mrs. Deering, accompanied by the lady who had been with them at church on Sunday morning. At the door Mr. Deering was pausing to introduce his wife's friend to Mrs. Allen, with a laughing apology for bringing a stranger to Miss Sarah's wedding.

"Miss Loring" (Stephen heard her name called) "from New York." He heard her voice, and saw her smile and move across the room, as he stood apparently indifferent to all that passed, not lifting his eyelids nor changing his posture, except to fold his arms across his chest, with the little book still in his hand.

The moments passed. The men who had accompanied their wives from distant farms showed a marked disinclination to appear in the parlor, and persistently clung to the refuge of some apple trees near the barn, biting bits of grass and uneasily trying to be at ease. For a length of time, which began to grow appalling, it seemed almost certain that these wedding guests would not consent to witness the ceremony, and great was the anxiety of their wives, who now confided to each other, with little bursts of nervous laughter, that "the men were always just so," and that "it would serve them right if they got left altogether."

One by one, however, with no evidence of haste, but with an air of reluctance well calculated to deceive a denizen of the outer world, the husbands dropped into the parlor, and stood with their heavy, brown hands variously, but always uneasily disposed, and their roughened heads bent at different angles.

The situation became more and more awkward, and Stephen Castle, as he stood apart, frowned and bit his lip in the vexation of it, for still the bridal party tarried. Twenty-five people were now standing together under circumstances which hardly admitted of conversation, and where every one felt, none the less, that complete silence was the one calamity which might not be endured. The moments passed painfully. The time before the men had joined the company now seemed incredibly distant and remote, and each woman in her heart justified her husband's superior wisdom which had made him delay in yielding himself a captive to these four walls before the time.

Mrs. Castle, imbued with the idea that it was her duty, as she would have said herself, "to sow beside all waters," could now be heard distinctly in the growing stillness addressing a pale little woman in black who stood nearest her in phrases which, although conversational, were obviously didactic, and death and the grave were frequently mentioned, to the dismay of Miss Loring, who stood in the shelter of the melodeon only a few feet distant.

"Why should he have been taken?" Mrs. Castle was now asking gently, but quite firmly of her neighbor, "I asked my husband as we rode home from the grave." The little woman murmured an inarticulate but appreciative response, and at that moment a woman who stood at the other end of the melodeon from Miss Loring was heard to say with cheerful emphasis that she "didn't know whether that child would live to outgrow them fits or not."

Miss Loring felt a wild desire to scream at the top of her voice, but restrained herself, and Mrs. Castle could now be heard leading her submissive hearer up through successive stages of resignation to a position which seemed to imply a decided preference that Stephen's infant brother had been taken out of this present evil world. Anything from her after this would have been an anti-climax. Plainly this line of argument ought to have lasted until the appearance of the bridal party, but still they did not come, although the ceremony had been appointed for ten o'clock, and it was already ten minutes later. No one dared now to speak for fear of being in the midst of an inappropriate sentence when the eventful moment should come, and every one in the room was occupied with avoiding the eye of every other person—the men on general principles, the women for fear they should be betrayed into hysterical laughter—when suddenly a broad-shouldered, sun-burned young fellow, with a rosy-cheeked girl on his arm, in a light gray gown and neatly-braided hair, appeared in the doorway, and stepped rather rapidly across the room to the appointed corner where Stephen Castle had been standing so long.

Looking with searching directness into their anxious young faces, Stephen spoke, and instantly all the nervous tension of the moment, all its grotesque blending of the funeral with the festive quality



"It was the young lady who was most intently observed"

was dispelled. His voice was full and deep and vibrated with a tender authority which seemed to transform those two commonplace-looking persons into children of God exalted by His grace to highest privilege. The room became a sacred place and those two were brought face to face with God. When the final words of blessing were spoken, Miss Loring, lifting her eyes and seeing the white, strained face of the girl's mother as she turned to her child, and the emotion on the two young faces, could not restrain her tears, and they were still wet upon her lashes when some one beside her spoke a word of introduction, and Stephen Castle, with the seriousness of his office still upon him, took her hand and spoke to her with grave courtesy.

## III

JUST how it happened Stephen did not clearly understand at the time, although afterward it became sufficiently plain to him, but a few minutes later he found himself standing in the green seclusion of the old orchard at the north side of the farmhouse, leaning against a stout-limbed apple tree, while Miss Loring sat before him in a hammock, which had been stretched there by the young people whom they had just left in the close parlor.

"How good it is to be in the air," she said gently.

Stephen nodded without speaking. He was stirred by the emotions of the last half hour, and confused by his nearness to this beautiful woman. He recognized fully now that she was beautiful, with her gray eyes under long dark lashes, her face set like a flower upon the round, white throat, and the wonderful ripple and glint of her bright brown hair, which curled off delicately from her temples. There was something in the contour of her head and in the poise of it which vaguely recalled to him classic heads of fair Greek women. Her throat was bare to a point below its soft white hollow, and the round arms from the elbow down. Stephen had never seen women who wore their gowns in this fashion and it gave him a shame-faced unwillingness to look at her. She was dressed in cream-white stuff, thin and soft, with lines of yellow in it here and there, but without frills or furbelows, and she wore no jewels. The outline of her head and waist, as she sat in the hammock, was girlish, and yet Stephen was sure that she was not very young, perhaps not younger than himself.

As he did not speak she began again; this time her look seemed to compel him to lift his eyes and meet hers.

"I must tell you," she said timidly, "how very wonderful it was, what you did there in that marriage ceremony. I never felt myself in such an absurd position in my life; it all seemed perfectly droll and dreadful to me at the beginning. I was wondering if they were going to bring in a dead person every minute; all the talk was so grewsome and dismal, and when that poor, frightened fellow appeared with his great hands in those ghastly white gloves it was worse than ever. I felt as if I should disgrace myself by some outburst, but the moment you spoke the situation was completely altered, redeemed, don't you know? It all became noble and beautiful, and I never in my life felt what such things meant as I did while you were speaking. Please do not mind my telling you, I almost felt that I ought, you see."

She spoke beseechingly, for Stephen had lowered his eyes again; her words seemed to beat them down, and his face was very grave. A strange tumult was going on within the young man's mind, awakened by her words, not less by her presence. He saw the scene they had left through her eyes suddenly, as he could never have seen it before, in all its grotesqueness, and he was angry with her for making him see it, angry that his world was so far apart from hers. Closely mingled with this feeling was a strange, exciting perception that in the real nature of things it was to her world that he belonged. Her grace and charm, her subtle sympathy, her swift perception of the good in what he said, were what he craved, were what belonged to him. No one else had ever given all this to him. Emily Merle was bright and clear-headed, and she was his good comrade, but she never hesitated to point out his mistakes, and criticize his opinions. He thought of her now for an instant, with a faint sense of indignation, as he raised his eyes at last, and by an odd little accident caught sight of a name embroidered in delicate tracery on the handkerchief which lay in Miss Loring's lap. Then all thought of Emily was forgotten in the surprise with which he read the name, "Stephanie." It was a new name to him. How strange that her name should be the counterpart of his own! Was there not a meaning in it? A sudden flash of intelligence passed between their eyes as his were lifted from the handkerchief, and Stephen colored deeply.

"I wonder if you know that my name is Stephen," he said simply.

"Yes," she returned; "how very strange it is. We ought to be good friends. There ought to be, do you not think so, a kind of invisible affinity between us."

"I believe there is," Stephen answered soberly, seeking to hide a strange, intoxicating sense of exultation which seemed mounting hotly to his brain.

And yet as he followed Stephanie Loring under the orchard boughs into the farmhouse, whither they were now called to the wedding feast, there was beneath the excitement of the moment a perception, not fully clear as yet to his own consciousness, that it was less to her that he owed this affinity of which they had spoken than to what she stood for—the unknown world of beauty and art and human perfection to which she belonged.

In the week which followed the wedding Stephen Castle spent many hours at the Deerings', having been invited to call by Mrs. Deering when they met after the marriage. He found great enjoyment in the hospitable house, where he was welcomed with unfeigned cordiality whenever he presented himself, and given the freedom of the pleasant rooms and grounds.

Stephanie Loring remained with the Deerings throughout another week, and Stephen always found himself her guest in particular. She played and sang to him as he sat in the great music-room, and opened to his possession a new realm, for he had never until now heard good music. At other times they sat under the oak trees near the house, and while she was busy with some dainty handiwork he read aloud from books which he loved, and which she received with quick insight and responsive sympathy.

Then there were long, quiet talks in the evenings on the piazza, which some way always turned at last upon the church to which Stephanie belonged in New York: how it was without a pastor; how sadly it needed just the right man; how she wished—but here she always interrupted herself or was interrupted by Stephen.

Stephen would drive home in the darkness or in the starlight after these long visits, which for the time absorbed his days, with his thoughts in a riot. What was coming to him? Could it be that he did not belong, after all, to the Thornton parish and to the people who loved him so tenderly? Was it disloyalty to let his mind dwell on these new possibilities? Surely other men left their churches. Might it not be that another man could reach the hearts of these people better than he? How rarely was a word said to show that his sermons had made even the slightest impression! Stephanie Loring discussed them freely with him; noticed all the fine points, the impressive passages, and Stephen found her appreciation very sweet. How would it be to live among people like her—quick to perceive his best, gracious and delicate in their recognition of his work? How would it be to be in a position of influence—not to be a country pastor any more? What would the fellows say if such a thing ever did happen? What would Dr. Endicott of the Divinity School say? Stephen had always felt, with a mingled humility and resentment, that the old Doctor did not rate his ability very high. It would not be altogether distasteful to him to make the Doctor open his eyes! Thus his thoughts, earnest or idle, would cross each other in endless motion like waves of the sea, as he drove along the silent roads, through the sweetness of the clover-fields wet with dew. But it often happened that when he turned down the hill above the little white church, and saw it lying there under the quiet sky, with the parsonage in the grassy yard beyond—all these thoughts would yield to a yearning tenderness for the simple place and the simple people, who so faithfully loved him and so patiently allowed themselves to be led by him.

When August came the excitement was over, for Stephanie Loring, having prolonged her visit to her old friend far beyond its first limits, had taken her departure to join her family at Newport for the remainder of the season. When she parted from Stephen she had looked straight into his eyes, and had said significantly:

"I shall see you again. This is not where you belong, but I must not say any more. You will understand."

Stephen went back from the charmed life he had been leading to the uneventful days in the parsonage with his mother and the farmers and their families. He was not the same, and with honest pain in his heart he saw that he could never be again. He felt a weariness and distaste for the people about him. And yet he strove earnestly to come back into harmony with his people and his work, and sometimes he fancied he was succeeding.

It was Emily Merle who showed him that this was a delusion, as he strolled home with her from the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting.

"Do you want me to tell your fortune, Mr. Castle?" she asked, half laughingly, half sadly.

"Yes, Emily; I wish somebody was wise enough to. It is very dim to me just now."

"That is because you are in the confusion of a great change coming, I think," she said in a voice which was cheerful but not steady. "That lovely lady at the Deerings' was a new star in your sky, and she is bringing great changes to you, and

in you, as well. Perhaps others do not see it, but it is quite clear to me."

"How do you mean? I do not understand," Stephen protested uneasily.

"You are not for us any more. You are for her, and she will draw you to her."

"Do you mean that I love her, Emily?" Stephen spoke abruptly, as if it were a relief to him to touch the subject.

"I do not know," Emily replied. "There is no reason why you should not. I know she must attract you strongly, and that she will influence your life always. Perhaps you love her, I cannot tell."

"She is like a wonderful new book to me," Stephen confessed. "She fascinates me, and yet she does not touch my heart. She is too fine for me, Emily. She would never look at a country boy like me. You are my best friend, my sister in a way, dear Emily. I can talk to you even of this."

"I wonder if you know how changed you have become since Miss Loring came here?" Emily continued. "You are tired of us all; our ways and our doings are stale, flat and unprofitable. Sometimes I think I understand just how dull and dreary it seems; we all say the things we have always said in meetings, and no one is bright and clever like Miss Loring. I saw how you felt to-night when Mrs. Wescott said she 'felt like settin' her stakes and startin' out anew,' and when Jacob Poole said, as he always does, that he knew he 'wasn't anything but a poor failable worm of the dust.'"

"What did you see?" asked Stephen, surprised.

"How all these things, which you used to smile over a little, but in a tender kind of way, as the poor attempts of those whom you truly cared for, vex you now; make you impatient even, I think; give you a feeling of humiliation that the people to whom you belong are so rude and uneducated, and all that."

Stephen did not reply. With her usual clear vision Emily had seen into his innermost thought. He felt ashamed, but he was too honest to deny the truth of what she said.

After a short silence—they had reached her gate by this time—Emily said in a quite steady voice now:

"When you go away, for you will before very long—you know I have the gift of second sight sometimes—I shall be glad in a certain way for you, Mr. Castle."

"Call me Stephen, if you will, Emily," he interrupted her gently, "when we are by ourselves, at least."

With no touch of coquetry Emily accepted the suggestion in a quiet, natural way, and went on:

"As I was saying, I shall be glad, Stephen, although the difference to us here in Thornton will be very hard to bear. But the change for you is simply in the natural order for a man of your gifts and tastes. I should think the only thing to fear might be that gifts and tastes would, perhaps, rule the day in the new life, not the old convictions and motives—those you know which make all souls of equal worth to us, as I suppose they must be before God."

Emily faltered a little, and spoke timidly. But he had scarcely noticed her last words, so surprised was he with the manner in which she took it for granted that he was to leave Thornton.

They parted a moment later, and Stephen sat for hours in his study that evening pondering upon all these things, and also upon a letter from Stephanie Loring which the evening mail had brought him, and which had kept her before him all through the meeting by its faint suggestion of violet perfume.

September and October passed quietly in Thornton, with no events beyond those common to the place and people. The harvests were gathered, the leaves fell and huddled in heaps at the edges of the woods, the fields lay in dull, rich tones of green and russet, and the farmers began to have time to look about them a little and make ready for the long winter.

Lina Barry was now known to be "going with" a prosperous young man whose father's farm adjoined that of her father, and for whom she had been set apart by tacit consent since her childhood, until the advent of Stephen Castle had suddenly given a spur to her mother's ambition, and stirred a romantic interest in the girl's heart. For a time she had treated her old lover coldly, influenced more by her mother's wishes than her own, but of late she had been more favorably inclined to him, and Mrs. Wescott, as usual, gave voice to the popular feeling in Thornton when she said that "for her part she was glad Mis' Barry had got through settin' poor Liny's cap at Elder Castle. 'Twa'n't no kind o' use, if she did beat the county on doughnuts."

Stephen Castle, observing what had come to pass, although he never suspected, being a modest fellow, that Lina had felt more than an ordinary interest in himself, recalled, as if it had been a dream of the night, unreal and impossible, a time when he had felt that Lina would make some man a sweet wife, even fancying himself the man. His mother, who had hoped for such an event, began now to feel the

change in him, and grew uneasy and depressed, but she kept her thoughts to herself with inborn reserve.

It was in November, one Sunday morning, that something happened which shook Thornton throughout its length and breadth. This bombshell consisted merely in the presence of two strange gentlemen at the morning service. They came late and left early, driving out from Pembroke, and they made themselves known to no one. Mrs. Wescott, who sat behind them during the service, however, formed her own conclusions, which she imparted to a knot of women in a corner of the vestry at noon.

"They set right in front of me," she said, "and they was both dressed in their black broadcloth, as fine as satin, and their collars and cuffs shone so you could 'most see your face in them. One of them had on a big ring with a stone in it; he was the young one. The old feller, he had the long, gray side whiskers, and looked kind o' militerry. And now let me jest tell you that as sure's my name's Electy Wescott, and I'm standin' here, that man was own father to that han'some-lookin' young woman that come here to church a couple of times with the Deerings. Don't you remember? He had jest such eyes, and jest such a way of holdin' his head. And if you want to know what I felt like callin' out when I see them two men stealin' out of the church I'll tell you: 'Shoot them while they're goin' through the door! They've come here to steal our minister.'"

"But what makes you think so, Lec?" somebody asked.

"Think so? I know so," Lecty sniffed contemptuously. "Those men don't hail from Pembroke, and they don't hail from anywheres this side of the city of New York. Now that much I'll bet you, if it is Sunday, and in the meetin'-house, too! What did they come up here in their broadcloth and gold rings for, and come out to Thornton to meetin' if 'twa'n't jest to spy out what kind of a preacher we'd got? Oh, yes, I've heard of sech things before now. That's the way they do it in them big city churches. They hear that some poor little strugglin' church in the country has got a minister they love and they're all united on, and they think, 'Well, if he's as smart as they say maybe he'll do for us; he's most likely too big a man for country folks.' But they don't send and ask him to come and preach a sermon to them fair and square. No, they send a couple of spies to see if they think he'll do, and then they wait a spell, and the next thing you know your minister's got took sudden to go off and pay a visit to his old pastor, or to his grandmother, or else it's to look at a new organ. He keeps kind o' still about what direction he's goin' to travel in, but pretty soon he gets a call and then, 'Hurrah, boys! It's off and away to the city.' It's the Lord callin' and no mistake! You'll see if it don't come out as I say."

And so it did, in fact, befall. A month from that day Stephen Castle read his resignation as pastor of the Thornton church, in order to accept the call of the Church of All Good Spirits in New York City to become their pastor. He spoke in frank and manly fashion to his people who heard him with blinding tears. He told them plainly that he had become restless and dissatisfied, not through any fault of theirs, but because he wanted to be where he could improve and develop among other men. He expected life to be harder than it had been here, where they had all been so gentle to his faults and mistakes, and he knew that he could never love any other people as he loved them.

"All the same he's goin'," said Mrs. Wescott at the close of the service, mopping her eyes with a very wet handkerchief. "And I don't see any kind o' use for my part in gettin' a new bonnet this winter, do you, Aunt Eliza?"

The old lady sat beside her in the pew, and a tear or two was slipping quietly down her withered cheek.

"That's your way of putting it, Electy," she said quietly. "There don't seem very much left to live for, not just now. But it's all right, Stephen," she said, looking up into the face of the young man who had come to the end of the pew and stood leaning over to speak to her with flushed face and dim eyes. "It's all right, Stephen. It will be a different life from this for you, and you're young and strong, and you ought to have a chance to grow. I'm sorry for the people here. I sha'n't stay long to mind it. I expected you would be close by when the call came for me, and I thought I should like to have you hold my hand, but it's all right." And the little old lady looked up through her tears in the bright, sweet way which Stephen loved.

"You are to send for me when you want me, Aunt Eliza," he said earnestly, his own voice breaking; "I will come to you. I promise to. I shall never change to my Thornton people; they will always be mine, just as much as they are now."

He was protesting, but she put up her finger and lightly touched his lips, and said with a quaint smile:

"You think so now, but you will know better when you are older."

(Continuation in January JOURNAL)

THE WIFE OF ALPHONSE DAUDET

BY TH. BENTZON (MADAME BLANC)

ALPHONSE DAUDET, whom every one recognizes as one of the foremost among French novelists, has written a striking little book, which, under the title "*Femmes d'Artiste*," includes a dozen portraits, each drawn from life, and showing that, generally speaking, woman has proved herself a stumbling block to the poor man and genius. Yet he admits, in conclusion, that she may also be to him a sort of visible Providence, whose help can never be valued enough, and, after much sharp and cutting satire, he paints the last portrait of the series with a loving hand, and faithfully represents his wife.

It is a wonder that the American public, so appreciative of honest and sound literature, and liking so much to be certain that the personality and character of artists are as high as their work; a public that finds

UNKNOWN WIVES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN

*The Wife of a French Author and the Wife of an Italian Composer*

with her name did not appear until 1879, and immediately gave her a deserved place as a writer who possesses an acute mastery of expression.

Later were published in the "Figaro" and elsewhere those brief essays which allow us to follow step by step the true Parisienne that she is (not the frivolous, empty-headed person too often denounced by those who only know the worst specimens of the type, but the Parisienne well-born and well-bred); to follow her through her experiences as wife and mother.

Madame Alphonse Daudet dresses with infinite taste, and carries to the highest point that household craft and art which appear in the smallest details of equip-

ment and furniture, in the composition of a dinner, in everything that surrounds an accomplished *maitresse de maison*. To Madame Daudet the artist or the impressionist is a person who knows how to be useful as well as enchanting. She was brought up by her mother, Madame Allard, under the severest traditions of the good old French *bourgeoisie*, which are quite the opposite of that modern culture which despises needlework and cooking. She has sung her needle in charming poetry, she understands everything about good dinners.

Thanks to his wife Daudet had a very pleasant home from the beginning, long before he had won success and fame and fortune. Their marriage was entirely a love match; they had to fight together the battle which the victorious are fond of recalling.

In these days they live in great elegance, spending the winter in their fine lodgings in the Rue Bellechasse, a street in the old Faubourg St. Germain, and in summer at Champrosay, a country house belonging to their family, near Paris, where a group of literary friends gathers every Thursday round the author of "Sappho," finding him as bright and witty in conversation as ever, although illness has prematurely taken hold of him.

Daudet goes out but very little in these days, while many come to him in his home always so open and hospitable without any show of ceremony or vanity. Edmond de Goncourt is a frequent guest, and also Pierre Loti; Henry James, when he comes to Paris; Jules Lemaitre, the critic and dramatist; Raffaelli, the painter of Parisian types and scenes. With these men come many younger writers, realists or symbolists, or what not, provided they have talent, all made delightfully welcome by Madame Daudet's ready and attractive smile. She is always pretty and charming with her dark rippling hair and beautiful gray eyes, her fresh, quick, low-toned voice and lively ways. As you see her sitting at her fireside among the hundred costly knickknacks of a modern interior, with her little daughter Edmée on her knee, she seems like a young mother, but this young mother is a still more youthful grandmother. It seems incredible, but her eldest son, the writer of some very remarkable and original scientific romances, has been married for two or three years to a granddaughter of Victor Hugo. Naturally enough their little child is one of the keenest interests of Madame Daudet's life, while she also watches with the greatest care the progress of her second son, a boy of fifteen.

One cannot help noting that bitter rivalries have often attended the married life of two artists, and that genius has sometimes found the companionship of a simple, even ignorant housewife more to its taste than that of a gifted woman, but Madame Daudet is everything at once and can be anything she pleases. You may hear her speaking of the most serious subjects to eminent men, or responding most gracefully to the small talk of women of fashion. Before everything else she is womanly, and this is the secret of Madame Daudet's charm and power.

MADAME PIETRO MASCAGNI

BY OLIVE MAY EAGER

ALTHOUGH Italy is commonly regarded as the home of poetry and romance, her young people are conventionally forced to conduct their courtships after a most prosaic fashion, all advances preliminary to matrimony being made in the presence of third parties, and hence taking a very practical tone. It is, therefore, with mingled feelings of surprise and pleasure that we discover a very pretty love story connected with the subject of our sketch.

In her girlhood Madame Mascagni was a member of a respectable, though not leading theatrical company, that visited by turns the principal cities of Italy. She possessed a pleasing soprano voice, which enabled her to earn about one dollar and a half a day by singing in *vaudevilles*. At that time Mascagni was finishing his musical course in Milan, but becoming enamored of the attractive concert singer during her stay in that city he sought and obtained the place of director of the orchestra in the same company.

His friend and patron, Count L., of Milan, strongly opposed so foolhardy a course in the promising musician, and after much fruitless remonstrance with the young man, enlisted also the moral support of the elder Mascagni, a poor baker of Leghorn, who used every means to weaken the attachment of his son.

But the love throve and grew with opposition. The young singer's devoted attendance upon Mascagni during a severe illness still further riveted her claims upon his affections, and they resolved to brave the frowns of friends and fortune in partnership. It is a strong proof of the sincere affection and moral status of both parties that, by mutual consent, immediately after their marriage Mascagni set about finding some employment which would enable him to remove his wife from the stage.

Among theatrical circles in Italy there is a general feeling that good women are glad to marry young and leave the stage at whatever material sacrifice, while only the bad refuse to accept such open means of escape from the life. Be that as it may, both Mascagni and his wife abandoned comparative comforts to bury themselves in the little town of Cerignola, where he accepted the post of leader of the village band at the miserable stipend of fifty cents a day. The young wife, being what

Italians call a serious person, welcomed the quiet home-life and took kindly to the domestic duties which devolved upon her. Essentially a "house mother" in its old-time sense, which is still prevalent in conservative Italy, she kept their few rooms neat and tidy, cooked the simple meals, looked after the family linen, and in every homely way contributed to the comfort of her talented husband, who for love of her alone had turned his back upon bright prospects. With the advent of children there was no corresponding increase of income, and stricter economy became necessary with each passing year. At the time he was writing the score of the now famous "*Cavalleria Rusticana*," Mascagni could not allow himself the luxury of a piano even at the low rental of two dollars per month.

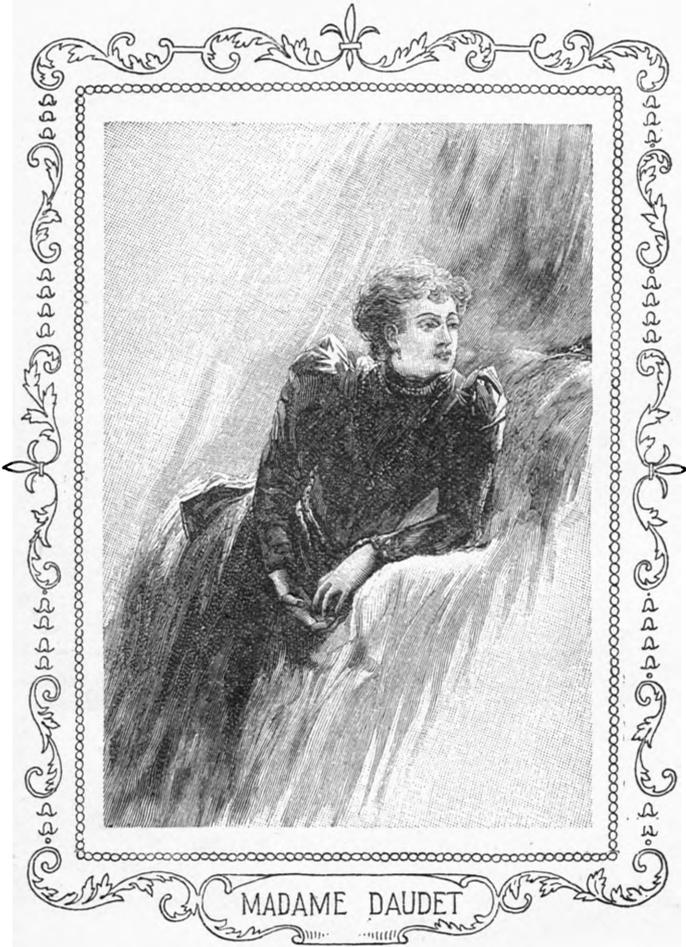
Although of humble origin Mascagni possessed a high-strung, nervous temperament, which suffered from the enforced seclusion and isolation of a small town. No one but his wife had known a glimpse of the bright outer world, with its stimulus of congenial companionship and inspiring surroundings, and with her alone could he talk of hopes and longings that were inexplicable even to himself. Fortunately for him, and for the world, her reposeful, every-day nature

proved a fitting complement—a balance wheel that kept him steadily at work under most adverse and trying circumstances. True to Italian tenets of what constitutes a good wife, Madame Mascagni neither felt ambition nor desired individuality for herself, but for her husband's plans sympathy and interest were ever ready.

That Mascagni grew more and more to lean upon her is evident from an incident connected with the first representations of the "*Cavalleria Rusticana*" in the Costanzi Theatre of Rome. All the world now knows the story of the new opera: how it was submitted to a musical friend who promptly pronounced it "rubbish"; how Mascagni despondently entered it in the competition for the prize of two thousand francs (\$400) offered by the musical publishers of Milan; how he accepted the prize as a windfall beyond the wildest hopes of a man who, with wife and two children, was existing on two and a half francs a day.

The subsequent furore in Rome was a revelation, and in answer to a telegram he hurried to the capital in his usual *négligé*—in fact, his only dress—the clumsy handiwork of a village tailor. Apparently a simple, countrified young fellow he appeared on the stage before that immense and enthusiastic audience, which cheered him all the more that he was awkward, bewildered, even stupefied at the reception. The transition was too great, and he felt his brain reel. Sympathizing, admiring faces crowded about him, but something of his every-day life, something more restful he must have and that speedily. Rushing home after the performance he telegraphed for his wife, and also dispatched an incoherent letter imploring her to pick up the children and come to his aid without delay. She came at once—a plain, quiet body, who, during those tedious years of seclusion and hardship, had deteriorated in appearance, and had lost the worldly veneering of her younger days, but nevertheless a true-hearted helpmeet for an agitated, fame-stricken man. That night she sat in a private box, listening to the wonderful strains, and the still more wonderful enthusiasm, weeping tears of joy throughout the whole performance, and clapping wildly with the rest upon the appearance of the new genius, who to her eyes looked strangely unfamiliar in the regulation evening dress, which recent friends had bought and insisted upon his wearing.

As the world's applause brought him money, Mascagni, with the homing instincts of the true Italian, bought a villa in his native town of Leghorn. The return to his birthplace was an ovation; his humble relatives looked upon him as little short of a god, and everything was in an uproar, but again the well-poised wife proved a soothing balm to her excited and impulsive husband.



MADAME DAUDET

it difficult to admire the one while it severely judges the other, should not know better the few but exquisite books of Julia Daudet: "The Childhood of a Parisienne," "Children and Mothers," "Fragments of an Unpublished Book."

If there are not more of these small volumes it is because Madame Daudet's duties as a wife and a mother are always put before everything else in the world, even before a gift for writing so native and inborn. She came quite naturally to a possession of the distinction and gifts of style which many others only reach by means of long and patient workmanship. Her pen seems like a brush dipped into the finest and most subtle colors; she makes us see the simplest things in a new light; the feelings and thoughts of a pure, sincere and refined woman through the duties, emotions and pleasures of her every-day life. If you read in "*L'Enfance d'une Parisienne*" the chapters called Dolls, Walks, Books, A Ball, In the Country, What is Seen Through a Veil, etc., you cannot fail to be delighted with the unexpected quickness of thought, or with the beauty that may be discovered in the smallest events of our daily existence. One should read these chapters in French, for their special value comes from the choice of words, and this is apt to vanish in translation like the brilliant dust of a butterfly's wings, which is ruined by a touch. Both the verse and prose of Madame Daudet have an unsought gift and quality of rhythm and picturesqueness. She has, indeed, been for many years the undetected *collaborateur* of her husband in the production of his works. Although unequal to him in imagination or creative power she has given much assistance in completing and perfecting his books; this is acknowledged most frankly by M. Daudet with a gratitude and pride that do him honor.

But if you listen to Madame Daudet she insists that what she does is very little, just scattering here and there a trifle of gold and dust. We cannot know how much her modesty exaggerates the smallness of her share in this collaboration, but we, in France, were able to appreciate what she can do by herself as soon as she found time to publish some literary criticisms in the "*Journal Officiel*." These were written under a pseudonym. The first book signed



MADAME MASCAGNI

Of the same age as her husband Madame Mascagni has a more settled look, but nevertheless she is a young and pretty woman still.

And those who know her best say that the impulsive young musician "budded better than he knew" when, as if intuitive of coming unrest and uncertainties, he chose so well-balanced a companion, and one "not too bright or good for human nature's daily food."



# BID ME AT LEAST GOOD-BYE

WORDS BY SYDNEY GRUNDY

MUSIC BY SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

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(This ballad, written for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL by

*Arthur Sullivan*

must not be reprinted in any form)

*Andante moderato.*

'Tis twen - ty years since our last meet - ing, Hush'd is an - ger, numb'd is pain;

Dead is love, and friendship's greeting we shall ne'er ex-change a - gain. Time has sped, and time ef - fac - es, Mem'ries

faint and fainter grow, Fast and fast - er fade the trac - es Of the long..... a - go..... A -

*cres.....* *un poco espress.* *dim.....*

*piu lento.* - cross the tears of twen - ty years, Far or nigh, Bid me good - bye, Tho' fate sev - er us for - ev - er.

*p* *cres.* *f*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

Bid me at least good - bye, Good - bye!.....

*dim.* *p*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

Tempo Imo.

Oh, was my fol - ly past for - giv - ing, Was the se - quel joy or woe?

The first system of music features a vocal line in a treble clef with a key signature of three flats and a common time signature. The lyrics are "Oh, was my fol - ly past for - giv - ing, Was the se - quel joy or woe?". Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part begins with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The music consists of several measures of chords and moving lines.

Art thou dead, or art thou liv - ing? E - ven this I do not know. E - ven now I sit and won - der Thou couldst

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "Art thou dead, or art thou liv - ing? E - ven this I do not know. E - ven now I sit and won - der Thou couldst". The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal textures and moving lines.

*cres.*.....

*dim.*

*espress.*

e - ver leave me so; Si - lent still, though torn a - sun - der, Twen - ty years a - go;..... A -

The third system features the vocal line with lyrics "e - ver leave me so; Si - lent still, though torn a - sun - der, Twen - ty years a - go;..... A -". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *cres.* (crescendo) and *dim.* (diminuendo). The music concludes with an *espress.* (espressivo) marking.

*un poco piu lento.*

*cres.*.....

*f*

- cross the tears of twen - ty years, Far or nigh, Bid me good - bye, E'en if liv - ing, un - for - giv - ing,

The fourth system features the vocal line with lyrics "- cross the tears of twen - ty years, Far or nigh, Bid me good - bye, E'en if liv - ing, un - for - giv - ing,". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *p* (piano), *cres.* (crescendo), and *f* (forte). The system concludes with a *Ped.* (pedal) marking and an asterisk.

Bid me at least good - bye,

Good - bye!.....

The fifth system features the vocal line with lyrics "Bid me at least good - bye, Good - bye!.....". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *dim.* (diminuendo) and *p* (piano). The system concludes with a *Ped.* (pedal) marking and an asterisk.

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## AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR

**M**UCH as we like to heap abuse upon Dame Fashion for her fancies and vagaries, there come times when even the most practical-minded can well applaud the capricious old lady. It isn't often, it is true, that the autocratic dame takes on the mantle of common sense, but, for that very reason, perhaps, we appreciate the more the occasions when she does. This last September the old lady certainly outdid herself, when just as hundreds of bells were getting ready to peal forth wedding notes, she sent forth the mandate that her recognized followers would be those who accompanied their wedding invitations with a separate card requesting "no presents." Nothing could have been more timely, and scarcely a social innovation, which even a more evenly-balanced mind could have devised, will be so generally and intelligently welcomed. While it is curious that the wisest rule must become a fashionable fad before social arbiters care to adopt it, the fact remains that the most complete reforms nowadays are those inspired by Fashion's laws. And hence it is that the omission of all but family presents from weddings will soon become the rule. Already the closest followers of social laws have adopted it, and in one family, where five wedding invitations were recently received, three were accompanied with the new card.

**F**OR a long time it has been perfectly apparent to a large portion of the community that our system of present-giving was in sore need of reconstruction. But like other customs its abuse was necessary before a reform could be brought about. What was in itself a beautiful and graceful custom was overdone and carried beyond any point of reason. The simple cup and saucer sent to a girl upon the announcement of her engagement was transformed into an expensive silver gift. The Valentine Day card became the costly device of silk and lace and flowers. The silver christening spoon was turned into gold. The Easter card was voted out of fashion, and the basket of exotics, at a season when flowers were costliest, was substituted. Wedding presents long ago lost their sweet significance, and the girl was looked up to who could boast of the largest number. How thoroughly abused has been the once beautiful custom of Christmas-giving no one need be told. The significant side of present-giving, the real message and meaning of a present, has been forgotten, and the material side brought into prominence. The best part of a general abuse of any custom, however, is that nothing tends more surely to a decided reaction, and when the pendulum of the clock of fashion starts to swing it generally swings from one extreme to another. In this case, however, the opposite extreme will be welcome.

**H**UNDREDS of sweet and pretty girls who expect within the next few months to change their name for some other, will not relish the new departure. With the memory of the hundreds of presents showered upon recently-married girl friends, they will consider themselves neglected and forgotten. They will pout at the new order of things, for a large number of presents has become closely associated in the minds of some of our girls with their marriage day. Sometimes I have been led to fear that they have thought of very little beyond this dazzling phase of marriage. It is hardly to be expected, perhaps, that a bright, impetuous young girl, with the glamour of her wedding day upon her, can look with any degree of reason upon a practical social innovation. "Why, a wedding without a heap of presents is not a wedding at all," said a pert young miss to me only recently, and she voiced the sentiments of many a prospective bride. And so the new custom—or, more correctly speaking, the return to the original custom—will not find favor with all at first, and for a time it may not be generally heeded nor recognized. But the best reforms are always slow in reaching their perfected form.

**T**HE practical wisdom of the new wedding law will, however, be at once apparent to all who can look at it from an impartial and an experienced standpoint. While our young married couples have not, at the start, been able to see it that way, it is unquestionable that the recent abuse of present-giving has worked positive injury to those upon whom it has been practiced. After a bit, however, the conviction has slowly come to many a young couple that they practically started their married lives with obligations in the way of presents imposed upon them, which it has embarrassed them, in their domestic economy, to discharge. For we had reached that point where our system of wedding present-giving was based, for the larger part, upon the sentiment, "She gave us something, you know, when we were married, and, of course, we shall have to give her something." The real inward significance of a wedding present had been lost—it was practically a system of give and take. Then, too, in the multiplicity of giving, the inevitable duplication of presents had become a positive annoyance. Resource was finally found in the selling of many presents, and for the past few years one firm in New York City has grown rich in buying duplicate presents from newly-married couples and selling them again to friends of other prospective brides. Again, a great many presents were given without any regard to utility or their adaptation to the circumstances of the couple upon whom they were bestowed. The custom became so vulgarized that for the past two or three years presents at refined weddings have not been displayed. This was the first step; now the second and final one has been taken, and thousands of people will breathe a sigh of relief at the new departure. Family remembrances and those from intimate friends will, of course, always remain indelibly associated with the wedding day of a young couple, but there Fashion will draw its line, and common sense will applaud her stand.

**T**HE modification of wedding presents will unquestionably have its effect upon Christmas gifts, and it will be well if the effect is of a decisive kind. It will bring back the custom within the bounds of reason, and once more attach the true significance to a Christmas gift. We have gone far enough in our efforts to outdo each other in holiday-giving, and the new order of wedding-giving can be well applied to our Yule-tide marks of esteem for those whom we want to remember. Our national condition this Christmas is peculiarly adapted for a change of customs, and we ought to take advantage of it. Few of us have the financial means at our command that we had a year or two ago. Economy is the rule everywhere, and we shall be doing a wise deed if we apply it somewhat to our Christmas observances. The majority of us like an excuse when we retrench in anything. We may not care to acknowledge it, but we do just the same. A good excuse is a splendid help for a new resolution. This year we have one, and it is a general one. It has now become fashionable to retrench in money matters. We can be less showy in our marks of esteem for others this year, and we shall be in the style at the same time. There is no disgrace in economy. This theory does not counsel penuriousness: only fools are penurious. But we can give, in the way of presents, what we really want to give, and feel that we can give. Presents this year will represent the sentiment of the giver far more than they have done for many years past. And rather than less giving there will, in all probability, be more giving, since every one will feel more like buying a remembrance when the feeling is general that the buying is founded on one basis, and not on a false standard of monetary value.

**W**HILE the men will not be insensible to the direct economical benefit accruing to them with a more reasonable system of Christmas presents in vogue, the most important benefit will come to women. The greatest injury wrought by the excessive present habit has been directly felt by women, upon whom the strain of buying necessarily falls. Women, even more than men, have realized for a long time that the present habit has gone beyond all proportions conducive to pleasure. It has become a burden, and that is the very last thing into which a remembrance of the Christ-day should have been allowed to degenerate. Where a woman has only those nearest and dearest to her to remember on Christmas Day, it is a pleasure to her, into which she throws her whole heart and being. But where she is conscious of giving where her heart cannot go, and where she is doubtful of pleasing, but gives from a sense of being obliged to give, the pleasure becomes a nervous strain. Thousands of women are absolutely played out on Christmas morning, and perfectly unfit to enter into the festivities or the spirit of the day. "Mother is so tired, you know," is an apology frequently heard at Christmas gatherings, and certainly mother looks it. She is exhausted on the very day when she ought to be at her freshest to give completeness to the home significance of the day. And this exhaustion is directly due to two causes: too much shopping for presents, and too much preparation for the Christmas dinner. If we can modify this senseless habit of excessive gift-making, we shall have taken the first step. Another, and equally important one, would be in making less of the table on Christmas Day.

**T**O some it may seem that I would deprive Christmas of much of its festive association in suggesting a modification of the present Christmas dinner. The good Lord knows that I am not even a little bit anxious to dispense with anything in the shape of eatables on Christmas Day—or any other day for that matter. I love to sit down to a good table, just as any man does. Nothing in this world goes so clear down into the deepest recesses of my heart as the enjoyment of a good dinner. At the same time there is a fine distinction between eating and over-eating, and I think, for the most part, that we are an over-fed people on Christmas Day. Indigestion is more riotously rampant on the twenty-sixth of December than on any other day of the year, and sometimes it doesn't wait to manifest itself until the next day. It is possible that my experience may be unique, but I have yet to sit down to a Christmas dinner where many of the dishes were not superfluous and were sent from the table untouched. The simple fact is that hundreds of people fairly gorge themselves on Christmas Day—not so much because they want to do so, but because the things are set before them. And human nature is very weak on that point!

**T**HE strain of preparing a dinner falls directly upon the woman of the household, and it matters not whether she has to cook it herself or has servants to do it for her. It is simply the difference between both mental and bodily exhaustion in the one case, and simple mental exhaustion in the other. As every woman knows—if every man doesn't—a good dinner, be it on Christmas or any other day, requires personal supervision, though it be cooked by other hands. The marketing is not the only thing to be done; if that were all the dinner would be an easy matter. But the best things which the market affords can be spoiled in their preparation, just as the most attractive manuscript can be rendered uninteresting by an unskilled presentation in its final form in a magazine. I know something of the disaster that can be wrought in business matters by unskilled hands, and several years of close elbowing with the machinery of a household has convinced me that the principles of the office and the home are very much alike. No dinner can come to a table, unless, excepting special conditions, it has received the direct attention of the mistress of the home. Something special in the way of a Christmas dinner is imperative, or, at least, it is believed to be so. And there is no reason why the Christmas dinner should not be so. But I think there is room for modification. It is not for me to point out to any woman how she can lessen her labor in her home, of which she naturally has a practical and close knowledge, while I, at the best, can have only a theoretical idea. But one fact it is given me to point out to her, and it is, that a man's enjoyment of his home pleasures on Christmas is very much lessened if he feels that their preparation has cost his wife, his mother or his sister days of nervous exhaustion and a tired Christmas Day. Any man will gladly do with a lesser number of dishes on his Christmas table when he knows that a greater or lesser quantity means the difference between a tired and a restful day for his wife. Men often refrain from saying this to their wives for fear of implying dissatisfaction, but the feeling is there even though it remain unexpressed.

**O**UR holidays in this country are practically limited to two: the Fourth of July in summer and Christmas Day in winter. While other holidays are more or less generally observed, as conditions make it possible, "the Fourth" and Christmas are essentially the great leisure days of the American people, when every one who can takes a holiday. It is a fact to be deplored that, as a nation, we have not more holidays that are really observed. But this is because, as a people, we have yet to learn how to rest. That we will learn the lesson is unquestionable. Our national health will drive us to it, even if our judgment temporarily halts. The comfort of real living is something of which we in America as yet do not know the simple a, b, c. Some day we will wake up, cease this everlasting strife for the dollar, be content with what we have rather than reach out for more, take luxuries out of the category of necessities, take things a little easier, and we shall be a happier and a healthier people. But until we do reach this point the necessity is the more patent that we should rightly enjoy the few holidays we choose to recognize, and not make work out of play, as so many of us do.

**T**HE English people interject a very sensible idea into their enjoyment of Christmas, which is in making an outdoor day of it as far as possible. Unless the weather is very stormy some portion of Christmas Day is spent out-of-doors. No matter how busy the housewife may be in her household she generally goes out directly after the midday lunch or dinner for a brisk cross-country walk. She looks upon at least two hours of the day as being set aside for this, and she plans her work to make this possible. Walking parties are frequently formed, and the merriest groups imaginable go out for a brisk five-mile walk. With us, we either sit before the fire, or lounge, sleep or talk away the afternoon. It would be far better if we were to copy the English idea. Our climate has changed so much that, as a general thing, the ground is free from snow on Christmas Day in most parts of the country. Walking is rendered good by the frost-hardened roads, and the air is crisp enough to give just the right vitality to the exercise. If we live, or are staying in the country at Christmas, the roads are at our doorsteps. If we are less fortunate and happen to be in the city, access to rural scenes is easily had. An hour or two—even if more cannot be spared—of outdoor life on Christmas Day would do much to revive the spirits of thousands of women, and bring them back better equipped to prepare or superintend the dinner or tea. The Christmas cross-country walking parties of England, composed of men and women, ought to be more widely copied by us than they are.

**A**LL the highest medical authorities agree that the increasing good health and vigor of American women are due to the growth of forms of exercise and sports which bring women more and more into the outer air. The result is that nervousness among women is on the decrease, while the average of woman's life was eight per cent. higher during 1893 than in any previous year. This is a tendency in the right direction, and the stronger the tendency becomes the better it will be for us all. A wise physician has just written in a medical journal that "as against an hour of sunshine in the open air for woman's health, the best medicinal tonic ever concocted by physical skill must bow its head." This is the idea to interject into our Christmas festivities. If the morning is spent within doors in the distribution and enjoyment of presents, and the evening in festivities, the early afternoon hours, when the sun is at its best in the winter months, should be passed out-of-doors. The American housewife should copy the example of her English sister. It is senseless to plead a lack of time. If the day is properly planned, two hours of outdoor exercise can be easily managed. If the body is too tired for walking, then let a drive be substituted. But every woman should resolve to inhale at least some of God's crisp, wintry air some time during the day, and bring to her system the vitality which only a good bath of sunshine can give. The whole day will be brighter for it, and with the exercise of a little common sense in modified preparations, it will be easier for thousands of our women to understand, than it is now, the full meaning of a happy Christmas. We have all passed through a good deal during the year that is now closing. To many of us it is not a pleasant chapter in our lives. The end of the year is here, however, and with the new year will come new hopes, new aspirations and new openings. The spirit in which we meet an opportunity often means more than the opportunity itself. Let us meet the opening era of prosperity just before us with our spirits at their best, our minds at their brightest and our conceptions at their keenest point of receptiveness. And nothing will help us so much as to start with a bright, a cheerful, a restful and a happy Christmas.



## MY LITERARY PASSIONS

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS



I RAN through an Italian grammar on my way across the Atlantic, and from my knowledge of Latin, Spanish and French, I soon had a reading acquaintance with the language. I had really wanted to go to Germany, that I might carry forward my studies in German literature, and I first applied for the consulate at Munich. The powers at Washington thought it quite the same thing to offer me Rome; but I found that the income of the Roman consulate would not give me a living, and I was forced to decline it. Then the President's private secretaries, Mr. John Nicolay and Mr. John Hay, who did not know me except as a young Westerner who had written poems in the *Atlantic Monthly*, asked me how I would like Venice, and promised that they would have the salary put up to a thousand a year, under the new law to embarrass privateers. It was really put up to fifteen hundred, and with this princely income secured to me I went out to the city whose influence changed the whole course of my literary life.

BUT we will not enter now upon that story. No privateers ever came, though I once had notice from Turin that the Florida had been sighted off Ancona; and I had nearly four years of nearly uninterrupted leisure at Venice, which I meant to employ in reading all Italian literature, and writing a history of that republic. The history, of course, I expected would be a long affair, and I did not quite suppose that I could dispatch the literature in any short time; besides I had several considerable poems on hand that occupied me a good deal, and I worked at these as well as advanced myself in Italian, preparatory to the efforts before me. I had already a fairish general notion of Italian letters from Leigh Hunt, and from other agreeable English Italianates; and I knew that I wanted to read not only the four great poets, Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto and Tasso, but that whole group of burlesque poets, Pulci, Berni, and the rest, who, from what I knew of them, I thought would be even more to my mind. As a matter of fact, and in the process of time, I did read somewhat of all these, but rather in the minor than the major way; and I soon went off from them to the study of the modern poets, novelists and playwrights who interested me so much more. After my wonted fashion I read half a dozen of these authors together, so that it would be hard to say which I began with, but I had really a devotion to Dante, though not at that time, or ever, for the whole of Dante. During my first year in Venice I met an ingenious priest, who had been a tutor in a patrician family, and who was willing to lead my faltering steps through the *Inferno*. This part of the *Divine Comedy* I read with a beginner's carefulness, and with a rapture in its beauties, which I will whisper the reader do not appear in every line.

Again I say it is a great pity that criticism is not honest about the masterpieces of literature, and does not confess that they are not every moment masterly, that they are often dull and tough and dry, as is certainly the case with Dante's. Some day, perhaps, we shall have this way of treating literature, and then the lover of it will not feel obliged to cheat himself into the belief that if he is not always enjoying himself it is his own fault. At any rate I will permit myself the luxury of frankly saying that while I had a deep sense of the majesty and grandeur of Dante's design, many points of its execution bored me, and that the intermixture of small local facts and neighborhood history in the fabric of his lofty creation is no part of its noblest effect. What is marvelous in it is its expression of Dante's personality, and I can never think that his personalities enhance its greatness as a work of art. I enjoyed them, however, and I enjoyed them the more, as the innumerable perspectives of Italian history began to open all about me. Then, indeed, I understood the origins if I did not understand the aims of Dante, which there is still much dispute about among those who profess to know them clearly. What I finally perceived was that his poem came through him from the heart of Italian life, such as it was in his time, and that whatever it teaches, his poem expresses that life, in all its splendor and squalor, its beauty and deformity, its love and its hate.

CRITICISM may torment this sense or that sense out of it, but at the end of the ends, the *Divine Comedy* will stand for the republicanism of mediæval Italy, as far as its ethics is concerned, and for a profound and lofty ideal of beauty, as far as its æsthetics is concerned. This is vague enough and slight enough I must confess, but I must confess also that I had not even a conception of so much when I first read the *Inferno*. I went at it very simply, and my enjoyment of it was that simple sort which finds its account in the fine passages, the brilliant episodes, the striking pictures. This was the effect with me of all the criticism which I had hitherto read, and I am not sure yet that the criticism which tries to be of a larger scope, and to see things "whole," is of any definite effect. As a matter of fact we see nothing whole, neither life nor art. We are so made, in soul and in sense, that we can deal only with parts, with points, with degrees; and the endeavor to compass any entirety must involve a discomfort and a danger very threatening to our intellectual integrity. Or if this postulate is as untenable as all the others, still I am very glad that I did not then lose any effect of the majesty, and beauty and pathos of the great certain measures for the sake of that fourth dimension of the poem which is not yet made palpable or visible. I took my sad heart's fill of the sad story of Paolo and Francesca, which I already knew in Leigh Hunt's adorable dilution, and most of the lines read themselves into my memory where they linger yet. I supped on the horrors of Ugolino's fate with the strong gust of youth, which finds every exercise of sympathy a pleasure. My good priest sat beside me in these rich moments knotting in his lap the calico handkerchief of the snuff-taker, and entering with tremulous eagerness into my joy in things that he had often before enjoyed. No doubt he had an inexhaustible pleasure in them apart from mine, for I have found my pleasure in them perennial, and have not failed to taste it as often as I have read or repeated any of the great passages of the poem to myself. This pleasure came often from some vital phrase, or merely the inspired music of a phrase quite apart from its meaning. I did not get then, and I have not got since, a distinct conception of the journey through Hell, and as often as I have tried to understand the topography of the poem, I have fatigued myself to no purpose, but I do not think the essential meaning was lost upon me.

I DARE say my priest had his notion of the general shape and purport, the gross material body of the thing, but he did not trouble me with it, while we sat tranced together in the presence of its soul. He seemed, at times, so lost in the beatific vision, that he forgot my stumblings in the philological darkness, till I appealed to him for help. Then he would read aloud with that magnificent rhythm the Italians have in reading their verse, and the obscured meaning would seem to shine out of the mere music of the poem, like the color the blind feel in sound. I do not know what has become of him, but if he is like the rest of the strange group of my guides, philosophers and friends in literature—the printer, the organ-builder, the machinist, the drug-clerk and the book-binder—I am afraid he is dead. In fact, I who was then I, might be said to be dead too, so little is my past self like my present self in anything but the "increasing purpose" which has kept me one in my love of literature. He was a gentle and kindly man, with a life and a longing, quite apart from his vocation, which were never lived or fulfilled. I did not see him after he ceased to read Dante with me, and in fact I was instructed by the suspicions of my Italian friends to be careful how I consorted with a priest, who might very well be an Austrian spy. I parted with him for no such picturesque reason, for I never believed him other than the truest and faithfulest of friends, but because I was then giving myself more entirely to work in which he could not help me. Naturally enough this was a long poem in the *terza rima* of the *Divina Commedia*, and dealing with a story of our civil war in a fashion so remote from it that no editor would print it. This was the first fruits and the last of my reading of Dante, in verse, and it was not so like Dante as I would have liked to make it; but Dante is not easy to imitate; he is too unconscious, and too single, too bent upon saying the thing that is in him, with whatever beauty inheres in it, to put on the graces that others may catch.

HOWEVER, this poem only shared the fate of nearly all the others that I wrote at this time; they came back to me with un-failing regularity from all the magazine editors of the English-speaking world; I had no success with any of them till I sent Mr. Lowell a paper on recent Italian comedy for the *North American Review*, which he and Professor Norton had then begun to edit. I was in the meantime printing the material of *Venetian Life* and the Italian *Journeys* in a Boston newspaper after its rejection by the magazines; and my literary life, almost without my willing it, had taken the course of critical observance of books and men in their actuality.

That is to say, I was studying manners, in the elder sense of the word, wherever I could get at them in the frank life of the people about me, and in the literature of Italy which was then modern. In this pursuit, I made a discovery that greatly interested me, and that specialized my inquiries. I found that the Italians had no novels which treated of their contemporary life; that they had no modern fiction but the historical romance. I found that if I wished to know their life from their literature I must go to their drama, which was even then endeavoring to give their stage a faithful picture of their civilization. There was even then, in the new circumstance of a people just liberated from every variety of intellectual repression and political oppression, a group of dramatic authors, whose plays were not only delightful to see but delightful to read, working in the good tradition of one of the greatest realists who has ever lived, and producing a drama of vital strength and charm. One of them, whom I by no means thought the best, has given us a play, known to all the world, which I am almost ready to think with Zola is the greatest play of modern times; or if it is not so, I should be puzzled to name the modern drama that surpasses *La Morte Civile* of Paolo Giacometti. I learned to know all the dramatists pretty well, in the whole range of their work, on the stage and in the closet, and I learned to know still better, and to love supremely the fine, amiable genius whom, as one of them said, they did not so much imitate as learn from to imitate nature.

THIS was Carlo Goldoni, the first of the realists, but antedating conscious realism so long as to have been born at Venice early in the eighteenth century, and to have come to his hand-to-hand fight with the romanticism of his day almost before that century had reached its noon. In the early sixties of our own century I was no more conscious of his realism than he was a hundred years before; but I had eyes in my head, and I saw that what he had seen in Venice so long before was so true that it was the very life of Venice in my own day; and because I have loved the truth in art above all other things, I fell instantly and lastingly in love with Carlo Goldoni. I was reading his memoirs, and learning to know his sweet, honest, simple nature while I was learning to know his work, and I wish that every one who reads his plays would read his memoirs too; one must know him before one can fully know them. I believe in fact that his autobiography came into my hands first. But at any rate both are associated with the fervors and languors of that first summer in Venice, so that I cannot take up a book of Goldoni's without a renewed sense of that sunlight and moonlight, and of the sounds and silences of a city that is at once the stillest and shrillest in the world. Perhaps because I never found his work of great ethical or æsthetic proportions, but recognized that it pretended to be good only within its strict limitations, I recur to it now without that painful feeling of a diminished grandeur in it, which attends us so often when we go back to something that once greatly pleased us. It seemed to me at the time that I must have read all his comedies in Venice, but I kept reading new ones after I came home, and still I can take a volume of his from the shelf, and when thirty years are past, find a play or two that I missed before. Their number is very great, but perhaps those that I fancy I had not read, I have really read once or more and forgotten. That might very easily be, for there is seldom anything more poignant in any one of them than there is in the average course of things. The plays are light and amusing transcripts from life, for the most part, and where at times they deepen into powerful situations, or express strong emotions, they do so with persons so little different from the average of our acquaintance that we do not remember just who the persons are. There is no doubt but the kindly playwright had his conscience, and meant to make people think as well as laugh. I know of none of his plays that is of wrong effect, or that violates the instincts of purity, or insults common sense with the romantic pretense that wrong will be right if you will only paint it rose color. He is at some obvious pains to "punish vice and reward virtue," but I do not mean that easy morality when I praise him; I mean the more difficult sort that recognizes in each man's soul the arbiter not of his fate surely, but surely of his peace. He never

makes a fool of the spectator by feigning that passion is a reason or justification, or that suffering of one kind can atone for wrong of another. That was left for the romanticists of our own century to discover; even the romanticists whom Goldoni drove from the stage, were of that simpler eighteenth century sort, who had not yet liberated the individual from society, but held him accountable in the old way. As for Goldoni himself he apparently never dreams of transgression; he is of rather an explicit conventionalism in most things, and he deals with society as something finally settled. How artfully he deals with it, how decently, how wholesomely, those who know Venetian society of the eighteenth century historically will perceive when they recall the adequate impression he gives of it without offense in character, or language or situation. This is the perpetual miracle of his comedy, that it says so much to experience and worldly wisdom, and so little to inexperience and worldly innocence. No doubt the Serenest Republic was very strict with the theatre, and suffered it to hold the mirror up to nature only when nature was behaving well, or at least behaving as if young people were present. Yet the Italians are rather plain-spoken, and they recognize facts which our company manners at least do not admit the existence of. I should say that Goldoni was almost English, almost American, indeed, in his observance of the proprieties, and I like this in him; though the proprieties are not virtues, they are very good things, and at least are better than the improprieties.

THIS, however, I must own, had not a great deal to do with my liking him so much, and I should be puzzled to account for my passion, as much in his case as in most others. If there was any reason for it perhaps it was because he had the power of taking me out of my life, and putting me into the lives of others, whom I felt to be human beings as much as myself. To make one live in others, this is the highest effect of religion as well as of art, and possibly it will be the highest bliss we shall ever know. I do not pretend that my translation was through my unselfishness; it was distinctly through that selfishness which perceives that self is misery; and I may as well confess here that I do not regard the artistic ecstasy as in any sort noble. It is not noble to love the beautiful, or to live for it, or by it; and it may even not be refining. I would not have any reader of mine, looking forward to some æsthetic career, suppose that this is any merit in itself; it may be the grossest egotism. If you cannot look beyond the end you aim at, and seek the good which is not your own, all your sacrifice is to yourself and not of yourself, and you might as well be going into business. In itself and for itself it is no more honorable to win fame than to make money, and the wish to do the one is no more elevating than the wish to do the other.

BUT in the days I write of I had no conception of this, and I am sure that my blindness to so plain a fact kept me even from seeking and knowing the highest beauty in the things I worshiped. I believe that if I had been sensible of it I should have read much more of such humane Italian poets and novelists as Manzoni and D'Azeglio, whom I perceived to be delightful, without dreaming of them in the length and breadth of their goodness. Now and then its extent flashed upon me, but the glimpse was lost to my retroverted vision almost as soon as won. It is only in thinking back to them that I can realize how much they might always have meant to me. They were both living in my time in Italy, and they were two men whom I should now like very much to have seen, if I could have done so without that futility which seemed to attend every effort to pay one's duty to such men. The love of country in all the Italian poets and romancers of the long period of the national resurrection ennobled their art in a measure which criticism has not yet taken account of. I conceived of its effect then, but I conceived of it as a misfortune, a fatality; now I am by no means sure that it was so; hereafter the creation of beauty, as we call it, for beauty's sake, may be considered something monstrous. There is forever a poignant meaning in life beyond what mere living involves, and why should not there be this reference in art to the ends beyond art? The situation, the long patience, the hope against hope, dignified and beautified the nature of the Italian writers of that day, and evoked from them a quality which I was too little trained in their school to appreciate. But in a sort I did feel it, I did know it in them all, so far as I knew any of them, and in the tragedies of Manzoni, and in the romances of D'Azeglio, and yet more in the simple and modest records of his life published after his death, I profited by it, and unconsciously prepared myself for that point of view, whence all the arts appear one with all the uses, and there is nothing beautiful that is false.

W. D. Howells.



## UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

### A CHRISTMAS LYRIC

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

SWEETHEART, I send my greeting  
Across the world of snow,  
Love's tender pledge to break the edge  
Of winter winds that blow;  
The one word still repeating—  
The word I dared to say  
When all the hours were sweet with flowers  
And melody and May.

In these December ashes  
That fill the valley's urn,  
Now sleeps the fire of spring's desire  
Which yet shall wake and burn;  
And when once more it flashes  
And lights with buds the vine,  
Shall you be here with love to cheer  
And light this life of mine?

Across the frosty isthmus  
Of winter, white with drifts,  
Love, like a bird, flies with a word  
To you who hold his gifts;  
Oh, at the dawn of Christmas,  
When he returns to me,  
Bid him to sing of such a spring,  
And you his song shall be!

### HOW SHALL I LOVE YOU?

BY FRANK L. STANTON

HOW shall I love you? I dream all day,  
Dear, of a tenderer, sweeter way:  
Songs that I sing to you, words that I say,  
Prayers that are voiceless on lips that would  
pray;  
These may not tell of the love of my life:  
How shall I love you, my sweetheart, my wife?

How shall I love you? Love is the bread  
Of life to a woman—the white and the red  
Of all the world's roses, the light that is shed  
On all the world's pathways, till life shall be  
dead!  
The star in the storm and the strength in the  
strife:  
How shall I love you, my sweetheart, my wife?

Is there a burden your heart must bear?  
I shall kneel lowly and lift it, dear!  
Is there a thorn in the crown that you wear?  
Let it hide in my heart till a rose blossom  
there!  
For grief or for glory—for death or for life,  
So shall I love you, my sweetheart, my wife!

### THE LITTLE ONES

BY J. LYON ASHCROFT

THEY peer down the great long street of life,  
With its human tide so furious,  
And their sweet eyes widen to note the strife,  
In a way so quaintly curious;  
While the grave old-fashioned looks they cast  
Seem fraught with childish terror,  
As they watch us rushing swiftly past  
On our paths of doubt and error.

Their tiny hands toward us reach,  
As though they would check our hurry;  
And in silent fashion they seem to preach  
To us, 'mid the rush and flurry,  
The truth we grown folks oft forget  
In our race for fame and glory,  
That innocence now is seldom met,  
In life's impassioned story.

Poor little ones! O'er the stony road  
Of life they too must travel.  
Little they know of the thorns which goad  
When its cares around us ravel;  
Little they reck of the storm which beats  
O'er those whom they love and cherish,  
As they hurry along through the crowded  
streets  
In the struggle of life to perish.

But the time will come when, near the tomb,  
Their eyes, grown old and weary,  
Will find that the web on life's great loom  
Is forming a picture dreary;  
When the toil-stained hands will helpless lie,  
As the storm-clouds close around them,  
And they'll note with many a weary sigh  
The sorrows which will surround them.

We see them stand on the brow of the hill,  
Their arms stretched out to hold us,  
And we think of the day, when, calm and still,  
In its grasp the grave will fold us,  
And we know their feet will go hurrying by  
In the endless race for glory,  
While we who sought it will silent lie,  
Forgotten, like some old story!

### WITH READIN' IN BETWEEN

BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES

I BOUGHT the finest book to-day  
A-ridin' on the train;  
Cost thirty cents—I bet you'll say  
It's worth it twice again.

The things an' things it tells about,  
From di'monds down to dye,  
With pictures of 'em printed out,  
An' how and where to buy.

The greatest interestin' lot  
Of new inventions!—Well,  
I dunno what it hasn't got  
Or what it doesn't tell!

No, 'tain't no "shoppin' guide," 'cause it  
Has readin's in between—  
I kinder think it's called a lit-  
erary magazine!

### COUNTERFEIT COMPLIMENTS

BY MRS. HAMILTON MOTT

HERE is a great deal for us to  
hear and to learn about our-  
selves that is disagreeable, so  
long as we are human and  
consequently imperfect beings.  
The choice is between knowing  
our defects—a fault understood

is half cured—or hugging ourselves in the conviction that we are as tasteful, as well-bred, as intelligent and high-minded as we should or can be, and making ourselves ridiculous often in this belief. Nothing is so supremely absurd as a little mutual admiration society of such a kind, or so treacherous, let me add. The selfishness of human nature is there under the pleasant flatteries and soothing manners, and no persons have their sensibilities and self-love so easily scratched as your hyper-amiable folks who can scarcely bear to hear you speak against the east wind, because it blows where they came from. The ingrained truth-tellers, who speak truth from instinct and obligation, are the kindest, most self-sacrificing and most faithful of friends. They say disagreeable things when the saying is necessary, and it costs them much more to speak than to lend their last hundred dollars. Unduly disagreeable things are often no more the truth than the fictions which we call politeness. The end of truth is neither to please nor to displease, but to say the thing which is, and to avoid saying the thing which is not. When we are asked for bread are we to hold out in return the empty hand, or give the stone wrapped in paper and nicely tied? We would not pass counterfeit coin for worlds, how is it then that we are not ashamed of passing counterfeit opinions and compliments daily? Harsh language, do you say? We are growing so finical that we scarce dare to speak of the meridian crossing the equator for fear of hurting the feelings of either the equator or the meridian. The definition of a lie is "an untruth told with intent to deceive," and false opinions answer this description as thoroughly as anything else.

Truth-telling people are not so pleasant to spend a quarter of an hour with as flatterers, but they wear better to the end of the twenty-four. I know a woman who has the art of accidentally saying in conversation the nicest things, things that make you want to put your arm about her, or kiss her hand in thanks. You hear her say openly one day that she is fond enough of hearing pretty things not to care whether they are genuine or not, and your folly is not so superlative that you can take much comfort in her favor after that. You come to know the counterfeit nickel, no matter how bright it is, and soon despise people who are passing spurious coin on you every day. Two or three busy men I know who look up from their desks to give me unqualified sincerity of opinion, whether I like it or not; I would not part with their friendship for their weight in gold. One girl I know, still at school, has such a lovable, friendly way of telling the candid truth—telling it as though she thought too much of you to possibly do otherwise—that hearts cleave to her and love goes with her steps, and will to the end of her pilgrimage. Telling the truth is love. Here is the secret of character, the great secret which girls and women need to learn anew. Truth, even in little things, is the soil in which love roots deep and branches wide.

### TO A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE

BY MARY MCNEIL SCOTT

DARK on the face of a low, full moon  
Swayeth the tall bamboo.  
No flute nor quiver of song is heard,  
Though sheer on the tip a small brown bird  
Sways to an inward tune.

Oh, small brown bird, like a dusky star,  
Lone on the tall bamboo,  
Thou germ of the soul of a summer night,  
Thou quickening core of a lost delight  
Of ecstasy born afar.

Soar out thy bliss to the tingling air,  
Sing from the tall bamboo.  
Loosen the long, clear, syrup note  
That shimmers and throbs in thy delicate  
throat,  
Mellow my soul's despair!

### A DREAMER

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN

HE is a dreamer, let him pass,  
He reads the writing in the grass;  
His seeing soul in rapture goes  
Beyond the beauty of the rose;  
He is a dreamer and doth know  
To sound the farthest depths of woe,  
His days are calm, majestic, free,  
He is a dreamer, let him be.

He is a dreamer, all the day  
Blest visions throng him on his way  
Past the far sunset and the light,  
Beyond the darkness and the night.  
He is a dreamer—God! to be  
Apostle of Infinity,  
And mirror truth's translucent gleam—  
He is a dreamer, let him dream.

He is a dreamer; for all time  
His mind is married unto rhyme.  
The light that ne'er on land or sea,  
Hath blushed to him in poetry.  
He is a dreamer and hath caught  
Close to his heart, a hope, a thought,  
A hope of immortality.  
He is a dreamer, let him be.

He is a dreamer; lo, with thee  
His soul doth weep in sympathy.  
He is a dreamer, and doth long  
To glad the world with happy song.  
He is a dreamer—in a breath  
He dreams of love, and life, and death.  
Oh, man, oh, woman, lad and lass,  
He is a dreamer, let him pass.

### "JEST HER WAY"

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN

"DON'T min' ma," I heard her say,  
"She's growin' old, you know,  
An' ef she seems a trifle queer,  
Or—leastwise—some'at odd t'appear,  
Why, don't you min' her, let it go—  
It's jest her way.

"When folks has kind o' hed their day,  
It's nat'ral, I suppose,  
That they should sort o' like to jine  
In other folks's. Don't you min'  
Ef ma does seem t' admire your clo'es—  
It's jest her way

"An' ef you hear her sing some day,  
Or laugh, or ef she seems to care  
To hear the city news you talk,  
An' whe'r you drive, an' whar you walk,  
An' ef you're gettin' plump or spare—  
It's jest her way.

"Or ef the childern at their play  
Should rent their frocks (as like they will),  
An' she should mend 'em up, to spare  
A scoldin' to the young-uns' share,  
You mustn't take her meddlin' ill—  
It's jest her way.

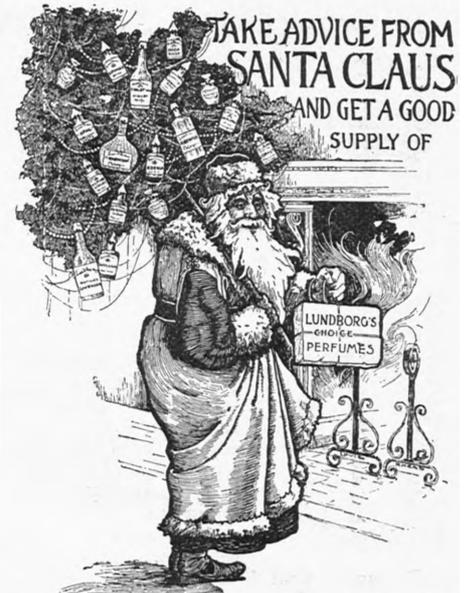
"An' ef she strikes you—as she may—  
A mite enquirin' into things  
As isn't jest affairs o' hern,  
Don't min'. She al'ays will concern  
Her head 'bout what the boarders brings—  
It's jest her way.

"I mean by what they brings, to say  
Their troubles an' sechlike. You see  
She never can seem quite to sense  
Folks' 'fun' rals' ain't at her expense.  
To watch her grieve you'd think they be—  
It's jest her way.

"But, law! she's like to be as gay  
As ef she war a girl o' 'leven,  
Ef luck is only middlin' good,  
An' things is goin' as they should,  
She'll sing—you'd think she war in Heaven—  
It's jest her way.

"That trick she's got, it seems to stay,  
(I mean o' happiness). An' land!  
She's hed enough, her hull life through,  
To make a corpse o' me or you.  
She shakes off blues like they was sand—  
It's jest her way.

"Ma never war a hand to say  
Much as to grumblin' or complaint,  
She's odd, ma is—leastwise, mebber  
You'd think her odd. But seems to me  
She's purty nigh onto a saint—  
It's jest her way."



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HOLLY AND RUE  
By Robert J. Burdette

**T**RULY, there comes a time when one must make a great deal of noise in his mirth, lest the neighbors think he doth not much enjoy his holiday. Then, when he cackleth in his merriment, they smile most sadly and say, "How ill gray hairs become a fool and jester!" This also is vanity. But truly, we have already far too many play-days now, wherefore the strain is great upon the human heart and funnybone. Holidays do not build up a nation. Rest is not the great demand of life. Recreation is not the nurse of strong character. The laziest man takes ever the longest vacation; the more worthless the nation, the lower in the scale of human excellence the people, the more holidays doth the calendar of that country proclaim.

**W**HEN we look at our own goodly heritage, for illustration, lo, life is one long play-day for the tramp, away at one end—well nigh had my thoughtless and imperfect pen written "the lower end," but of this God knoweth—of the human scale and when we ascend—there goeth my headstrong pen again—when we go to the other end, far as we can attain, look you, we rest upon another plane of general uselessness, in the which, if we may judge from current report, the talk of the neighbor folk, the magazine novelette and the chronicles of fashion's self, the sole object of life is to kill time; the highest and noblest exercise of the faculties is to invent some new way of enjoying one's self, of making the day short and the night long. Is not "The Golden House" a photograph? Seest thou then, oh, needy sister and lack-purse brother what over-much leisure might do for thee? Whether you descend into the laziness of poverty or the idleness of wealth, alike art thou in danger of the fearful doom of living worthlessness, unless thou art much stronger than the great mass of thy fellow-men. Be yours then, this Christmas season, the prayer of Agur: "Give me neither poverty nor riches, lest I be full and deny Thee and say, 'Who is the Lord?' or lest I be poor and steal and take the name of God in vain."

**T**HE question before women is this: Should a woman—by which term we include all men—should a woman feel unrefreshed, exhausted, wearied, worn out, used up and pulled down after a holiday? Is it right or reasonable that she—including him as aforesaid—should have that "tired feeling," which not even six bottles can cure, even though the last bottle be reinforced by that fearful and wonderful wood-cut of the sufferer in the papers, which is, of its own awful and agonizing self, sufficient to wake the dead—if the remains be a corpse of any self-respect. And if it be a "mortal coil" of quick and impetuous temper, what an awakening it would be, should there be a club lying near the grave and no restraining copy of the Ten Commandments handy! Is it—we demand an answer from the gentlewomen of the opposition—is it the object of the holiday that those who make merry thereon should desire to die, when the rising bell rings on the morning of January second, December twenty-sixth, July fifth and the day after Thanksgiving? Seriously, Mrs. Speaker, is it not time for us to consider the advisability of abolishing all holidays save Saturday? That is so common that we do not wreck our lives in frantic efforts to observe it. We might compromise on a few play-days. January first might still be kept sacred to Saint Goodres O'Lutions, with the reading of a short service on the first page of the Book of Common Diary; Christmas, of course, the sweetest and holiest of all the holidays; and we might retain the Fourth of July, for a few unhappy boys who are so unfortunate as to be born in the United States—nobody else cares for the day. Thanksgiving Day, by all means, let us keep that the calendar for sweet grandma's sake—that is her day. And that is enough. Four holidays a year, as we observe holidays, will impose all the strain on the mind, the tax on the nerves, the worry and care and fret and labor we can stand. Who was it that said the English take their pleasure "sadly"? We Americans take ours "madly." There is little or almost no rest in our holidays, there is still less in our vacations. Here and there may be found people who know how to take things easily. And most gravely do we suspect they have learned wisdom of the ease-loving tramp. But the rest of us!

**O**NE morning I went to the office of the "Pullman Benevolent Society for Supplying Nightly Berths to People of Moderate Means Who can Pay in Advance," and asked for two dollars' worth of charity from Boston to Philadelphia. The benevolent-looking young gentleman who was in charge of this good and gracious charity, which provides for the weary wayfarer a royal bedroom full of old boots and second-hand garments, and diversified snores, laughed in a slightly pitying accent, as he pointed to one section on the chart. It was allotted to five persons—two berths. I gasped. "Children?" I asked. "No," he replied, "men; full-grown, bearded men; every man-jack of them bigger than yourself." I shuddered. Five men taller and broader than myself. It seemed incredible. Not that a man should be larger than my figure; most men are that when they leave the primary class. But as I habitually sleep cornerwise in a bed of any description, in order to get out of it all the slumber and rest that may be lurking in it, the picture that rose before my fancy of five great big men, dovetailed into a single berth, made me feel as though I had been nailed up in my coffin and had just discovered that I was the wrong man. These men were going home for a Christmas "holiday." They would reach there Christmas morning early. Tired, sleepy, cramped into knots, grimy, cross. The best thing they could do when they got home would be to go to bed and sleep until it was time to rush for another train, and crowd ram-jam into another sleeper to start snoring back again. But that they wouldn't do. They would sit up and affect to enjoy themselves. They would take furtive cat-naps, sitting bolt upright in uncomfortable chairs. Then when some sensible woman would say to them, "Do, oh, do go to bed and have a nice refreshing sleep," they would snarl, "Bah! In the daytime! Just like a woman!" (Pronounced "woo-man," with withering and scornful accent on the woo.) Half awake they would be most of the time, sound asleep some of the time, wide awake none of the time. Is that a holiday?

**A**ND the Angel of the Household—she who thinks and plans and does for everybody else—if I had my way she should nevermore have a play-day until she learned to use at least an hour and a half of it for herself. She is not yet fit for holidays. Every one she takes draws somewhere a new wrinkle on her patient face. Everybody says to her, "It's too bad"—with oh, such a pitying, sympathetic accent on the "too"—any imitation of it in type is a poor, weak thing—"it's too bad you have so much to do on a holiday!" Sounds very tender, and gentle, and sympathetic. But that is exactly what we said to her last Christmas, and the Christmas before that, and the one just after she was married, and the one just before she was married.

**O**H, you see, I have watched all sorts of her "enjoying" all manner of holidays. I have seen her drag the family in to town on the Fourth of July; standing wearily for hours on the curbstone, because the children wanted to see the procession. "Paw?" Oh, "paw" had to go somewhere to look after some things; he had to go to the store; the store was closed, as it had been every Fourth of July for one hundred and eighteen years, but he went to it just the same. He had to put up the team. From the length of time he is gone it is evident that he tried to put those horses up in Heaven. I have seen her at the county fair; yea, I have perceived her there with her family on the rainy day—there is always one rainy day at the county fair—wandering about disconsolately, seeking dry places and finding none; two children hanging to her dress whining for this and that, and begging to be taken home; and the other children bringing her heart out of her by trying to run over themselves with racing sulkies, or get kicked into kingdom come by spirited colts, much-beribboned, which stood on their hindfeet preparatory to walking on their hands; mud on her shoes, a fringed and irregular decoration of straw overlaying the same; tired, draggled, discouraged, having an "outing." I have seen her making ready for "Thanksgiving," and watched her while she "enjoyed" it; and it seemed to me that her thankfulness was expressed only when at last she crept into bed, said the first part of "Now I lay me," and fell asleep without stating—possibly without caring very much—what disposition she desired should be made of her remains in case she should happen to forget to wake.

**W**HY, oh, sisters, why can you not learn that there are two or three hundred ways of suicide, each one far easier than working one's self to death? Some men there are—not many, but some—quite as foolish as women. Only a few weeks ago a man was fished out of North River, New York; he had drowned himself because he could not find work. Think of it; and forty per cent. of the women in America with more work on their hands, hearts and brains than they could half do, were, at the very moment of his drowning, no doubt, lying awake contriving plans whereby they might add to their labors, multiply their cares, increase their weariness, and double their worries, by inviting a houseful of company, and economizing for the same by discharging the solitary servant in advance. A man may drown himself because he has no work, but he wouldn't keep himself alive a minute longer if he were told that he could have all the work six men could do, at nothing a day and "find himself." A man hasn't much sense—being a man he can get along with a very small amount of that commodity—but you don't catch him, when he has a minute for a breathing spell, going about looking for dust in dark and out-of-the-way corners, for the sake of giving himself something to do. He has too much sense for that.

**D**ON'T you know—don't say you don't, Christmas is no time for telling whacks like the men—don't you know that we make of our holidays burdens most grievous to be borne? You don't make them burdensome, I know. You see I am a man and can say anything I please, even on Christmas Day. You don't, but don't you know other women do? It will not do to abolish our resting days, but it does behoove us to make reformation in our manner of observing them. They are just as good holidays as ever they were. They did not do any better with them in our grandsires' time. Times are much better now than they were then. Housekeeping is easier, fifty or a hundred per cent. Business ways are more compact; travel is easier, swifter and pleasanter, a hundred times told. Helps of all kinds, to work and to rest, are abundant beyond the dreams of the prophets. We can have a better time with no money than our fathers could have with five hundred dollars. We can see things for nothing—wonderful, marvelous, unheard-of things—they couldn't have seen for a million. If we don't have a good time it's all our own fault.

**O**NCE upon a time—back in the seventies—I was one of the clerks of the Board of Health in a Western city during a cholera epidemic. Always we looked and made ready for a sudden increase in the number of deaths and new cases Monday morning. It never failed, because Sunday was "a day of rest." People, released from the safeguard of regular habits, steady, healthful labor, rushed wildly about the city and out on the hills, and into the suburbs all day Sunday, gorging and guzzling and visiting. If anybody protested against it a great howl went up to Heaven that we begrudged "the poor laboring-man" his one scant holiday and didn't want him to enjoy himself. All through the sunlit hours of the "sweet day of a sacred rest" people "enjoyed" themselves. Then certain of them, when night was come, lay down and curled up, and squirmed, and howled for a few brief hours, and Monday morning we issued a permit which gave the howler a nice quiet place in which to enjoy the long, silent years of the first holiday he ever observed quietly. And finally, sisters—well, what's the use of talking? Much do I fear that you will go on doing about as your mothers did before you. That's the discouraging thing to "us reformers" and prophets. You will sit up late o' nights and work your fingers to the bone; then, about three o'clock Christmas morning, go to bed and cry yourself to sleep because you couldn't finish one-half the things you set out to make. God bless you, what would Christmas be without you? And without your home-made gifts, the work of loving and hurried and much-cumbered hands? The day would be so much the better for all of us though, giver and receiver, if the hands that work were less cumbered. And the things you can't finish—God bless you for the unfinished gift that you send with the hesitating apology for its incompleteness. Is there any flower so beautiful as the half-opened rose? Isn't there a lifetime of study in the incompleteness of work, and the friendship symbolized in the very incompleteness, because these things will never come to perfection in this world of promise? These gifts will be finished in the world where Christmas comes, not once a year as it does here, but all the year and every year. This very life is an incomplete and imperfect one. There is no new way of loving your friends then; there is no new way of being happy and making happy. And so we wish one another "A Merry Christmas" in the same old way, with Tiny Tim's benediction—"God bless us every one!"

Robert J. Burdette

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# HAPPY EVENINGS FOR CHILDREN

*Merry Parties and Frolics by Mrs. A. G. Lewis*

## SOME UNIQUE CHILDREN'S PARTIES

INTENDED FOR YOUNG MASTERS AND MISSES FROM TEN TO TWELVE YEARS

**A**T no time in all their lives do children take so much interest and delight in parties as during the two or three years previous to entering their teens—while they are yet "children," in the full enjoyment of play-life and its privileges. As a rule they have learned dancing, and so far as behavior is concerned they are, or should be, well instructed in all that pertains to party etiquette.

THE words *en costume* are especially welcome to young masters and misses. The hostess decides the kind of party preferred, but often leaves the choice of representation to the guests. Sometimes it is simply a "novelty," where any sort of unique costume may be worn. In this the children usually dress to represent some character to be found in popular children's books, and each master or miss recites the story in brief, gives a quotation or sings a song. This, with a grand march, music and refreshments, makes up a very pleasant evening's programme.

Flower costumes are always pretty and seem well suited to children. It is a good plan to choose bell flowers, like nasturtiums, lilies, blue-bells, honeysuckles, morning-glories and their like, for making flower bonnets for the little girls. Pull the flowers apart, and cut enlarged paper petals (crêpe paper preferred) of just the same shape and color as the flower petals and just as many of them. Fit a close cap to the little girl's head—one that will stay on. The "staying on" may be assisted by strings tied under the chin, but this or an elastic is apt to be annoying to the child. Then, taking a real flower for a pattern, sew or pin the enlarged petals on to the cap in just the same way that the real flower seems to be put together. Finish it at the back with a petal holder of green and a short stem. A little girl's face will make the most beautiful kind of interior to the flower bonnet. In case the leaves need shading this must be done with paints. White frocks with ribbons, and stockings the color of the flowers chosen, finish the costumes.

**C**HOOSE for little boys such flowers as the daisy, buttercup, aster, chrysanthemum, dahlia and their like. Take the ox-eyed daisy, for instance, make a round-crowned brown cap, shaped and colored like the brown centre of the real daisy; then cut out paper petals, four inches long and two wide; sew them upon a cambric band; then baste this into the neck of Master Robert's jacket, arranging the paper petals to fall over the shoulders and chest like a broad, round collar, and, with stockings to match and knee bows of the same color as the petals, the "daisy" boy is complete.

A pretty posy dance belongs to this fête. The children carry half hoops wound with ribbons and decorated with fine flowers. These are carried above their heads, forming pretty flower arches. Their white costumes are decorated with flowers. In the various evolutions of the dance they swing the flower hoops to form many graceful and beautiful effects.

**A**S a direct contrast to the flower feté is winter's dance, in which the costumes carry not only the pure whiteness of snow, but they catch even the pale green tints of the glacier ice, and the soft blue shades of the frozen waterfall. Silver fringes and powder give the scintillating effects of frost. These, combined with fleecy scarfs flung here and there in mimic of the rapid rush of winter winds, the merry notes of silver bells, and touches of deep green and red borrowed from winter woodlands, make this one of the most beautiful expressions of what children can do.

A children's bazaar, with booths decorated and furnished to correspond with some of the ideas mentioned on this page, to which many others might be added, is offered as a suggestion for the coming season. Children of themselves attract, and whatever they do is interesting. Of course, their mothers and the usual adult workers ought not only to matronize the occasion, but do the work in a large degree, the children's part being to wear pretty costumes, to assist in soliciting contributions for the tables and to make themselves generally useful.

## CHILDREN'S GAMES OF ACTION

IN WHICH LITTLE FOLKS WILL DELIGHT AROUND THE HOLIDAY TIMES

**L**ITTLE folks delight much in games of action. Jack Frost understands children pretty well, so he gives them plenty of lively exercise when he comes along. The leader need not describe the game beforehand to the players, but all may form in a large ring, and the children be divided into groups of ten. To each ten an adult should be assigned who can assist the little people should they need help in understanding the game as it progresses. Let each group face the centre of the room, where the leader stands, and place each number one at the left end of each section.

The leader claps her hands together and calls out, "Where is Jack Frost?" A lad dressed (or not) to represent his icy kingship, runs around the ring and swings a wand touching number one of each section on the right hand. Each number one turns to the left and says to number two, "Jack Frost came this way." Number two asks, "What did he do?" Number one replies, "He nipped my right hand, oh!" Immediately number one shakes the right hand violently. Number two turns to number three and says, "Jack Frost came this way." Number three inquires, "What did he do?" Number two replies, "He nipped my right hand, oh!" Number two begins to shake violently its frost-bitten hand and number one continues the shaking. This goes on in the same way until number ten is reached. By that time everybody in the room is shaking a frosty right hand, which must be kept still shaking while Jack Frost again goes flying around the room and touches the left hand of each number one. Then, as before, number two is told by number one that Jack Frost came this way and that he nipped his or her left hand. Then, by the same process, word is carried by repeated questions and answers and hand-shaking to number ten, until everybody in the room is shaking two frost-bitten hands.

Jack Frost again flies around and nips the right foot of each number one, and a right foot is added to the shaking members. Then later a left foot; then two feet together, and the children are all shaking their hands and hopping up and down upon both feet. Then the right ear is nipped, and the hand-shaking and jumping go on with the head turned down upon the right shoulder. The left ear falls a victim and the head turns upon the left shoulder. The last round inquires, "Has Jack Frost bitten you enough?" The reply is affirmative and the head jerks assent. It must be understood that at no moment during the entire game do the players cease from shaking each member that has been nipped with frost.

**S**HAKERS is another game similar in kind but calling for less activity on the part of players. Children of all ages alike enjoy this exercise. A ring is formed including the entire company. The leader explains the game somewhat and begins singing, adapting the words to the descending musical scale:

"I put my right hand in" (toward the centre of ring),  
 "I put my right hand out" (turn body square about and thrust arm out),  
 "I give my right hand shake, shake, shake" (suit action to words),  
 "And I turn myself about" (turn square about to face centre of ring).

Then the action song goes on:

"I put my left hand in,  
 I put my left hand out,  
 I give my left hand shake, shake, shake," etc

Succeeding verses change as follows:

"I put my two hands in," then "my right foot," "my left foot," "my two feet," (jumping) one after the other.

This is a pleasant go-to-bed game for small children.

Children are also delighted with action that represents different kinds of labor. They are naturally imitative, and the leader needs but to start the different movements and the little people will at once join in. Take the different movements of the haymaker, for instance. He swings the scythe, he tosses the hay in spreading, he rakes it, he sits down to rest, he eats his lunch, he drinks cool milk, he takes a noon nap, he wakes up, pitches the hay upon the cart, he calls haw, haw, haw! gee, gee, gee! to the oxen, he swings a whip, and when the loads are all in he claps his hands for joy. Each motion the children can imitate, and they do this keeping time to music.

## RING GAMES AND FROLICS

CALCULATED TO BE MADE INTO MERRY EVENINGS FOR LITTLE ONES



CHILDREN never tire of ring games. They like the simple ones best—those that do not tax the memory to any great extent. They prefer something with a catching swing in the rhythm, carrying the same words through many verses, with just enough verbal change to indicate the progress of the game.

The game of flowers is simple and sweet. It is played similar to "London Bridge." Two children stand opposite to each other and raise their joined hands. Those forming the ring pass under, while all keep saying or singing, suiting the action to the words they sing:

"We're looking about for a daffodil,  
 A daffodil, a daffodil,  
 We're looking about for a daffodil,  
 We've found one here."

At the word "here" the raised arms come down and inclose the head of the child who happens at that moment to be passing underneath their hands. Then all sing:

"We find one here; we find one here;  
 We're looking about for a daffodil,  
 And find one here."

"Daffodil" now takes the place of one of the children who caught him or her, then calls out, "Buttercup." The children all understand that buttercup, instead of daffodil, is the word, so they make the lines:

"We're looking about for a buttercup,  
 A buttercup, a buttercup," etc.

The leader may hold a bouquet and give to each child the flower chosen.

The next child, "Buttercup," being duly "found," takes the place of "Daffodil," and the child who has held that place goes into the ring. The newcomer calls out the name of some flower, like bright blue-bell, daisy flower or mignonette, and substituting that word they sing as before. Each child tries to be ready with the name of some favorite flower, and the game may close when each child flower has been "found."

**A** GAME in which the children can run is always a favorite. "Fox" is another ring play, so easy that the smaller children can play it without help. One of the children "fox" stays outside the ring and slyly slaps the shoulder of one of the children. "Fox" runs to the left, the child to the right. They meet, pass each other going at full speed around the ring. The one who gets back to the "den" (the place in the ring where the child was standing) may hold that place, and the other must be the fox and try a race with some other child.

THE magic bridge is another popular game. The children join hands and form in a ring. If the number is large there should be four "bridges" at the quarter points of the ring, these being numbered one, two, three and four—one opposite three and two opposite four. The bridges are formed by two children who raise their joined hands for the others to pass under. The pianist leads with a bright, familiar air, and the children all follow the tune, singing tra-la-la, tra-la-la, as they dance and skip along keeping step to the music. They go one or more times around in a circle, then the leader indicates where a "bridge" is to be made. Two children raise their joined hands, and the two children standing opposite in the ring cross the centre of circle. All the others following after, pass under the "bridge." Then, turning to right and left respectively, the two lines follow the path of the circle as formed first, meet, join hands again and a new circle is formed. Another "bridge" appears as if by magic, and the children opposite it lead again through it, the while keeping the merry measure with song and dance. This is one of the prettiest of dancing games, which is not necessary to "know how" to do. They learn it as they go.

"JINGLE BELLS" is another frolic which pleases the little ones. Let mamma or the hostess harness up the children for a "team." They have a string of small bells around their necks, and a cambric or tarlatan rope is used for the "tackle"—the children taking hold of it by twos, except the last in line, who acts as "driver." The pianist plays the well-known college glee, "Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way," and the children trot away at a merry pace. The leaders hurry on, making devious turns to right and left, supposedly through snowdrifts and over high hills and down in deep valleys. The children sing the chorus, and the trip proves so delightful that they are never ready to stop until a very long journey has been made.

The above games may all be successfully played by a large party of children.

Whatever new plays the children may learn they dearly love the old, old games:

"Buffy" and "Puss" and the "Needle's eye,"  
 "Tag" and "Thimble" and "Halt! I spy,"  
 "Ring-round-a-rosy" and "Making a cheese,"  
 "Bean-porridge-hot" and "Slave, on your knees!"  
 "Man on your castle," "Stage-coach" and "Good,"  
 Noon-hour games at the old village school.



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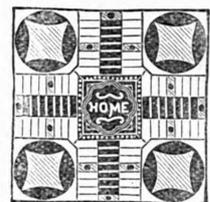
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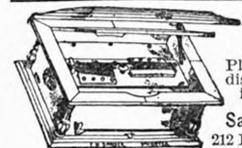
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## MAKING CANDY AT HOME

By Nellie Willey

**W**HEN making any kind of candy it is better to use, when it can be obtained, coffee A sugar instead of the granulated, as it is nearly always purer. Select only sugar that is perfectly dry, uniform in quality, with hard, sparkling crystals. Coffee A sugar when dry forms in hard lumps, which must be thoroughly crushed before the candy is allowed to boil. This can be done by breaking the lumps with a hammer; or if you have time let the water which is to be used in making the candy stand mixed with the sugar some time. Always dissolve the cream of tartar in a little water before adding to the sugar. Remember sugar passes very rapidly from one degree to another and must be tried often and carefully. It must not be stirred while boiling, but may be stirred until it reaches the boiling point, and this stirring allows the sugar to become well dissolved before it boils. Unless otherwise specified cook over a very hot fire. You will find it convenient to have a hook in the kitchen on which to pull candy, as it pulls so much better and easier on a hook than between the hands. A bright clothes hook, a meat hook or a regular candy hook may be used. Where nuts are used great care must be taken in preparing them. In cracking the shells hit them in such a fashion that the meats can be removed either whole or in two sections.

### TEN KINDS OF TAFFY

**A** MOST excellent vanilla taffy may be made from three pounds of coffee A sugar, one coffee-cupful water, and one-half small teaspoonful cream of tartar dissolved in water. Cook until a bit of the sugar dropped into water will crack between the fingers, but if held a moment forms into a hard ball again; this is called soft crack; pour into a pan which has been dampened by sprinkling water on it; when almost cold pull until perfectly white, adding vanilla extract to flavor with when it is on the hook. This can be pulled into strips or into flat pieces four inches wide and five long. If very brittle taffy is wanted cook the sugar until it is crisp when dropped in water, and is just too hard to form a ball; this is called crack.

Chocolate taffy is made the same as vanilla. When placed in the pan to cool add three ounces of melted chocolate worked into the candy with a knife. Lemon taffy is made in the same manner as vanilla. Color yellow in the pan before pouring out, and flavor with lemon essence.

Pineapple taffy is also made in the same way, but boiled until, when dropped in the water, it will harden, and when taken out of the water will crack between the fingers like an egg-shell; this is called hard crack. When in this condition pour two-thirds of the candy into a greased pan and color what is left a bright red; pull white what was poured out; flavor with pineapple; form into a large cake; pull red into a long thin strip and put on top of the white in any shape desired.

**T**O make cocoanut taffy, take two pounds of sugar, one-third teaspoonful cream of tartar, two-thirds cupful of water; cook to the hard crack; add one fresh grated cocoanut; stir until the batch reaches the soft crack; pour out into a greased pan, and when nearly cold pull white on hook.

Molasses taffy may be made by boiling one pound of sugar, one pound of glucose, one-third quart New Orleans molasses; stir all the time and cook to soft crack; set off the fire and stir in one-third teaspoonful saleratus; pour into a buttered pan, and when nearly cold pull on the hook and flavor with peppermint. Another good receipt for molasses taffy is the following: One quart of New Orleans molasses, one and one-fourth pounds of sugar; set on fire and stir and cook until, when dropped in water, it will form rather a hard ball if gathered up between the fingers; this is called hard ball; then add one-quarter pound of butter and cook to soft crack; pour into a greased pan, and let it remain until nearly cold, and then pull on hook until light yellow.

Hickory-nut taffy is made from two pounds of sugar, one-third teaspoonful of cream of tartar, just enough molasses to color; cook to hard crack; pour into a greased pan, and add one pound of chopped hickory-nuts; when cold mark into squares or strips. Walnut taffy is made the same as hickory-nut taffy with the exception of the kind of nuts used; Brazil-nut taffy the same as walnut or hickory, but without the molasses; when done set off and stir in one-half teaspoonful of saleratus; mark into strips.

### SOME DAINY NUT CANDIES

**T**O make brown almond bar, place two pounds of sugar, one-third teaspoonful cream of tartar and two-thirds cupful of water in a granite saucepan; when it begins boiling add one pound of almonds, stirred in slowly; boil until the nuts are as brown as desired, which will be when they will slide off the lifted spoon easily; pour the candy until an inch thick into a greased pan, and when cool cut into strips with a hammer and strong knife. Blanched almond bar is made in the same way as brown almond only that the almonds are blanched. Peanut bar may be made similarly, using two pounds of peanuts instead of one. Brazil-nut bar may be made with two pounds of sugar, one-third teaspoonful cream of tartar, two-thirds cupful of water; cook to hard crack; pour out one-half candy in greased pan, then scatter over this one pound Brazil-nuts, after having trimmed the brown skins off; add to the top the rest of the candy; when cool cut into bars. It should be one inch thick when done. English walnuts may also be used with good effect. Delicious sliced cocoanut bar is made by cooking two pounds of sugar, one-third teaspoonful of cream of tartar, two-thirds cupful of water to hard crack, then adding slowly one sliced cocoanut; stir carefully; then pour into greased pan and cut any shape wished. The cocoanut should be pared, cut into halves and sliced very thin with a sharp knife.

**T**O make molasses sliced cocoanut bar, pare and slice with a sharp knife two fresh cocoanuts; place on slow fire one pint of New Orleans molasses and two ounces butter; when it boils add the cocoanuts; stir all the time over a slow fire until it reaches soft crack in winter or hard crack in summer; pour in a greased pan, spread thin with knife and cut into bars. A good receipt for fruit bar is the following: Two pounds of sugar, two-thirds cupful of water, one-third teaspoonful of cream of tartar; cook to a hard crack, and add carefully one pound of candied fruit, such as pineapple, cherries, figs and seeded dates; stir slowly until the fruit slides off spoon easily; pour into greased pan and cut into bars.

**G**OOD cocoanut bars can be made as follows: To two pounds of sugar add one pint of water; set on fire and when it boils add one freshly-grated cocoanut and stir until "thread" degree is reached, or 220° by the thermometer. To determine this degree try after the sugar has boiled a few minutes by raising the spoon from the candy and passing the finger, which has previously been dipped in cold water, across it, retaining on the finger some of the syrup. Then join the finger and thumb and if a thread is formed when they are separated, which breaks and settles on the thumb, this degree is reached. Then take the candy off the stove and work the batch against the side of the pan with the spoon until it begins to look cloudy; continue this until the whole batch becomes a thick white mass. Pour out on a pan on which powdered sugar has been sifted; spread with a knife until of even thickness, and when cold cut into bars as sold in stores. This may be colored pink or yellow, if preferred, in which case coloring is added in the pan just before stirring. Cocoanut cakes are made in much the same way as the bars. Take one pound of sugar, one grated cocoanut and one pint of water; cook just to a thread, stirring all the time; remove from the fire and rub sugar on the sides of the basin until the sugar just begins to turn cloudy. Now with a tablespoon dip a spoonful from the pan and drop on a sugared pan, removing it from the spoon by means of a fork held in the other hand.

Molasses cocoanut cakes.—Put into a basin one pint of New Orleans molasses and one-fourth of a pound of butter; place this on the fire, and when it boils add one freshly-grated cocoanut; stir until the batch reaches hard ball, which degree is elsewhere described. Have a very slow fire, as the candy becomes very thick before it is done and burns easily. Pour into a greased pan and spread of even thickness with a knife; when cold cut into cubes.

Cocoanut macaroons are made from the white of one egg, one freshly-grated cocoanut and one-half pound of pulverized confectioners' sugar. Work into a stiff paste and form with the hands into small cakes. Lay these on buttered paper; dust them with powdered sugar on the top and put them in a hot oven; as soon as they brown a little remove them and set away to cool.

### SWEETS OF OTHER KINDS

**B**URNED ALMONDS are rather tedious to make, but when well done will repay one for the labor expended. Shell one-half pound of good almonds, Jordan preferred, and dust well, but do not blanch. Place on the fire one pound of sugar, one-half pint of water, and when it commences to boil add the nuts and stir until the nuts begin to crack. Then place the pan on the table and with a spoon work the syrup on the sides of the basin; stir the candy thoroughly and quickly until the sugar granulates, which will require only a few minutes. Throw the whole batch of candy into a flour sieve and shake off all the loose sugar; then place a flannel cloth over the nuts to keep them warm. Put on the fire the sugar sifted from the nuts and one-half pint of water, and add enough sugar to make the whole amount of sugar one pound; cook to a soft ball, which is known by dropping some of the candy into ice water, and when the candy can be gathered between the fingers into a soft ball the desired degree is reached. Take the basin off and throw in nuts; stir as before until sugar granulates again; this time most of the sugar will adhere to the nuts. Again retain the sugar which remains after sifting, adding sugar enough to make one pound; put on the fire with water enough to dissolve; cook to a soft ball; set off and add a little red color and one-half ounce of dissolved chocolate heated quite hot; stir this through batch and throw nuts into candy again; stir as before until sugar granulates; empty into sieve and shake off any loose sugar. Have ready a small amount of gum-arabic dissolved in a little water kept warm on the back of the stove until ready to use. Then add to the little remaining sugar the gum-arabic and set on fire; stir quickly until sugar dissolves, then set off and throw in nuts; stir carefully until all are coated; spread in one layer on a pan and set in a warm place to dry. Peanuts and filberts can be treated in the same way as the almonds, but are not so nice.

To make cocoanut drops, take two grated cocoanuts, one pound of confectioners' powdered sugar, and the grated yellow rind and juice of two lemons; work together well and form into drops the size of an English walnut. In the centre of each cake put a small piece of citron; place on buttered tins and bake in a hot oven until the tops are brown.

**T**O make French nougat, boil one pound of granulated sugar and one teacupful of water over a sharp fire until it begins to turn yellow. Do not stir while boiling. Have ready one-half pound of almonds blanched and dried. Put them in the oven and leave door open; when they begin to look yellow add to the candy as it reaches the turning point described above, and quickly pour into a well-oiled tin or iron pan about one-half an inch thick. Mark with a sharp knife into bars before it cools. By bending the tins between the hands slightly the candy will come out easily.

To make almond rock, cook one pound of brown sugar and a teacupful of water until the thermometer shows 290°, or when dropped in water and taken between the fingers it will crack like an egg shell. Flavor with lemon. Clean one-half pound of almonds by rubbing between two cloths but do not blanch. Slightly warm the nuts and pour as many into the candy as it will take, then pour into oiled pan two inches thick. Cut with oiled sharp knife into bars before it is cold. Both of the above candies will burn if left for a moment on the fire after they are ready, so great care must be taken.

Delicious pan creams may be made by boiling three pounds of sugar, one pint of water and one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar to a soft ball. Let it cool, and then add a little orange flower water and stir until white. Pour into a pan and when cool mark into squares and break apart. Other flavors and colors may be used.

**B**UTTER-SCOTCH of a delectable quality may be made by cooking three pounds of sugar, one-half cupful of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar and four ounces butter until it reaches crack; add a few drops of flavor and pour into a greased pan and mark into squares.

Glacé nuts and fruits, equal to any confectioners', may be made by cooking two pounds of sugar, one-third teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-third quart of water to hard crack; pour into deep pan; place the pan at the side of a marble slab or another flat pan; throw into the syrup, one piece at a time, the nuts and fruits which you wish to glacé; remove them with a fork and drop on the slab or pan. Candied fruit, such as cherries, pineapples, limes, apricots, etc., can be cut into squares and dipped, as can walnuts, Brazil-nuts, dates and figs. Fresh Malaga and California grapes, tangerines and sections of oranges can also be glacé if you are careful to select only such fruits as have skins to protect the juice.



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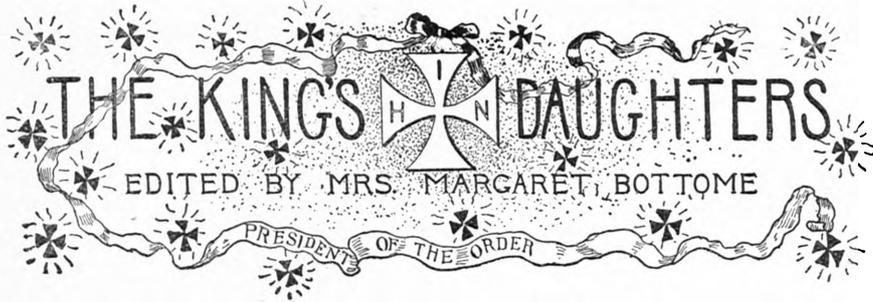
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HEART TO HEART TALKS

**I**T is nearly time to say "I wish you a happy Christmas!" But "man's happiness comes never from without." You can have a happy Christmas whether any one wishes you one or not. It is within your own reach whether you will have a happy one. I must confess I am anxious that you should have the happiest Christmas this year. I covet for you the best gifts—gifts that will make this world so much richer by your being in it, and having these spiritual gifts. It is so sad to think how much God has done—how much He has prepared for us—and then only asks us to receive, and we will not receive them; we will not believe He means what He says. Oh, if I could only get you to go to God and give Him your unbelieving heart, and take as a gift from Him a believing heart, how happy I should be—how happy He would be. Only think of having the gift of a pure heart from God as a Christmas present!



A NEW ADDITION

**I**HAVE just been visiting an old friend of mine that I had not visited for many years. The house always had a fascination for me, because the higher up you went the more attractive it became. And the top floor (the attic) was always so interesting to me, because of a lovely little study, and dear old furniture and lots of books. As I entered the house this time all seemed natural. I did not see anything new, but I was not long in discovering that there had been an addition put on the house, and what I especially like are additions! And I had the joy of sleeping in the new bedroom. It was not large, but windows were on three sides. I could look up and down the glorious old Hudson. They told me the room would have to be darkened or I would not sleep in the morning, but as it happened I did not wish to sleep in the morning. Never shall I forget the sight when I woke in the morning before sunrise. While lying down all that could be seen was the Hudson and the glorious mountains, and I had not long to wait before I saw the sunrise. Oh, what a sight it was! Almost my first thought was, "Well, I cannot afford to miss Heaven. If such the sweetness of the streams, what must the fountain be?" But I tell you all this to give you the lesson I got out of it. The need in us all is to have additions to our soul-houses.

Yes, the need with us is just here. We think we need this little thing and that little thing, but the fact is we want an addition to our characters. We need to see God as I saw God's glorious sunrise from my windows on every side. Just think what the addition of a pure heart would give us—for the pure in heart shall see God. You have intellectual ability; you have a strong social nature, and what we sometimes call a "good heart"; you are generous and hospitable—and all that is needed in a soul-house. But don't you think it would be lovely just to have an addition put on, from which you could see the pure river of the water of life, and the delectable mountains Bunyan dreamed of, and not only see a sunrise but feel a sunrise—"a sun that will no more go down, neither shall the moon withdraw herself"? (I saw the beautiful moon clouded so many times the night I slept in the addition room.) I am so glad it is the additional room in our soul-houses we may be sure we can have. I cannot promise myself or you that much change can take place in the other parts of our houses, but the addition we can have.

And so this morning I am coveting what my friend's additional room suggested. I am saying to myself, "I cannot go on this way just the same. I want an addition; I want to have great windows through which I can have a wider view and take in more of God." So I pass over the old house this morning (myself) into His hands, asking Him to put on a new "addition."

YOU THAT ARE IN SORROW

**A**ND a new addition you that are in sorrow will especially need, because you will miss voices and forms this Christmas that you had with you last Christmas. This page of mine should have comfort for the bereaved, for the community of the sorrowful is very large. Now I want to ask you that have loved ones who have passed on where the evergreens never fade if you will not enter into this joy at this Christmas time, and so enter in that all traces of sorrow shall leave your faces. Think what Christmas must be there! Think of their talking with the very angels who sang over the plains of Bethlehem! Think of their joy in anticipating our arrival, and you know we may see them before another Christmas comes round, and then all our opportunities for making earth gladder will have gone. Do you ever think of those who have sorrows that your sorrow would be a perfect joy to them? So many have their dead always in sight—dead to honor, dead to all nobility. Think of the wife who has to hear the staggering step of a drunken husband! And she remembers the time when he was so different—when the step was firm and elastic—when the eye was clear and the voice was music. Think you that young wife would not be glad if she could know, as you know, that her loved one was in Paradise and had left an unstained name behind him? Oh, there are things so much worse than what we wrongly call death that I call on you this Christmas time, out of whose houses dear ones have passed to the Father's house, to twine the Christmas greens and rejoice in all that Christmas means.



REAPING WHAT WE HAVE SOWED

**W**E expect harvest where we sow no seed. I liked the reply to the question, How soon should we commence to train children? Forty years before they are born. We do not take it in that we are constantly reaping what we have sowed—or our parents sowed. We get spiritual comfort only from a spiritual life. I never see a beautiful aged woman in New York City but I think of the conversation she had with her husband only a short time before he left her unexpectedly for Paradise. He said to her: "If I go before you I want you to do as much of my work that I leave as you possibly can, and if you go before me I will do the same." Of course, she went right on with her own work and carried out his plans also. And never at any drawing-room reception did she look more beautiful to me than when she walked into the library and took her chair as president of the board, and conducted the business meeting just after her husband's death.

We profess to be Christians, let us look out we do not appear heathens. I have been told by those who have lived in Rome, and have spent a good deal of time in the catacombs, that you do not find even the symbols of death marking the graves of the early Christians—no crucifix is there. Christ is always represented as young. The shepherd is a favorite representation. All is life and resurrection. I think there is the greatest danger in lingering about the grave. "Where have ye laid Him?" was Mary's question. She had her spices (her flowers). But the one whose grave she was seeking was by her side. We need to see a living Christ and to realize that our friends are not dead but living. I have been looking over some things I have written of late in the JOURNAL, and I see very clearly I am only now living out what I have said. There is no bridging of any gulf. I am simply living on, having tested the truthfulness of what I have written to you. In answer to the question, "Have you found all the strength and hope in your dark hour that you have urged others to have?" I answer, "Yes, and beyond all I could have dreamed."

Will you take this as an answer to your questions received in letters? I have tried my best to answer all your letters. I now want you to make the acquaintance and cultivate the acquaintance of the One who will be to you all He says He will be, all you have sung about, for you have sung: "More than all in Thee I find."

WOULD YOU TELL HIM?

**I**HAVE before me a letter from one who has a dark skin but a heart that I am sure God loves. I will not tell you how full her cup is of trouble, and I could have cried for the poor thing. I found she had written to me to ask me if I thought it would be right for her to tell her husband she was disappointed in him. "Would you tell him if you were I?" she asked. How she could help being disappointed in her husband, from what she told me, I could not see. And you may be quite sure I didn't tell her she could help being disappointed in him. Still I told her not to tell him! And I told her not to tell her children, for she wanted to know if she should tell them that "sometimes she hadn't the heart to live." There was no use in taking the heart out of the poor little things, who could not help it that things were as they were. And as for her husband, as far as I could see, it would not help matters to tell him that she was disappointed in him; if he did not know it, her telling it would not have bettered things. And what most people want is not to be told how good-for-nothing they are, but in some way to encourage them to be something. But it set me to wondering whether there are any husbands and wives who ever tell each other that they are disappointed in each other. There can be no doubt of the fact that they are, but it is with the telling that I have to do just now. There is a little line that says "Tis blessed not to know," and I think we might say of a good many things, "Tis blessed not to tell," and if possible, keep it from ourselves. We influence ourselves by telling ourselves disagreeable things, and it is best not to tell others. There is only One to whom it is safe to tell everything. I love those two lines,

"Give them the sunshine,  
Tell Jesus the rest."

There can be no doubt that there are plenty of men, as well as women, who have been bitterly "disappointed," but they never tell. Oh, the noble men and women who will never be counted and who are in the procession of the martyrs without knowing it.



"SILENCE IS GOLDEN"

**H**E opened not His mouth" is a wonderful word to me as I look over my life, into which many men and women have come and gone. The silent people have impressed me most. When shall we come to see that it is character that impresses us—what people are, not what they say? I was once at a meeting where people told their experiences. I looked at a face during that meeting that was more to me than all that was said. After the meeting was over I went to the lady who had not spoken and said, "You have helped me very much this afternoon." She replied, "I did not speak." "No," I said, "but I looked at you." Oh, the histories in human faces! My poor dark sister probably does not need to tell in words that she is disappointed in her husband—her actions tell it. And she is a brave woman if the children have been kept from feeling that life isn't much to their mother.

As I laid down my last budget of letters from the readers of the JOURNAL, they made a pile of misery, for there was hardly an exception. Nearly every letter commenced with "I must tell you my trouble." Do you say to me (as so many do), "How can you keep bright, how can you sleep so soundly as you say you do when this low moan of suffering is ever coming to you?" I answer, "Because I know it will not last; I know that the time is hastening on when there shall be 'no more pain'; I know there is a tearless land; I know there is a land where no one will be disappointed; I know that all things are working together for good; I know that His tender mercies are over all His works, and my poor colored sister is 'the work of His hands.' I know lovely surprises of joy await her; I know that

"Soon shall Heaven's cup of glory  
Wash down earth's bitterest woe."

And I will help her all I can. I only wish I could go and see her, but after I have done what I can why shouldn't I go to sleep in hope? Why should I not look forward; why should I not look up and not down; why should I not trust a good God? He tells me He cares for me. He tells me to tell in Him. He tells me He loves all—and all does not mean almost all—it means all. His tender mercies are over all His works. It would pay you to take a look at God's "alls" that you will read in the book you call God's book. You would find yourself in a large place. Maybe you haven't quite taken it in how large God is—so great that He cares for the most insignificant. Maybe you haven't said as many times as I have:

"The only comfort of our littleness  
Is that Thou art so great."

*Margaret Bottome*

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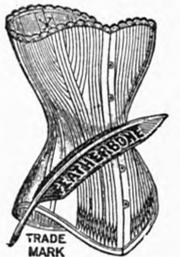
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BACK OF YOU AND BEYOND

By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.

**W**ITH the close of the calendar year must come the application to every thinking man and woman of the fact that it means the close of another year in our lives, and I never write the month-name "December" for the first time each twelvemonth without thinking of what has preceded it and what is to follow. There is much in a look backward and a look beyond, and what better time to stop for thought than at Christmas time? It would do all of us good, I think, if every once in a while we would stop our rush and bustle and think a little of what the past means in our lives and to our families.

A BELIEF IN HEREDITY

NOW, the longer I live the more I believe in blood—good blood, bad blood, proud blood, humble blood, honest blood, thieving blood, heroic blood, cowardly blood. The tendency may skip a generation or two, but it is sure to come out, as in a little child you sometimes see a similarity to a great-grandfather whose picture hangs on the wall. That the physical and mental and moral qualities are inheritable is patent to any one who keeps his eyes open. The similarity is so striking sometimes as to be amusing. Great families, regal or literary, are apt to have the characteristics all down through the generations, and what is more perceptible in such families may be seen on a smaller scale in all families. A thousand years have no power to obliterate the difference. The large lip of the House of Austria is seen in all the descendants, and is called the Hapsburg lip. The House of Stuart always means in all generations cruelty and bigotry and sensuality. Witness Queen of Scots. Witness Charles I and Charles II. Witness James I and James II, and all the others of that imperial line.

Scotch blood means persistence. Dutch blood means cleanliness and good breeding. English blood means reverence for the ancient. Welsh blood means religiosity. Danish blood means fondness for the sea. Indian blood means roaming disposition. Celtic blood means fervidity. Roman blood means conquest.

The Jewish faculty for accumulation you may trace clear back to Abraham, of whom the Bible says, "He was rich in silver and gold and cattle," and to Isaac and Jacob, who had the same family characteristics.

THE HEREDITY LINE IN FAMILIES

SOME families are characterized by longevity, and they have a tenacity of life positively Methuselah. Others are characterized by Goliathian stature, as you can see it for one generation, two generations, five generations—in all the generations. Vigorous theology runs on in the line of the Alexanders. Tragedy runs on in the line of the Kembles. Literature runs on in the line of the Trollopes. Philanthropy runs on in the line of the Wilberforces. Statesmanship runs on in the line of the Adamases. The law runs on in the line of the Abbotts. Finance in the line of the Rothschilds. Henry and Catherine of Navarre religious, all their families religious. The celebrated family of Cassini, all astronomers. The celebrated family of the Medici—grandfather, sons and Catherine—all remarkable for keen intellect. The celebrated family of Gustavus Adolphus, all warriors.

This law of heredity asserts itself without reference to social or political condition, for you sometimes find the ignoble in high place, and the honorable in obscure place. A descendant of Edward I a toll-gatherer. A descendant of Edward III a door-keeper. A descendant of the Duke of Northumberland a trunk-maker. Some of the mightiest families of England are extinct, while some of those most honored in the peerage go back to an ancestry of hard knuckles and rough exterior.

Then you find avarice and jealousy, and sensuality and fraud having full swing in some families. The violent temper of Frederick William is the inheritance of Frederick the Great. It is not a theory to be set forth by worldly philosophy only, but by divine authority. Do you not remember how the Bible speaks of "a chosen generation," of "the generation of the righteous," of "the generation of vipers," of "an untoward generation," of "a stubborn generation," of "the iniquity of the past visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation"?

THE SOIL FROM WHICH WE SPRANG

THERE is something in the recurring Christmas holidays to bring up the old folks. Some time in the winter holiday, when we are accustomed to gather our families together, old times have come back again, and our thoughts have been set to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." The old folks were so busy at such times in making us happy, and perhaps on less resource made their sons and daughters happier than you on large resource are able to make your sons and daughters happy. The snow lay two feet above their graves, but they shook off the white blankets and mingled in the holiday festivities—the same wrinkles, the same stoop of shoulder under the weight of age, the same old style of dress or coat, the same smile, the same tones of voice. I hope you remember them before they went away; if not, I hope there are those who have recited to you what they were, and that there may be in your house some article of dress or furniture with which you associate their memories. I want to arouse the most sacred memories of your heart, especially those who are descended of a Christian ancestry. I do not ask if your parents were perfect. There are no perfect people now, and I do not suppose there were any perfect people then. Perhaps there was sometimes too much blood in their eye when they chastised you. But from what I know of you, you got no more than you deserved, and perhaps a little more chastisement would have been salutary. But you are willing to acknowledge, I think, that they wanted to do right. From what you overheard in conversation, and from what you saw at the family altar and at neighborhood obsequies, you know that they had invited God into their heart and life. There was something that sustained those old people supernaturally. You have no doubt about their destiny. You expect if you ever get to Heaven to meet them as certainly as you expect to meet the Lord Jesus Christ.

A MORAL WILL

THAT early association has been a charm for you. There was a time when you got right up from a house of iniquity and walked out into the fresh air because you thought your mother was looking at you. You have never been very happy in sin because of a sweet, old face that would present itself. Tremulous voices from the past accosted you until they were seemingly audible, and you looked around to see who spoke. There was an estate not mentioned in the last will and testament, a vast estate of prayer, and holy example, and Christian entreaty, and glorious memory. The survivors of the family gathered to hear the will read, and this was to be kept and that was to be sold, and it was share and share alike. But there was an unwritten will that read something like this: "In the name of God, amen. I, being of sound mind, bequeath to my children all my prayers for their salvation; I bequeath to them all the results of a lifetime's toil; I bequeath to them the Christian religion which has been so much comfort to me, and I hope may be a solace to them; I bequeath to them a hope of reunion when the partings of life are over. Share and share alike may they have in eternal riches. I bequeath to them the wish that they may avoid my errors and copy anything that may have been worthy. In the name of God who made me, and the Christ who redeemed me, and the Holy Ghost who sanctified me, I make this my last will and testament. Witness, all ye hosts of Heaven. Witness, time; witness eternity. Signed, sealed and delivered in this our dying hour. "Father and Mother."

You did not get that will proved at the surrogate's office, but I take it out this Christmas season and I read it to you; I take it out of the alcoves of your heart; I shake the dust off it; I ask you, will you accept that inheritance, or will you break the will? You of Christian ancestry, you have a responsibility vast beyond all measurement! God will not let you off with just being as good as ordinary people when you had such extraordinary advantage. Ought not a flower planted in a hot-house be more thrifty than a flower planted outside in the storm? Ought not a factory turned by the Housatonic do more work than a factory turned by a thin and shallow mountain stream? Ought not you of great early opportunity be better than those who had a cradle unblest? And yet you may take courage—the tide of evil is tremendous in some families. It is like Niagara rapids, and yet men have clung to a rock and been rescued.

BETWEEN THE PAST AND FUTURE

OUIGHT not you, every one of you, man or woman, who may read these words, be better, having had Christian nurture, than that one who can truly say this morning, "The first word I remember my father speaking to me was an oath; the first time I remember my father taking hold of me was in wrath; I never saw a Bible until I was ten years of age, and then I was told it was a pack of lies. The first twenty years of my life I was associated with the vicious. I seemed to be walled in by sin and death"? Now, ought you not—I leave it as a matter of fairness with you—ought you not to be far better than those who had no early Christian influence?

Standing as you do between the generation that is past and the generation that is to come, are you going to pass the blessing on, or are you going to have your life the gulf in which that tide of blessing shall drop out of sight forever? You are the trustee of piety in that ancestral line, and are you going to augment or squander that solemn trust fund? Are you going to disinherit your sons and daughters of the heirloom which your parents left you? Ah! that cannot be possible, that cannot be possible that you are going to take such a position as that. You are very careful about life insurances, and careful about deeds, and careful about mortgages, and careful about the title of your property, because when you step off the stage you want your children to get it all. Are you making no provision that they shall get grandfather's and grandmother's religion?

"SILENT VOICES THAT DO SPEAK"

I THINK there must be an old cradle, or a fragment of a cradle, somewhere that could tell a story of midnight supplication in your behalf. Where is the old rocking-chair in which you were sung to sleep with the holy nursery rhyme? Where is the old clock that ticked away the moments of that sickness on that awful night when there were but three of you awake—you and God and mother? Is there not an old staff in some closet? Is there not an old family Bible on some shelf that seems to address you, saying: "My son, my daughter, how can you reject that God who so kindly dealt with us all our lives, and to whom we commend you in our prayers living and dying? By the memory of the old homestead, by the family altar, by our dying pillow, by the graves in which our bodies sleep while our spirits hover, we beg you to turn over a new leaf."

BATTLING A BAD HEREDITY

I THINK the genealogical table was put in the first chapter of the New Testament not only to show our Lord's pedigree, but to show that a man may rise up in an ancestral line and beat back successfully all the influences of bad heredity. See in that genealogical table that good King Asa came of vile King Abia. See in that genealogical table that Joseph and Mary and the most illustrious Being that ever touched our world, or ever will touch it, had in their ancestral line scandalous Rehoboam, and Tamar, and Bathsheba. If this world is ever to be Edenized—and it will be—all the infected families of the earth are to be regenerated, and there will be some arise in each family line, and open a new genealogical table. There will be some Joseph in the line to reverse the evil influence of Rehoboam, and there will be some Mary in the line to reverse the evil influence of Bathsheba. Perhaps the star of hope may point down to your manger. Perhaps you are to be the hero or the heroine that is to put down the brakes and stop that long train of genealogical tendencies and switch it off on another track from that on which it has been running for a century. You do that and I promise you as fine a palace as the architects of Heaven can build, the archway inscribed with the words, "More than conqueror."

But whatever your heredity let me write to you this Christmas: You may be sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Estranged children from the homestead, come back through the open gate of adoption. There is royal blood in our veins. There are crowns in our escutcheon. Our Father is King. Our Brother is King. We may be kings and queens unto God forever. Come and sit down on the ivory bench of the palace. Come and wash in the fountains that fall into the basins of crystal and alabaster. Come and look out of the upholstered window upon gardens of azalea and amaranth. Hear the full burst of the orchestra while you banquet with potentates and victors.

Spread a Christmas feast. Make merry this joyful Yule-tide. Let pleasant spirits abound, and happiness enter into every phase of the Christmas Day. Make it the happiest of all the days in the year for the children. But let God be an ever-present guest at your table. Then will your beyond be assured, while your children, looking backward, will bless your name.

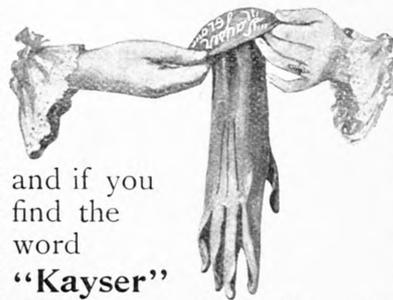
T. De Witt Talmage

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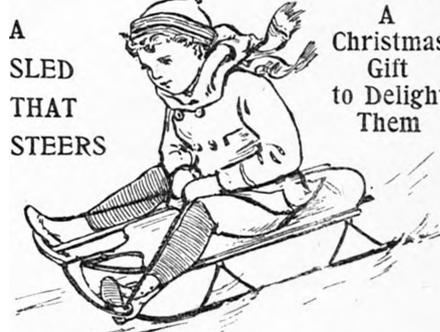


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MENUS FOR HOLIDAY DINNERS

By Mrs. Garrett Webster

If variety be indeed the spice of life why should not a little of that condiment be introduced into our holiday dinners? An American philosopher has estimated that more than ten millions of families dined on cold roast turkey and warmed-over plum pudding on the twenty-sixth of December last...

For people who feel that an American Christmas dinner is not a Christmas dinner unless the National bird, the turkey—not the eagle—occupies the chief place at the festival board all that this article hopes to do is to give them a choice of menus which may perhaps aid them a little in their Christmas catering.

FOR those who wish variety, geese, ducks, venison, with the every-day roasts of pork, veal, mutton and beef, are obtainable for the piece-de-resistance at Christmas time, while the choice of vegetables is practically unlimited. Peas, asparagus, string and lima beans, corn and tomatoes are all canned with such perfection that they are almost as delicious as the fresh vegetables.

MENUS FOR TWO-COURSE DINNERS

Roast Turkey Cranberry Jelly
Brown Gravy Mashed Potatoes
Cauliflower au Gratin Fried Sweet Potatoes
Mayonnaise of Celery

Plum Pudding Fruit
Nuts and Raisins Coffee

Boiled Turkey Grape Jelly
Onion Sauce Potato Croquettes
Parsnips, Cream Sauce Macaroni au Gratin
Cold Slaw

Plum Pudding Chocolate Blanc Mange
Coffee

THREE-COURSE DINNER MENU

Cream of Onion Soup
Roast Turkey Stuffed with Oysters
Oyster Sauce Currant Jelly
Potato Puff

Dried Lima Beans, Cream Sauce Celery
Baked Squash
Plum Pudding Mince Pie
Coffee

FIVE-COURSE DINNER MENU

Cream of Celery Soup
Fried Smelts, Sauce Tartare
Potato Balls Cucumbers

Roast Turkey with Plain Stuffing Plum Jelly
Oyster Sauce Potato Soufflé
Baked Spanish Onions, Cream Sauce
Stewed Tomatoes Spinach

Lettuce, French Dressing Cheese
Crackers
Plum Pudding
Coffee

EIGHT-COURSE DINNER MENU

Oysters on Half Shell
Consommé
Boiled Salmon, Egg Sauce
Cucumbers

Mushroom Patties
Roast Turkey Stuffed with Chestnuts
Giblet Sauce Crabapple Jelly
Rice Croquettes
Boiled Cauliflower Baked Sweet Potatoes
Boiled Squash

Lemon Sherbet
Roast Squabs with Mayonnaise of Celery
Plum Pudding Lemon Jelly
Nuts and Raisins Coffee Fruit

OTHER HOLIDAY DINNERS

THE following menus are for dinners in which the turkey is conspicuous by his absence and plum pudding by its substitutes. It is hoped that they will prove of service to many.

Roast Goose with Onion Stuffing Apple Sauce
Brown Gravy Potato Croquettes
Creamed Turnips Baked Macaroni and Cheese
Cold Slaw

Raisin Suet Pudding, Hard Sauce
Coffee

Roast Venison, Currant Jelly Sauce
Mashed Chestnuts
Fried Sweet Potatoes Creamed Turnips
Mayonnaise of Celery

Fruit Batter Pudding, Hard Sauce
Fruit Nuts and Raisins
Coffee

Roast Wild Ducks, Potato Stuffing
Apple Sauce
Stewed Chestnuts, Cream Sauce
Fried Sweet Potatoes Baked Cauliflower
Peas Hominy

Steamed Indian Pudding, Lemon Sauce
Coffee

Roast Wild Turkey Cranberry Sauce
Brown Gravy Mashed Potatoes
Beets Fried Parsnips
Celery

Mince Pie Cheese
Nuts and Raisins
Coffee

Roast Ducks, Sage Stuffing
Giblet Gravy Apple Sauce
Potato Puff
Boiled Onions, Cream Sauce
Baked Macaroni and Cheese
Celery

Parsnip Fritters Boiled Mushrooms
Pumpkin Pie Cheese
Nuts and Raisins
Coffee

Roast Chickens Giblet Gravy
Cranberry Jelly Potato Croquettes
Creamed Cauliflower Boiled Rice
Celery

Charlotte Russe Fruit
Nuts and Raisins
Coffee

Creamed Oysters on Half Shell

Roast Loin of Veal
Brown Gravy Cranberry Jelly
White and Sweet Potatoes cooked with Meat
Mushrooms, Cream Sauce
Cold Slaw Creamed Turnips

Fruit Batter Pudding, Hard Sauce
Coffee

Clams on Half Shell

Roast Beef Yorkshire Pudding
Brown Gravy Baked White Potatoes
Baked Mushrooms Stewed Tomatoes
Celery

Iced Montrose Pudding
Nuts and Raisins
Coffee

Purée of Onions

Roast Loin of Pork Brown Gravy
Cranberry Sauce Hominy
Stewed Celery Pickled Beets
Boiled Turnips

Hot Apple Pie Vanilla Gelatine
Coffee

Bisque of Tomato Soup

Roast Mutton, Currant Jelly
White and Sweet Potatoes baked with Meat
Succotash Creamed Celery
Cold Slaw

Mince or Pumpkin Pie Cheese
Nuts and Raisins
Coffee

Raw Oysters on Half Shell

Boiled Leg of Mutton
Caper Sauce Cranberry Jelly
Jacketed Potatoes
Baked Tomatoes Peas Rice Croquettes
Celery

Asparagus Tips, French Dressing
Crackers Cheese
Baked Apple Dumplings, Hard Sauce
Coffee

Bouillon
Braised Leg of Mutton, Cranberry Sauce
Steamed Potatoes
Fried Tomatoes Macaroni au Gratin
Celery
Mayonnaise of Oysters and Lettuce
Crackers Cheese
Meringue Marmalade Tarts
Nuts and Raisins
Coffee

Cream of Carrot Soup

Boiled Cod, Egg Sauce
Potato Balls

Roast Wild Ducks
Grape Jelly Onion Sauce
Fried Sweet Potatoes Mashed Chestnuts
Browned Turnips
Celery

Lettuce and Tomatoes
Crackers Mayonnaise Cheese

Cake Ice Cream Fruit
Coffee

Mock Turtle Soup

Roast of Beef Brown Gravy
Horse Radish Hominy Croquettes
Stewed Celery Baked Sweet Potatoes
Spinach

Mayonnaise of Celery Cheese
Crackers
Lemon Jelly Custard
Cake
Coffee

Creamed Macaroni

Purée of Green Peas
Sheepshead, Sauce Hollandaise
Potato Balls

Fillet of Beef, Currant Jelly
Potatoes Browned
Asparagus, Cream Sauce Baked Squash

Shaddocks
Canvasback Duck Mayonnaise of Celery

Lettuce, French Dressing
Crackers Cheese

Montrose Pudding
Coffee

Little Neck Clams

Bouillon
Veal Cutlet, Garnished with Lemon
Rice Croquettes
Plain Boiled Potatoes

Lettuce, French Dressing
Crackers and Cheese
Coffee

Purée of Potatoes
Boiled Sheepshead, Egg Sauce
White Potatoes

Roast Chicken, Crabapple Jelly
Boiled Rice
Chicory Salad
Crackers and Cheese

Snow Pudding
Coffee

Bisque of Crabs

Fried Chicken, Baltimore Style
Potatoes with Cream Dressing
Endive Salad, Plain Dressing
Crackers Cheese

Rice Pudding, Cream Sauce
Coffee

Consommé

Fresh Codfish, Oyster Sauce
Tenderloin of Beef
Mashed Potatoes Stewed Celery

Cottage Pudding, Hard Sauce

Fruit
Coffee

Chicken Soup with Okra
Sweetbreads in Cream
Sweet Potatoes Celery
Macaroni

Grouse, Apple Sauce
Boiled Custard Coffee
Apple Tart

Cream of Asparagus Soup

Fricassee Oysters
Beefsteak, Mushrooms
Potato Croquettes Baked Tomatoes
Mashed Squash

Mayonnaise of Lettuce Cheese
Crackers
Chocolate Cream Pudding, Vanilla Sauce
Coffee

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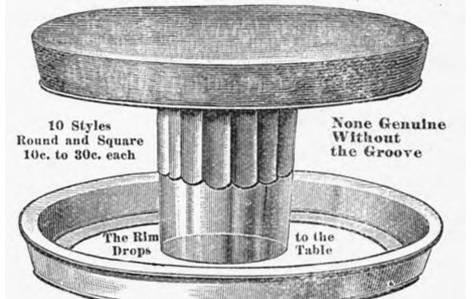
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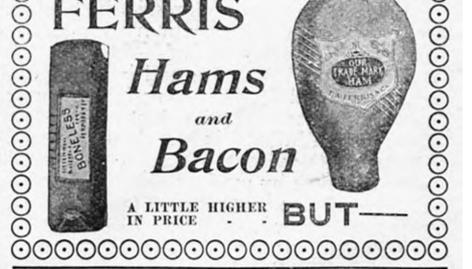
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THE table for the holiday dinner should be made particularly attractive in its appearance; the flowers should be selected to correspond with the particular holiday, and nothing should be left for either the heart, the eye or the palate to crave for.



FOR THE WINTER TABLE

Soups, Entrees and Desserts

EIGHT DELICIOUS SOUPS

BY SARAH COLTON

**O**FTEN soups are made without any recourse to the stock pot, but with much help in the way of milk and cream. As these soups are easily and quickly made and form a delicious first course to any dinner, I give below several receipts for making them, and also a receipt for a rich beef soup:

CREAM OF ONION SOUP

**P**EEL and cut into thin slices a dozen small white onions, and fry them to a light brown in a tablespoonful of butter. Add to the onions a pint of sweet milk, a quart of boiling water, a saltspoonful of salt, the same quantity of white pepper, a half teaspoonful of sugar, and a pinch of mace. Cook half an hour very slowly and strain through a fine sieve. Add the yolks of three eggs, well beaten, and a cupful of cream. Serve immediately.

CREAM OF CORN SOUP

**T**O each quart of corn, cut from the cob, or canned corn, add three pints of water. Boil until tender, and then add two ounces of butter that has been well mixed with one tablespoonful of flour. Boil for fifteen minutes more; season to taste, and just before serving add a heaping cupful of whipped cream.

OKRA SOUP

**C**UT the okra in very thin slices, and throw into one and one-half quarts of boiling salted water; when tender add one quart of milk, a large tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and white pepper to taste. This soup must be made in a porcelain kettle.

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP

**B**OIL twelve stalks of celery, cut in small pieces, in three pints of water for half an hour. Add half an onion and two blades of mace, and pass through a sieve. Mix one tablespoonful of flour and a heaping tablespoonful of butter; add to the soup, with a pint of milk, and salt and pepper to taste. A cupful of cream added just before serving makes a great improvement.

PURÉE OF POTATOES

**B**OIL and mash in two quarts of water four large potatoes, a small onion, two stalks of celery and a sprig of parsley. When done pass through a sieve. Return to the fire, season with salt, pepper and two generous tablespoonfuls of butter, rubbed into a dessertspoonful of flour. Boil up once and pour into a tureen over a cupful of whipped cream.

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

**A**DD to a pint of water ten medium-sized, or one quart of canned tomatoes, a teaspoonful of sugar, three or four whole cloves, a slice of onion and a little parsley, and boil fifteen or twenty minutes. Add a small teaspoonful of soda, and in a few moments strain.

Thicken one quart of milk with a large tablespoonful of cornstarch, stirring and boiling for ten minutes. Add to this a little salt, a sprinkling of cayenne pepper, a heaping tablespoonful of butter and the mixture of tomatoes, allowing the whole to become thoroughly heated through, but not to boil.

DELICIOUS TURTLE SOUP

**S**CALD and scrape the outer skin off the shell of the turtle; open it carefully, so as not to break the gall; break both shells to pieces and put into the pot; lay the fins, the eggs and some of the more delicate parts by; put the rest into the pot with a couple of quarts of water. Add two onions, parsley, thyme, salt, pepper, cloves and allspice to suit your taste. An hour before dinner take the parts laid by, roll them in brown flour, fry them in butter, put them with the eggs in the soup. About half an hour before dinner thicken the soup with browned flour and butter rubbed together. Serve very hot.

RICH BEEF SOUP

**C**RACK the bones of a good beef shank, and put in a pot that holds two gallons; fill the pot with cold water and set it on the fire. As soon as it begins to boil set it on the back of the stove where it will boil slowly. Skim it well and put in the vegetables: half a pint of shelled lima beans, one pint of ripe tomatoes peeled, one quart of tender okra sliced thin, and half an hour before the soup is done one pint of corn cut from the cob. The soup should boil slowly for six or seven hours. Add salt and pepper to taste when the corn is added. Before serving, carefully skim off every particle of grease.

FOUR SAVORY ENTRÉES

BY MARY BARRETT BROWN

**A**LL good housekeepers take pride in making their tables look as attractive as possible. As a means toward this end I give below directions for preparing four delicious entrées:

ESCALOPS À LA VERSAILLES

**C**UT two pounds of the fillet of veal into slices one-third of an inch thick, and trim it into neat rounds about three inches in diameter; season these with salt and pepper; dip them first in warmed butter, then into beaten eggs, and afterward coat thickly on both sides with a savory mixture composed of four ounces of fine white breadcrumbs, one ounce of grated cheese, a dessertspoonful of minced parsley and a pinch of cayenne. Press the covering firmly into the meat, then fry the escalops until delicately browned, and dish up tastefully on a ring of potatoes well mashed and pleasantly seasoned. Fill in the centre with any well-cooked favorite green vegetable; garnish round the outer edge with tiny rolls of bacon and stewed mushrooms, and serve very hot.

VEAL CUTLETS À LA PRINCESSE

**C**UT the best end of a neck of veal into cutlets. Mince very finely a dozen pale-colored button mushrooms, a small onion, two ounces of lean ham and a small handful of fresh parsley, and put them into a saucepan with two ounces of butter; fry lightly for a few minutes, then lay in the cutlets and pour over them a large breakfastcupful of good white stock; cover closely, and stew gently and evenly until the meat is thoroughly cooked. Have ready on a hot dish a flat, neat-shaped bed of mashed potatoes; arrange the cutlets neatly upon this, and put them to keep hot. Add to the contents of the pan a tablespoonful of white roux, the beaten yolks of two fresh eggs, a tablespoonful of strained lemon juice, a little salt if necessary, and a seasoning of cayenne, and stir over a gentle fire until the sauce nearly reaches boiling point, then skim carefully and pour it over the cutlets.

SWEETBREAD À LA DIEPPOISE

**P**ROQUIRE a prime fresh sweetbread; soak it in cold water for one hour, then drain it, and in order to blanch it, throw it into a saucepan of clean cold water slightly salted; bring it slowly to the boil, and simmer gently for five minutes, then put it to press between two plates. When quite cold wrap the sweetbread in buttered paper, and put it in a saucepan with two ounces of butter, a seasoning of salt and pepper, a little chopped celery, carrot and onion, and a bunch of herbs, and fry lightly for about ten minutes; then add a breakfastcupful of good stock, and stew as gently as possible for an hour, adding more stock if necessary. When done enough cut the sweetbread into small, neat slices; mask these entirely over with a thick coating of boiling-hot tomato purée, and arrange them on a border of mashed potatoes; fill in the centre with a mound of green peas; pour a little rich brown sauce round the outer edge, and serve at once. To make the tomato purée for this dish, take some large ripe tomatoes, and after removing the skins and squeezing out the pips, rub them through a fine sieve into a saucepan; add a seasoning of salt and pepper, a teaspoonful of corn flour mixed to a smooth paste with a spoonful of cold water, and a few drops of cochineal or carmine to improve the color, which ought to be very bright; stir until the preparation boils, then add a little finely-minced parsley and use.

CHICKEN À LA PARISIENNE

**C**UT up a fine, plump fowl into small neat joints, and season these lightly with salt and pepper, and sprinkle with flour. Put two ounces of butter into a stewpan, and when it is dissolved and quite hot, lay in the chicken; fry for a few minutes over a quick fire until the joints are nicely browned, then add three tablespoonfuls of chopped onion, a bunch of savory herbs, a pint of good brown stock, a large tablespoonful of minced parsley and half a dozen chopped mushrooms, or if these latter are not to be had a teaspoonful of mushroom powder; cover closely and cook very gently for about half an hour; then remove the chicken, pile the joints up tastefully and as high as possible in the centre of a hot dish and put them to keep hot. If the sauce is not sufficiently thick—it ought to be the consistency of good cream—add a tablespoonful of brown roux; boil up sharply, skim carefully, and pour over the chicken, and serve very hot.

CHRISTMAS CAKES AND DESSERTS

BY SEVERAL CONTRIBUTORS

**T**HE dessert is oftentimes the most perplexing part of the meal to the housekeeper, and particularly so during the holiday season, when she is anxious to have something particularly dainty and pleasing both to the eye and the palate. The subjoined receipts may be of some service, none of the cakes being too rich to serve where ices form the chief part of the dessert course.

DELICATE WHITE PUFFS

**B**EAT a pint of rich milk and the white of four eggs until very light, and add, slowly beating all the while, a cupful of finely-sifted flour and a scant cupful of powdered sugar and the grated peel of half a lemon. Bake in buttered tins in a very hot oven, turn out, sift powdered sugar over them and serve hot with lemon sauce.

SNOW APPLE PUDDING

**R**EMOVE the inside from six large baked apples. Beat to a stiff froth the whites of three eggs, stir into the apple and serve with the following sauce: Beat the yolks of the eggs with one cup of sugar, adding one-half a cup of boiling milk, and flavor with lemon.

CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE

**C**OVER an ounce of gelatine with water. Boil one quart of milk, four ounces of chocolate and twelve ounces of sugar five minutes. Add the gelatine and boil five minutes longer, stirring constantly. Flavor with vanilla, and pour into moulds to cool. This dessert may be served with sweetened cream or a rich custard sauce.

CHRISTMAS PARTY CAKE

**M**IX six ounces of butter and eleven ounces of sugar to a cream; add the beaten yolks of five eggs. Beat until very light. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla, a fourth of a grated nutmeg, with the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Whip the whites of the eggs to a froth, add them with a teacupful of thin cream to the butter. Sift half a pound of pastry flour, three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder together, and add to the mixture. Pour into a greased mould and bake in a quick oven. When cold, ice.

HOLIDAY CAKE

**B**EAT four ounces of butter, three ounces of sugar and the yolks of four eggs together. Add four ounces of flour, the grated rind of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of rose water and the beaten whites of the eggs. Fill small fancy cake moulds with the mixture, sprinkle the tops with chopped almonds and powdered sugar. Set in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

SMALL WHITE CAKES

**O**NE pound of sugar, three whole eggs and four yolks. Stir together for half an hour. Then add sufficient flour to make a dough stiff enough to make cakes that may be laid on the baking tin with a spoon. Vanilla or any other flavoring may be used. The cakes should look white when done.

CHOCOLATE MACAROONS

**O**NE-HALF pound pulverized sugar, one-quarter of a pound grated vanilla chocolate mixed with the beaten whites of two eggs. Drop small cakes of this mixture with a spoon on a tin covered with white paper, and bake in a very moderate oven for a quarter of an hour.

GERMAN CHRISTMAS CAKES

**I**NTO one quart of molasses (New Orleans is best) put a tablespoonful of black pepper, one of cinnamon, a teaspoonful of ground cloves and the grated rind of two oranges and one lemon. Let this stand a day. Then add flour enough to make rather a stiff dough, add about four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, which must be mixed with the flour, and a large spoonful of lard. Roll out the dough into long strips about as thick as your finger (working in more flour if too soft to roll), and with a sharp knife cut into pieces the size of a nut about half an inch long. Bake in a hot oven. Be careful not to put the nuts too near together in the pans or they will stick together. If they do, break them apart while hot.

SMALL SAND CAKES

**W**ASH one pound of butter and stir it to a cream; gradually add half a pound of sugar, two eggs, and one and one-half pounds of flour. Roll out thin. Cut out into round cakes, wash over with the yolk of egg beaten with a little sugar, and strew with sugar, cinnamon and almonds.

A RICH STEAMED PUDDING

**S**TIR thoroughly together one cup of molasses with one cup of butter and a cup of milk. Add one cup of chopped raisins and three cups of flour into which a teaspoonful of saleratus has been stirred. Add citron if desired, and steam in a pudding boiler three hours. For the sauce beat three eggs to a froth, stirring into them a cup of sugar and a little vanilla.



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## THE SMALL FAULTS OF GIRLS

By Ruth Ashmore

**T**HEY can only be compared to the little foxes. You have a beautiful bunch of grapes, perfect in shape, exquisite in bloom, looking as if they must be luscious and sweet, and you pick one, expecting great pleasure, but it sets your teeth on an edge, and you discover that at its very heart it has been bitten by two sharp little teeth, and in consequence it is not at all pleasant to the taste. So, very many times is it with the character of the young girl. There may be about her everything that is charming; she may appear agreeable, attractive and amiable, but, suddenly, something occurs, some little thing is said or done, and you discover that the mental little foxes have bitten at and taken away from her perfection. In many cases a watchful mother sees that the little foxes do not come near her daughter, but quite as often the watching for them and the being careful that they are not permitted to come near one must be the work of the girl herself. These small faults are at first troublesome to get rid of, but when the effect that they have upon the character is realized, and it is seen how quickly they grow from mere faults to absolute sins, surely a girl will take all the care possible and not only discover them for herself, but hate them and conquer them.

### THE SIN OF SILENCE

**U**SUALLY much is said about speech being silver and silence golden, and yet there are times when silence itself is a sin. If some one you know is being talked about, spoken of maliciously, and all her faults discussed, what is your duty? This: To think up something about her that is good, and to mention it so distinctly that all the talkers will be shamed out of hunting for her faults and will begin to look for her virtues. Very often you set your lips tight and resolve not to say a word against anybody, and then you think you have done your duty. But you haven't. A persistent silence in leaving undone that which you ought to have done has been your fault, and that means committing a sin of omission. Speak and speak quickly and honestly, never hesitating to tell of the virtues belonging even to your enemies, because, after all, it is a mean thing merely to keep silent; and it is a great thing to control one's self so that one may speak well of those for whom one does not care.

Of the sins of speech you girls all know. It is the unnecessary word of fault-finding. It is seeing and speaking of people's faults, rather than searching out and proclaiming their virtues. It is being willing to make people unhappy by nasty little speeches that may seem clever, but are really rude. It is saying what you ought not to say. It is allowing free license to your speech. In time as the result you will get so that you will even look for the disagreeable thing among your friends and those whom you love, and you will speak as quickly about them as about utter strangers. Irrespective of the wrong that you do, how long will you retain any friendships worth having? Men and women both are afraid of the young woman who makes unkind speeches, and so I beg of you watch carefully that the sin of speech does not overcome you, and rule that organ which should be divine, the tongue.

### SINS OF MANNER

**I**N your manner you can commit sin. Somebody has just been introduced to you, and instead of bowing pleasantly, you give a stiff, haughty bow that makes a shy woman feel uncomfortable and causes her to have anything but a pleasant opinion of you. In your home you come into the dining-room late for a meal, throw yourself carelessly into a chair, and as you eat the semi-cold dishes, you sulk and refuse to speak to anybody. When you are asked to help a little in the household, you start to do it by banging the door and give poor work because your heart is not in it, and you make everybody about you uncomfortable by your disagreeable manner. Some one comes in to see your mother, some old friend, and she wishes to present you to her. You toss your head, curl your lips, don't want to go, but at last yield, principally from curiosity. Probably the lady you meet is not very finely dressed, nor can she chatter about social affairs as you like your friends to, but that doesn't excuse your speaking to her in the stiffest manner and making her feel anything but comfortable.

### ONE OF YOUR SINS

**I**F one of your pet sins is to sulk I will tell you what to do. As pleasantly as you can ask your mother to excuse you for a little while; then go to your own room and sit in front of your looking-glass. Watch your face and see how ugly it grows when you yield to this sin. I am sure that in a very little while you will be down on your knees asking God to help you, and making to Him a promise to do all that you can to help yourself. Another ugly fault, and one which is of manner, consists in finding nothing to your liking. Of course, you display this fault at the home table most prominently, but when you are visiting you make your hostess feel uncomfortable, although you don't say a word, by refusing everything on the table except bread and butter and tea. Now, my dear, unless you learn to avoid this sin of manner, you should eat by yourself at home and not be permitted to go visiting.

### SINS OF DISRESPECT

**Y**OU think that respect is only necessary to your father and mother, and yet it is absolutely due to whoever is older than you, whoever is greater and whoever is better. Flippant speeches and carelessness of manner simply stamp you as being very ignorant. Fancy making an old lady a subject of jest as I heard a girl doing not long ago! It happened to be true that she was odd, that she dressed much too young for her years, and that she seemed to forget that she was no longer a young woman; still, no matter what she did, that did not excuse the light criticisms that were passed upon her. And you and I, my friend, are just as likely to be foolish when we are old. There were many good things in this old lady's life; to many a young girl had she given a pretty party dress, and nothing pleased her so much as to collect young people about her and make them have a good time. But this girl who was making fun of her forgot the kindness and only remembered the little follies, reversing the judgment that would be passed upon her at the last great day.

You are lacking in respect to a clergyman when you go to church and do not pay proper attention to his sermon. You are lacking in respect to your hostess when, having provided some good music for your pleasure, you leave the room, sit on the staircase and chatter with a group of young people quite as disrespectful as yourself. You are very rude if you permit yourself, by spreading out your draperies, to occupy two seats in a car, and permit an old gentleman to stand. You think that these are little faults; so they are, but the specks upon the grape where the sharp little teeth entered were almost invisible.

### SINS OF EXTRAVAGANCE

**T**HERE are more ways of being extravagant than by spending money. Extravagance in speech is a common fault among young girls. Something is seen and when it is described later on it would scarcely be recognized by any other looker-on. Extravagant words have been used, the situation has been made dramatic, and what was an ordinary, every-day occurrence is, by your extravagant language, made to seem a something of great importance. After a while this habit grows upon you, and your friends laughingly say, "If you want to be amused listen to Florence; if you want the absolute truth of the affair ask somebody else."

Extravagance in dress very often means improper dressing—over-dressing. Possibly you kept the greater part of your money and with it bought a fine silk frock, only fitted for evening or visiting wear, and yet, after it has seen a little service, you are forced to go to business in it. What you ought to have done was to get a smart-looking woolen gown, and then it would, when the time came for it to be used for every-day wear, be quite proper. Think, if you are among the butterflies, whether you are not extravagant in urging those who love you best to give you pieces of jewelry which they really cannot afford and which are utterly unsuited to the life you live. Many a business man can trace his downfall to the diamond earrings for which wife or daughter begged so hard. And then a woman is seldom satisfied with just one bit of prettiness. So, my dear girl, unless you know your father can afford it, do not even hint to him that you would like a bracelet, or a locket, or a brooch, but make yourself look as charming as possible in the simplest way, and then if dark days should ever come you will have nothing to blame yourself for.

### SINS OF THOUGHTLESSNESS

**A** VERY good motto to put up in your bedroom in bright red letters is this: "Evil is wrought by want of thought." Yes, it is, but that is no excuse for it. You are a thinking human being, and you have no right when you have done wrong to excuse it by saying you didn't think about it. It is one's business in life to think. You were rude, your manner was not perfect and the words you said were evidences of ill-temper; thoughtlessness will not pardon any of these. It always seems to me as if it were the weakest of all reasons, that one of lack of thought. It is equivalent to saying that you've no brain. You are asked by your mother to dust the parlor; it isn't done, and when, later in the day, you find her busy at it and know that she is so tired she ought to be resting at this time, what a poor reason it is for you to give as an explanation of your neglect, "I got to talking and didn't think."

You are asked by an employer to carefully watch a certain account and to see that there are no errors. At first you do with much enthusiasm; then, without exactly formulating the idea, you let it alone. Some day there is a great error; it means a loss of much money, and when you are reminded of what you were asked to do isn't this a poor excuse for not having attended to your duty: "I looked carefully after everything else, but lately I haven't given a thought to that"?

You hear a bit of gossip, you repeat it to your best friend. It goes around the circle and eventually you are forced to face it again. Then the woman about whom you said it asks you why, and it seems a mean, low reason when you say: "Well, it was told to me and I never gave a thought to there being any harm in repeating it." So you see what may be wrought by thoughtlessness. The shrug of the shoulder, the curl of the lip when some one else is referred to may, on your part, mean very little, but when they are described and much stress laid upon them, the impression is that you know a great deal that you haven't told. What you did was done from thoughtlessness; that is your excuse. But this is absolutely true, one can easier battle with something that is premeditated than with something that is done in so-called thoughtlessness.

### SINS OF JEALOUSY

**T**HESE are very mean sins. They cause you to undervalue your friends. They make you say petty, mean things, and they cause to grow in your heart a poisonous green plant which is bitter to the taste and which is called envy. You are jealous of somebody's beautiful looks. Beautiful looks, my child, do not last forever, but beauty of manner will cling to one all one's life. You are unhappy because somebody's clothes are finer than yours; keep yours sweet and neat, try and forget about outer garments, go out in the sunshine and you will realize that in life she who wears beautiful clothes gets very little more pleasure, no more sunshine, and no more keen appreciation of everything than you do in your simple, suitable frock.

You are jealous because somebody is spoken of as a fine musician, whereas you can only play the accompaniments while your brothers and sisters sing the songs that all of them like. Perhaps the girl who is such an artist in music may be unfortunate enough not to have brothers and sisters; so you must think about your blessings, think over what you have that she doesn't possess and make yourself happy. If you allow jealousy to take possession of you, you will not only be a very unhappy girl, but you will make everybody around you dislike you, and surely you don't want that to happen.

### THESE EVERY-DAY FAULTS

**I** KNOW every one of my girls can think of some other little fault, one that is peculiar to herself. Now, I want her to represent the perfect specimen of girlhood, just as the perfect grape is the finest of fruits, satisfying the thirst, the taste and the eyes. But, my dear girls, if you want to be this you must pull out the little faults as you would the weeds from a garden. Pull them so carefully that they cannot come back, and in their place sow the seed of the beautiful flowers that represent the virtues. You see it will make you happier, better and more lovable, and it will make life sweeter for everybody around you. And behold, some day, taking you in her arms, your mother will tell you that the brightness and good cheer in the house are due to you and your virtues. She may, perhaps, remind you of that time when you weren't as wise as you are now, and be sure she will congratulate you on your victory over the little faults of every-day life. After this it is so easy to conquer big faults; they stand out so prominently, having no little ones to excuse them, that you see them and control them. You get them well in grasp and master them, and in time, you, my girl, by your own efforts, become "a perfect woman nobly planned."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 35 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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## FETE DAYS OF THE FRENCH

By Maria Parloa



THE French people dearly love a fête day, and they have many of them. There is hardly a month in the year that does not include one or more holidays. Some of these days commemorate events in the history of the nation, but the greater number relate to events in the church. Some of the methods employed in celebrating church festivals would never lead one to think that the fêtes had anything to do with church or saint. But is not this the case the world over? The New England "Fast Day" was originally a day of fasting and prayer, and although there are people who still observe it in this manner the majority make it a day of pleasure, with the result that its original signification is lost sight of. This has led thoughtless people to ask that a day with historical interest be substituted for it.

### PREPARATIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

THE preparations for Christmas and New Years begin by the middle of December. Women go about the streets with hand-carts full of holly and mistletoe, and sometimes other evergreens. The holly, owing to the mild, moist climate, is much finer than with us. The leaves are as rich and glossy as if they had been polished with sweet oil, in the same manner as our florists polish ivy leaves. The rich red berries are very abundant on the branches. The mistletoe is fine and cheap. It is found throughout the country in the oak trees, and looking at it from below to the lofty trees reminds one of immense crows' nests.

Christmas trees of all sizes are found at the flower markets. Many of these are small evergreens growing in pots, some of them only large enough for a small gift to a tiny baby, but others are large and fastened in a block of wood. The Christmas tree is not general in the home, and is of comparatively recent introduction, therefore the markets where the trees are sold do not present the crowded and lively aspect which that portion of the American market does where evergreens are sold.

The *charcuteries* and butchers' shops have a particularly festive air; whole carcasses, and, also, the small joints of meat are decorated with green leaves and artificial flowers, usually red camellias. The legs of mutton are enveloped in scalloped white paper, which is fastened with a rose or camellia bud. The windows are filled with the finest poultry and game, arranged in the most tempting manner. Turkeys and capons are larded and truffled, all ready to be roasted. At the *charcuteries* can be found everything in the way of prepared and cooked pork: hams, plain, decorated and in jelly; tongues in the same way; cold meat-pies; all sorts of sausages (and they make a great many kinds in France), a special dainty for Christmas being blood sausages. These are made from the blood of the pig, and are considered the finest of all sausages.

### WHAT IS FOUND IN THE SHOPS

IN Paris the confectioners and florists make a special display for each fête, and when it is possible to use a symbol they do so. The special *boubonnières* for last Christmas were donkeys, and little cradles containing tiny doll babies. These ranged in price from the tiny things costing a few cents to the elaborate affairs costing many dollars. There was no end of lovely candies and dainty boxes, baskets and bags to put them in. But comparatively little candy is sold at Christmas; the confectioners reap their harvest at New Years. There are special cakes made for this festival; in Paris it is a sort of almond cake, thin and elaborately decorated. The windows are full of these cakes during the Christmas holidays, and are not seen after. In the north of France they make a sort of plum cake, which is called *coquille de Noël*, and another *l'enfant Jesus*. The latter is a thin cake cut out in the form of a child. The toy shops abound in all sorts of lovely things and—I must also confess—many ugly things. Among the dolls there were perfect ones with wardrobes which a belle might envy: the daintiest undergarments, gloves, shoes, stockings, corsets, hats, etc., everything to match each costume. Fancy the pleasure of being able to dress and undress such a doll. In some of the shops were little houses with complete sets of furniture for each room, whole kitchen outfits, complete sets of tools for boys—everything, in fact, that the heart of boy or girl could wish. The art, jewelry and other shops are always beautiful, but even these put on an added air of festivity during the holidays.

### THE CHILDREN AND THE FÊTE DAYS

TO the children of no other nation can the vacations, which come with fête days, mean more, if as much, as to the French child. The children of the working-people and the tradespeople are generally sent away to school while yet very young, some of them mere babies. It is not because the French mother has less love for her children than women of other nations that she is willing to send her child to a stranger at this early age, but circumstances seem to compel her to pursue this course. In the small trades the wife takes as active a part as the husband, and if her husband is not in trade for himself she finds some kind of employment that she may help support the family. Under these circumstances she cannot attend properly to her children, and rather than leave them in the hands of a servant or without any one to look after them, she sends them to such a boarding-school as her means will permit. The discipline at these schools is very strict, and naturally the children are wild with joy at the approach of *Noël* (Christmas) and *Pâque* (Easter), as the beginning of these festivals means vacations at home. Not only are the French people fond of their children, but they enter into their pleasures and are children with them. During the holidays and on Sundays the children and parents are together everywhere. One finds them in the shops enjoying the toys and pretty things, the children often returning home laden with the treasures their hearts desired. In fine weather the parents and children will be found in the parks and gardens enjoying the various games and the miniature theatres, or perhaps they will have a picnic in the country. In cold weather if there is skating the mothers and fathers will walk for hours on the ice, supporting and protecting the children while they are learning to skate. It is not strange, therefore, that these little ones long for the three great vacations of the year, Christmas, Easter and the summer vacation of August and September.

### BOOTHS ON THE BOULEVARDS

DURING the holidays the city permits booths to be erected on the outer part of the broad sidewalks. The finest and most frequented boulevards are taken for this purpose. The booths are erected the day before Christmas, and remain until after New Years. The weather was so cold last year that the poor people did not have much trade. It was a curious sight to see lines of little wooden sheds extending for miles along these fine avenues. Everything under the sun was sold here: all sorts of mechanical toys, gold fish in little glass globes that would not hold half a pint of water, birds in tiny cages, white mice and rabbits at the same stand; jewelry, glass with your name engraved on it if you wished, kitchen utensils, household ornaments, stationery, books, small wares, etc. The scenes about these booths were most animated, especially at night. The contrasts were striking. On one side brilliantly-lighted stores, many of the windows ablaze with sparkling jewels, while on the other side were the rough booths filled with cheap wares, and lighted with all sorts of lamps. Between the booths and the stores moved a stream of humanity, which included all classes and conditions of people: elegantly-dressed men and women; men in blue blouses and women in the common working-dress and bareheaded; bands of students and young working-men singing and pushing their way through the crowd; brightly-lighted cafés with groups of people sitting outside, notwithstanding the cold; the mingling of the voices of the proprietors of the booths calling attention to their wares; the rolling carriages, songs and laughter—all had a curious but not unpleasant effect upon the casual observer. In the daytime one missed the great crowds, the lights and the "happy-go-lucky" element, but opportunities for inspecting the booths were better, and then, too, there was the pleasure of seeing the children, who, with parents or some sort of guardian, were making the tour of the boulevards, and who were often made supremely happy by the purchase of some coveted toy or pet. There was one booth where a miniature steam engine was in operation, which was always surrounded with boys and their fathers. While watching them one wondered which was the more interested, father or son. Certainly the father generally made the boy happy by purchasing an engine. At another booth there were fleets of French and Russian ships. They were arranged upon a shallow tray of *papier maché*, containing a little water in which the ships moved about.

### MIDNIGHT SERVICE IN THE CHURCHES

ON Christmas Eve services are held in all the churches. We went to the Madeleine. The entrance to the church was through a side door in the basement and up a small staircase. We left the boulevard about half-past ten, and found the church about half full at that hour. The people continued to come, singly and in groups, until about half-past eleven. All nationalities and conditions of society were represented. Sitting in line with a group of Vassar girls were some Normandy peasants in their picturesque costumes. Officers and soldiers, rich and poor, black and white, all mingled in this vast congregation. In the side chapels the priests were hearing the confession of penitents, mostly women. The church was very dimly lighted. About eleven o'clock they began to light the candles on the grand altar, one by one. It was like the break of day. Gradually the magnificent piece of sculptured white marble (the Assumption) began to emerge from darkness. Finally a row of gas jets in the galleries back of the altar was lighted, bringing statuary and pictures into full view. It was as if the sun had come above the horizon. And then the service began, the organ in the back of the church and an orchestra and choir behind the grand altar filling the vast building with grand and solemn music. The music at the Madeleine is always fine, but this night it was heavenly. There was a short sermon; mass was celebrated; the people who had been confessing in the side chapels filed down the side aisles and received communion. About half-past twelve the great doors of the church were opened and the congregation slowly passed out of the church into the glare and noise of the boulevard. I am sure that there were not many in that congregation, whether Protestant or Catholic, who will soon forget the solemnity and sweetness of that midnight service.

### HOW THE NEW YEAR IS OBSERVED

THE celebration of New Years really begins just before midnight on the last day of the year. A small party passes the evening in playing games, music, conversation and often dancing. Shortly before midnight they adjourn to the dining-room, where some light refreshments are provided.

Among the French, New Years is a much more important festival than Christmas. This is a great family day. In the morning the children go to the chamber of their parents to salute them, and offer their good wishes for the new year. If a member of the family has died during the year all the near relatives assemble at the grave early in the morning, renewing flowers and ornaments. After the midday meal the younger members of the family call upon the older ones, and in the evening they all meet for dinner at the home of the oldest member, who is considered the head of the family. When the French speak of their family it is in a broad sense, and includes all the relatives.

While few, if any, presents are given at Christmas, friends and servants are remembered with gifts at New Years. Gifts of flowers and confectionery are received by the ladies. Young men in society are expected to call at the homes of their lady friends, and either to bring or send flowers or confectionery. For the young man with a small salary this is a great demand; still if he has been receiving hospitalities all the year here is an opportunity to show his appreciation. The French people, very wisely, do not give their children much candy, but at New Years children and older people indulge in this luxury, and there are few ladies who do not receive one or more *boubonnières* filled with candy, largely chocolate, for the French run to this kind of confectionery.

The Christmas decorations of holly and mistletoe remain up until after Twelfth Night, and the observation of the day and evening is more like our Christmas than New Years. After dinner there are games, and perhaps music and dancing.

### CELEBRATION OF TWELFTH NIGHT

EVERY family in France, no matter how poor, celebrates Twelfth Night by having *La Galette de Roi*. This cake is generally made of pastry, and baked in a round sheet like a pie. The size of the cake depends upon the number of persons in the company. In former times a broad bean was baked in the cake, but now a small china doll is substituted for the bean. The cake is the last course in the dinner. One of the youngest people at the table is asked to say to whom each piece shall be given. This creates a little excitement, and all watch breathlessly to see who gets the doll. The person who gets it is king or queen, and immediately chooses a king or queen for a partner. As soon as the king and queen are announced they are under the constant observation of the other members of the party, and whatever they do is immediately commented upon. In a short time there is a perfect uproar. "The king drinks," "the queen speaks," "the queen laughs," etc. This is kept up for a long time; then there are games, music and dancing.



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## COMBINATION OF COLORS IN DRESS

By Emma M. Hooper



THE dress of one color will be an exception this season and from three to four colors and materials will be the general rule. Nearly every gown worn shows cherry, bluet—cornflower blue—or black in some form, just

as nearly every bit of dress goods said to be fashionable gives at least traces of brown, tan, navy or bluet, dark green or black. It is both fashionable and economical to wear a kind of a Joseph's coat of many colors, but the combination of these colors would form an unknown book to those patching the coat many years ago, therefore it will be well for those persons who have an eye for color to cultivate it.

## USING CHERRY AND BLUET

WHAT is called cherry or cerise should really be styled reine, pivoine or Jacqueminot, as they are on the French color cards, being very pinkish-reds that are not becoming to bright red hair or florid complexions. The French are successful with this because they use only a touch of it in a costume, as a crush collar on a black, navy, bluet, brown or dark green dress, or at the most a collar and belt, which will also renovate any half-worn gown of last year. Velvet is preferred for these accessories in the plain or miroir—ironed to give the looking-glass effect—though satin is also much worn for such additions to a gown. Bluet is used just as cherry is, and one trims the other as well. A very stylish gown of bluet cloth has braces or suspenders from the front to the back of the belt of black satin ribbon No. 12, overlaid with a band of open jet insertion and a belt of the same tied in a bow of two upright loops and two long ends, each end having another bow half way to the end. The round waist, leg-of-mutton sleeves and untrimmed bell skirt, four yards wide, need only a crush collar of cherry velvet to complete them. A black silk-warp Henrietta skirt made six yards wide, with flaring gores forming flutes or godet plaits all around the bottom, each plait being held by elastic straps, is worn with a round waist of bluet satin. The full leg-of-mutton sleeves, crush belt and braces (cut bias, two inches wide and faced with crinoline) are of black satin or gros-grain, and the crush collar having swallow-tail bows at the back and sides is of bluet or cherry velvet.

## REMODELED GOWNS

IT is the easiest season to make over in. Cut waists off round, add a crush collar of red or blue, and a belt to match either the collar or dress of velvet, satin or ribbon; then add very full sleeve puffs or new leg-of-mutton sleeves, a pair of the largest needing four yards of twenty-inch silk, of velvet, velveteen, satin duchesse or gros-grain. A V-shaped vest covered with appliqué figures of white lace guipure, a yoke of the same effect or a full soft vest of chiffon drooping low over the belt like a Fédora front of ten years ago are among the new trimmings. Since jet returned there are Vandyke points for yokes, braces that end as a fringe in front over the bust, draped corsage ornaments from shoulder to shoulder, girdles, etc., that are stylish and dressy on woolen and silk dresses. The loose fronts are made of silk muslin or chiffon. To widen skirts insert side panels of velvet or silk, or if for a house gown cut down the centre and insert a front of velvet. Lace is chiefly worn as a flat border on house dresses, as girdles, yokes, in separate figures or appliqués on silk and velvet yokes and vests, and as entire bodies or waists fitted smoothly over a silk lining, and with silk sleeves and skirt of the same or a second color, using guipure lace. Jetted nets are used as full vests and yokes, and in soft drapings over a silk lining for a waist; if the net is very thickly jetted it is drawn plainly over the waist lining. As so many colors and materials are allowed renovating a costume becomes of small account. Brown may be trimmed with black satin ribbon braces and belt and bluet velvet collar and V, the latter covered with white lace appliqué. Green of a dark shade has a touch of black in jet braces and belt, a light green chiffon vest in accordion plaits and a collar of rose velvet. A mixed navy and green suiting has collar of cherry velvet and vest and belt of navy Liberty satin, a soft imported satin of very high lustre at one dollar to two dollars and fifty cents a yard, that is used for costume accessories and odd waists. Brown ladies' cloth has a girdle and yoke of cream guipure lace in points edged with narrow mink fur and laid on yellow satin; vest of yellow chiffon and collar of bluet velvet.

## PREVAILING STYLES

THE four-yard bell skirt having a godet back has been described many times. It must be lined with grass or hair cloth at the back to hold the plaits in position, and straps of elastic are also placed across the plaits at the belt and ten inches below. Then have a bias facing of canvas fifteen inches deep and a binding of bias velveteen. Get a decent quality of the latter and sew it on so that it is a mere trifle below the edge of the dress fabric after turning it up; baste carefully and your binding will set smoothly. The leg-of-mutton sleeve may be moderately full, using three yards of twenty-inch silk, or if the very large size, requiring four yards. Unless of very slimsy goods sleeves are not lined with any stiffening—at the most lawn or thin crinoline will do. A new sleeve extends at the top of shoulder to the collar like a plaited tab; another one has two rows of shirring up the centre, throwing the fullness out on either side like the wings of a butterfly. Still another one has the lower part from the wrist to the elbow wrinkled like a mousquetaire glove from gathers along the inner seam. Round waists abound with only side and shoulder seams in the outside material. Some are plaited and yoked like a cotton shirt waist, others are pulled plainly over the lining, and others have much of the fitting done with tiny plaits at the waist-line, back and front. Where the figure absolutely forbids a round waist a pointed corsage is worn or one pointed in front and with added coat skirts or basques on the sides and back. This is a favorite style of the English tailors.

## DESIGNS IN WOOL

FOR a brown ladies' cloth the godet skirt is five yards wide and the sleeves very full; round waist slashed at the top in oval openings to show a cherry silk lining beneath and the slashes edged with spangled gimp. Collar of cherry velvet, and fitted belt of the cloth edged with black Persian lamb. Small cape lined with changeable red and black silk, yoke of jet edged with fur and a velvet collar. A dark green cloth has bluet lining, jet and fur trimming. One of pale green is combined with mauve. Plain costumes of brown, green or bluet, mixed serge, tweed, or cheviot weaves have only a velvet collar and belt, or vest and belt of silk to accord with the dress and a velvet collar in high contrast. Woolen skirts and sleeves are worn with silk or velvet round waists. Silk or velvet sleeves are seen with a velvet or silk waist and woolen or silk skirt. Black moiré is no longer a novelty for combinations, but satin is very stylish and gros-grain answers for a combination, but not for a trimming, which distinction should be noted as it is one of the many little things that go so far toward making the act of dressing either an art or makeshift.

## DECORATIONS OF RIBBON

BRACES or suspenders of No. 9 or 12 in black, are among the much-affected ribbon trimmings. They commence at the belt, back and front, and tie up on the shoulders; others are without bows and are partly or entirely covered with open-work jet bands. Collars of ribbon are plain or laid in folds and shaped with a seam at the centre front; at the back there is a rosette or swallow-tail bow and one on each side to correspond. Bows or rosettes of ribbon are used on the full sleeves to drape some of the excessive fullness to the outside. Then house dresses are often trimmed with an immense bow at the lower part of the centre front, or on a pretty crépon evening gown there is a row of No. 7 satin ribbon down each front and side seam, each dotted with rosettes or swallow-tail bows. Belts are of No. 12 or 30 ribbon, the latter being folded to go around the waist, as is No. 60 when that is worn, which width seems to herald the return of sashes for next spring, when a season for ribbon garnitures is predicted, especially in black as now. Belts fasten at the back with a rosette or swallow bow, or have two rosettes three inches apart and an end from each to the edge of the skirt. These rosettes are also worn to fasten in front, and for change they sometimes fasten with or without ends on each side above the waist after passing around the waist twice. Another style has lengthwise bows, two loops up and a loop and end down, on each side of the centre front or back, or both, and an end from each, which in turn has a bow half way down its length. This is pretty when it falls as though a continuation of the braces. Belts may have a rosette or bow without ends on either side of the front. Wide ribbon is tied in loops on the left with two long ends.

## THE IMPORTANT BLACK SILK

AS they are named black silks are now ranked: satin duchesse, *peau de soie*, gros-grain and all repps, small-figured satin and taffeta. Moiré is still worn, but as trimming on a skirt, as a waist of it adds years to any one wearing it. While black silks are again in complete favor they are not like the all-black gowns of a decade past. Now it is the exception not to find them combined with a collar and plastron of bright color or a skirt and sleeves and waist of a vivid red or striking blue, green, etc. Chiffon, lace, jet, ribbon and velvet are the trimmings worn. Cherry is particularly fashionable on black, followed by bluet, yellow, pink, leaf green and mauve. The black silk skirt has become a standard institution to wear with odd silk waists and thus get several changes apparently out of one. These skirts are of speckled or plain satin duchesse, moiré, gros-grain, or of surah in accordion plaits if the wearer be of a slender figure. The skirts are of a bell shape, with godet back, and are from four to five yards wide, except those in accordion plaits that should be ten yards wide before plaiting them. They are untrimmed, or if the wearer is very short and stout the side and front seams are covered with a band of jet beads and spangles about three-quarters of an inch wide. With such skirts a black ribbon belt is worn, or a crush belt of the colored silk waist material, or one like the velvet collar if such an addition is liked. The waist may be checked, plain, striped or figured satin, taffeta, surah or filmy chiffon draped over silk. Such a costume is worn to the theatre, concerts, calling, small evening entertainments, for evenings at home, and at informal dinner parties, etc.

## YOUNG LADIES' BLACK SILKS

THE skirt will be like those described, and large leg-of-mutton sleeves that have four yards of material in them. Round waist of cherry, bluet, yellow, green or mauve satin or gros-grain, with a crush collar of velvet of the same color. Braces of jet only, or of the black silk covered with jet. Loose Fédora front dropping in French fashion over the front of the belt of black jetted gauze. Another style shows a yoke of tucked chiffon, black over cherry silk, and a cherry velvet collar. Below the yoke is draped a jet corsage ornament finished with a fall of "rain" fringe. Others have a yoke or collar of jet Vandykes with bead, spangle and nailhead effects over a colored silk yoke, as one of bluet chiffon forming puffs between each point. A French model shows the upper part of the silk waist slashed to show a colored lining beneath and the slashes edged with narrow jet; in some cases the sleeves are slashed to correspond. Belts of velvet, silk, jet or ribbon are worn. The jet girdles are very dressy with jet braces, draped corsage ornaments or yokes. Partly-worn black silk gowns can be remodeled by adding new sleeves and a yoke, for instance, of black chiffon over colored silk, using a low, round bodice and skirt of the black silk, belt of ribbon having ends, etc. If the skirt is too narrow add side panels and leg-of-mutton sleeves of moiré, figured gros-grain or satin. Round waist of the old material, loose plastron of jetted black chiffon, crush collar and belt of cherry, mauve or bluet velvet. A very striking trimming is a yoke and girdle of colored velvet or satin overlaid with white guipure lace in appliqué figures. It is a good plan for those of limited wardrobes to have the gown made up plainly and wear detachable belts and collars and made-up neckwear, as chiffon and lace collarettes, yokes, plastrons, crush collars or fichus of lace or chiffon.

## FOR THOSE OLDER

THE skirt and sleeves will be of a similar style and the round waist will be retained until forty is passed, if the form will allow it. Otherwise a corsage pointed front and back, or a coat-skirted basque having a pointed front is worn. Jet trimmings are suitable for any age, and bright-colored velvet collars are worn up to fifty years anyway. The jetted white guipure lace is handsome for a flat vest or yoke over black or a color. Black chiffon over a colored silk lining, jet girdle and braces, silk sleeves and skirt, affords a charming "best gown" for a woman of forty and over. Usually a colored crush collar of velvet lightens the entire costume. Elderly ladies of sixty like a soft satin with godet skirt, slightly-pointed waist, having attached basques, moderate leg-of-mutton sleeves and a vest of white or mauve chiffon in fine plaits. Jet braces and wrist finish. For those in mourning the dull soft-finished armure and cashmere black silks are sparingly trimmed with jet and white chiffon, but these should not be worn until crêpe is discarded, at the end of six months or a year. In buying black silk pay at least one dollar and a quarter a yard for it, but not necessarily over two dollars, as these silks are much cheaper now than they used to be. A plain material will keep in style longer than a figured one.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Hints on Home Dressmaking," will be found on page 36 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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THE CORRECT USE OF FURS

By Isabel A. Mallon



**F**UR is always becoming and always has about it an air of luxury. The golden-brown furs are given the vogue this season, mink and its many imitators being especially fancied. This fur, and by this I mean mink, is one that cuts desirably into pipings, allowing sufficient skin to be sewed by, and yet the line of fur, though narrow, looks full and achieves the effect desired. Black fox, blue fox, skunk and seal are in vogue, and where one has many gowns, the gray velvet costume elaborately decorated with chinchilla is considered most elegant. The fur of the skunk is an extremely pretty brown, but one must beware of getting it wet for a disagreeable odor is almost always perceptible when it dries.

**THE MODE OF DECORATING**  
ON coats, deep collars that curve in and stand up high on the shoulders are liked, and if no other fur trimming is put upon them, then cuffs reaching to the elbow



COAT OF CLOTH AND FUR (Illus. No. 2)

are the proper finish. Quite often, however, a piping will outline the jacket, and then several rows of the fur in pipings will decorate the sleeves. On silk or brocade coats the collar is usually of fur with a lace frill over it, while a lace jabot extends to the waist, and pipings of fur and frills of lace are on the cuffs. On gowns fur trimming is very simply applied; sometimes it is about the skirt in one broad band; again, narrow bands of it will be arranged with spaces between, or, if an elaborate effect is desired, these spaces will be overlaid with passementerie of gold, silver, beads or silk.

**A TYPICAL COSTUME**  
A TYPICAL costume intended for afternoon wear is that shown in Illustration No. 1. The material used is golden-brown velvet, and the skirt, while it has the fashionable swing, barely escapes the ground. The decoration is a half a yard from the edge, and consists of a band of mink three inches wide arranged in deep curves around the skirt. The bodice is a round one of the velvet, and has a wide flaring collar of mink for the neck finish. This, of course, is adjustable, and when it is removed there is under it the usual high folded collar of white silk. The sleeves are very full and are drawn into deep cuffs overlaid with coarse white lace. Three pipings of fur are around each cuff, so arranged that one comes exactly at the edge. The belt is a folded one of cream-colored silk with fur edging it at the top and bottom. The hat is a Gainsborough of green velvet decorated with brown feathers, and having, where it is raised at one side, two mink heads, so placed that they look as if they had made that their home and were peeping out at a larger world.

On cloth the contrast of lace and fur is seldom seen, and the fur itself, after trimming the skirt, is usually arranged in collar and cuffs, with, perhaps, an outlining to the coat.

THE SHORT COAT

**T**HE long, fur-lined, fur-trimmed wrap permits little ingenuity in the arrangement of the fur upon it. That it is the inner lining, that it is about the throat, down each side of the front, and, where there are sleeves, constitutes the cuffs, fully describes the only disposition possible on the long garments. Of course, they are most artistic looking, and by the choice of becoming fur are made to give to the wearer an air of magnificence. In golden-brown, crimson and dark blue serge, as well as in the various rich brocades, the long cloaks are trimmed with fur in the manner described, though they are not always lined with it.

On the short coats fur is very generally used, and many odd arrangements are noticed. The brown cloth coat, shown in Illustration No. 2, is cut after the fashion of a frock one and reaches to below the knees. It has a collar of black fox cut after the shawl fashion, which permits to be seen, like a tiny vest, a section and high collar of mink. The sleeves are full at the top and shape in to the wrist where they are trimmed with five rows of mink piping. A belt of the cloth starts at each under-arm seam, is piped with mink and is caught in the centre with a silver-gilt buckle. The edge of the coat is piped with the fur. The hat is a toque of brown velvet, trimmed with mink head and tails, and worn very far back on the head.

Another short coat, which is of gray cloth, has a high collar and a flaring collar of chinchilla, while its only other decorations are the deep cuffs of the fur and the fancy steel buttons that decorate each side of the front. A chinchilla muff is carried with this, and the bonnet worn is made entirely of steel decorated with dark blue tips. If a hat is preferred, then a smart littletoque may be made of cloth like the jacket and trimmed with white wings and steel buckles.

A JAUNTY AFFAIR

**W**E all know how well a young girl or a woman with a slender figure looks in the close-fitting Eton jacket. These jackets must be made with great care, for while one should not come below the waist, still it must not rise up, and it must fit without a wrinkle. Cloth trimmed with fur, or fur alone, are used for the jackets liked for this season. In wearing such a jacket, which certainly will keep one as warm as toast, it is advisable to have an untrimmed silk bodice to wear under it, as it makes it easier of assumption and does not cause the lining to wear out so quickly. Such a bodice also makes the jacket fit more snugly, and one is certain that no decoration is being crushed.

A VERY STYLISH JACKET

**T**HE smartest of the Eton jackets is pictured in Illustration No. 3. The regulation, close-fitting shape is developed in sealskin, and it is made more feminine and more becoming by having a high shawl collar of black fox and flaring revers that come far down on the corsage at each side. These, of course, tend to make the shoulders look broader and the waist smaller. The sleeves, which are very full, shape in to the arm at the elbow and are entirely of sealskin.

A very smart Eton jacket is of brown cloth, with sleeves, collar and revers of mink. Another, intended only for visiting and carriage wear, is of white ermine, with its trimmings and sleeves of sealskin. A green cloth is made rich looking by trimmings of black fox, and a silver-gray by those of chinchilla.

ABOUT BUYING FURS

**I**N buying furs especially for trimming, go to a first-class place, inasmuch as the furs that are apparently sold for such cheap prices are usually found lacking. Frequently they have not been taken care of during the summer, and the moth has made his home among the hairs, and in a short time you will find your gown or skirt continually covered with them, and wherever you sit, or whoever may be near, will also suffer from this rain of loose fur. If a good effect is produced by an imitation fur, buy it, but examine it well. Mink is particularly well imitated, and as the real fur is quite expensive it may be taken for granted that on nine out of ten gowns the fur has never been acquainted with that sharp-looking little animal whose head just now is of so much value.

The imitations of ermine are never good, and therefore not to be thought of. Astrakhan is sufficiently low in price to permit any one getting a gown trimming to have the real article itself. By-the-by, in speaking of laces and furs, I forgot to mention that over the deep fur capes, those reaching far below the waist, it is considered in perfectly good taste to wear a shoulder cape of lace. Usually one of the sharply-pointed designs is chosen for this purpose.

A FEW LAST WORDS

**I**F your gown is made at home, have a sewer of fur—and the knowing how to sew fur is a trade—come to put that trimming on, else it will be too loose, and then you will not get the full advantage of the fur, or it will not be sewed evenly and it will wrinkle up and form anything but a decoration. The fur sewer makes every hair show to advantage, and by watching the papers, the address of one who may be engaged for a day or two can easily be gotten. A trimming that is not properly arranged mars rather than makes a gown, and it is for this reason that I give you these few words of advice. Mourning, which is nowadays so much lightened, permits, when one is not wearing a long crêpe veil, the use of astrakhan as a costume decoration. It looks well on Henrietta cloth when arranged in pipings, or if preferred, a band about three inches wide may form a foot trimming. By-the-by, while fur is used upon ordinary bonnets, it is not allowed on mourning ones.



SMART ETON JACKET (Illus. No. 3)



FOR AFTERNOON WEAR (Illus. No. 1)

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## THE GREENHOUSE IN WINTER

By Eben E. Rexford

**B**ECAUSE it has frequently been said that it is much easier to grow plants well in a greenhouse than in the living-room, one must not get the idea that all one has to do is to build a greenhouse and fill it with plants and then allow it to take care of itself. To grow plants well under any and all conditions it is absolutely necessary that they be given good care. Those who have grown plants in the sitting-room will find after a little, if they do not at first, that the attention required by plants in a greenhouse is quite different, in many respects, from that demanded by plants in the living-room. This is owing to the great difference in conditions which prevails in the two places.

**I**N a building having a glass roof the heat of the sun on an ordinary winter day will be quite sufficient to raise the temperature inside to 75, 80 or even 90°. It should not be allowed to reach the latter figure if possible to prevent it; 75° is a healthy temperature, and most plants are able to stand 80°, but they will not prove as satisfactory as in a house kept somewhat cooler. Therefore, it will be necessary to dispense with artificial heat on winter days as soon as the heat of the sun, as collected by the glass and radiated into the greenhouse, is sufficient to maintain the degree of temperature named. If the house is heated by hot water the valves which govern the pipes should be turned and the circulation of water shut entirely off. If the house is a small one and oil-stoves are used to heat it they should be taken from the room as soon as the temperature begins to rise rapidly, as it will after the hour named if the day is bright and sunny. In very cold weather the heat of the sun will be found quite sufficient to keep the greenhouse warm from ten to three o'clock. If the day is only ordinarily cold and the sun shines very bright, it may be necessary to open some of the ventilators on the roof to let out surplus heat, which collects in "this trap to catch a sunbeam." In raising the roof ventilator, open the one on the opposite side from which the wind blows. This will let the heated air pass out without letting too much cold air in, and will prevent the cold air from striking down upon the plants as it would if it came in with a wind back of it. On no account open the ventilators on the sides of the greenhouse, if there are any, in winter, for if you do the chilly, raw air striking directly against the plants will give them a check almost as injurious as freezing would be. One must aim to let the cold air mix with the warm air before it reaches the plants. Great care must be taken with ventilation. Do not wait until the temperature reaches the nineties before opening the ventilator, for by doing this you bring about a sudden lowering of temperature which is harmful. Aim to make all changes gradual, rather than abrupt and extreme.

**O**NE of the advantages of a greenhouse over the living-room is the facility with which the air can be moistened and kept so. If the walks and walls are showered well daily, and no water is thrown directly on the plants, the air will be likely to be moist enough to meet the requirements of most plants in this respect. There should be enough moisture to produce a condensation on the glass of the roof after two o'clock if the ventilators are not open. Up to that time the sun will probably be strong enough to dissipate it and prevent it from collecting in drops on the glass after ten o'clock. Such plants as like moisture on the foliage in liberal quantities can be showered, but it will seldom be found necessary to use a great deal of water directly on the plants. Where this is done in winter there is considerable danger of injury to the foliage, as the sun will blister or burn spots on it if there are bubbles in the glass, these acting on the principle of a burning-glass and focusing the ray in such a manner that intense heat is generated, and this, coming in contact with the leaf at the place where the drop of water is, does the damage which many see among their plants but fail to understand the why and wherefore of it. The best plan is to keep the air full of moisture by evaporating water from a pan or pail on the oil-stove; or, if hot-water heating is used, by sprinkling water on the pipes. This gives the best results.

**I**F the air is kept moist at all times the red spider will not put in his appearance. Therefore, in fighting against this enemy you are benefiting your plants in more ways than one. You will find that the amount of moisture which makes it unpleasant for the red spider is just about the degree which plants require in order to make a healthy growth. If you were to neglect the generation of moisture in the greenhouse you would soon have a lot of dead plants. Bear this in mind and use water freely. You will notice that if the air is kept moist much less water will be required by the soil in which your plants are growing.

About two or three o'clock in the afternoon in winter you will notice that the sun fails to generate much warmth in the house, and the temperature will fall rapidly if nothing is done to keep it up or raise it. Then the heat should be turned on. Do not open all the valves full width and let on a great volume of heat all at once. Be gradual with it, and let on just enough to keep the temperature at 70° or thereabouts. This can be allowed to fall to 55° at night, but I would not advise letting it run much lower where the collection is a mixed one. Do not make the mistake of waiting until the temperature has fallen several degrees before turning on the heat. If you do that the temperature may continue to fall for some time before radiation of heat from the pipes begins, and the room may get too cold for many of the plants in it.

**I**N fall or early winter the house should be looked over carefully, and all cracks and crevices where cold wind or frosty draughts of air can find an entrance should be closed. A few little openings will let in enough cold to counteract all the heat that it will take a good many pounds of coal to generate. Therefore it pays in a double sense to see that the house is made tight and snug before intensely cold winter weather comes along. It must always be borne in mind that all plants need fresh air, and some means should be provided by which a supply can be given daily. I have found that a two-inch tin pipe, starting a foot or two from the sills of the house on the outside, and running up to a height that would allow all air entering through it to be discharged over the heads of the plants, and there turning a square corner and projecting into the room, will supply a sufficient amount of fresh air for a greenhouse of the ordinary size. A tin cap can be fitted over the end of the pipe projecting into the house, thus shutting out the air when advisable. This should always be done at night. The object of having the pipe start near the ground is to prevent the entrance of strong gusts of wind, such as would be sure to blow through a straight pipe, or any opening in which there is no turn to break the force of the current of air. What we want is air, not wind.

**T**O properly water plants one must study the effects of sunshine and artificial heat on the soil. Watch them and see how long it takes for them to get dry. Do not apply more water until you see that the soil takes on a dry look on its surface. Then give liberally. I would not advise applying water with a hose in a small greenhouse. It is better to go about among your plants with a watering-pot having a long spout, and water as needed. This plant will be quite dry if it is in a small pot or has a great many roots; that one will require but little water. By looking them over individually you can give just as much or as little as is required, and you will find that you are amply repaid for the extra trouble by the health of your plants. In using a hose some will get too much and some too little, and all may suffer in consequence.

There would not be so much danger of injury if your plants were in beds, but most amateurs confine themselves to pot plants, and plants in pots require careful attention in the way of watering in order to do well. If the water is drawn from a cistern under the greenhouse it will not be necessary to warm it, or to allow it to stand for a time before using; but if it is drawn from a well outside it will generally be found rather cooler than the plants like, and it should be allowed to stand until its chill is taken off. Great care must be taken to keep plants in hanging-baskets from drying out if you want them to give pleasure. The air of most greenhouses is so warm near the glass that the soil in pots or baskets suspended close to it parts rapidly with its moisture, and the plants suffer in consequence.

**I** HAVE always found it an excellent plan to take a tin can, such as fruit comes in, punch a small hole in its bottom, fill it with water, and place it on the soil in the pot or basket, concealing it with the foliage of the plant growing there. Care must be taken to have this hole just large enough to allow the water to dribble out slowly. If too large more will run out than is necessary; if too small, not enough. By watching effects for a day or two you can tell very nearly what size hole is required. In this way it is easy to keep the soil in hanging pots and baskets as evenly moist as that in the pots on the benches. Nothing adds more to the attractiveness of the greenhouse than hanging plants, and it is desirable that the owner should know how to keep them in good condition. If allowed to get dry at the roots frequently their usefulness is over.

So much has been said about the necessity of providing good drainage for pots that it does not seem necessary to do more than call attention to it here, and say that no one need expect to meet with success in the cultivation of flowers if it is ignored. Saucers are unnecessary in the greenhouse. They are not only unnecessary, but they are drawbacks to successful culture, as they collect and retain water that should be allowed to escape freely from the pot. It is a good plan to spread the benches with sand to the depth of an inch or two. This will take up surplus water, and give it off in steady evaporation, which will be beneficial to the plants.

**I**F oil-stoves are used to heat the greenhouse with be sure to get a kind that does not smoke or give off a strong and disagreeable smell. Such an odor indicates that there is not a perfect combustion of gas, and a stove that does not bring about perfect combustion ought not to be used. Some of the latest manufacture of oil stoves are made on exactly the same principle that the Rochester lamp is, and they are odorless, and very satisfactory for small greenhouses. If you use them be sure to keep them clean. Treat them precisely as you would a lamp, in regard to trimming, filling and regulating, and they will do excellent work for you. Neglect them and they cannot be expected to prove satisfactory. For small houses they are more desirable, if economy is important, than any other system of heating, but for larger houses I would advise hot water. If you find that they seem to burn the vitality from the air during the night keep a kettle of water evaporating on them. Because of the intensity of heat in the large flame, which is constantly creating a current of air which is drawn into the lamp at the bottom and discharged through the opening in the centre of the burner, the moisture is pretty sure to be extracted from the air during the night, unless some means is taken to keep up a supply. This is easily done by keeping water evaporating over the stove. Complaints of injury to plants from their use are rare, but I have almost invariably found, on investigation, that the trouble was owing to lack of moisture. In regulating the fire in a hot-water heater, the same rules govern that apply to the parlor base-burner. Remove all the ashes that have accumulated during the day before making up your fire at night. Shake down the grate well, so as to be sure of getting rid of clinkers and incombustible material. Then open the draught in the front door of the heater, below the fire-pot, also the draught or damper in the pipe, and leave things in this shape until the coal in the fire-pot is thoroughly ignited and burning briskly. Then fill the stove with coal. Allow it to burn with open draught until the gas given off in considerable quantities at filling is pretty well burned away, then close the slide in the lower door, and turn the damper in pipe; if your heater is on the base-burning principle, or in case it is a direct-draught one, push in the check-draught damper to prevent the fire from burning too strongly. Some have a check-draught in the pipe, by means of which the fire can be regulated to a nicety. You will find it necessary to watch the operation of your heater until you understand it perfectly, and the effect that each draught and damper has on it. Some are more sensitive to regulation than others. Some have strong draught, because of good chimneys, others have not. All these things must be observed and taken into consideration in gaining control of your fire. When you know what the opening or closing of the dampers will do you know pretty nearly how to manage your fire to get the different degrees of heat needed at different times.

One of the most useful things about a greenhouse is a brass syringe that will throw a good stream of water or a fine spray, as may be necessary. There should also be a step-ladder. Of course you will need a thermometer. You will find it much safer to depend on its statements than on your own judgment in these matters. There should be a place for storing pots under the benches, and a place for potting soil, and a bench at which potting can be done. You will need a watering-pot with a long spout, and a rose or spray attachment, which can be slipped on to the end of the spout easily when you sprinkle the walks.

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TRY IT.

CROCHET FOR THE TABLE

By Margaret Sims

**L**INEN doilies with crochet borders are just now very popular for table decoration. Wheels or squares adapt themselves most readily to the purpose. Sometimes the wheels are appliquéd on to the linen as shown in Illustration No. 2; sometimes they are sewed on to the edge as shown in Illustration No. 1.

from the beginning all around. Note that at the four corners of the border there will be 3 tre without any ch between worked into the corner picots of three squares.

For the last row—work 1 d c into every st with the exception of skipping one of the 3 tre at each of the four corners.

The border is now ready to be sewed neatly on to the linen, already prepared, with hemstitching. Please observe that for a double crochet the thread is not turned around the needle before inserting it into the stitch as for a treble.

SIMPLE CIRCULAR DOILY

**T**O make this extremely simple wheel begin with a circle of 12 ch.

1st row—work 30 d c under the ring.

2nd row—1 d tre, 4 ch, 1 d tre into the same stitch, miss 2 st; repeat from the beginning all around. There should be ten spokes to the wheel, each consisting of 2 d tre.

3rd row—under each 4 ch work 4 d c, 1 ch, 4 d c, then between the 2 d tre, 1 d c; repeat all around from the beginning, joining the wheels by catching together 2 points on either side, leaving 4 points clear for the outer edge and 2 points clear for the inner edge, thus forming a circle which can be increased or decreased slightly without detriment to the shape.

The neatest way to apply the crochet to the linen is first to baste it correctly on to a carefully-marked circle of linen, then buttonhole it down with the crochet thread; repeat the process on the wrong side to avoid a raw edge when the linen is cut away. A simple scroll pattern worked in stem-stitch with Roman floss either in white or gold color is a great addition and takes but little time since the Roman floss covers the ground quickly and is very rich looking.

FOR ROUND DOILIES

**T**HESE dainty wheels given in Illustrations No. 3 and 4 should be appliquéd on to the material. The size of the circle can be easily regulated by varying the point at which the wheels join. It is not necessary to join them in working, they can be placed and basted when finished. For Illustration No. 3 make a circle with 13 chain; into this work 32 d c.

1st row—1 d c into every stitch of previous round, taking up both loops.

2nd row—1 tre, 2 ch, miss 1; repeat all around.

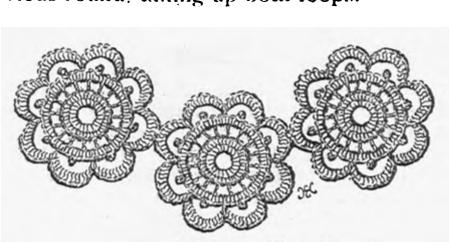
3rd row—4 d c into 1st space, 2 d c into next space, 4 ch, catch back into top of d c just made. This forms a picot; 2 more d c in same space; repeat from the beginning.

4th row—1 d c over tre between picots, 9 ch, miss one picot; repeat.

5th row—into each 9 ch work 1 d c, 14 tre, 1 d c; make 1 single into d c between the chain; repeat.

For Illustration No. 4 make a circle with 12 ch; into this work 30 d c.

1st row—1 d c into every stitch of previous round, taking up both loops.



WHEELS FOR DOILY (Illus. No. 3)

2nd row—7 ch, miss 4, 1 d c; repeat to make 6 spaces.

3rd row—5 d c, 1 ch, 5 d c into each space.

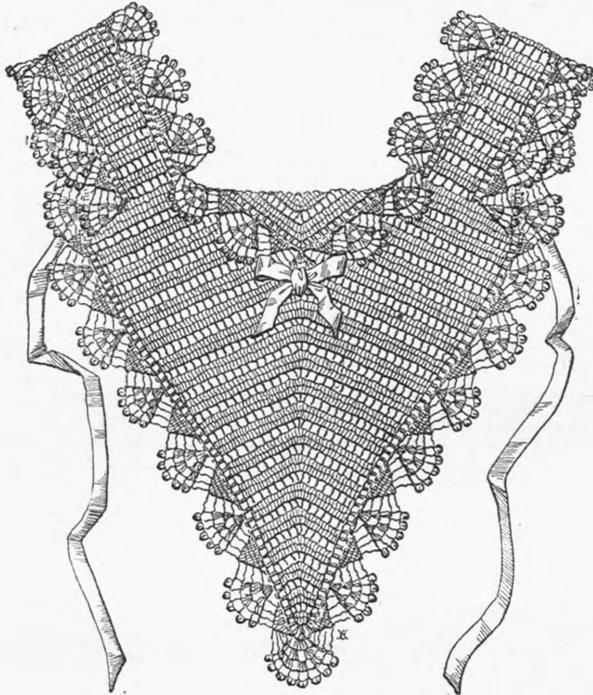
4th row—1 d c under the 1 ch, 9 ch; repeat.

5th row—into two spaces work 1 d c, 5 tre, 4 picots with 2 tre between each picot, 5 tre, 1 d c. Make a single stitch into the d c between the 9 ch. The picots are formed with 4 ch; catch back into top of tre just made. Omit picot in four spaces.

STYLISH CROCHET BIB

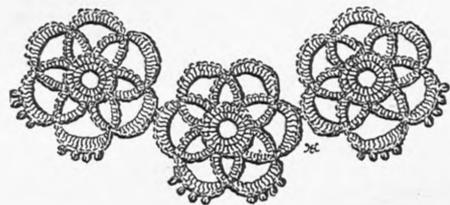
**I**LLUSTRATION No. 5 shows a stylish bib for a young child in quite a novel style, the armholes being the new feature. The bib is kept in place by means of the ribbon strings attached to the back of each armhole where it joins the main part of the bib. A bow to match finishes the front where the point turns over. The whole effect is very dressy. For a best bib white Hamburg knitting silk would be suitable. It washes beautifully and is much softer than crochet silk, therefore preferable for this particular purpose.

The pattern of the main part of this pretty bib consists of 4 rows of ribbed crochet alternated with one row of open-work made with 1 treble, miss 1 and 1 chain between. The simplest plan is to cut out a paper



CHILD'S CROCHET BIB (Illus. No. 5)

pattern of the required size, then, commencing at the lower point with 6 rows of ribbing instead of 4, work upward, increasing on either side and in the centre according to the shape of the paper pattern. Each armpiece is made separately with a strip 7 inches long by 1 inch in width. These strips are neatly sewed on before adding the border, the two ends of each strip being laid side by side close together to form the armhole or rather a small sleeve. Between the sleeves the point is turned over in front and caught down with a bow, but first the border must be worked all around the bib and at the edge of the sleeves.



FOR CIRCULAR DOILY (Illus. No. 4)

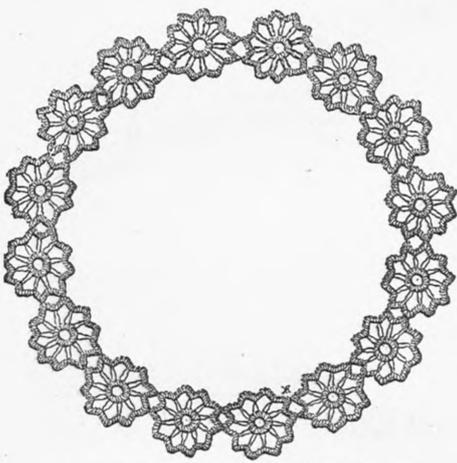
For the border work a foundation of 1 tre with 2 ch between, missing a space equal to 2 ch; at the points, top and bottom, work 3 or 4 tre into the same stitch, each divided by 2 ch. This forms the first row.

2nd row—work 11 d c into as many stitches, 3 ch, miss 4 st, 3 tre in 1 st, 3 ch, miss 4; repeat from the beginning all around. It should be so managed that each 3 tre is worked into a tre and not into a chain stitch. This can be done by skipping a st in working the 11 d c, or by putting 2 d c into 1 st, according as the shaping requires extra fullness or contraction.

3rd row—7 d c over the 11 d c, leaving 2 st uncovered on either side, 3 ch 3 tre into the 1st of the 3 tre, miss 1 st, 3 tre in last st of the 3 tre, 3 ch; repeat from the beginning.

4th row—3 d c over the 7 d c, 5 ch, 3 tre in 1st st of 3 tre, 3 ch, 3 tre between the two groups of 3 tre, 3 ch, 3 tre in last st of the second 3 tre, 5 ch; repeat from the beginning.

5th row—1 d c in centre of 3 d c, 4 ch, 1 d c in 1st of the tre; make a picot with 5 ch, turn 1 d c into the 1st ch, then 1 tre into the 3rd tre in the previous row. There should be 5 picots over each scallop, with 1 tre between each worked into the 1st and 3rd stitches of the groups of 3 tre; the last st should be a d c instead of a tre 4 ch; repeat from the beginning. This row completes a very effective border.



DAINTY DESSERT DOILY (Illus. No. 2)

Drawn-work or embroidery may be added on to the linen with advantage, or both may be combined for handsome sets.

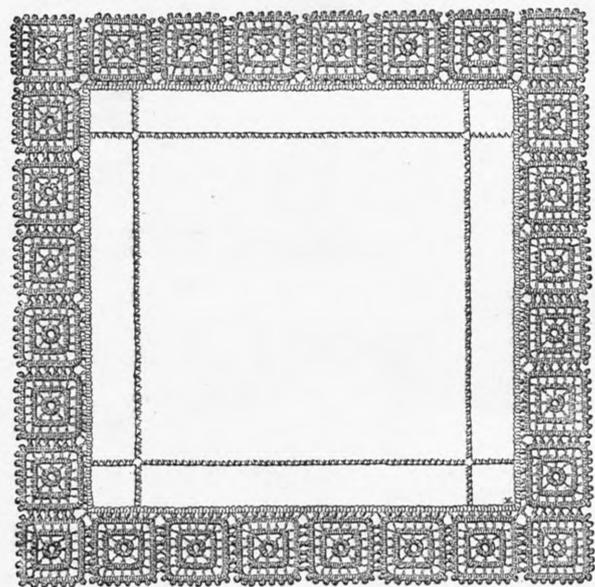
The wheel borders in Illustrations No. 3 and 4 are copied from designs introduced into some beautiful real Irish point lace flouncing. They are as unique as they are pretty and dainty. They should be worked in fine white or écreu cotton, linen thread or silk; écreu on white linen presents a charming contrast, especially if the linen be embroidered in satin stitch to match.

SQUARE TABLE CENTRE

**T**HE square shown in Illustration No. 1 may be made of any desired size, care being taken to fit the corners very exactly. Begin with 10 chain joined into a circle.

1st row—work 24 double crochet into the ring.

2nd row—1 treble, 5 ch, miss 2 st, 1



HANDSOME SQUARE CENTREPIECE (Illus. No. 1)

double tre, 5 ch, miss 2; repeat from the beginning all around. There should be when finished 4 tre and 4 d tre, the d tre at the corners forming a square.

3rd row—work 1 d c into every st, at the corners work 2 d c into the top of the d tre.

4th row—at each side of the square work 5 d tre with 2 ch between and 2 stitches missed. At each corner there should be 7 ch between the tre and not any missed.

5th row—in this row 1 d c should be worked into each st. There should be a picot over every space at the sides and three picots over each corner. The picots are formed by making 3 ch between every 3 d c. This completes one square. Each square should be joined to the preceding one by means of the picots as shown in the drawing. When sufficient squares are made and formed into a square border of the required size work along the top 1 d c into 6 of the picots with 2 ch between each, then 4 ch, 1 tre, into corner picot 1 tre, into corner picot of next square 4 ch, and repeat



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ONE of the inevitable changes of life recently brought to light a bit of glass hidden among my treasures. It was all there was left of a beautiful vase, the gift of a friend who was a person of distinction. It had possessed a triple value: it was of fine quality and graceful shape; it was associated with a noted person, and it was a token of warm friendship. For years it was the favorite receptacle for the rare roses which came to me from time to time bearing messages of sympathy or congratulation from dear friends. It gained from each use a new value. I remember well its last service; how fittingly it held its rich burden of La France roses, and how, alas! too carelessly set where the thorns on the outreaching sprays caught on the gown of a passer-by it was thrown to the floor and ruined. It seemed to me an irreparable loss, but what had really gone? Not the love that gave it, not the inspirations that its beauty had given, not the enrichment which had come into my life from its share in the expression of friendliness. I forgot this at first, and was vexed and grieved as if all that it ever meant had passed into oblivion. But I have learned better, and very cheerfully I threw the bit of glass away, cherishing the good it had brought me and murmuring no more that its work was finished.

QUITE too long a sermon from so meagre a text, does some one say? It is again the gift-giving season. We have often heard with what spirit the gift should be given, but perhaps not so often how it should be received. Certainly not as if it were the end in itself. If it be so taken it loses everything but its mercantile value, and is "bare" indeed. The maiden who wears her "solitaire" with the thought of the dollars it is worth degrades the token that should mean to her the most sacred of bonds. Quite too often the gift has usurped the place of the giver in our hearts; it has been a recreant messenger. The jewel has dazzled us with its own light, and we have failed to see in it the purer light of love it was charged to carry, and so in losing it we have grieved for the vehicle and forgotten that we still had the treasure it brought.

And so, I think, sometimes we misuse this gift of the Christmas season. We busy ourselves with the scene and forget the actor. We hang our garlands on the manger and give no sweet spices to Him who lay therein. We make much of the gift and ignore the giver. Let it not be so this year. May each token of remembrance and affection from kindred and friends stir our hearts to sincerer affection, and may we receive the great love brought to us by such innumerable gifts into grateful and adoring hearts. A Christmas greeting to each and all: may the day be full of joy and its cup run over into the new year.

DO you think one can learn to be funny? My family tell me I am too serious and I guess they are right. I like witty folks and wish I had some spark of fun in my nature. I have a dread of going through life like a funeral, and I make the greatest effort to be jocose occasionally, with the only result of making my hearers stare at me and look graver than they did before. I have bought books of jokes and studied them, and I read all the funny papers and find a great deal in them to smile at, but it does not help me to make others smile. I've repeated jokes before the looking-glass to see if I could find out whether there is anything wrong with my face. I did not know but there might be something wrong with the muscles of my mouth and perhaps it might be remedied. There is something wrong somewhere, for when I feel funny and say something that I think is funny nobody else seems to think so. We had a lady at our house a while ago who kept the family laughing whenever she was in the parlor or at the table. She would say something which would make everybody laugh. I could see it was funny and I would say it over afterward and it sounded too solemn for anything. Do help me if you can, for I hate to be such a damper on the spirits of the company I am in.

Yours is a hard case indeed. But I think you would better content yourself with another line of effort. Stop trying to be funny, and above all stop watching yourself to see how you do things, and give up watching your friends to see what they think of you. Probably you spoil any witty thought you have by the obvious self-consciousness with which you give utterance to it. Cheerfulness, unselfishness, readiness to serve your friends, and cordial appreciation of their humor will make your company enjoyed whether you have any gift of wit or not.

IS there any use in taking little children to a dentist with their first teeth? Will they not lose them, and will not simple remedies to cure their toothache do just as well as the dentist could do? I have the care of some children, not my own, and I want to do the best for them, but I do not want to throw away their father's money nor make the poor little things suffer unnecessarily.

The good condition of the permanent teeth depends very much upon the care taken of the first teeth. They should be kept clean and examined by a trustworthy dentist from time to time to save them from decay. Probably a few dollars paid to an honest, skillful dentist while the children are young will save many times that number and much suffering by and by. It is not difficult to make the visit to the dentist a very happy time if he has tact and you have any "faculty" with little folks. The dentist and the doctor should be on the best of terms with the children.

\* \* \*

#### HIDDEN

SITTING here in the western light,  
Hidden here by the sunset seas,  
I think of the old ambitions bright,  
And cannot but smile at life's mysteries.

I planned for an active, stirring life,  
Great deeds to do, and a life of song;  
I gave up all as a loving wife  
And I cannot think my choice was wrong.

Yet, oh, for one night of those bygone years,  
When queen of musical mysteries  
I swayed the souls in the opera tiers  
And played with their hearts while I touched the keys.

Just for one night to feel the power  
I wielded then as a common toy!  
Gone is the gift, and the present hour  
Gives but a commonplace, humdrum joy.

To sweep, to scrub, to dust, to churn,  
To iron and wash, to patch and mend,  
I tell myself in humor grim,  
In this most girlish day-dreams end.

Two little girls to love and watch  
And bring along the selfsame road.  
Will they at love's signal give up all  
Of their bright young plans, assume the load—

Of a busy wife and a mother's fears,  
Or will they live in the world alone?  
Alone! the word checks coming tears  
And my fancied griefs have lighter grown.

Far better to be a loving wife  
Than a lonely girl in a world of sin,  
Better to live this common life  
And reign a pure home life within.

My husband's smile, my baby's kiss,  
Outweigh in my thoughts earth's glittering gems,  
And I think, in future scenes of bliss,  
Earth's mothers will gain Heaven's diadems.

LULU McNAB.

DO you think that children taught in kindergartens are more dependent than others? I have heard this criticism made and I can see how a child might miss the constant provision of occupation and be unhappy and irritating when taken from a kindergarten and put into a public school.

In a good kindergarten—for there are some so-called kindergartens which are not good—a little child is taught and trained to think and act for himself but in harmony with others.

An abrupt change to a school where the training, if not the teaching, is precisely the reverse will naturally disturb the child. In place of activity there is often required absolute idleness. There is nothing to interest or occupy the mind or the restless limbs for a large part of the school session. How can it be otherwise unless the teacher is a genius and unusually independent of the school committee? Forty or fifty small boys and girls must be put through a certain course; the hours are the same as for scholars three times their age, and until recently—and in many places there is no change—object teaching was not understood. Unable to use text-books, without fitting occupation, what can a little child do but "depend" upon some one for guidance? Nothing is perfect in this world, but I believe that a good kindergarten is as near the ideal as we have reached in the training of little children. I have the testimony of a skilled teacher—a principal of a city public school—that the children who come from a well-managed kindergarten make greater progress and are easier to manage than those who do not.

HAS not the sewing-machine emancipated us girls from the bondage of the needle? Why should all girls be forced to sew any more than all boys should be forced to do carpenter work?

A girl who cannot sew enough to keep her clothing in repair, and add to her dress the small adornments which make so much difference in a woman's looks, but which can only be made and fitted by herself, is in bondage to her maid or her seamstress, or, what is worse, keeps her mother or a good-natured sister in bondage.

MY husband wants me to give frequent dinner-parties. He is willing to furnish all that is necessary to make them all right, and we have agreeable acquaintances. But no matter how hard I try the dinner is not a success; it is positively stupid. Folks won't talk and I get nervous, and, of course, I show it, and I am ashamed enough to cry. When I go to a dinner-party at a friend's I am as like as not to be so overawed by my neighbors at the table that I am shut up as tight as an oyster. Before I go I resolve I will talk if it is only about the weather, and then some silent creature is sure to sit next to me, and I cannot keep up a conversation without help, even though I discuss the weather all over the world. I wish somebody would get up a book of dinner-table conversations, and make people learn them and rehearse just as they do for weddings. You see how despairing I am!

HOSTESS.

Agreeable friends do not always make good dinner-table companions. If the company is so large that general conversation is impossible the tax upon the individuals is very great. To sit beside one person for two or three hours and be continually entertaining either as speaker or listener—and there is almost as much ability shown in listening well as in speaking well—is a triumph. Few can achieve it. The hostess, remembering this, should lay her plans very skillfully. The accessories of the dinner may be provocative of conversation, the flowers unusual, and sentiments on the dinner-cards quaint and suggestive. With watchful eye, yet not appearing to be overseeing her guests, the hostess should detect the first signs of dullness and lack of interest, and suggest a new theme to the exhausted talkers. Perhaps Mrs. A would like to look at the pretty bit of china a friend has just painted for you, and you send it down the table to her, and china painting starts the conversation again. Or Mr. B, who seems to be unhappy because pretty Miss D is talking far more to her other neighbor than to him, may be asked to settle a point in discussion between you and your neighbor on the right. Tact will find a way to keep up the spirits of the company. Never undertake to serve more of a dinner than you are sure can be served well without your anxious care. Do everything beforehand to relieve you of absorbing attention to the food. It is better that a serious blunder should pass apparently unnoticed by you than that you should be irritated by it and so disturb your guests.

When you go to a dinner-party go intending to hear as well as to talk. If your neighbor is silent try to "draw him out." Don't think you have to choose serious subjects or to appear learned; just be yourself, and if you find your thoughts run in too narrow a channel do not try to talk wisely, but set yourself at once to enlarge the stream of your interests. There is enough in this great world of ours to keep us all well stocked with topics to talk about.

\* \* \*

MY heart aches for the mothers who cannot be comforted because the child they loved is taken from their sight and care. Many sacred sorrows are poured out to me in letters which are too full of tears and too personal to repeat even just among ourselves. For such I want to bring the words of another, one who had gone through the experience and knew in his own soul the joy that comes through sorrow, so that he could speak with true sympathy to the parents who had "sent a child forward." Of the little ones gone he said:

"Are they taken from love? The care of them is no longer ours; that loved burden we bear no longer since they are with the angels of God and with God; and we shed tears over what seems to be our loss; but do they not hover in the air over our heads? And to-day could the room hold them all?"

"Do you recollect the background of the Sistine Madonna, at Dresden (in some respects the most wonderful picture of maternal love which exists in the world), for a long time was nearly dark, and an artist, in making some repairs, discovered a cherub's face in the grime of that dark background; and being led to suspect that the picture had been overlaid by time and neglect, commenced cleansing it; and as he went on, cherub after cherub appeared, until it was found that the Madonna was on a background made up wholly of little heavenly cherubs? Now, by nature motherhood stands against a dark background; but that background being cleansed by the touch of God, and by the cleansing hand of faith, we see that the whole Heaven is full of little cherub faces. And to-day it is not this little child alone that we look at, which we see only in the outward guise; we look upon a background of children innumerable, each one as sweet to its mother's heart as this child has been to its mother's heart, each one as dear to the clasping arms of its father as this child has been to the clasping arms of its father. And it is in good company. It is in a spring-land. It is in a summer-world. It is with God."

The Christmas season brings an added shadow into the homes from which the little ones have been taken, and to those I would give the comfort that has come to many parents from these inspiring words. And it would also give you happiness, dear friends, to let some homeless orphan share in the good things which you would give to your own were they with you. Is there anything more pitiful than a little child's face marred by evil and wan from hunger and neglect? One can hardly go into some regions of our large cities without seeing mere babies with the looks of worn-out men and hearing them lisp language profane and obscene. Surely it would add to the joy of your angel-child to know that for his sake you were making some child of misery purer and happier; no holier gift could be laid at the feet of the Christ-child.

A. J. S. Abbott.

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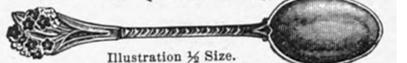


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In connection with

## The Ladies' Home Journal

**FOR** some time it has been apparent to the management of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL that the great desire among its readers for literary information and for a knowledge about books was incompletely met in its column of "Literary Queries," or in the resources of its present Book Department. While thousands of letters from our readers asking about books, and desiring information concerning authors and literary matters in general, have been answered, we still feel that they have not been attended to as fully and as adequately as the subjects merited.

### A FULLY-EQUIPPED LIBRARY BUREAU

IN order to meet this growing demand among its readers for the securing of good books, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has decided to add to its business an important department which will consist of a library bureau, fully equipped in all requisite features.

This bureau will seek to organize among the hundreds of thousands of JOURNAL readers a "Home Library League." Through this channel our readers will not only be able to purchase any and every published book at the lowest possible price, but they will also be freely supplied with any information which they may desire about literary matters. This Library League will be made, in every sense, the most complete literary exchange in America.

### THE RESOURCES BEHIND IT

ALL the literary resources of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will be brought to bear to make this Library League complete in its capacity to serve its readers. One of the best literary experts has been engaged to preside over the bureau; with two corps of assistants, one in Philadelphia and one in New York, and with special representatives in Boston, Chicago and San Francisco, the most thorough literary service will be made possible.

In conjunction with its free education offers this is the most important undertaking which the JOURNAL has ever assumed. It is on a direct line with the policy of the magazine from the start.

### "FIVE THOUSAND GOOD BOOKS"

THE workings of the League will be inaugurated on January 1, 1895. There will be sent to the address of each reader of this magazine, upon request, a very complete and easy guide to the best reading in all departments of literature. This reader's guide, itself a book of nearly 250 pages, will have for its title, "Five Thousand Good Books," containing, as its caption indicates, mention of five thousand books, any of which will be supplied by the Library League, to its members, at a cost less than the retail price. The book is now in preparation and when completed will be the most reliable guide to good home literature ever issued. It will be most artistically gotten up, a notable feature being portraits of more than one hundred of the best known authors.

This announcement of the JOURNAL'S new departure is simply a preliminary one. The editor will have more to say of it in future issues. If you wish this valuable and attractive guide to the best reading, send a postal at once with your full post-office address to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, requesting that a copy may be sent you.

### A NEW DEVICE

SUBSCRIBERS who are in the habit of receiving the JOURNAL in rolled form are notified that they may open the January number and probably succeeding numbers, by pulling the thread which they will find running the entire length of the roll.



# A Million Dollars

is a good deal of money, isn't it? Yet it is estimated that fully that value of pure gold has already been packed into the teeth of the people of this country, in addition to which there has been used half a million dollars' worth of cheaper materials. Only one person in 80, on an average, possesses perfect teeth. The other 79 suffer more or less pain, spend more or less money, and are more or less disfigured in their personal appearance on account of poor teeth.

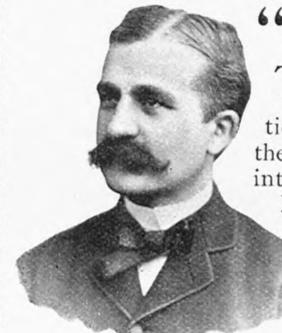


the Perfect Liquid Dentifrice, prevents all this. It is deliciously flavored, and very efficient in cleaning the teeth and hardening the gums. It also leaves a pleasant and refreshing feeling in the mouth. That there was a call for just such an article in a 25-cent bottle is shown by the very large sale Rubifoam has attained. Sold by Druggists.



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H. W. HALLIWELL, Sec'y Board of Education, Phila.  
Bishop CYRUS D. FOSS, of Methodist Episcopal Church  
JOHN A. THAYER, Jr., of The Ladies' Home Journal

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If your local dealer does not keep them, show him this advertisement and ask him to get you some. Do not send to us as we have none at retail.

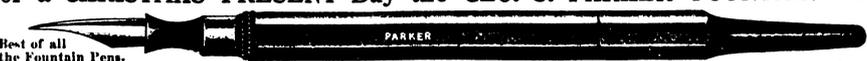
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SEND CATALOGUES OF MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. W. Story, 26 Central St., Boston, Mass.

## MUSICAL HELPS AND HINTS

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

VIENNA—The President of the New York Manuscript Society is Gerrit Smith.

L. L. L.—Willard Spenser, the composer of "Princess Bonnie," was born at Cooperstown, New York, in 1855.

W. N. T.—An urn containing the ashes of Von Bülow has been placed in a cemetery a few miles from Hamburg.

M. L. G.—The Boston Philharmonic Society was founded in 1810. (2) Mr. Walter Damrosch was born in Breslau, Silesia.

WINNIPEG—The term "messa di voce" in singing means the production of a single tone with a gradual change of force from soft to loud and then back to soft again.

ANNA—Girls very often decorate their guitars with ribbons; the Spanish colors, red, black and yellow, are frequently used. (2) The mind of Hans von Bülow was quite seriously affected, even before his last illness.

ADELA—Music is considered the youngest of the arts. (2) Tennyson's poem, "The Brook," has been set to music. (3) Philip Paul Bliss, the evangelistic singer, lost his life in the railway disaster at Ashtabula, Ohio, in 1876. He was a Pennsylvanian by birth.

MABEL—The "Tonic Sol-Fa" method of teaching music is one which has become popular during the last thirty or forty years. Its leading principle is that of "key relationship." (2) Bayreuth will have a monopoly of Parsifal until 1912. (3) There is a parody of "Tannhauser."

A. M.—If by your description of your voice you mean that while you may begin to sing in one key you will finish in another, in other words that you cannot control the notes which your voice makes, we would suggest that if your ear is true, by constant cultivation and practice you may overcome this fault. If your ear is not true nothing can be done, as you can neither recognize your own falsities nor know the sound of the true notes. The vocal chords can be trained after the age you mention, twenty-seven years of age, although an earlier cultivation is preferable.

DEVON—The Italian designation of the tones of the musical scale was made by Guido di Arizzo in the eleventh century. He formed the names from the initial syllables of the first strophe of the ode by Paulus Diaconus to St. John:

"Ut queant laxis, Resonare fibris  
Mira gestorum famuli tuorum  
Solve polluti labii reatum  
Sancte Johannes!"

making the tones "Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si." The Italians substituted "Do" for "Ut"; the French still retain the latter.

GLEN SUMMITT—The following remarks, which are credited to Paderewski, will answer your question as to whether the piano is the hardest or easiest musical instrument upon which to attain proficiency on, if the student is desirous of becoming a professional musician: "It is at once the easiest and the hardest. Any one can play the pianoforte, but few ever do so well, and then only after years and years of toil, pain and study. When you have surmounted all difficulties, not one in a hundred among your audience realizes through what labor you have passed. Yet they are all capable of criticising and understanding what your playing should be. Any one who takes up piano playing with a view to becoming a professional pianist has taken on himself an awful burden."

CECELIA—It is quite impossible for us to answer your questions in regard to the length of time it would take a person having the amount of skill you describe to graduate, and the class of music taught as "seventh grade music," as the standards vary at the different conservatories of music. We would advise you to refer these questions to the conservatory at which you are intending to study. For a finished pianist, one who has completely mastered the technique of piano playing, the choice of classical piano music should be almost unlimited. Bach's Inventions, Suites, Preludes and Fugues; Beethoven's Sonatas, Marches and Variations; Brahms's Sonatas, Variations and Waltzes; Von Bülow's piano arrangement of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" and of Weber's two Concertos, and his own "Carnovale di Milano"; Chopin's Sonatas, Etudes, Mazurkas, etc.; Grieg's Sonatas and Romances; Heller's Etudes, Preludes, Tarantelles, etc.; Heller's "Moderne Suite" and Studies; Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies, and other piano compositions and arrangements; Mozart's Sonatas; Mendelssohn's Sonatas and "Songs Without Words"; Schubert's Sonatas and the accompaniments of many of his songs; Schumann's innumerable compositions, and the works of a great many other musicians are all available and inexhaustible.

MRS. C. H. S.—You are correct in your surmise regarding the two methods of naming the notes. For instrumental work we have the fixed names, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C (the scale of C), or the equivalent, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do. In Europe these names always mean the same note, no matter what the key may be: Do is always C, whether the first added line below, or in the third space, or on the second added line above the staff. In America they have brought into use an easier system for vocal music, which is known as the "Movable Do." It is based upon the scale plan of eight notes. The first sound (Tonic) of any scale is called Do; the second sound is Re; the third sound is Mi, and so on until the scale has been completed. Thus in the scale of C, the first sound, C, would be called Do; D would be Re, etc. In the scale of G, the first sound, G, would be called Do; the second sound, A, would be called Re, etc. In like manner with all the scales no matter upon what tone they begin. You will see that we could as readily use the words, one, two, three, four, etc., to express the sounds, but they would not be so well adapted for singing. This system works very well for the simpler class of vocal music, being quickly comprehended. We inclose an example to further explain our meaning:

Scale of C: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8  
Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do

Scale of G: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8  
Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do

Scale of D: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8  
Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do



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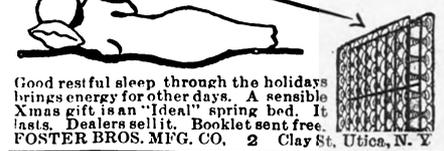
You are sure of having a good egg, boiled just as you like it, free from shells, by using the PREMIER EGG CUP. Made of fine china—will not craze. The egg is broken, boiled and served in the same cup. If your crockery dealer hasn't them, write us. "Egg" booklet free. PREMIER Egg Cup Co., Box D, Syracuse, N. Y.



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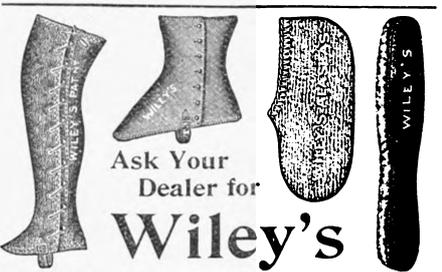
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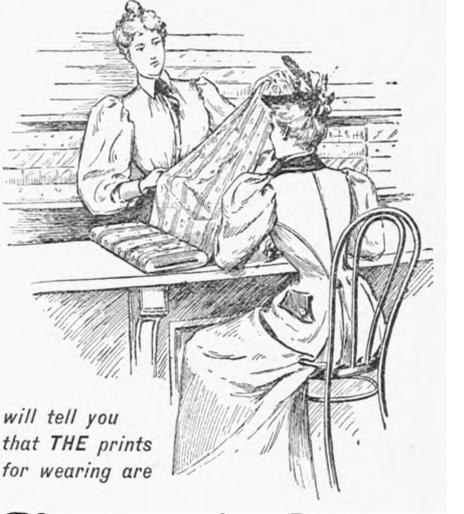


SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS BY RUTH ASHMORE

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer, to the best of my ability, each month, any question sent me by my girl readers.

M. A. S.—A gentleman retains his gloves during church service. WESTERNER—When you are on the committee of an entertainment it is quite proper for you to speak to any stranger who may be present, and to try to make things pleasant for him or her. (2) Even if the gentleman does occupy a higher social position than you it is your place to bow to him first.

Saleswomen



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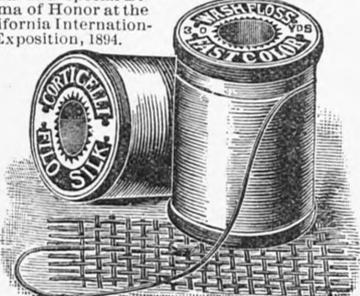
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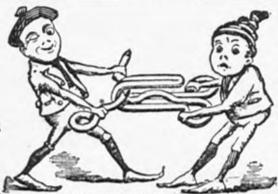
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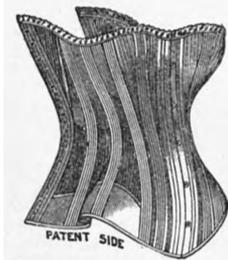
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HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

EMMA M. HOOPER.

A. W.—Letter crowded out by those in advance of yours.

GAY T. S.—Cerise or cherry color is sure to be worn this winter, as it is very popular in Paris.

LULIE C.—Nothing will remove the stains spoken of, except to have the entire dress washed in water to darken it, or to have it dyed a darker color.

MISS C. B., MISS S. M. H., MRS. L. W. J. AND MRS. C. E. K.—Personal letters sent to your address have been returned to me as matter uncalled for.

MEG—Abma is the Spanish name for dear, or as they say abma mia, my dear.

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS—Your ideas concerning the dresses were good, though each would have been more dressy with the addition of open-work cream or white lace.

MRS. A.—Your sample is a gros-grain, and can be worn during light mourning, but it is hardly suitable for the funeral of a near relation, when a black woolen costume should be worn.

WILD ROSE AND TWIN SISTER BRIDES—Your letters could not be answered before the weddings, as requested, as you did not send a stamped self-addressed envelope for a personal reply.

MRS. G. A.—I can advise all-wool underwear from personal experience. There are many kinds upon the market, but select what does not easily shrink, as, of course, they vary in this characteristic.

A. D. S.—For many reasons I cannot, in this column, give you advice upon putting an article on the market. Address the advertisement department. You must let the world know of your article in order to sell it.

MARTHA J.—A good black serge or cheviot gives excellent wear; in the silk-warp mourning fabrics try Endora, Henrietta, crepe cloth or Imperial serge. Dull black surah comes nearer to being a mourning silk than any moiré.

JOANNE—Send your sealskin to a reliable furrier and it will be improved in making it over.

MISS MYRA V.—Round waists having but few seams prevail in Paris and coat basques in London, while we adopt both styles.

CYCLIST—Many English women, who are ardent cyclists, keep down the skirt with loops or stirrups of wide black silk elastic.

P. L.—I am sorry that it is so late for your dress, but why not try one of the light-weight silk-warp fabrics? This you could trim with moiré revers and collar and lace shoulder ruffles, and have removable vests of white, lavender and cherry chiffon.

A HOME DRESSMAKER—Hold the outside material next to you when basting the lining or facing at the bottom of the dress skirt.

LILLIAN K.—Have striped flannel, Henrietta and fine serges for the dresses, selecting navy and light blue, red, tan, gray and brown for your little boy.

MARION—The challenge inclosed would make a pretty tea-gown if combined with a cream, green (like the stems) or red China silk front, and trimmed with shoulder ruffles of cream guipure lace.

ELIZABETH—Your goods for a fall dress will combine with golden or darker brown, moiré or velvet, or dark green velvet. Insert a panel on the left side and across the bottom of the bell skirt, opening it there and slightly lifting the outside material, so as to show the front facing of new goods.

GYPSY QUEEN—If not too late will say for the elderly lady a godet skirt left perfectly plain, large leg-of-mutton sleeves and a slightly-pointed deep coat basque.

S. S.—Have a godet skirt untrimmed to make you appear taller, and slightly-pointed, coat-skirted basque with large leg-of-mutton sleeves.



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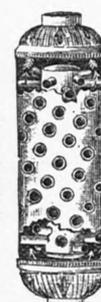


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**SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS**  
BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

Questions of interest to mothers will be cheerfully answered in this column whenever possible.

**MRS. K.**—Any of the books mentioned in the article "Kindergarten Work at Home," in the JOURNAL of January, 1894, can be obtained by writing to the Book Department of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

**ANXIOUS MOTHER**—In making a flannel jacket for a sick child to wear over a night-dress cut the back about twice the width of an ordinary one and shirr the extra fullness at the neck. This gives the necessary width between the shoulders and enables it to be put on easily. In washing the jacket use water of the same temperature for cleansing, rinsing, etc., and it will not shrink.

**CELIA R.**—A pretty gift for a child to whom you are asked to be godmother is three little gold safety pins linked together with a fine chain to fasten the back of a dress, or three studs united in the same manner. A jeweled bib-pin is also appropriate, particularly for a girl, who can use it for an ornament as she grows older. Bracelets and rings are not in good taste for small children.

**S. D., JR.**—It is impossible for many young mothers to nurse their babies either because it is too great a strain on their own strength or they cannot furnish sufficient milk to nourish their children. In either case it is absolutely necessary to resort to cows' milk, properly prepared and sterilized, or if this disagrees try one of the artificial foods. Every right-thinking woman wishes to nurse her own children and considers it no less a privilege than a duty to do so. It should not be foregone except under the advice of a physician.

**MRS. S. P. R.**—Sandwiches for a children's party may be made of bread at least a day old, buttered before being cut from the loaf. Cut it very thin, spread with minced chicken and divide it into two-inch squares or narrow strips an inch wide and three long. Very finely-minced ham, the yolk of an egg which has been boiled for twenty minutes, rubbed to a smooth paste and seasoned with salt, or any meat finely chopped and delicately flavored may replace the chicken. Hot milk and water or cocoa is the only beverage admissible for the very little ones.

**L. R. C.**—The book you refer to is "A Baby's Requirements." It was written especially to aid young mothers, and contains full directions for a baby's first wardrobe, the toilet basket and its contents, the bed and bath, food and feeding, the treatment in a few common ailments and the preparation necessary for the mother's own comfort. It will be sent from the JOURNAL office for twenty-five cents. It answers many of the questions which the inexperienced always ask, and solves what seem to them knotty problems in a plain and practical manner. There is no time in a woman's life when she more needs a little friendly help.

**SEDALIA**—The following is a pretty suggestion for an evening game: Feeding the Bears—Place half a dozen chairs closely together to form a cage, then select several children to go inside and "be the bears." Let the hostess scatter bonbons among the children outside the cage. The "bears" growl hungrily and the little people must feed them through the bars. The "bears" try to catch the feeders by the hand. Then they may claim the bonbon and the child, too, who must now "be a bear," and let his captor go free. This is a merry evening game when papa has time to play it with his little ones, for papas make the very nicest kind of "bears."

**MRS. L. G. R.**—Your child is probably of a nervous, excitable temperament which renders it difficult for him to sleep. You must not expect him to sleep as long or as soundly as one of a more phlegmatic disposition. Give him a light supper and a warm bath just before bedtime. Sometimes applying cold at the back of the neck and warmth to the feet will lessen the pressure of blood in the brain and induce sleep. If possible do not let him play hard or get excited near nightfall. It is extremely wrong to give a child soothing syrup or any patent medicines to produce sleep. Many of these contain opium, and the effect may be disastrous, if not fatal. A mother should bear much personal inconvenience rather than dare to risk the life of her child.

**MRS. R. C.**—The trouble of having your baby's photograph taken ought not to deter you from having it done. Choose a clear, bright day, dress the baby in the frock you wish him to appear in and let him take his morning nap. It may be a little crushed but the creases will not show in the photograph. After his lunch take him to the photographer and do not be too exacting as to the position in which he is placed. Fussing will drive away his smiles and it may be hard to bring them back again. An operator accustomed to taking the pictures of children has many devices for amusing them and will probably have no difficulty in catching him in a successful pose. When it is possible the child's photograph should be taken every two or three years. Many mothers like to have a book devoted to the children alone.

**PERPLEXED HOSTESS**—A novel idea for a children's Christmas entertainment is a butterflies' ball. This need not mean late hours nor expensive dresses. The boys wear tight-fitting suits of black or dark brown, the girls any pretty, fanciful dresses. The framework of the wings is deftly fashioned of wire and covered with paper or the cotton crepon that comes in such vivid colors; these are spangled with gold or painted to represent the tinting of the butterfly's wings. A light yoke of wire is constructed to fit the shoulders, fastening under the arms, and to this the wings are attached. The effect is very brilliant and graceful. Another pretty fancy is an archery fête. The children carry small bows dressed with flowers, and sheafs of arrows in flower-bedecked quivers slung at the back. The prevailing tint of the dresses should be green. A target should be provided in a room where stray shots will do no mischief, to be fired at for prizes of bonbons. The little archers must be kept at one end of the room where a mis-sent shaft can do them no harm.

**THE MOTHER OF A RUNAWAY**—Your little girl would not run away if home were made so attractive to her that she did not wish to leave it. She has probably a very active disposition and needs constant occupation to be happy. This is difficult to provide for so young a child but it can be done. Give her bright beads to string; there are large kinds used in the kindergarten, occupations which are safer for little children. Let her help you in her small fashion in any work which you are doing. Now that the weather is colder there will not be the same temptation to stray, as she will be less out-of-doors. In summer a sand heap in the yard, a shovel, a pail, or a cart and the company of a neighbor's child help to induce her to stay there. Sometimes an apparently incorrigible runaway can be cured by letting her take her own way until she is lost, meanwhile following her unseen. Tired and frightened, the poor little thing awakens to the fact that unbounded liberty has its drawbacks, and is afterward more willing to submit to restrictions. If we elders could only realize it most of children's mischief and naughtiness originates from want of occupation for the active minds and busy little hands and feet they bring into the world with them.

**HELEN R. P.**—An excellent idea for a Christmas entertainment, if you wish to raise money for your free kindergarten, is a Mother Goose fair. The sale is presided over by the dear old dame herself in steeple-crowned hat and high-heeled shoes. Each booth is in charge of a band of her children. All the people from the "house that Jack built" are busily at work in one. The man "all tattered and torn" helping "the maiden all forlorn" to do good to other people, instead of marrying her out of hand and carrying her off from her milkmaid's duties, is in another. Little Bo-peep can sell toys much better than she can herd sheep, and Little Boy Blue blows his horn to some purpose as he calls attention to his wares. Humpty Dumpty, when carefully helped down from the wall and not allowed to fall into a condition beyond the power of the "king's horses and the king's men" to repair, makes an invaluable dispenser of lemonade. Little Miss Muffet on her tuffet draws many silver pennies for her curds and whey, and is not distracted by fears of spiders as when she selfishly tried to eat them for her own delectation. Goldenlocks, sitting on a cushion sewing a fine seam, can dispose of the results of her industry to great advantage. The peddler, whose name was Stout, restrained by the limitations of civilized society from attacking defenseless old ladies, may carry a pack of most fascinating notions which will wile the money from his customers' pockets while leaving them in full possession of their identity. The original old woman whose petticoats were so imperitously abbreviated, could be there with her little dog, and her market-basket of eggs on her arm; she might drive a good trade. The idea can be elaborated indefinitely by any one familiar with the Mother Goose legends.

**MRS. R. S. P.**—Perhaps the following hints may help you find occupation for the little hands that now busy themselves with getting into mischief. To many busy mothers the problem of how to keep the little one contented and interested while she is attending to housework often becomes a perplexing one. In many cases a solution would be to let the child do in "play-work" just what mamma is doing. She may have a baking set, and roll her pie crust and cut her cookies and knead her bread when mamma is similarly employed. She may have her baking apron, and be taught to wash her hands very clean first, and will soon learn to handle her bits of dough quite easily. Let her set her table with her own cooking, and show her how to arrange things tastefully. Then let her wash her dishes—was there ever a child who did not love to play in water? Yes, and while she is in the water she will want to wash the doors and scrub the floor. We have seen a tiny girl more delighted over a four-cent vegetable brush for a scrubbing brush than over an elegant doll, because she knew that mamma would sometimes let her scrub the kitchen floor. Of course, the little housewife will soil her clothes and slop the floor and cause many extra steps, but all these are easier managed than to quiet a fretful, discontented child, or repair some mischief she may have done if not thus employed. In the parlor or sitting-room the little worker may sweep with her little broom and dust with her own dusting-cloth from its proper little bag, and be allowed to arrange the chairs in the room to suit her own fancy. She may help to make beds even though she hinders much more than she helps. From this "play-work" the child would naturally and easily grow into real helpfulness. How better can we correct a prevailing evil, that of too much street-life and children being discontented and unhappy unless forever going somewhere, than by teaching them from babyhood to love little home employments?

**MRS. J. H. C.**—In answer to your inquiry as to games for the Christmas holidays the following suggestions by Julia D. Cowles will be of value: "The standard game of Authors is now brought out in any number of new and varied styles. Some of these take for their title a single author and the sets of cards are made up of quotations from his works; among this class are the game of Dickens, the game of Tennyson. Similar to this is the game called Queens of Literature. This gives some standard woman writer as the leading card of a 'book,' with her portrait and autograph. Following these are three or four of her best-known writings. The games of picture authors are very good indeed, as by their use the child becomes familiar with the faces of the authors as well as with their works. One other game of the same order is the Literary Game of Quotations, made up of quotations from a variety of standard authors. Similar to these games, in method of playing, is the game of Famous Men. The 'books' of this game are divided into kings, poets, inventors, discoverers, and so forth, and under each of these headings are the names of its best-known representatives. Another card game differing from the above in its method of playing, is the Presidential Game. In this there is a picture of each President of our own country, with other cards, one of which I give as a sample of the whole:

Millard Fillmore  
New York  
Born 1800 Died 1874  
Vice-President under Taylor  
Succeeded to the Presidency upon his death.  
Omnibus Bill passed  
Invasion of Cuba by Filibusters.

Natural History has upon the cards pictures of animals with the name of each, and these cards are made up into "books." A game in numbers, with attractive cards, is called Addition and Division. It is good practice in rapid mental arithmetic. A game of especial interest to the writer is called Continents and Products. So often we use, day after day, the common things about us without the least thought as to any of the interesting facts concerning them, and many times do not know even where they come from. It seems as though this game might furnish an interesting contribution to any one's stock of general information. The cards are small oblong slips; upon a part of these are printed in large letters the names of the continents, one upon each card. Upon each of the remaining cards is printed the name of some product, and beneath it the name of the continent or continents from which it is obtained. Among the products are maple sugar from North America, indigo from Asia, mahogany from South America. The game of Trades is divided into "books," each "book" named for a trade and its divisions represented by three of the tools or instruments used in that trade. Thus the tailor is supplemented by the goose, scissors and needles; the printer by press, type and ink. The game of American History consists of questions and answers printed upon cards. The Five Senses has five cards with a picture of one of the organs of sense upon each, and beside the picture an explanation of the means by which that particular organ is affected. The remaining cards contain quotations, each one in relation to some one of the senses, and these quotations are to be distinguished as to whether they relate to sight, hearing, smelling, tasting or feeling. The success of the players depends upon how correctly they distinguish these relations. The game is inexpensive, and it provides a great deal of fun for a group of bright children."



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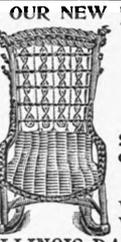
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LITERARY QUERIES

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

PLATT—W. L. Alden, the humorous writer, is not the editor of "Harper's Magazine." It is Henry M. Alden.

ANXIOUS GIRL—It is indeed true that Louisa Alcott went out to service. Her experiences were not pleasant, however, as you can learn by reading her story, "How I Went Out of Service."

FRANK—A sketch of Mr. William Dean Howells, under the title "Mr. Howells at Close Range," by his friend, Professor H. H. Boyesen, appeared in the JOURNAL of November, 1893, a copy of which will be sent you on receipt of 10 cents.

FAIRY—Louisa Alcott and her sisters, Elizabeth, Louisa and May, are all buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord, New Hampshire. (2) The original of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is living. It was his brother Lionel who died.

BARLEYCORN—The song, "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more, Men were deceivers ever," occurs in Shakespeare's comedy "Much Ado About Nothing," act second, scene third.

NORTH TROY—Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" is dedicated to the memory of Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria. (2) William Wordsworth was Poet Laureate of England until his death in 1850. Tennyson was his successor.

WEST HAMPTON—Sheridan Knowles, who wrote "The Hunchback," "William Tell" and other plays, died in 1862. He was at one stage of his career a physician, at another an actor and dramatist, and later a clergyman of the Baptist persuasion.

KENDALVILLE—The American Library Association was organized in 1876. The first meeting was held in Philadelphia. (2) Charles Dudley Warner lives at Hartford, Connecticut. He has had charge of "The Editor's Study" in "Harper's Magazine" for several years.

M. F. E.—"Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet, And many humming-birds were fastened on it," you will find in a poem called "Alicia's Bonnet," written by Elizabeth Jones Canazza, an American writer.

OSGOODBY—Experience is the best teacher in literature, and from it a young author can learn more than from a book of literary hints or helps. Do the best work of which you are capable, send it to the magazines, and persevere if success does not come at first.

ATILLA—Baron Munchausen is the name given to the author of a book of travels published in Germany many years ago. The book is filled with the most extraordinary fictions. The name is pronounced "Moonk-how-zen," with the accent on the second syllable.

MRS. W.—"What is worth printing is worth paying for" is the rule which guides every reputable magazine. All poems appearing in the leading magazines are paid for by the publishers. Only periodicals of an inferior grade publish without paying the author.

VERITAS—I know of no very great Canadian poet; there are some pretty versifiers, notably Archibald Lampman, Duncan Campbell Scott and Bliss Carman. Of French Canadians Louis Frechette has received the honors of the French Academy, and Benjamin Sulte and others have done good work.

GIRL READER—The motto of the American Copyright League is: "In vain we call old nations fudge, And bend our conscience to our dealing; The Ten Commandments will not budge, And stealing will continue stealing."

MISS ALICE—If you desire to reserve the rights to your magazine articles for subsequent use in book form it is the wisest course to state that fact and have such an understanding when you sell the material to the magazine. These things are better arranged at the time of negotiations than after publication.

C. C.—It is better not to write to an editor asking when an accepted contribution will appear. So many elements, unknown to an author, enter into the arrangement of the number of a magazine that the editor often does not know when a certain article or story can be used. Simply wait for the contribution to appear.

L.—Magazines vary in the time required in the reading of manuscripts submitted to them. Some have such a good system and so large a corps of readers that a decision can be given in a fortnight; seldom earlier, however. As a rule, a month is a just allowance, although it is best to be patient and wait until an answer comes, instead of endeavoring to hasten it. As I have often said in this column, editors can stand a tremendous amount of letting alone.

H. V.—"Lothair," the hero of Disraeli's novel of that name, has been generally supposed to be the Marquis of Bute, who became a Roman Catholic somewhere in the sixties; "Cardinal Grandison" as Cardinal Wiseman; the "Oxford Professor" as Goldwin Smith; "Phoebus" the artist as Ruskin; "Theodora" as Margaret Fuller. (2) The quotation, "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" does not refer to doctors of medicine, but to doctors of philosophy.

SAN BERNARDINO—Translations by amateurs of either plays or novels have little or no market value. (2) There are several syndicates for literary matters in New York. The most reputable of them pay good prices for special articles. A list of the most prominent may be found in Eleanor Kirk's "Periodicals That Pay Contributors." (3) George William Curtis advised persons who were desirous of acquiring "a good style" in their writing to read Addison, Milton, Burke, Lamb, Thackeray, Emerson, Hawthorne and Lowell.

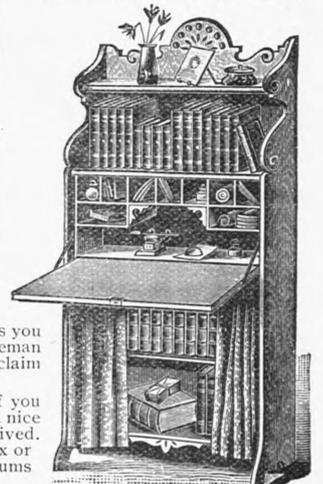
O. P. L.—Janvier's poem "The Sleeping Sentinel" was written in commemoration of an act of clemency by President Lincoln in pardoning a young Vermont volunteer at the very moment when he had been led out to be shot for sleeping at his post. The first public reading of this poem by Mr. Murdoch took place in the White House, the President, the poet and a large assembly being present. Before reading the verses aloud Mr. Murdoch privately pointed out to Mr. Janvier a slight poetic license, where he had described the arrival of the President with the pardon as being accompanied by the sounds of rolling wheels, whereas Lincoln had ridden on horseback to the place of execution. At the close of the reading the President said hastily: "Very touching, Mr. Janvier, but I did not go in a coach." "Oh, well, Mr. Lincoln," said Senator Foote, of Vermont, "we all know you would have gone on foot if it had been necessary." "Yes, but the fact is I went on horseback," insisted Mr. Lincoln.

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## ART HELPS FOR ART WORKERS.

BY EMMA HAYWOOD

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

**C. M. L.**—American white wool is suitable for pyrography. It can be varnished when finished to give it a glaze.

**C. S. McC.**—I should recommend you to write to the publishers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for a proper stamping outfit.

**INFANTRY**—Sponge the oil paintings with cold water, and wipe them with a soft cloth till dry. This should effectually clear them from fly specks and dust.

**N. G. A.**—I do not know of just such a book as you ask for. I warn you that it will be a difficult, discouraging task to try and teach yourself from books only.

**F. S. G.**—The painting you refer to is known as Kensington painting. It is not very artistic. There is a handbook published on the subject giving all particulars.

**G. S.**—Your best plan is to write to the schools you mention for a circular giving all particulars. We do not care to make personal comparisons of their respective merits.

**IONE**—The model is first executed in clay and afterward cast in plaster of Paris. This purely mechanical part of the work is seldom undertaken by the artist who creates the original model in clay.

**P. N. C.**—Photographing on china that will bear firing is a German invention, and at present a carefully-guarded secret by those who practice it in this country. It is, of course, a great aid in figure or portrait painting.

**MAUDE**—You might write for circulars to the Cooper Union, the Metropolitan School of Art, and the Art-Artisans' School, conducted by Mr. Stimpson. All these New York schools are excellent, and give a thorough training from the beginning.

**E. H.**—You must learn to draw and paint through patient study guided by able teachers. Study is the only road to success in any branch of art or science. All you need in the beginning are paper and pencil, or charcoal and crayons, for it is absurd to attempt to paint before you know how to draw.

**R. E. T.**—You might first gild the wooden shoes with bronze powder, then paint on them some sprays of a simple but effective flower, and afterward varnish them. Thus decorated and hung up by means of ribbon nailed to the heel, and finished off with a bow, they make pretty, durable wall pockets or hair receivers.

**D. A. G.**—Perhaps the best material for most pen and ink work for reproduction is Bristol-board. If paper is used it should be perfectly smooth, such as Whatman's hot-pressed water-color paper. (2) Drawings for reproduction should never be folded, but rolled, or better still, packed flat and protected from injury by means of a stiff card.

**M. H. R.**—It is gratifying to know that you have taught yourself china painting with such successful results through the instructions given three years ago in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. (2) Your request shall be complied with if possible. (3) It is perfectly practicable to learn how to fire china in a studio kiln from the printed instructions sent out with each kiln.

**REDOUDO**—The old-fashioned sampler would look well in a frame covered with an old-fashioned brocade of dark olive green that would harmonize with the golden-brown ground. For the Bible record an Oxford frame is suitable; cherry wood will serve as well as any other. For the autograph books I would recommend covers of a dull dark red or seal brown in flexible leather.

**E. E. S.**—Nearly all the leading stores for artists' materials supply colored studies for copying, either on sale or hire. Large free-growing flowers are most suitable for a screen. On the upper part of one side you might introduce the branch of a fruit tree in blossom, extending it partially over the centre panel. Japanese screens furnish good ideas as to arrangement. The design should not be overcrowded.

**B. E. G.**—Paris tints are far from indelible; not only will they wash out, but they are liable to fade very quickly. Try ordinary oil paints on your linen. These will bear careful washing. Thin the colors when necessary with turpentine. (2) There is a special medium sold for making water-colors lay on albuminized photographs; if small the tongue passed over them once or twice will be found quite as effectual.

**M. M.**—If the oil painting is thoroughly dry there should be no difficulty in sending it, carefully packed, either stretched on a frame or rolled. Two frames faced with corks between render the paintings affixed to them absolutely safe in transmission. (2) Magazines publishing colored pictures are usually open to receive work on approval, but competition is so keen that only very superior work has any chance of acceptance.

**W. M.**—There is no need to size paper before drawing on it with ink. The surface must be smooth. Bristol-board is excellent for the purpose. The Indian ink can be bought ready prepared in liquid form, or it can be ground down with water. The pen is dipped into the ink in the usual way. An excellent article on the subject of pen drawing for illustration was published in the issue of the JOURNAL of January, 1893.

**A. D.**—To treat old steel engravings in the way you propose is to rob them of all their value. The plain, wide margin you complain of, though discolored, is an indication that they are genuine first proofs. To cut them out is simply ruin. As to applying any sort of varnish it is an act of vandalism not to be tolerated for a moment. You might clean them with a little bread gently rubbed over the surface, and mend the margins by pasting paper at the back of the cracked or broken parts.

**C. H.**—There is no reason why the introduction of lake in painting grapes or draperies should give them an ashen hue—in fact, purple grapes can be brilliantly rendered with crimson lake. Antwerp blue and white, omitting the latter in the clear, deep shadows. Neither is there any reason why this or any other color should crack, either on canvas or other surfaces, unless varnished before being really dry. (2) A beautiful rose pink may be obtained by mixing scarlet vermilion with white. This color is very superior to ordinary vermilion.

**O. V. T.**—Wash drawings are made in water-color. If intended for reproduction the required materials are smooth, hand-made paper, lamp-black, paint and Chinese white. The washes are put in boldly and freely with a full brush. They must be allowed to dry thoroughly before going over them, where necessary, to give added strength. (2) Pen and ink drawings are reproduced by a different and less expensive process. Every stroke of the pen must be clear, distinct and fraught with meaning. The ink used must be perfectly black, on white smooth paper or Bristol-board.



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**Beware** 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; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 443 **JAMES PYLE, New York.**

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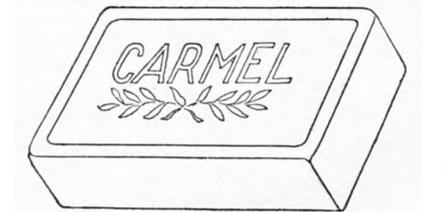
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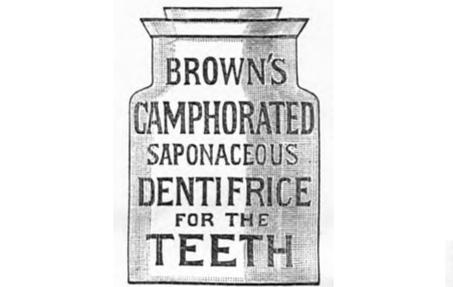


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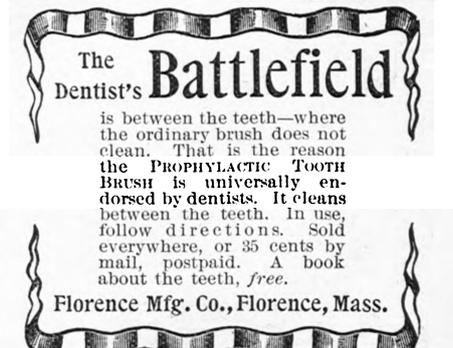
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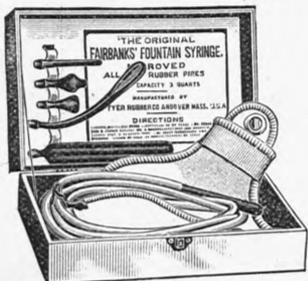
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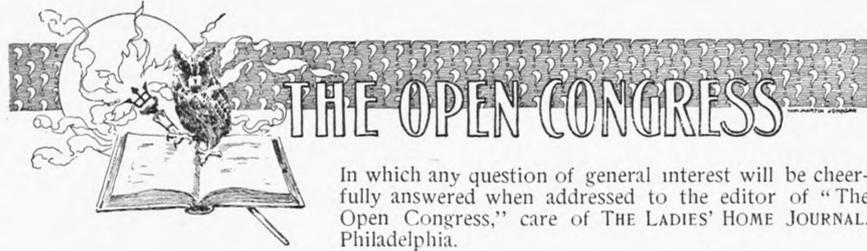
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## THE OPEN CONGRESS

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.

**ROLLY**—"El mahdi" means "the guide."  
**E. A. R.**—The Siamese Twins died in 1874.  
**HOWARD**—General Grant was of English descent.  
**META**—The name Dorothy means "gift of God."  
**DECATUR**—The birthday stone for December is the turquoise.  
**FREDERICK R.**—The Queen of England is in her seventy-sixth year.

**GLENS FALLS**—The word Czar is a corruption of the Roman title Caesar.

**WARNER**—The Hampton Training School for Nurses was founded in 1891.

**SLATEN**—Wallack's old theatre in New York is now called "The Star Theatre."

**SMALL BOY**—When tigers are at rest their claws are drawn within the toes by ligaments.

**JANIE**—The trolley cars that run between Brooklyn and Coney Island carry the United States mails.

**RAY**—If we are not mistaken Meissonier's "1814" is in the possession of Mr. Walters, of Baltimore.

**CLEMENTINE**—The National flower of England is the rose. The United States has no National flower.

**MANY INQUIRERS**—A white flag denotes peace; in war it denotes a surrender or a cessation of hostilities.

**EDGEWATER PARK**—A sketch of Mrs. George M. Pullman appeared in the JOURNAL of December, 1892.

**ANITA**—Mr. Low's, the artist, name is Will, not William. (2) Fannie Kemble is buried at Kensall Green.

**GEORGETOWN**—According to the census of 1890 there are 32,067,880 males, and 30,554,370 females in the United States.

**E. V. D.**—Clergymen in the United States are not exempt from either tax or residence qualifications in the matter of voting.

**JUDITH**—To obtain information concerning the position of field matron, write to the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

**NESTOR**—A picture of Mrs. Mallon appeared in the JOURNAL of July, 1894, a copy of which will be sent you on receipt of ten cents.

**CAROLINE**—The term "dark horse" in politics is applied to the successful nominee of a party who was little thought of as a nominee.

**DAKOTA GIRL**—The President of Radcliffe College is Mrs. E. C. Agassiz; the dean, Miss Agnes Irwin. Miss Irwin is not a college graduate.

**VICTORY**—Where the address is engraved upon the visiting-card it may be placed either at the left or the right, it is entirely a matter of taste.

**WALKLEY**—All the schools for instruction in connection with Cooper Institute, New York City, are free. There is a trade school, also a school of telegraphy.

**RIDLEY PARK**—When a gentleman meets a lady going up or down a staircase, or on a narrow street crossing, he should raise his hat and stand aside to let her pass.

**CLEARVIEW**—An article entitled "The Naming of a Country House" appeared in the JOURNAL of May, 1891. A copy of that issue will be mailed you on receipt of ten cents.

**WALTER**—Speaking generally, the climate of Colorado is beneficial to those whose lungs are weak, but no change of climate should be made without the advice of a physician.

**WILSON S.**—The famous "306," so often mentioned in the newspapers, are the delegates, who at the National convention of 1880, were voted for Grant on every ballot until Garfield was nominated.

**E. E. H.**—President Cleveland signed the bill admitting Utah to the Union on July 17, 1894. Another star will be added to the National flag after July 4, 1895, in honor of the admission of Utah.

**DERBY ROAD**—There is an Episcopal sisterhood in Boston. Information concerning its organization, etc., may be obtained by addressing the Sisterhood of St. Margaret, Lonsburg Square, Boston, Massachusetts.

**HANNAH**—The present United States Minister to Russia is Mr. Clifton R. Breckinridge, of Arkansas. (2) The Johnstown flood occurred on May 30, 1889. (3) "All things are full of labor," you will find in Ecclesiastes 1:3.

**MVRTLE**—Vedder's picture, "The Soul in Bondage," has a mystic meaning, as all his pictures have. The picture is typical of the soul, which, placed amid the wonders of the world, will not see, which, holding in its own hands its bonds, will yet not free itself.

**J.**—The word "sweater" derives its origin from the Anglo-Saxon word "swat," and means the separation or extraction of toil from others for one's own benefit. Any person who employs others to extract from their surplus labor without compensation, is a sweater.

**NORWALK**—The birthday stone for October is the opal. (2) The late Mr. George W. Childs left a widow but no children; his successor as editor and publisher of the Philadelphia "Ledger" is George W. Childs Drexel, the youngest son of the late Anthony J. Drexel.

**MERVIN**—The rule of the road in England is kept to the left; in this country it is kept to the right. (2) The President of the United States, both on his arrival at and departure from a military post, or when passing its vicinity, receives a salute of twenty-one guns.

**WATCH HILL**—The poison ivy is not a high climber; the berry is white and waxy and the leaves grow in groups of three. (2) Young children are apt to thrive better at the seashore than at the mountains, the salt air and the sea bathing seeming to have a particularly bracing effect upon them.

**POLLY PRY**—A note should never begin with an apology for its tardiness in appearing. Well-bred women are prompt in their replies to notes of all sorts. Of course, in this connection it must be understood that notes of condolence may properly be left unanswered for an indefinite time.

**RED TOP**—Widows very often do not discard their crepe veils at all; some wear their veils over their faces for six months, for six months thrown back on the bonnet, and discontinue their use altogether at the end of a year. (2) The colors that may be worn in second mourning are white, gray, lavender and purple.

**GRACE**—Table etiquette requires that anything that may be separated with the fork shall not be cut by the knife. (2) The proper costume for an usher at a morning wedding would be black cutaway or frock coat and vest, light trousers, light tie, light gloves and patent leather shoes.

**NORWALK**—The name Clito is a familiar Greek name, though it does not seem to have been borne by any one of distinction, and the similar name Cleitus occurs in the "Aeneid" as that of an obscure person. Clito is the name of the hero of a play which Mr. Wilson Barrett has produced in this country.

**DORA**—The youngest daughter of the late James G. Blaine was married last April to Mr. Truxton Beale. Mr. Beale is a lawyer by profession and a Californian by birth. His father, from whom he has inherited a large fortune, was the late General Beale, of California, who was United States Minister to Austria during Grant's administration.

**MOTHER**—The Nautical School of New York occupies the old war ship St. Mary's, sometimes at the foot of Twenty-eighth Street or anchored in the harbor, and every year making long practice cruises. The boys attending are under the care of the United States naval officers and the New York Board of Education. All instruction is free.

**BENSON**—The hours that must be observed by Post-Offices are not uniform throughout the United States. The different Postmasters fix the hours for their respective offices according to the necessities of the community which they serve. As a general rule the hours of the Post-Office conform to the usual business hours of the place, and these are determined by the leading business firms.

**OLD LADY**—Your letter voices a complaint only too general; the young people of to-day are very apt to read only for amusement. Perhaps after reading Mrs. Whitney's Letters in the JOURNAL your granddaughters will be stimulated to read for profit as well as for pleasure. As long, however, as they read nothing more trivial than the books you mention you need not be at all discouraged.

**CHARLES W. D.**—We are informed by the Department of Agriculture that the silk section of that department has been abandoned owing to lack of appropriations, and that the experience of the past quarter of a century, and particularly the experience of the department during the six years prior to 1891, shows that silk culture cannot be made profitable in the United States under existing conditions.

**J. H. D.**—The Hudson River Bridge Bill, which President Cleveland signed last July, provides that the location of the bridge shall be subject to approval by the Secretary of War, and that it shall not be located below Fifty-ninth Street nor above Sixty-ninth Street, New York City. Any railroad on either side of the river shall be permitted to connect its tracks with the bridge approaches, and shall have equal rights of transit for its rolling stock, cars, passengers and freight.

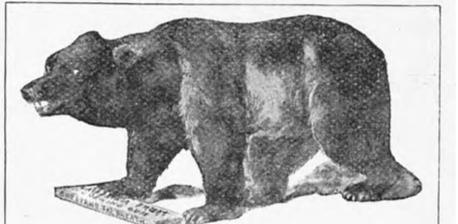
**PETER R.**—Jean Paul Pierre Casimir-Périer, the President of the French Republic, was born in Paris, November 8, 1847. His grandfather was President of the Council under King Louis Philippe, and his father was a minister under the first President of the Republic, M. Thiers. During the Franco-Prussian War, M. Casimir-Périer served with distinction as a volunteer, and in the siege of Paris he displayed so much bravery that he was mentioned in the order of the day and decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

**RIDGE ROAD**—Adelaide Neilson is buried in Brompton Cemetery, London, England. (2) President Cleveland has been called "The Man of Destiny." Bismarck is "The Man of Iron." (3) The royal standard of Great Britain is personal to the sovereign, and is used only by the sovereign, or for decoration on royal fête days. It is quartered, the first and fourth quarters being red, with three lions, and representing England; the second quarter yellow, with a red lion, for Scotland; and the third quarter blue, with a harp, for Ireland.

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

**S. D. R.**—The wife of ex-President Harrison is buried at Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis. (2) There have been several claimants to the honor of having invented the telephone, but it is generally conceded that Professor Alexander G. Bell was the first to demonstrate and explain its operation in the spring of 1876. With his name Edison, Blake and several others have been associated and several other patents have been taken out. (3) Tammany was a Delaware Indian chief, a friend of the whites, some two hundred years ago; the society named after him is the leading Democratic organization in New York City.

**MRS. PROPER**—It is more comfortable for callers when they arrive at a house and find the mistress already receiving guests, to send in their cards by the maid, if they have any doubt as to the hostess immediately recognizing them. In large cities where women have a great number of formal acquaintances it is not always possible for a hostess to immediately recall the name of a guest, although she may recognize her at once as some one whom she ought to know. If the second caller is an intimate friend and has no doubt as to her immediate recognition, she may tell the maid that she need not announce her, in which case the maid will drop the card into the bowl, which usually stands beside the card tray on the hall table. (2) The question of when to leave the dining-room at a "tea party"—by which we imagine you mean a formal high tea—is one which will depend for its answer upon whether the coffee is served with or after the meal. When it is served after the meal, as soon as it has been drunk the hostess should signal to the lady who is seated at the right of the host, and the ladies should leave the room in whatever order comes most natural. It is generally wise for the hostess to lead, as she is more familiar with the paths of the house than any one else, though it always seems a little more courteous when she allows her guests to take precedence. The men either remain to smoke their cigars or they follow the ladies, the host remaining until the last. In entering the dining-room at a high tea, the host should lead with the feminine guest of honor, the hostess coming last with the man guest who is of greatest importance. (3) People in mourning are never expected to return calls. In the case you mention, when your friend is ready to return to social life, she will signify it by mailing cards to her acquaintances, who should then call upon her.



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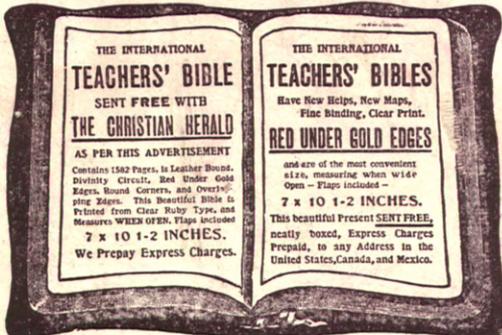
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