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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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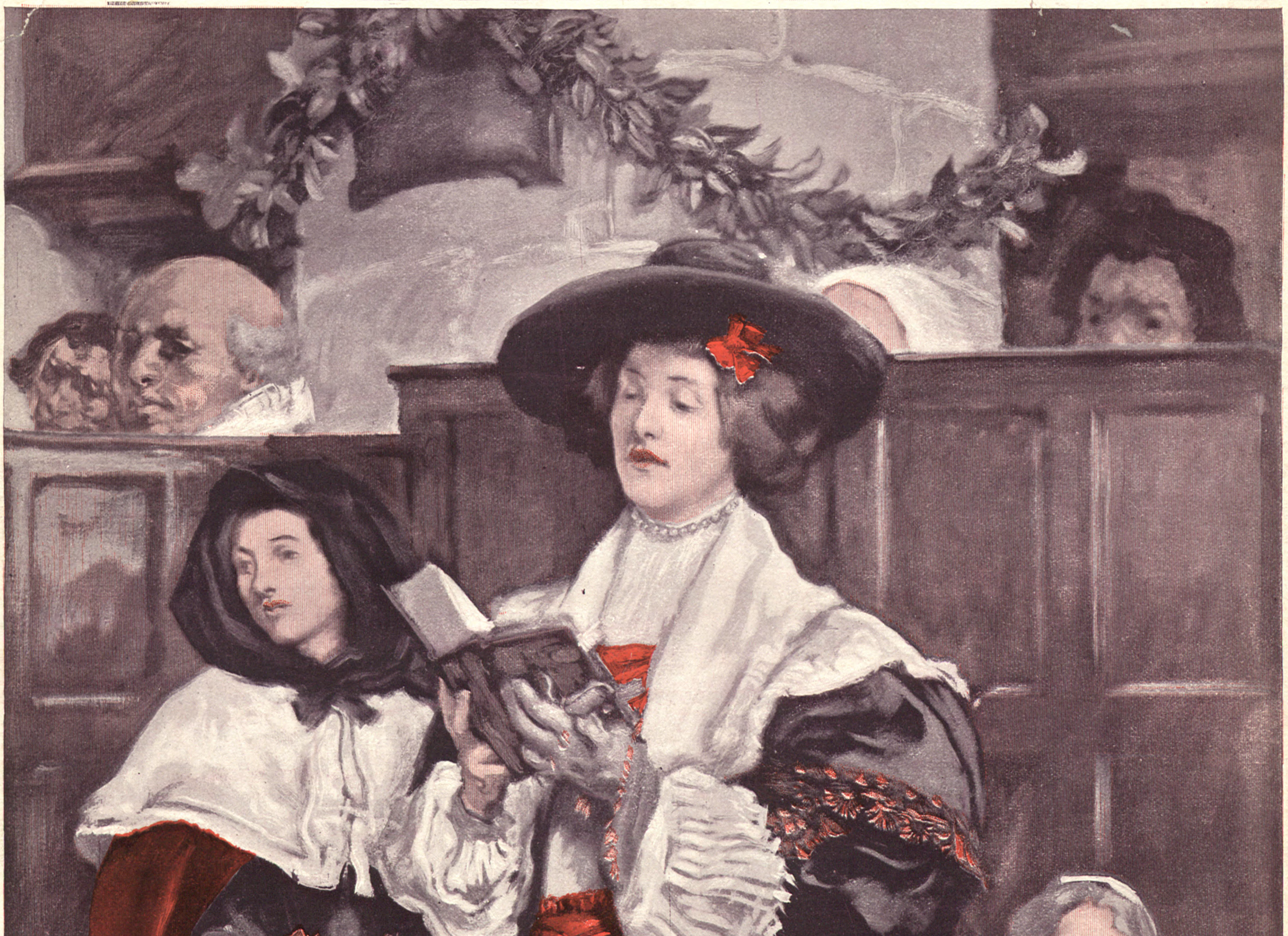
JANUARY 1897



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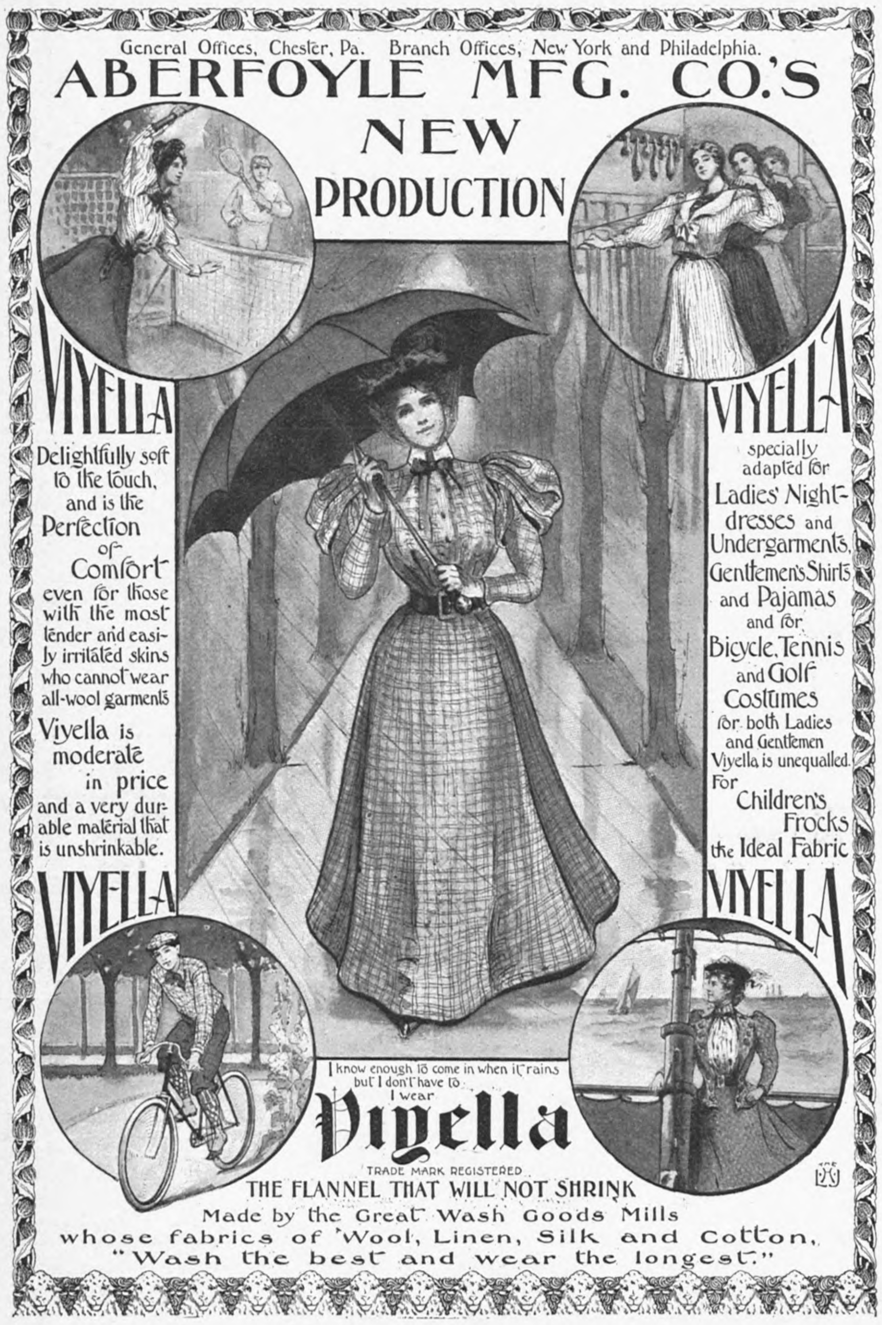

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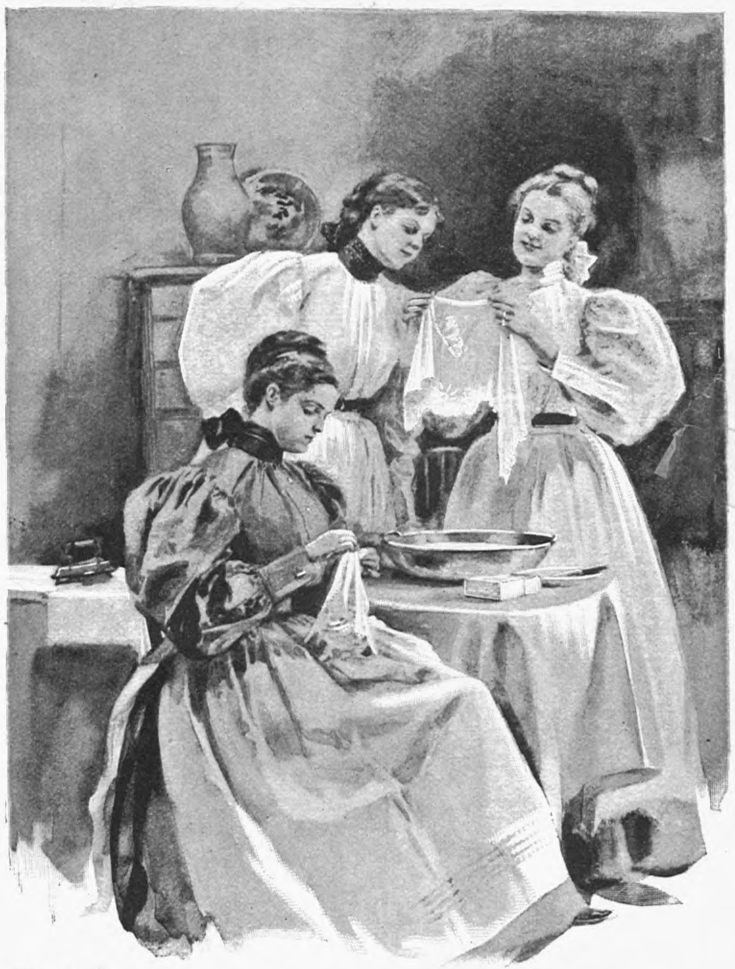

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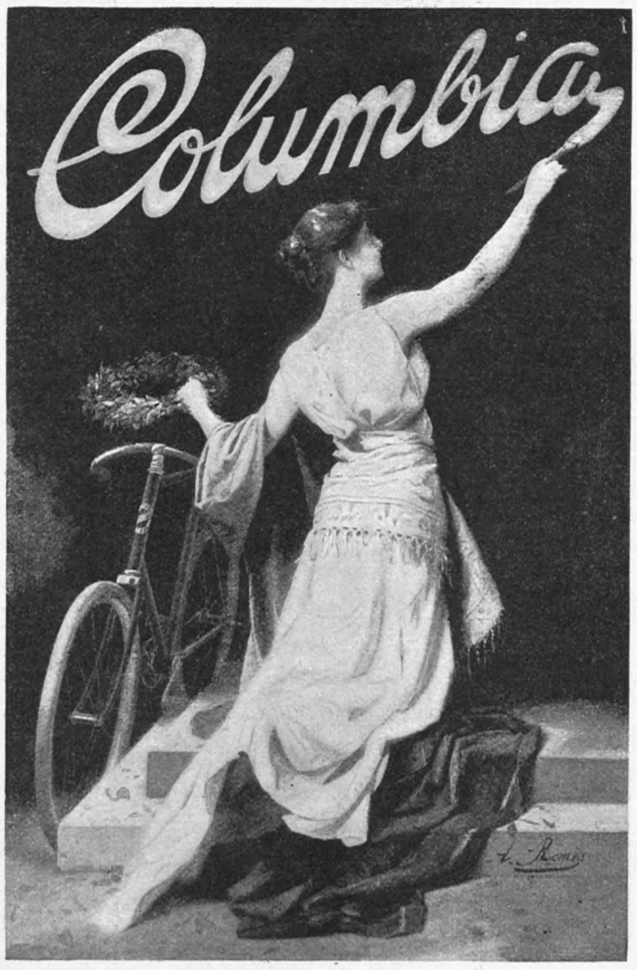

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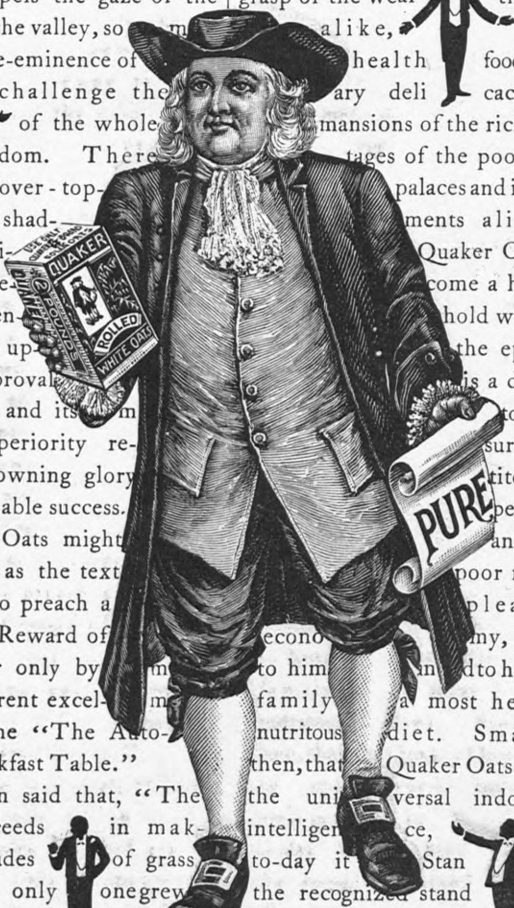

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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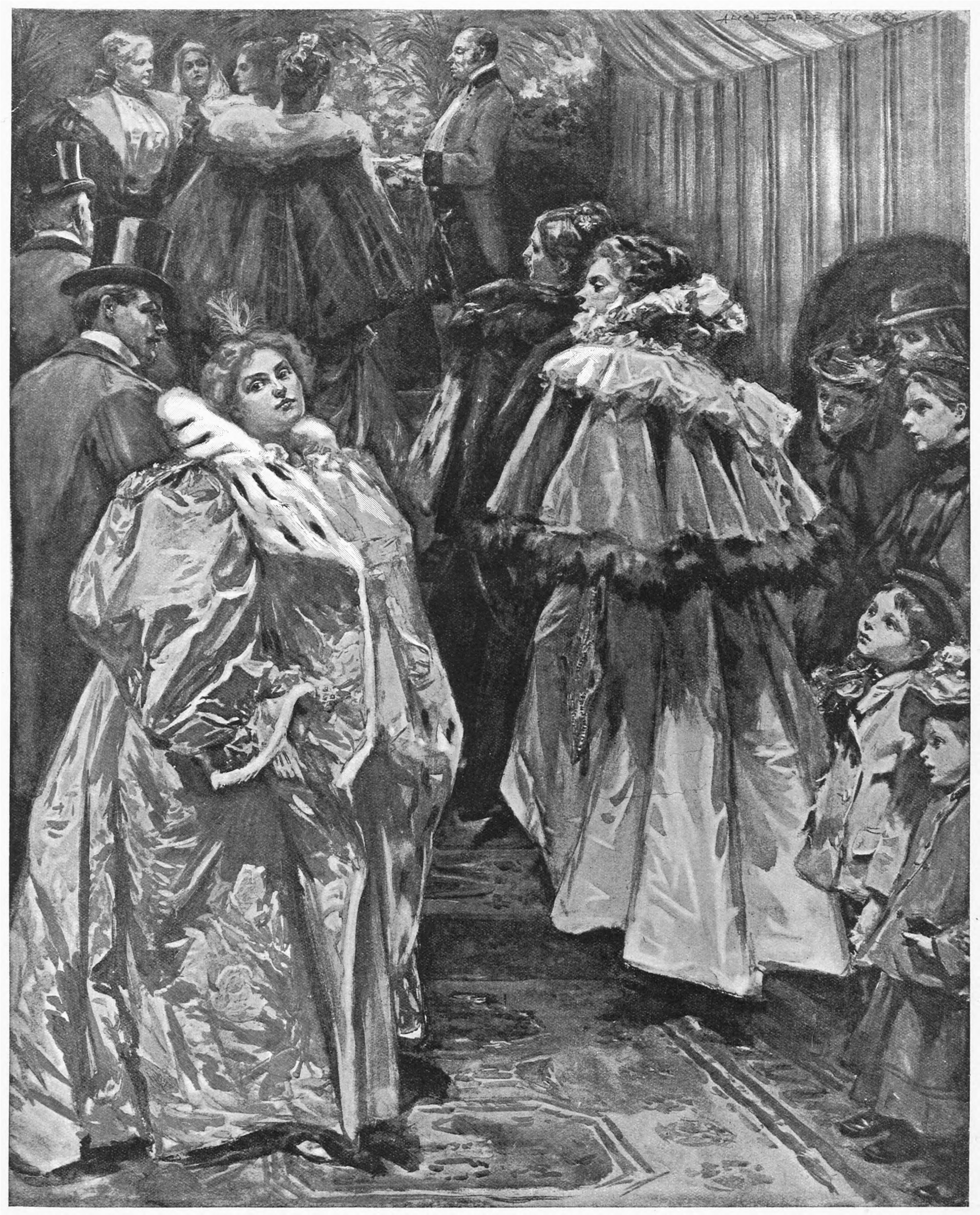

THE AMERICAN WOMAN
A SERIES OF TYPICAL SKETCHES
BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

1—THE WOMAN IN SOCIETY

WHAT THERE IS AT THE SOUTH POLE

[*]By General A. W. Greely, U. S. A.

IT IS now three centuries since the Dutch yacht, "Good News," Captain Dirck Gerritz, storm-driven to the south of Cape Horn, crept into a Spanish port in Peru, with a surviving crew of only nine men. Neither their misfortunes nor their explorations insured hospitable reception, for Gerritz died in irons in a Peruvian prison for entering the South Sea without permission of the King of Spain, and his tale of a Southern land, high, uninhabited and "covered with snow like Norway," was viewed as a sailor's fiction.

The story of Gerritz's experience forms part of Coleridge's immortal "Rime of the Ancient Mariner":

> "And now the storm blast came, . . .
> . . . .
> The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast,
> And southward aye we fled.
> And now there came both mist and snow,
> And it grew wondrous cold:
> And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
> As green as emerald.
> And through the drifts the snowy clifts
> Did send a dismal sheen:
> Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—"

For over two hundred years this austral continent was the theme of poetry and imagination, a mystery that awaited the energy, the daring, the scientific spirit of the nineteenth century for its solution. Even to-day its tangible outlines have passed under the eye of man only at isolated and widely-separated points, and a knowledge of its limits and extent results from a wonderful piece of constructive geography by one of the leading scientists of the present age—Dr. John Murray.

The Dutch expedition of De Veer, with which Gerritz sailed in 1598, had various experiences with the Patagonians, and as a result writers transformed this diminutive Fuegian folk into gigantic savages eleven or twelve feet high. What wonder that when Gerritz returned from his enforced Southern course his story of land in 64 degrees south latitude—ice-clad, mountainous and desolate—found no credence, and that geographers in general refused New Holland a place on their maps. In time, however, there was evolved the idea that the entire region within the Antarctic Circle was land, and a Dutch chart of 1642 shows as the most extensive land of the world, "Magallanico, the unknown Southern continent," extending as far north as the fiftieth parallel of latitude, but without New Holland—the spark of truth in the myth.

FANCIFUL DESCRIPTION OF ANTARCTICA

IF EXPLORERS left unsolved the mystery of ignorance that involved the austral tenth of the world, yet it served as a fruitful topic for story-tellers from the seventeenth century onward. In 1723 there was published in Paris a curious book entitled "Voyage from the Arctic to the Antarctic Pole, Through the Centre of the World." The author claimed to have discovered near the South Pole a floating island, enormous ice mountains, a boiling lake, beautiful shrubs, monster fishes, and an archipelago where a distant mountain, always snow-capped, appeared to be suspended in the air. The remains of an old fortification near the sea indicated the preëxistence of inhabitants, and a stone tower, on which were engraved the figure of a serpent and other peculiar ornamentations, stood lonely and time-worn, a desolate memorial of the vanished nation. Beautiful plains covered with vegetation charmed the traveler's eye; and even engraved plates purporting to be accurate drawings of these Antarctic plants appear in the work.

To Americans the most interesting of such tales is the unfinished narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, the longest of Poe's remarkable fictions, in which he incidentally incorporates the story of Southern explorations from the time of Cook to that of Biscoe. In 84 degrees south latitude Poe locates an iceless sea, strange animal life, peculiar savage tribes and other wonders.

THE ABSURD SYMMES THEORY

EVEN a greater tax on human credulity than the French voyage of 1723 is the so-called scientific theory of 1818, which is popularly known from association with its originator as "Symmes' Hole." He announced that the earth was a hollow sphere, habitable, within which there existed five concentric hollow spheres, also open at the poles. The interior of the inclosed spheres was lighted partly by the direct and partly by the refracted rays of the sun. Within the Arctic and Antarctic openings were mid-plane spaces, where the physical conditions were suitable for animal and vegetable life. Here might possibly thrive plants new to science, strange fishes, fowls and beasts; here, perchance, primeval man might yet thrive or a civilization exist that had developed on other lines than our own. In any event he urged that discovery and exploration of these interior polar regions would be fruitful of results important to science and to mankind. These were the doctrines of a man by no means ordinary. Serving with credit as an officer in the War of 1812, Symmes later applied himself to philosophical studies, and by lectures, pamphlets, petitions, etc., advocated for many years this theory of concentric spheres. Despite its absurdity Symmes' theory has supporters at the present time.

AN AMERICAN THE DISCOVERER OF THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT

TURNING now from fiction to fact, let us review very briefly the progress of discovery in the Antarctic regions. Having revolutionized geographic knowledge as to the great South Sea, the distinguished navigator, Captain James Cook, was selected to settle existing speculations as to the existence of an austral continent. Circumnavigating the Southern ocean, in 1772–74, in very high latitudes—four-fifths of the way to the south of 55 degrees south—Cook was the first man to cross the Antarctic Circle, within which he penetrated at three widely-separated points, attaining in January, 1774, 71° 10′ south, 117° west. His success was marvelous, though negative, as he found no land, and many geographers accepted Cook's dictum that he had "put an end to the search for a Southern continent, which had engrossed the attention of maritime nations for two centuries." Gerritz was more than ever discredited. In 1818, however, an English captain, James Smith, driven out of his course, rediscovered Gerritz's New Holland, and after a fashion not isolated in English history, named it South Shetlands.

The discovery of the continental land of Antarctica was made, however, by an American, Captain N. B. Palmer, whose name in connection with this land, it may be added, does not appear on the British admiralty chart, where the laudable action of Bellinghausen, Russian Royal Navy, should have insured it a place. The story of its discovery cannot fail to be interesting to every true American, especially as it is now known to be the most northernly projection of Antarctica.

A MOUNTAINOUS, STERILE COUNTRY

FROM Fanning's voyages we learn that Captain N. B. Palmer, while on a voyage to the South Shetlands, lay with the fleet at anchor in Yankee Harbor, Deception Island, during the season of 1820–21. Being on the lookout on an adjacent cliff, during a very clear day he discovered mountains, one an active volcano, in the south. To examine this newly-discovered land Palmer sailed in the "Hero," a tiny sloop of some forty tons. He found Palmer Land to be a mountainous country, more sterile and dismal, if possible, and more nearly ice-capped than South Shetlands. On the "Hero's" return passage she was becalmed in a thick fog near the South Shetlands, but in sight of the continent. When the fog began to clear Palmer, surprised to find his little bark between two men-of-war, ran up the stars and stripes, and the frigate then set the Russian colors. A boat from the commodore's ship brought an invitation for Palmer to go on board, and he then learned that the two discovery ships, sent under Captain Bellinghausen by Alexander I, were on a voyage around the world. To the commodore's inquiries Palmer replied that the islands in sight to the north were the South Shetlands, and tendered his services to pilot the ships into a good harbor at Deception Island, where water and game could be obtained; he also added that his vessel was one of five sail (under command of Captain B. Pendleton, of Stonington, Connecticut), then at anchor in Yankee Harbor. Bellinghausen, thanking him, generously said, "Previous to the fog we sighted these islands, and concluded we had made a discovery, but behold, when the fog lifts, here is an American vessel, apparently in as fine order as if but yesterday she left the United States. Not only this, her master is ready to pilot my vessels into port. We must surrender the palm to you Americans." His astonishment increased when Palmer told him that to the south there was an extensive land, whose mountains would be visible from the masthead when the fog should clear in that quarter. Bellinghausen entertained Palmer most handsomely, and with a spirit of generous appreciation named the new coast Palmer Land. Bellinghausen in his extended cruises in high Southern waters discovered several islets, and Alexander I Land, then the most southernly reached, and was the first to approach the great ice barrier.

THE DISCOVERIES OF OTHER EXPLORERS

IN 1828 Captain Weddell, experiencing an open season, pushed south into an ocean ice-free, except for the enormous tabular icebergs, of which several score were in sight at one time. He reached, February 20, 74° 15′ south latitude and 34° 17′ west longitude, 274 miles beyond the farthest of Cook. No land was in sight, but whales abounded, and seabirds literally covered the ocean.

In 1831–32 Biscoe, following the Antarctic Circle a third of the way around the globe, discovered Enderby Land and Adelaide Island, where he landed. Eight years later Captain J. Balleny discovered the Balleny group, mountainous, volcanic islets, almost entirely ice-covered despite their active volcanoes.

The French, American and British expeditions of D'Urville, 1836; Wilkes, 1838, and J. C. Ross, 1839, made most material and important additions to South Polar geography. D'Urville reached Clarie and Adelie Lands in a voyage which nearly circumnavigated the Antarctic Circle, but he had been anticipated by Wilkes, who, in a remarkably perilous voyage, sailed from 95 degrees to 155 degrees west, between the Antarctic Circle and the seventieth parallel. One British geographer omits Wilkes' discoveries, but the leading geographers of the world recognize the continuous coast first skirted by Wilkes as a part of the great Southern continent.

WHAT IS KNOWN OF ANTARCTICA

THE brightness of Sir James C. Ross' Antarctic laurels should have been sufficient without tarnishing those of his American rival; for Ross reached the highest Southern latitude, made most important observations, and contributed more largely to a geographical knowledge of these unknown regions than has any other explorer. In 1841–43 in two remarkably successful voyages he discovered and explored the coast of a mountainous, volcanic shore, Victoria Land, where he reached, February 23, 1843, 78° 11′ south, 160° west, still unsurpassed. At this point two lofty volcanic cones dominated the ice-capped land, reaching twelve thousand feet above the sea. Mount Erebus was in an active state, and by its violent eruptions gave a local color to the desolate land. Ross says: "Mount Erebus emitted smoke and flame in unusual quantities, producing a most grand spectacle. . . . The bright red flame that filled the mouth of the crater was clearly perceptible, and some of the officers believed that they could see streams of lava pouring down the sides until lost beneath the snow." From the base of Mount Erebus, the ice-barrier, the sea-face of the continental ice-cap, extends more than three hundred miles to the east, whither Ross followed it, finding an unbroken, perpendicular ice-wall, that varied between one hundred and fifty and two hundred feet in height.

A CONTINENT 3,565,555 SQUARE MILES IN EXTENT

THE "Challenger" survey of 1872–74 was the first encroachment within the Antarctic Circle by steam. With such able scientists as Wyville Thompson and John Murray the results were most important, especially in the investigation of the enormous tabular icebergs and sea fauna. The animal life of the ocean was so prolific that the "Challenger's" tow-nets often burst from repletion.

In 1894 the "Norwegian," Captain Larsen, followed Palmer Land along its east shore to the southward, and added three hundred miles of unknown coast to this land, making it a part of Antarctica. It is a bold, mountainous land, almost entirely ice-clad, its shores inaccessible owing to the projecting high and unbroken ice-barrier, whose front extends five miles seaward. At his farthest, in 68° 10′ south, the mainland was ice-clad, fringed with an unbroken ice-cap. He was able to reach land and discovered a group of five snow-free islands, where active volcanoes were yet smoking. These discoveries show that Palmer Land is an unbroken continent, extending from 63 degrees to 70 degrees south, where it subtends some twenty degrees of longitude.

The mass of data collected as to the physical conditions within the Antarctic Circle awaited some mind to treat them as a whole and formulate definite conclusions thereof. This has been done by Dr. John Murray, who, supplementing Dr. Carpenter's conclusions, has evolved from all these data the continent of Antarctica. The ice-barrier is the margin of a polar ice-cap, whose thickness at its edge is probably two thousand feet, which has been formed on land of no great elevation. The circumpolar area is chiefly land, has an estimated periphery of about ten thousand miles, and its total area is placed at 3,565,555 square miles, about the size of Europe.

A CLOAK OF ICE OVER THREE THOUSAND FEET THICK

THE snowfall of each year adds a new stratum to this ice-cap, which is as distinguishable to the eye as is the annual accretion of a forest tree. Thus in centuries have accumulated on Antarctica these snows, which, by processes of pressure, thawing and regelation, have formed an ice-cap that in places exceeds three thousand feet in thickness. Through the action of various forces—that of contraction and expansion by changing temperature being, perhaps, the most potent—this ice-cap creeps steadily seaward and projects into the ocean a perpendicular front from one thousand to two thousand feet in height. The temperature of the sea water being about twenty-nine degrees, the fresh-water ice remains unwasted, and the ice-barrier plows the ocean bed until through flotation in deep water disruption occurs, and the tabular berg is formed. These bergs are of a size that long taxed the belief of men, but it is now well established that bergs two miles square and one thousand feet in thickness are not rare; others are as large as thirty miles in length and some nearly three thousand feet in thickness, their perpendicular, sun-wasted sides rising from two hundred to four hundred feet above the sea.

But even more than the tabular berg, the slimy ooze at the base of the ice-barrier—tiny accumulations during its grinding march of ages—tells the story of the land passed over as unerringly as the spectroscope discloses the constituents of the sun. These minute particles are of granite, diorite and quartz—the rocks characteristic of continental land.

EXPLORATIONS OF CAPE ADARE

THE nearest continental land to the South Pole that has been visited is Cape Adare, in 71° 23′ south latitude, 169° 56′ east longitude. The very great distance intervening between this point and the Pole is made evident by the fact that it is practically the same as the distance to the North Pole from the North Cape of Norway, which is in the same relative latitude as Adare.

Of Cape Adare Mr. C. E. Borchgrevink says: "We landed on January 23, 1895. Our landing place was a peninsula gently sloping down from the steep rocks of Cape Adare until it ran into the bay as a long, flat, pebbly beach. The penguins were, if possible, even more numerous here than on Possession Island (some thirty miles to the southward), and were found on the cape as far up as one thousand feet. We collected rocks, and found the same cryptogamic vegetation (lichen) as on Possession Island. The cape rises to 3779 feet, and consists of a large, square, basaltic rock. I counted twenty glaciers in the vicinity, one of which seemed covered with lava, while below a layer of snow appeared another layer of lava resting on the surface of the glacier. A volcanic peak about eight thousand feet in height had undoubtedly been in activity a short time before. One rock from Cape Adare was composed of quartz, garnet and feldspar. As to zoölogical results of future researches I expect great discoveries. I base my expectations on one point: on the scars found on the seals, which, in my opinion, point to the existence of a large unknown mammal within the Antarctic Circle."

A CONTINENT DEVOID OF ANIMAL LIFE

THE Antarctic, then, is a continental land unique in the world. Its desolate shores, rarely approachable under most favorable conditions, are laved by an ocean the richest on the globe in its marine life—animal and vegetable. Seals and whales in incredible numbers abound in its waters, and countless seabirds cover with nests and eggs the few favored land spots which are free from snow during the brief, comfortless summer. It is a continent where abounds no land animal life, either mammals, birds, insects, spiders or reptiles. No mammal exists within six hundred miles of its borders. It is also devoid of land vegetation (except the lowest forms of cellular tissue, lichens, which have been found in two places only), having neither ferns, flowering plants, shrubs nor trees.

Here, however, Nature displays her forces on a scale elsewhere unknown. Over the millions of square miles of this austral continent ceaselessly continues a titanic struggle between the opposing ancient elements of fire and water. In vain the volcanoes pour forth streams of molten lava and shoot upward pillars of fire. Welcoming the lava as a protecting, non-conducting covering of its lower strata of flowing glaciers, the continental ice-cap resistlessly advances, certain that in time, when the processes of erosion have lowered the elevation of the volcanic craters, its countless, tiny snowflakes will quench the apparently unextinguishable fires that now shake from end to end the continent of Antarctica.

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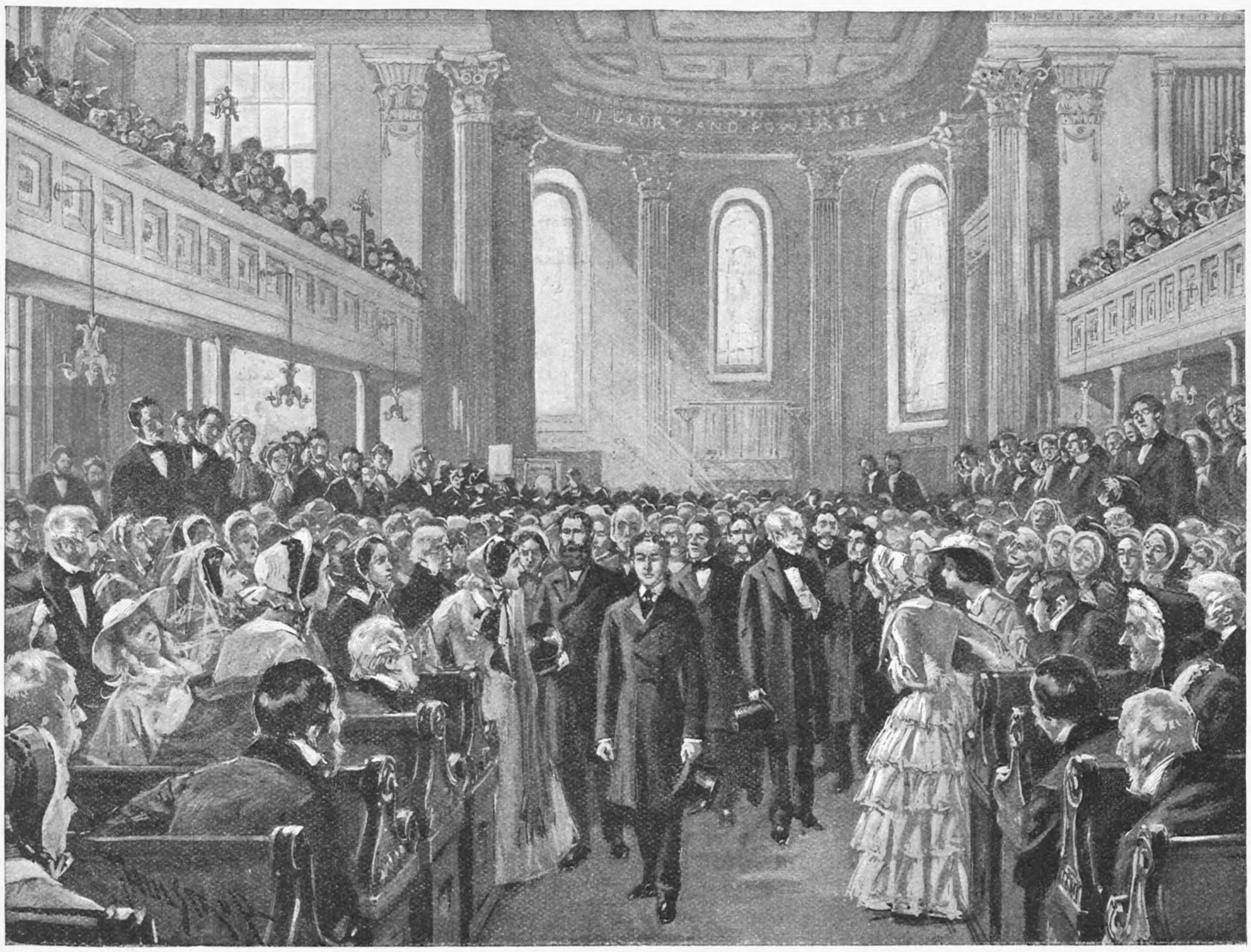
[*]Author of "Three Years of Arctic Service," etc.



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

THE YOUNG PRINCE AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—AFTER THE SERVICE

WHEN THE PRINCE OF WALES WAS IN AMERICA*

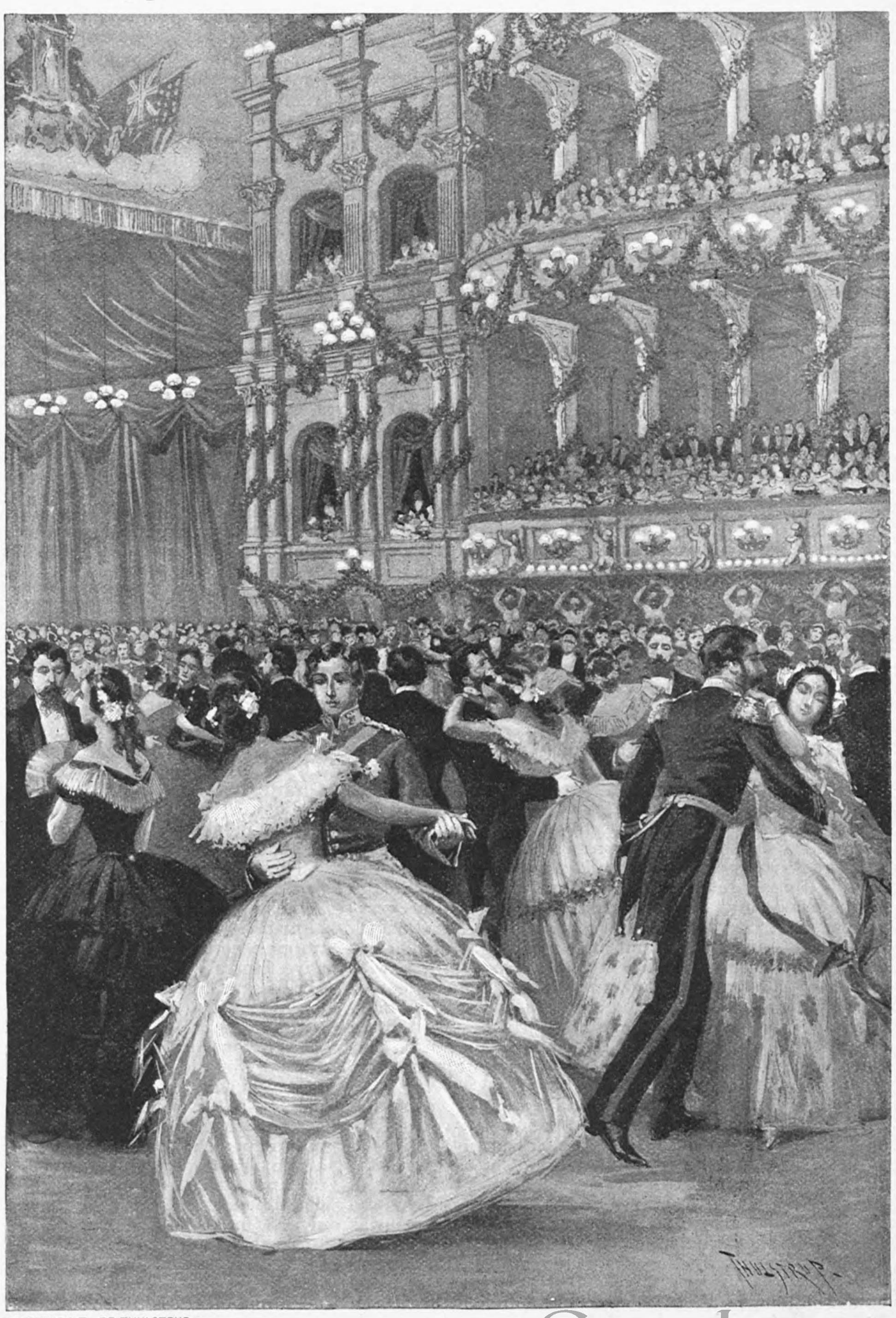
By Stephen Fiske

HRH THE PRINCE OF WALES, first stepped upon American soil at St. Johns, Newfoundland, July 24, 1860. He had sailed into the little harbor the night before, on board the British frigate "Hero," escorted by the warship "Ariadne." The morning was rainy, but just as the Prince landed the sunshine burst through the clouds, and the crowd of officials and fisher folk that awaited him exchanged congratulations upon the happy omen and "the Queen's weather." The bands on ship and shore played "God Save the Queen," the men-of-war of England, France and the United States fired salutes and manned the yards. The first remark that the Prince made was: "The English and American sailors stand like statues, but those Frenchmen look like farmers." Sir Alexander Bannerman, the Governor of Newfoundland, was formally presented to the Prince, and the party proceeded directly to the Government House, where a reception was held, and the dignitaries and various societies of the city read loyal addresses. In the evening a ball was given, and the Prince soon left the official circle and danced with the wives and daughters of the fishermen. The "Lanciers" was a new dance then, and the Prince not only explained the figures to his partner but called out to the other dancers: "Now, you follow me," "Now, forward-march." Of course, he won all hearts. The next day he was taken through the factories in which cod-liver oil is made. There is a custom that a visitor to the factories must have his boots greased by the employees and "pay his footing" in drink money, and the Prince cheerfully submitted to these exactions, and laughed heartily when the dignified Duke of Newcastle, the polished General Bruce and the gallant Major Teesdale were compelled to go through the same formalities. The Royal party then reëmbarked on the "Hero" and set sail for Halifax.

I give these proceedings in detail because they epitomize the principal features of the Prince's tour through the British provinces. It always rained, there were always processions, receptions, addresses and balls, and the Prince became so tired of hearing "God Save the Queen" that he used to make a grimace when a new band struck up the familiar tune. He was at that time a slender stripling, under the medium size, not yet of age, and bore a remarkable resemblance to the portraits of the Queen, his mother, on the British coins. He had been sent by the Palmerston government to see the New World and stir up Canadian loyalty, while his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, was dispatched to Africa on a similar mission. To avoid problems of etiquette he traveled as Baron Renfrew, which is one of his many minor titles. His official dress throughout the tour was that of a British Major-General.

At first the American people did not realize the importance of the Prince's visit. There was no Atlantic cable then to keep the two hemispheres in close touch. Besides, the most important Presidential campaign ever known in this country was in progress; the great battle against human slavery was being fought, with Lincoln as the standard-bearer, and everybody was too deeply engrossed in the momentous issues of the approaching election to pay much attention to the tour of a princeling. Of all our newspapers, but one, a leading New York daily, foresaw the possible consequences of the Prince's visit, and I, as its representative, was the only American correspondent to meet the Royal party at Newfoundland, and was the first American to greet the young Prince. There was a telegraph line from New York to St. Johns, and the paper I represented published a full account of the landing the next day; but it was not until two or three days after that the other leading papers found room for the news, and not until the Prince's arrival at Quebec, a fortnight later, did they publish regular accounts of his movements. The "Great Eastern" steamship, which had just arrived here, seemed to our editors a much more interesting subject. On August 6 a meeting of prominent citizens of New York was held at the Astor House to invite the Prince to visit that city and to prepare for his reception, and then the National authorities and the public generally began to appreciate what it might mean for the country if the son of the Queen of England were favorably impressed.

Meanwhile the Prince had been entertained at Halifax, as he was at Newfoundland, but with a more imposing military display; had sailed on the gunboat "Styx" to New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island; had stopped at Fredericton, Hantsfort, Windsor, Truro, Pictou and Charlottetown, and was coming up the Saguenay and the St. Lawrence rivers. Americans became interested in the genial young fellow, who was always rained upon, but always jolly; danced until three o'clock every morning, but was on duty at ten A. M. to receive deputations, read replies to addresses, listen to the singing of school-children, ride under triumphal arches, fish, hunt, and raise his chapeau when "God Save the Queen" was played. At Quebec a score of American reporters awaited him, and two illustrated weekly papers had special artists on the spot. After the Prince reached that ancient walled city his every movement was chronicled all over the country, alongside of the campaign speeches of Seward, Douglas and Breckinridge. For the first time the press employed the telegraph liberally and even lavishly. From Niagara Falls I transmitted to my paper long chapters from St. Matthew and from the Revelations, in order to hold the wires for the regular daily reports about the Prince. At the Quebec ball the Prince tripped and fell with his partner, and the managing editor headed the account I telegraphed, "*Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense*" in large letters, and claimed that this heading suggested the subsequent bestowal of the Order of the Garter upon the Duke of Newcastle. There, also, the Duke had some trouble with the Roman Catholic bishops, who did not consider that their equality in rank with the Church of England clergy was adequately recognized, so the Prince's reply to their address had to be withdrawn and official apologies tendered. The visit to Quebec was otherwise unfortunate,



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

THE GRAND BALL GIVEN IN HIS HONOR IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC for a platform fell and injured many persons during the fireworks, and four sailors were killed by the premature discharge of a cannon.

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

HIS HIGHNESS IN MERRY MOOD

MONTREAL was merrier. The Royal party arrived there on August 25, and the Prince opened the new Crystal Palace and inaugurated the Victoria Bridge, held a review of the troops and attended the Indian games. Patti, then a girlish phenomenon, had been brought on from New York to sing at a grand concert, but the Prince would not stop to hear her, and she shed childish tears over the disappointment. There was a ball, of course, and the band sang some of the music for the Prince's favorite "Lanciers." This delighted him; he joined in the singing, and all the company followed his example with extraordinary vocal effects. At Sherbrooke, then a village near Montreal, the Prince remitted the sentence of a court-martial upon an old man named Felton, who had served with Nelson, on the "Trafalgar," and restored him to his rank in the service as Signal Midshipman. This was a very politic act that broadened and deepened the popularity of the Prince. His Royal Highness then went by special train to Ottawa and laid the corner-stone of the Parliament buildings. He saw the logmen roll huge trunks of trees down the river chutes, and he drove about the town and the adjacent country. Ottawa was then a Capital city in name only, and his sojourn there was brief and uneventful.

The Catholics had gained a little victory over the stern Duke of Newcastle at Quebec, and now the Orangemen demanded to be allowed to present addresses to the Prince, and to be received separately from their Catholic fellow-citizens. The Duke consulted with Governor-General Head and refused to permit this distinction. At Kingston an Orange demonstration was prepared and the Royal party did not land from the steamer. The Orangemen chartered another steamer and pursued the Prince to Brockton, but again he was not allowed to go on shore. At Coburg a party of fifty Canadian gentlemen took the horses from his carriage and drew him through the pretty hamlet. At Toronto the Mayor apologized for the display of Orange flags; the Prince was hooted and hissed when he attended church, and serious riots were feared. All trouble was averted, however, by the good humor of the Prince himself. He was taking a drive with the Duke, and the Orangemen hastily hung a banner across the road so that the Royal party had to drive under it. Newcastle was indignant and ordered the coachman to turn back; but lo, another Orange banner had been hung to cut off the retreat. Then the Prince laughed heartily, took off his hat to the flag, and was cheered by the Orangemen. However, the Duke was not mollified, and the journey to Niagara Falls was expedited. The Prince first saw the great falls on September 15. A number of riding horses had been provided by the Canadian Government, and he mounted at once and rode to view the falls from various points. The next day, in the presence of the Royal party and of thousands of other spectators, Blondin performed the remarkable and thrilling feat of crossing the Niagara River on a rope, walking upon stilts and carrying a man on his back.

AS A GUEST OF THE PEOPLE OF THE REPUBLIC

ON SEPTEMBER 17 the Prince of Wales entered the United States for the first time, riding to the American side for a farewell view of Niagara. Then, after the usual ceremonies at Hamilton, he crossed to Detroit at night, on September 20, and became the guest of the people of this Republic. The Duke of Newcastle had insisted that the Prince, as Baron Renfrew, should be received by the people, not officially by the Government, and this arrangement was carried out during his tour. It seemed as if all the people, headed by the Governor of Michigan, had rushed to welcome him at Detroit. The crowds were so dense that the Royal party could not get to their hotel through the main streets, and had to be smuggled in at a side entrance. But the sight from the hotel windows was beautiful: the whole city illuminated; the craft on the river bedecked with lamps, the sky obscured by flags, banners and transparencies. Although the crowd was large and curious it was most friendly and enthusiastic. At Chicago, which was reached two days later, and was then a city of unfinished streets—the sidewalks above the top of the carriage at one point and the carriage above the first floor windows at another—there was a similar crowd. The Prince enjoyed the excitement; but the fatigue of his long journey began to tell upon him, and it was decided to break the trip from Chicago to St. Louis by stopping at Dwight's Station for a day's shooting.

Dwight's was then a single house on the railroad line in the midst of the prairie. A few miles away two old sportsmen, named Spencer and Morgan, lived on their farms, and with them as guides the Prince's party found plenty of game. Fourteen brace of quails and four rabbits were shot by the Prince. The party tramped about, smoked pipes and had a good time. Only one untoward incident occurred. At a farm the English proprietor stood on his porch and invited everybody except the Duke of Newcastle to enter—"But not you, Newcastle," he shouted; "I have been a tenant of yours, and have sworn that you shall never set foot on my land." But there was no scarcity of other land in the neighborhood and the party passed on. Presently everybody wanted to smoke and nobody had a light. Pockets were turned inside out, and at last a single match was found. Who should strike it? Lots were drawn with blades of the prairie grass, and whether by accident or courtiership the choice fell upon the Prince. The others held their coats and hats around him while he lighted the last match, and he said that he had never been so nervous before. He talked freely with Spencer, and no schoolboy ever enjoyed an outing more.

St. Louis, where the Prince had a splendid reception on the Fair Grounds and opened the Western Academy of Arts, and Cincinnati, where another tremendous crowd awaited him, and he danced all night at another ball, made the Prince glad to get to the comparative quiet of Washington, where he was introduced by Lord Lyons to President Buchanan and Miss Harriet Lane, and was elegantly, but privately, entertained at the White House. Washington was a village "of magnificent distances" then, and the President showed the Royal party over the public buildings without being incommoded by the crowds that had half frightened, half flattered them since their arrival in America.

THE PRINCE AT WASHINGTON'S TOMB

AN HISTORICAL event was the visit of the Prince of Wales to Mount Vernon and the tomb of Washington. Poets and painters might be inspired by the spectacle of the future King of England standing bareheaded before the resting-place of the Father of the Republic. There were no ceremonials nor speeches; but as the party turned away General Bruce remarked to the Prince: "Washington was an Englishman, you know." What memories, what thoughts, must have moved the distinguished personages who thus paid homage to the first and greatest of Americans.

During the sojourn of the Prince at the National Capital the political intrigues, with which the country was then seething, commenced to involve him. The pro-slavery leaders considered the part that England might be called upon to play in case the threats of the secessionists were put in force after the election, and were quick to seize the opportunity to influence public sentiment in England by courtesies to the Prince. So they formed the bold project of taking him through the South to see slavery as "a paternal institution." After some discussion between the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Lyons the invitation of representative Southern men was accepted, and the party went on the revenue cutter, "Harriet Lane," to Acquia Creek, and thence by the "ribbon rail" road—a railroad with broad, flat rails, that often curved up like ribbons—to Richmond. The Prince was welcomed by whites and blacks at the Fair Grounds, visited the State Capitol, and was driven to Powhatan, where Pocahontas saved the life of Captain Smith, and to Haxhall's plantation, and a great slave sale, that had been widely advertised, was postponed so as not to offend British susceptibilities. The contrast between the free cities of the North and the slavery city of Richmond impressed the Prince; he was pushed and annoyed by a crowd of rowdies, who shouted: "He socked it to you!" and, "Oh, yes, you love him!" while he inspected Houdon's statue of Washington; he was almost eaten by mosquitoes, and he flatly refused to leave his carriage to visit the negro quarters at Haxhall's. The idea of continuing his Southern trip as far as Charleston was at once abandoned, and the party hurried back to Washington and took the first train for Baltimore and Philadelphia.

ANNOYING ATTENTIONS FROM WOMEN

DURING the tour through Canada I had attributed the strange conduct of the ladies to an excess of loyalty. As soon as the Prince had left a hotel they would rush into his rooms, seize all sorts of articles, from a furniture button to a soiled towel, as souvenirs, and even bottle up the water with which he had just washed his face. But in the United States the women were equally curious and sycophantic. The luggage of the Royal party was carried in small leather trunks —a trunk for every suit of clothes—and whenever the train stopped the crowds would beg that some of these trunks might be handed out, and women would fondle and kiss them. I need not say that the trainmen were never too particular as to whose luggage was subjected to this adoration, and I have had the pleasure of seeing my own portmanteau kissed by mistake. Before the Prince arrived at Richmond his room at the Ballard House was entered by the ladies, and the pillow-slips and white coverlet were so soiled by the pressure of hundreds of fingers that they had to be twice changed by the chambermaids. When he attended church on Sunday the whole congregation rose as he departed, and climbed upon the seats to get a better view of him. Every day's mail brought hundreds of letters from women, some addressed to "Mr. Prince," "Mr. Wales," "Mr. B. Renfrew." These incidents affected the Prince very little; he turned away shyly when the subject was mentioned; but the other members of the party, that now included Lord Lyons and the Hon. Mr. Elliott, son of the Earl of St. Germain, regarded them with mingled amusement and disgust.

VISITS TO PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA packed its streets to welcome the Prince, and with the utmost difficulty the police made way for him to reach the Continental Hotel, where he tripped up the ladies' staircase and found Mr. Stevens, the proprietor, walking about with a portrait of Prince Albert under his arm and superintending the final decorations. Races had been arranged for the next day, and the Duke of Newcastle struck them from the program; but the Prince insisted upon going to them, and was attended by the customary crowd. In the evening he went in state to the Academy of Music, where the opera "Martha" was presented, and Patti had her revenge for the slight put upon her at Montreal. She sang divinely; the Prince applauded her rapturously and asked that she be presented to him, and the acquaintance thus formed has ripened into a permanent friendship. The Mayor was assisted by the British Consul in receiving the Royal party, and the Academy was overcrowded with the best people of the Quaker City and by many visitors from New York. The Prince was taken to Independence Hall, the Mint and Girard College; he rolled tenpins at the German Club, and he reviewed from the hotel window a torchlight procession in honor of Governor Curtin, and supposed that it was intended as a compliment to himself.

The journey to New York, October 11, was by railroad to South Amboy, and thence by a revenue cutter to the Battery. Mayor Wood received the Prince, and with him reviewed the militia at Battery Park. Then the troops escorted the Prince's carriage to the City Hall and gave him a marching salute. Broadway, from the City Hall to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, was lined with soldiers, jammed with people, ablaze with flags and thunderous with cheers. Mayor Wood, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Lyons drove with the Prince, and as the carriage passed, the troops presented arms. The next day the Prince lunched at Mayor Wood's country house, and planted a tree in Central Park, then described as "786 acres of rude, rocky land." It was estimated that half a million persons turned out to see him pass. For the ball at the old Academy of Music the invitations had been so distributed that, although three thousand guests were present, the most of them were too old to dance. They represented, in a double sense, the solid citizens of New York, for as they crowded around the Prince the dancing floor gave way, and serious accidents were narrowly averted. For the supper a special service of china and glass had been manufactured, with the Prince's motto, "*Ich Dien*," on every piece; this was afterward sold at auction to a famous caterer.

THROUGH NEW ENGLAND TO EMBARK FOR HOME

THE display that best pleased the Royal party was a torchlight parade of the Volunteer Fire Department. The Prince clapped his hands as he looked at the brilliant scene in Madison Square, and cried repeatedly, "This is for me, this is for me!" evidently referring to the fact that the parade in Philadelphia had been for Governor Curtin.

At Boston another ball was given to the Prince of Wales. Greeted by the same immense crowds, he previously drove with the Mayor to Cambridge, where he was received by President Felton and inspected Harvard College, and to Mount Auburn Cemetery, where he planted two trees, and to the home of Longfellow, formerly Washington's headquarters, and to Bunker Hill, where he wrote his name in the Visitors' Book. The site of the ancient earthworks and the spot where Warren fell were pointed out to him, but he listened to the historical information without comment. In truth, the Prince was now thoroughly fatigued. The constant crowds disturbed him. At the Navy Yard and at the ball he whisperingly complained of being jostled. The classical speech with which Edward Everett welcomed him to the Free Library fell upon listless ears. He reminded me of a boy at a party, who had eaten enough, and danced enough, and played enough, and was tired out and wanted to be taken home. When he was told that the people of Portland were giving a ball to the officers of the British fleet without waiting for his arrival he did not protest, and this was an ominous sign, for the Prince loved a ball better than any other sort of entertainment. Accompanied by Governor Banks, Senator Sumner, Senator Wilson and Congressman Burlingame, then among the leaders of the Republican party, the Prince and his suite took a private car to Portland, and the conversation between these distinguished Americans and the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Lyons doubtless bore splendid diplomatic fruit in later days.

GREAT ANXIETY IN ENGLAND FOR HIS SAFETY

ON THE twentieth of October the "Hero," with the Prince on board, convoyed by the "Ariadne," the "Nile" and the "Styx," set sail from Portland, after a military parade and salutes from the forts. Before he reached England, in November, there was much anxiety concerning his safety. His brother, Prince Alfred, had returned from the Cape of Good Hope, but there was no news from the Prince of Wales, and two ships of war were sent in search of him. When the "Hero" at last appeared it was ascertained that a sudden storm had driven her back from the English coast, and the Royal party had been reduced to salt fare, with only a week's provisions in store. Their happy escape from danger heightened the interest with which they were received in England and emphasized the effect of the American hospitalities. The Queen sent for Minister Dallas and expressed to him her great delight at the welcome that the American people had given to her son. The Duke of Newcastle received the Order of the Garter; General Bruce was given a permanent place at Court; Major Teesdale was promoted, and to Lord Lyons was sent a letter of thanks. There can be no doubt that the reports which the Prince of Wales gave to his mother and father of the power and prosperity of the Northern part of this country, and, perhaps, of the striking contrast that he had seen at Richmond, largely influenced Prince Albert in the determined stand that he assumed for the Union and against the official recognition of the Rebellion, and the Queen would not be so good a mother if the Prince's stories of his adventures here had not warmed her heart toward a people who had been so kind to her eldest boy.

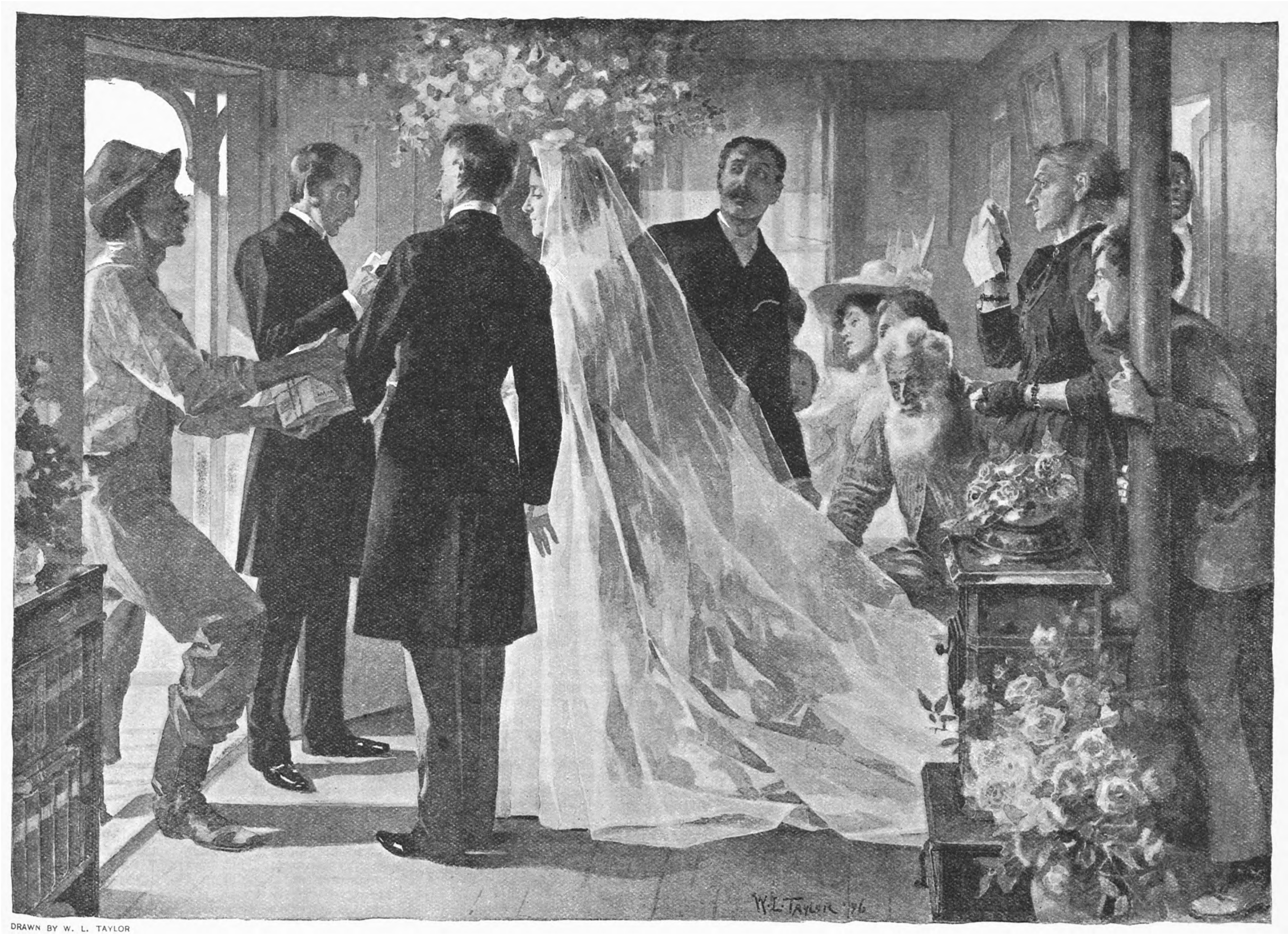
EDITOR'S NOTE.—The fourth article of the "Great Personal Events" series will appear in the next (February) issue of the JOURNAL. In it Mr. Parke Godwin will graphically tell, and T. de Thulstrup will picture

"When Kossuth Rode Up Broadway"

It will portray the thrilling enthusiasm of the hearty welcome given the great Hungarian patriot in New York—and repeated in other cities—upon the occasion of his visit to the United States.

CHILDREN AS STREET-CLEANERS

THAT is a splendid work which has been started in Boston: the formation of a number of the school-children into a Juvenile Street-Cleaning Brigade. Every member is pledged to pick up stray pieces of paper which he may see on the street, and deposit them in receptacles provided by the city at convenient points. In New York a similar system of voluntary street-cleaning has been organized among the children. In Philadelphia a Civic League, composed of children, has been formed. No member is allowed to throw bits of paper, fruit or any refuse whatever in the streets, nor injure, deface or mark fences, stoops or property of any sort. In Hartford the movement has been started, and in smaller places the idea has taken root and organizations are being formed. It is a plan which cannot spread too rapidly nor too widely. Before we can hope to be clean ourselves we must keep our streets clean, and while our municipal governments can, of course, do much, each of us, as individuals, can do more. Experience has pretty conclusively shown that it is next to impossible to keep clean the streets of a city or of a town unless through some general movement there is stimulated a local pride, such as will find practical expression in the residents lending hearty and effective coöperation to the work of the authorities. A man or woman tears up a letter into small bits and throws the pieces into the street unmindful of the fact that by doing so he or she litters up the street for hours. Another throws a banana peel or an orange skin into the street; some one else casts away something else, and each person adds to the general dirt of the streets, and indirectly to the decrease of good health in the community. On the other hand, if every one would refrain from throwing litter of any sort into the streets our cities and towns would show an astonishing improvement and our general health would be the better. This is the point for "grown-ups" to observe. The children cannot have a better lesson enforced upon them than that of cleaning and helping to keep clean the streets. If they are taught to have a regard for the appearance of the street the lesson will easily extend to the rooms in which they live. The smallest of our communities should take up this idea: the formation of clubs and brigades among the children to keep the streets and highways clean. It is one of the easiest things to do, and one of the most profitable. But the elders must lead the way.



DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR

"HERE'S THEM PATTIES FROM BOSTON, MISS CORONA, AND I WANT FORTY CENTS FOR BRINGIN' OF 'EM OVER"

THE BURGLAR WHO MOVED PARADISE

By Herbert D. Ward

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

*CHAPTER II

THE WEDDING

TWAS a resplendent morning of the last Saturday of June. Corona awoke and looked around her. Her heart beat as if she were going to her execution at noon; but the sun looked in about the blue and white room as if she were going to Heaven.

She heard heavy steps upon the stairs. The edge of a tray knocked on the door. Puelvir walked in. Puelvir was Corona's nominal cook and practical duenna. If I may inherit the statement of the original documents, Puelvir was Corona's guide, philosopher and friend. Puelvir's face was as long as the boom of a cup defender, and, far from protecting the cup, she allowed her tears to rain copiously into the coffee. Corona observed this bridal expression with dismay.

"Dear me, Puelvir, what is the matter with you this morning?"

"I—I wish you jo—boo hoo—oy. Oh, me! Oh, me!" wailed Puelvir. "But I don't wish *him* none," she added viciously.

"Thank you, Puelvir—I am surprised. I thought you would be glad to see me happy."

Puelvir doused a fist into her eyes. "I hain't no ob—bob—jection to seein' *you* happy. But oh, the resk on't! I darsn't think of that!"

Corona turned pale at this, for her own heart echoed the words.

"Here, take it!" Puelvir plumped the breakfast tray down upon the bed. "It's the last breakfast I'll be bringing yer."

"But, Puelvir!" cried Corona, "I thought you were going to stay by me. I couldn't live without you."

"I hain't seen any evidence of it. I wish I hadn't—oh, boo—hoo—hadn't turned off the raspberry man for you! I'd a ben a bride long before you was. Now he's got that widder with four, and six of his own into the bargain—and you've ben an' broke our bargain and here I be!"

An appalling vision of being deserted by her housemaid on her wedding-day swept over Corona. She saw herself spending her honeymoon frying cunners and teaching Alexander to set the table and wash the dishes. Puelvir stood stern and uncompromising.

"I'll see you through the ceremony, anyhow. I suppose ye won't want to see me nor nobody after that. My trunk's packed. I sot up last night to do it. Why don't ye drink yer coffee?"

The maid looked down upon her mistress. What did she see? Tears gathering in those dear eyes upon her wedding-day. Puelvir's faithful heart melted before the sight like the sugar in the saucer beneath her tears.

"Law, Miss Corona, I won't—there now! I won't, nohow. My trunk ain't packed neither. That was a whopper. I'll stick by you. There's only one thing," said Puelvir, swelling grandly: "Don't you ever ask me to bring his breakfast up to *him*. I won't do it!"

"Dear me, Puelvir, I don't think Mr. Hensleigh would ever expect it." Corona blushed. It seemed to her as if Puelvir were very indelicate. "He is not at all spoiled," pleaded the lady.

"He will be soon enough!" snapped the maid.

Then Puelvir, whether from remorse for her own cruelty, or from the tenderness of her own loyalty, took Corona's delicate hand in her red, work-worn fingers, imprinted a resounding kiss upon it, and fled sobbing from the room.

Corona, much agitated, ate her cold breakfast. When she came to the coffee she found it noticeably salt.

The door opened and Matthew Launcelot walked in. Matthew was Corona's dog; he had acquired a mysterious ability to open doors, which would have been worth fifty dollars a week to him in a variety show. He had practiced on the doors of Paradise, which, when they didn't stick, wouldn't latch. This habit of his had rather disastrous effects upon his mistress during the period of her betrothal, and as the little black-and-tan terrier could not be taught how to shut a door, Mr. Hensleigh had formed the habit of putting chairs against the doors of the parlor whenever he paid his respects to Corona.

Matthew and Corona passed each other in the middle of the floor. The one leaped upon the bed, the other shut the door. (This rhythmical remark may be pardoned to the general agitation of the wedding-day, which overpowers even its historian.) Matthew was in the habit of having his breakfast upstairs with his mistress; he finished off the rolls and called for his usual cup of coffee.

Corona, as she gave it to him, patted the dog rather wistfully. "You won't desert me, will you, dear?" The dog looked up into her face and shook his head. Corona was much comforted, for she had the feeling that she was parting from all her old friends.

Tom and Susy objected on general principles to Corona's getting married, but in particular, to Corona's being married in Fairharbor. Tom, Susy and the baby were occupying Corona's only guest room. This room was painted green. Susy averred that this color represented the mental status of the family at that particular time. She never knew decent people before who refused to be married from their own home.

"But this *is* my home," Corona had argued; and Tom had said, "Let the girl do as she wants, and charge the bills to me."

Mary Sinuous, an old friend of Corona's maiden days, had torn herself away from her husband in Brooklyn long enough to come to the wedding, and to spend one sleepless night upon the sofa in the parlor. Mary had added to the interest of the last night before Corona's wedding by tumbling off the sofa three times. Perhaps the sofa was a little narrow and somewhat slanting. It had been courted on a good deal during the last few weeks, and the springs were not at their best. And every time that Mary fell Matthew Launcelot set up a furious barking. This made the baby cry, and Tom say things that percolated through the matched-board cottage. Take it all in all, it was not a comfortable night, and the family was glad to get up.

The wedding was appointed at one o'clock. The widower's brother, a clergyman of a celibate disposition, but of undoubted family loyalty, came from a flourishing parish in a distant part of the State to perform the ceremony. These two stayed at the hotel, and presented themselves at intervals, with a shamefaced consciousness of inferiority which is characteristic of the masculine gender at such a time. The widower was seen that morning by the neighbors aimlessly taking trips to and fro on the Fairharbor ferry, and looking as pale as a new mainsail. His brother, from time to time, would slap him vigorously upon the back.

"Heavens, Alec, cheer up!" he would say. "You ought to be used to it by this time. Now if it were I——" But the jocoseness of the clerical gentleman fell as flat as a sinker, and he perceived that it is not good form even for a brother to remind a man of his first wedding-day upon the morning of his second.

But Corona had no other wedding-day to think of. And Susy thought of the guests, while Tom managed the caterer. That colored gentleman had arrived from a distinguished firm in Boston on the early train, and took immediate possession of the house. Consequently, such of the family as were not favored with breakfast in their bedrooms had to eat it where they could. It should be remembered that the main house was only a twenty-foot cube. Tom ate his chops on the hogshead cover by the back door. While he was doing this the caterer approached with a face as nearly pale as is possible to a frightened African.

"I declare, sir, they have forgotten the patties. What shall I do?"

"What kind of patties?"

"Chicken, sir."

"Then telegraph immediately to have them sent right out on the 10:45 by a special messenger. I never heard of a wedding without patties. Have you?" sternly.

"No," replied the bewildered caterer, "I never have, sir."

"I don't believe the ceremony would be legal," replied Tom authoritatively. "I cannot have my sister married without patties."

The caterer was working miracles in the little toy house. The dining-room was nine feet by ten. The caterer had the delicacy not to intimate that this was not a spacious apartment. He made it look ninety by a hundred.

Puelvir eyed the caterer with scorching distrust, and told him she supposed her silver and doilies were not good enough for him. Matthew Launcelot, on the contrary, took a fancy to the caterer. How far this could be explained by the disappearance of a lobster croquette and two macaroons has never been determined.

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

And now the guests began to arrive. They were not very many. They might have been hundreds, but they were comprised almost within the first ten numerals. This surprising limitation was purely a matter of mathematics. The parlor of Paradise could not prettily hold more than a dozen people, and Corona would be married in that parlor.

Mrs. Rowin, Zero's mother, came first. Corona had sent Zero for her with The Lady of Shalott and the buggy. The Lady of Shalott was then tied to the clothes-post so that no member of the family might be absent from the ceremony. Corona requested that the window be open so that The Lady could look in. Zero followed in his best clothes. He calmly took up his position under the canopy of Cape Ann roses especially prepared for the bride. Tom marched him out of it and deposited him behind the stove, where Zero stood up straight against the wall and upset twenty-four bride's roses and a vase on a bracket that hung too low.

An old friend of the bride's, known to prehistoric tradition as Effie, drove over from Wolchester with a span, and reflected a pale glory of the world which just saved the occasion.

Father Morrison, otherwise known as the lobster man, to Susy's silent despair and Puelvir's audible disgust, had received cards for the wedding; but Effie had met him at a housewarming in the cottage some years ago, and asked him to sit by her side upon the sofa. Father Morrison felt that he was the guest of honor.

It was a solemn question what to do with Matthew Launcelot. Corona wanted him present, but Alexander, who was not a favorite with the terrier, dryly suggested that he didn't care to be snapped at while he was putting the ring on, and advised that the dog be sequestered.

"I won't have the critter in the kitchen on a day like this," said Puelvir sternly. "The hogshead is covered. Tie him up atop on't. He'll sit there very comfortable."

Corona had secret doubts on the subject. But Tom drove a nail up, fastened one end of a rope to it, and the other to the dog's collar, and Matthew Launcelot sullenly accepted this obloquy.

But Corona lingered upstairs in her room as long as she could. She felt as if she might never again be alone. She wished she had a mother, before whom she could kneel at this supreme moment, and of whose blessing she could be sure! But thoughts like these bring tears, and tears must not come now.

Corona threw up the shade and then opened the window. She did not know it, but she had looked before this like a white ghost. Now the sun touched her with color, and made her human. Before her the bay glittered in the soft breeze. The water looked like ruffled velvet. The expanse that once typified the limitless to her mind seemed contracted beside the vastness that the happy future spread before her imagination. She turned away. She could not bear the sea at that moment.

Her eyes fell upon her favorite books. There was the Bible which she read every night. There was her inseparable Robertson. There was her dearest Tennyson and her Shakespeare in ten blue volumes, to match the room. She crossed over and took up her Bible and patted it, and then with an impulsive movement put her cheek against its worn cover. "Dear, dear little room!" she thought. "No matter what the future is no one can take me away from these old friends."

Her sister-in-law had said to her one day, "Have you thought, Co, what it is going to mean to give up your freedom?" As Susy queened it utterly over Tom and over the whole family this remark had not struck Corona as one of those aphorisms which are born of experience. But now it came back to her. Give up her freedom—everything? Yes! ten thousand times!

"Coro! Coro!" Susy's positive voice, softened into a ceremonious whisper, reverberated up the stairs. The bride started. She forgot to look in the mirror, or she would have seen that her cheeks were as white as her wedding-dress. Her time had come! She opened the door. There was a whisk of retreating petticoats, and on the landing, quite by himself, stood Alexander the Conqueror. The man swept his beautiful bride with one swift glance. Then an expression of reverence and humility settled upon his face.

. . . .

They walked into their own parlor without ushers or bridesmaids. The front door, leading directly into the room, was open. The minister faced them solemnly. The sea looked in, like an uninvited guest, that loved the bride too much to stay away.

Puelvir, dressed in black alpaca, with jet bracelets and lace mitts, and weeping profusely, followed her mistress. The caterer stood in the dining-room door.

Tom looked from guest to guest about the room and then glanced apprehensively at his wife. These natural protectors of the bride had made a fearful discovery—there were thirteen in the room! Should they speak about it or not? But Corona and Tom always understood each other without talking. Her quick eye had taken it all in.

"Get in Matthew Launcelot! He'll make fourteen," she whispered to her brother. But Susy received this proposition with scorn. Meanwhile the minister, with the indifference of his class to heathen superstitions, had noticed nothing. He had a beautiful marriage ceremony of his own, and before anybody realized it he had begun to read it with a deep voice. Tom, who had actually started for the dog, was arrested half-way to the door. The Rev. Mr. Hensleigh's preliminary selection of Scripture verses was dignified and impressive. Upon every face in the room there had already settled a serious look. The groom, with trembling fingers, was taking the wedding-ring out of his waistcoat pocket. The bride's heart was tempestuously beating, "I will, I will, I will." Could she say it so that anybody could hear?

At that moment the sound of cowhide boots thundered over the piazza and drowned the clergyman's tones.

"Hullo!" cried a husky voice, "here's them patties from Boston Miss Corona, and I want forty cents for bringin' of 'em over on a special trip!" Alas, it was the local expressman, to whom the caterer's messenger had ignominiously delegated his sacred duty.

The bride's lips twitched. How dreadful if she should laugh! The minister blushed. An awful hush interrupted that wedding ceremony. Tears of mortification sprang to Susy's eyes. "This comes," she thought, "of being married in a clam shell." But Tom was equal to the occasion. This man of the world marched up to the expressman and took him by the collar and shook him.

"At peril of your life," he muttered, "don't you speak again until you're spoken to! Stand just where you are, and take off your hat!" Tom came back into the parlor serenely. "He makes fourteen," he said aloud; "let him be."

The embarrassed minister began over again. The expressman carefully deposited the chicken patties in his hat, and stood with his mouth open. The ceremony proceeded bravely. He "willed" and she "willed"; the ring was on, and they were one. Corona looked very sweet and happy. Why did everybody cry?

The minister's grave voice ceased. A delicate spell lay over that unworldly wedding. The caterer's eyes were large. "The prettiest I ever saw," he whispered to Puelvir. Nobody else had spoken.

It now becomes my painful duty to record that sharp upon this sacred silence a fearful shriek uprose. This was followed by a spluttering and gurgling such as only the throat of the drowning could emit.

"It's Matthew Launcelot! Run, Puelvir!" These were the first audible words uttered by Corona in the capacity of a married woman.

Puelvir ran. She left the doors all open. "It's him in the hogshead!" she called back at the top of her lungs. "The critter's drownin'! He's sunk the third time?"

The dog, outraged at being shut out from the bosom of his family on such an important occasion, had overturned the cover of the hogshead and had slipped in. Hanging by his rope, he was, in truth, drowning as fast as he conveniently could. Puelvir hauled him out as if he had been a rock cod, untied him, cuffed him on both ears and let him go. Matthew Launcelot made one dive for the bridal company. He was careful not to rid himself of any superfluous water until he got into the parlor, when he shook himself all over Susy. Then he ran up to the bride. She stooped to comfort him. The dog put his wet arms around Corona's neck, and she allowed him. Thus all the family were present at the wedding.

"What are you waiting here for?" said Tom to the expressman half an hour after.

"Them forty cents," replied the expressman sadly. "I wouldn't 'a' waited, only she told me I must never run up a bill. I wish her joy, anyhow."

Corona instinctively felt for her pocketbook in her wedding-dress. But Alexander Hensleigh, with a grand air of possession, took out a two-dollar-bill and handed it to the expressman.

"This lady's bills are mine now," he said with a new face.

"I always like to be among good folks," spoke up Father Morrison at this crisis; "misery loves company."

But the bride gave her husband a beautiful look. She felt as if no one could notice it, and he hoped that no one did.

Then when Tom came up and offered her a chicken patty, and called her "Mrs. Hensleigh," she understood that she was a married woman.

CHAPTER III—The Wedding Journey

The coach had carried off the wedding guests. Only Zero and Father Morrison were left.

"I wish ye a pleasant trip," said the lobster man, dipping his head like a cape boat in a ground swell. Father Morrison meant "trip" in the nautical sense, like a trip to the Grand Banks. But the bride laughed gayly as she thanked her old neighbor. She understood the word in the marriage sense.

"I suppose ye'll be back in time fer herrin'," added the old man. "I'd rather be miser'ble in good company than happy in bad." Corona hardly knew whether to take this as a prophecy of ill fortune or not. But Father Morrison, feeling that he had given the couple his best benediction, hobbled up the path to his little home.

Corona and Alexander had, at least, one conviction in common. Neither of them believed in the old shoe and the rice business as a necessary conclusion of the wedding ceremony.

"It is undignified," said Corona sententiously.

"It is dangerous," echoed Alexander scientifically. "I once knew a fellow to have a piece of rice lodge in his ear. It was the year before——"

"How dreadful, Alec! It didn't——?"

"Yes, it did. He became deaf, and all his wife's scolding was lost upon him."

"And all her dearness, too," Corona answered, with a happy look. So it had been decided to reverse the usual order of things.

"The rest can take the 4:10 train, and we can follow on the 5:03, if we must have a wedding trip, Alec; and we will drive over with The Lady of Shalott and send the baggage ahead by the coach." Thus the lady decided the matter. But further she would take no responsibility. In her heart of hearts she wanted to spend her honeymoon in Paradise, by the great waters, in her own dear home. But her husband could not understand the simplicity of such a wish. He mentioned Niagara; followed this fossil bridal suggestion by a casual hint about Alaska; threw out insinuations about San Francisco, Mexico and New Orleans, and ended by a bold plea for a yachting trip to Cape Breton. Corona's heart was faint at the suggestion of these wanderings, and she refused to be told what his plans were. She made only one condition: that he should buy no long-distance tickets in advance.

Zero stood at The Lady's head. He was to take the ferry over to the station and bring the horse back. His face, usually stolid with the inherited woe of generations of fisher folk, was now expanded to its uttermost expression. Zero wore the smiles of a lifetime, for the chance of a lifetime had been his. Croquettes and patties, ice cream and cake left over, fruits and coffee and candies had contributed in fabulous quantities to his ecstatic condition. Zero could not have run to a fire; but he had known one day of perfect bliss, and that is more than wiser than Zero can say.

Puelvir, with Matthew Launcelot tied to a string, stood upon the little piazza sobbing.

"Are you sure you have got everything?" Alexander turned to his bride with the caution of an old traveler. "We may not be back for a long time—possibly, not for a month."

"Perhaps it won't be more than two weeks, dear. How can you leave such a lovely spot? Look out there!" Corona shaded her eyes and glanced out upon the sea. The sun gleamed over the western coast. The whistling buoy moaned faintly from around the Point as if protesting against her departure. Even then the originality and the comfort of not doing exactly what all married couples do did not dawn upon the man's mind. It had always been a wonder to Corona that newly-wedded couples did not absolutely loathe each other after the regulation journey—the nauseating travel, the buffet food, the vulgar hotel. "What a horrible way of beginning life together!" she thought; and now her turn had come, and where were all her ideals? Alexander did not answer, but Matthew did, while Puelvir—as if it were the dog who was crying—jerked him up violently by the string.

"You'll be very careful of him," said Corona. "Don't let him out without watching, and always lead him when you go to walk; and look out for the house. You had better stay right here, as we may be back any day. We will telegraph in plenty of time." Corona was used to managing, and this was her house, and Puelvir was hers.

"I'll sot right at the kitchen winder 'n' watch for that Christian Union Telegraph boy," wailed Puelvir, "for I sha'n't hev nothin' else to do 'thout it's runnin' after this here critter. What'll I do if he breaks away on me to foller after yer? He's capable on't."

"At last!" said Hensleigh exultingly, as he placed his bride in the buggy, and took the reins. Corona looked back. There stood her own plain Paradise, and there stood her faithful Puelvir convulsively waving a flopping handkerchief—and there was Matthew Launcelot yapping out his broken black-and-tan heart. It seemed to Corona—and her eyes grew suddenly moist—that she had left the whole world behind. Then she turned to her husband. A new world lay before her. The bride brushed his shoulder with her cheek. He answered her not in words. From that moment he could have taken her into the furthest wilderness, for Paradise was with him.

When they reached the station Corona noticed that she was the centre of observation. This annoyed her exceedingly; she had never been a bride before.

"It's this new traveling-dress," she said. "I ought to have had my own way and worn an old one." She glanced down at the pretty dove-colored cloth skirt. "I'll go and check the baggage, Alec," she said with a burning face, "while you are getting the tickets." The instinct of many independent years looked out of the bride's eyes; but the instinct of generations of masculine supremacy replied from the eyes of the groom.

"You stay just where you are," he said quietly; "I am fully capable of checking my wife's baggage in addition to my own."

"Oh," said Corona, "I never thought of that! You see I have taken care of myself a good while."

"You must learn to be taken care of now," her husband said.

It was with a feeling of mingled anxiety and relief that Corona settled back into her seat. The car was warm, and Alexander devotedly helped her off with her pretty jacket and hung it upon the rack. The train moved off slowly, and Corona looked out of the window, watching for the last view of the harbor and her little home.

At that moment there was a shriek at the upper end of the car, and an extraordinary commotion seemed to have set in among the passengers. The brakeman was in violent altercation with somebody.

"Here, you! Stop there! Hi! Catch him! Get off!"

"It's one of the Fairharbor drunkards. Poor fellow," sighed Corona.

"Mad dog!" came the startling cry. Everybody jumped to his feet. Hensleigh threw himself in an attitude of protection before his wife. A black shadow scurried down the aisle. This was followed by a beardless brakeman and the conductor with the white mustache. Past the terrified passengers, skillfully eluding his pursuers, darting under the arms of the infuriated husband, a little black-and-tan figure leaped—sprang upon the bride, all over her beautiful dress, and laid his head upon her delicate silk blouse. It was Matthew Launcelot.

"The d-dog!" said Hensleigh, with a groan.

"You dear thing!" cried Corona, untying the piece of chewed-off rope from the terrier's collar. "What a hard time you've had! How glad I am to see you!"

"I'm not," said Hensleigh brutally, "I wish he were in—at—home!"

"So he's yours, Miss—" said the conductor, nodding to his well-remembered summer passenger.

"This is Mrs. Hensleigh," interrupted Alexander with an air of great offense.

"Beg pardon," said the conductor. "I wish you well, I'm sure; it isn't usual to take 'em on such trips. Some of the passengers got the idea he's mad."

"I can heave him over the Cut!" cried the brakeman.

"You'll heave me over too!" flashed Corona. She clasped Matthew Launcelot firmly to her heart.

"Put him off!" came a shout from the other end of the car. Now the object of all this commotion was indifferent to it, but divided his time between kissing his mistress and snarling at Mr. Hensleigh and the brakeman.

"This is unbearable!" muttered Alexander. "No hotel in the land would take a dog like this!"

"It is too bad," said Corona soothingly. "What shall we do? Of course, we can't travel with him."

"Perhaps they'll take him in at Barker's. I know them, and we can send him back by express to-morrow."

"By no means!" cried Corona. "They put them in dungeons. Matthew would die, and you *know* he can't bear an expressman. I don't see any way but that we'll have to get off at West Fairharbor and take him home."

"Well," sighed the bridegroom, "it's asking a good deal of a fellow; but I suppose we can take the late train."

"Here you are, then!" cried the brakeman.

"I'm very sorry," said the conductor.

An audible sigh of relief arose from the passengers as this bridal party prepared to leave the train. Hensleigh's expression was a cross between humiliation and fury. But Corona and Matthew Launcelot looked contented.

The only inhabitant of West Fairharbor seemed to be the station-master, who regarded the wedding party sternly. Corona, forgetting that she had a husband, marched up to the man and confidingly said:

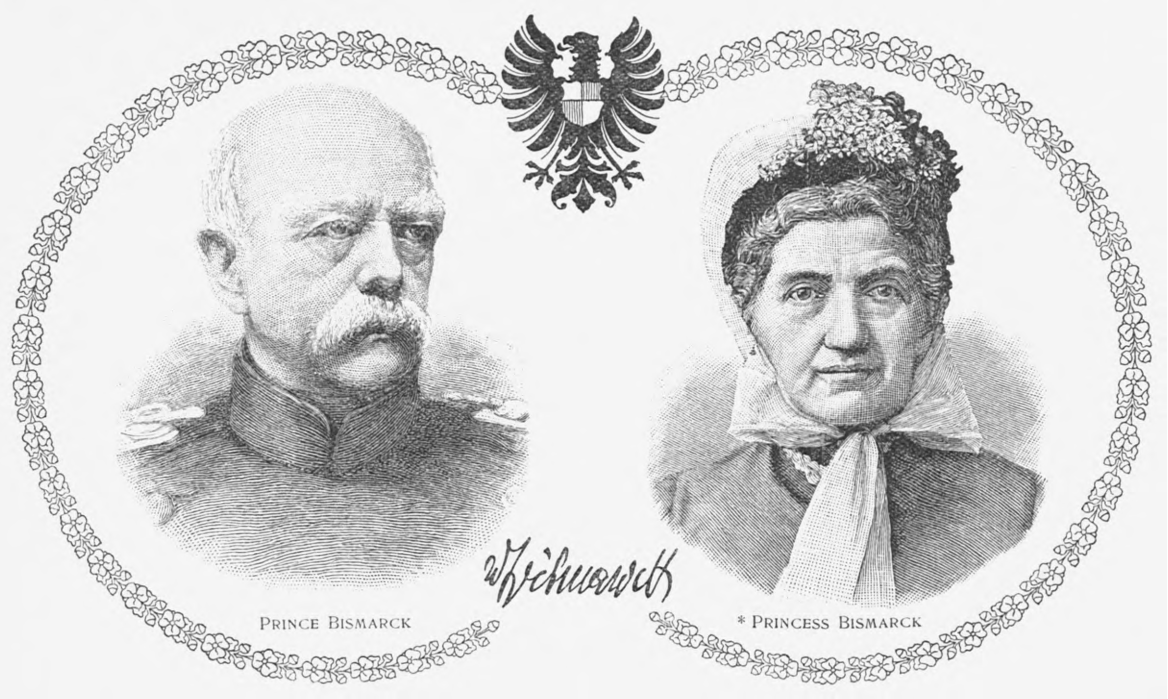
"I suppose the next train will take us back in half an hour?"

"None don't stop here fer two hours, mum; I've got to go home to supper," was the grim reply; and deigning to take no further notice of the passengers the agent locked the station and lounged away. Corona and Alexander looked at each other, and then at Matthew Launcelot.

"I should think you might know your own country," began Hensleigh impatiently, and then stopped, biting his lip, for he remembered that he was a bridegroom.

"I'm sorry," said Corona humbly. She bent over and kissed Matthew, as if that helped the matter, and dropped upon the baggage truck, looking much troubled.

(CONTINUATION IN FEBRUARY JOURNAL)



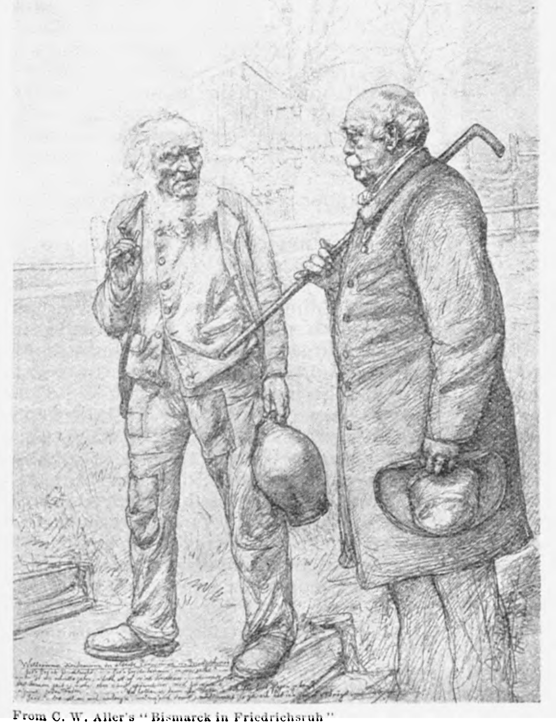
Prince Bismarck

* Princess Bismarck

THE PERSONAL SIDE OF BISMARCK

By George W. Smalley

THE story of my first meeting with Prince Bismarck includes, incidentally, the late Princess, whose permission I had to describe the whole visit. It was in 1866, the year of the Austro-Prussian War, and in Berlin, whither I went after the deciding battle of Sadowa or Königgrätz. I shall have nothing to say in this paper about war or politics; it is the man, and not the soldier nor statesman, about whom these present memories cluster. But I first beheld the man in his soldier's uniform; he and Von Moltke and Von Roon riding by themselves in a line, with a broad space before and behind it, in that incomparable procession of the incomparable troops who had fought and won the great campaign of 1866, and were now reëntering Berlin in ordered and ceremonious triumph. They were three of that wonderful quartet, of whom the King was the fourth—the four architects of the fortune of Germany. In Count Bismarck—as he then was—the soldier and statesman ran into each other; the statesman never appeared, even in Parliament, without the uniform of the soldier. It was not till three years and more ago, in the spring of 1893, in his home at Friedrichsruh, that I ever in any circumstances saw Prince Bismarck in any other than military costume. And even then, as I said at the time, he wore his black, double-breasted, loosely-buttoned frock coat like a uniform.



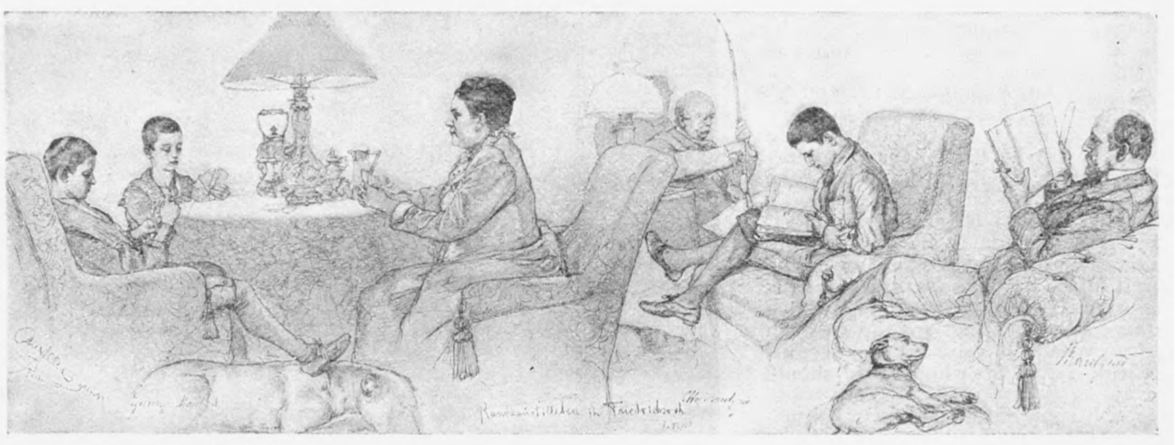
From C. W. Aller's "Bismarck in Friedrichsruh"

The Prince and Peasant

A few days after the great parade in 1866 I went to the Prussian Parliament to present a letter of introduction to Count Bismarck. The Diet was in session and the Count was speaking, said the secretary who took my letter. A moment later he came into the private room where I had been asked to wait, and I stood face to face with the real ruler of Prussia.

I have described the face and figure before now, as I saw them later, and they are too well known to need describing again. I will only say how vivid is the impression still of that first glimpse, and how, as compared with later views, the face and figure seemed buoyant with youthful energy—youthful, though his age was then fifty-one. The stamp of power, the lines of thought, the contour and attitude indicating tremendous force, were as marked as they were later. Midway in his career, he had already lived a life fuller than most men's at the end. He was erect, alert, vigorous in his least movement; the dignity of the figure passing into majesty. Not yet the creator of Germany, but already the statesman who had bestowed on Prussia the primacy of the German States, the necessary prelude to the foundation of the Empire.

As he shook hands he said, without any kind of preliminary, very rapidly yet with the considered courtesy which never forsook him:



From C. W. Aller's "Bismarck in Friedrichsruh"

A Quiet Evening at Home

"I want to talk with you, but we cannot talk here. The debate is going on. I shall have to speak again. If you would like to hear it my secretary will find you a seat. But can you come to my house this evening at half-past ten, if that be not too late for you? Then I shall be free."

I said, of course, that I should be delighted to come.

"You must not mind," he continued in English and with what I thought an English manner in its heartiness and simplicity, "my being in such a hurry. You know these are busy days. Public affairs don't leave us much time for other matters." Then, checking himself, he said, laughing, "But it is public business I want to talk to you about, so good-by till half-past ten this evening. You know my house in the Wilhelmstrasse."

I thought it characteristic of him to repeat the hour and place, that there might be no mistake. Many times afterward I knew him to say or do what seemed slight things with the same precision—the same clear purpose that whatever was done should be done thoroughly. He shook hands again, and was gone, leaving curiously empty the room which he had filled with his presence. His secretary at that time was Herr Lothar Bucher, who was much more than a secretary, a kind of *adlatus*, as the Germans would say, having, perhaps, adopted and Germanized the Latin word. Herr Bucher seemed a little surprised by the greeting the Count had bestowed on me. He asked me a question or two, and upon my answering, said rather enigmatically: "Ah, that explains it." By which I afterward understood him to mean that it was from my being an American, and in a position to reach some portion of the American public, that Count Bismarck had shown himself desirous to talk. Later, I felt sure that the Count, who never forgot his fellow-countrymen in the United States, thought it a convenient opportunity to send them a message, as, in effect, he did.

At half-past ten I rang at the door of the palace—the Ministerial residence—in the Wilhelmstrasse. If in Germany you have what is called an audience of a Minister, you will always find yourself expected. Everybody, from the hall porter to the last high functionary who stands nearest the Minister, will know of your visit, and all doors but the last open of themselves. The American, used to the easy ways which prevail in his own country, may appreciate the difference if he will try to make his way to a Minister's office in Germany unannounced and without any previous arrangement. It may be done here sometimes, but never, I should think, in Germany or any other European country. I was shown into a large room—one of a suite which seemed endless—opening out of rooms to the right and left. An officer in uniform came to me at once and asked if I would not mind waiting a few minutes. Count Bismarck expected me, but the Minister of War was with him, and would not be long—"not ten minutes, I think," added the officer, with his German love of accuracy.

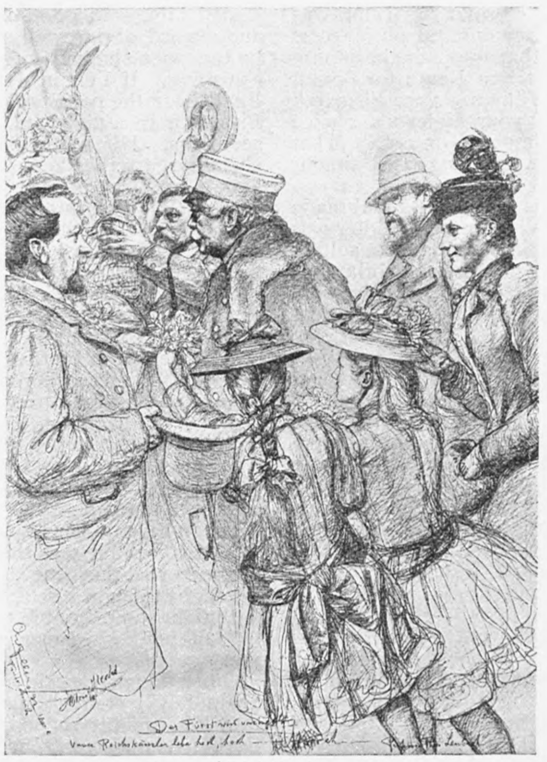
In less than ten minutes Herr von Roon—he was not made Count till 1871—passed out; Count Bismarck strode in a moment later, and, as I rose, said:

"Now if you will come into my room we can be quiet. Sorry to keep you waiting, but these are stirring times, and the business of the War Office will not wait for anybody."

He put his arm in mine and we walked away together. Again the unexpected cordiality and ease of his manner struck me. Like others, I had thought the Prussians rather a stiff people, and the etiquette, especially among Ministers and Generals and all the official and military hierarchy, of a very unbending kind. So it was and is, but Count Bismarck then was, and still is, a man great enough to do as he liked—one of the men to whom, as to kings, nice customs courtesy; a man who makes his own customs and social code as he goes along. I found it so afterward, it is true, not of Prince Bismarck only but of many men, who, though lesser than he, are still in the first rank. They are simple in manner, often careless of ceremony, quite free of themselves and in no fear lest somebody derogate from the respect due them. It is the second and third rate men who are so stiff in punctilio, and who exact to the uttermost farthing what they conceive to be due them from others in the way of social observances or personal homage. Many years afterward I said to Count Herbert Bismarck that I was sure I never addressed a letter to him properly—that the intricacies of German titles were beyond me.

"Oh," he answered, "we don't think much of titles in this country," adding, "if a tradesman were to omit the usual civilities on an envelope we should not stand it—from a friend it does not matter."

Count Bismarck's study, as he called it in English, was a room of no great size nor furnished with any splendor. It was comfortable, nothing more. There was a rug on the varnished floor of the usual hard wood. A large writing-desk, littered with papers, stood in the right-hand corner on the further side. There were few books. A print or two hung on the walls. A sideboard stood in the centre, near the writing-table, and there were armchairs. It was a working room; none of the coquetry nor luxury which some hard workers like to surround themselves with was visible. There was no lack of comfort, but comfort had not been the thing chiefly considered when the room had been furnished. The palace, as a whole, though on a large scale, with large rooms and many of them, had no great splendor. The impression, as of other official residences which I afterward saw, was one of dignity; the appointments were sufficient, the rooms overloaded sometimes with ornament, but left rather bare of furniture. This last was true more particularly of the Royal palaces, or of the rooms in them which were not usually lived in. Nor was luxury the prevailing note either at Schönhausen—the old family house of the Bismarcks, or at Friedrichsruh, where Prince Bismarck



From C. W. Aller's "Bismarck in Friedrichsruh"

A Delegation of Visitors

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*Republished from the JOURNAL of December, 1892, courtesy of Messrs. D. Appleton & Company.

now lives, on the ample estate of some thirty thousand acres which the old Emperor William gave him.

As we entered this rather dimly-lighted little room Count Bismarck pointed to an armchair, went straight to his desk, where lay an open box of cigars, chose one, handed it to me with a, "You smoke, of course," lighted one for himself, sat down in the armchair behind the desk and plunged at once into talk. I may be allowed to say that neither then nor at any other time did I "interview" Count Bismarck. I never visited him for that purpose. The interview, in fact, had not then been invented, and it is probable that the world would have gone on fairly well if it had remained uninvented to the present day. I had not, indeed, the least notion of repeating any part of what he said or of describing my visit to him. It became evident, however, as he went on, that he had a purpose of his own in the matter, and, as I said a moment ago, had his fellow Germans in America in mind. It was not what Herr Bucher said which convinced me of this, but the nature of the talk which Count Bismarck poured out so freely. I did afterward publish a portion of it, written out from notes set down that night after I went back to my hotel. Much of it was not published and cannot even now be published. He talked with the most astonishing freedom. His chief object was, I thought, to give an account of his policy during those recent years in which he had been preparing for the war with Austria. It had involved a long conflict with the Prussian Parliament and with the Liberal party in Prussia. He wanted the truth told about that. But he told a great deal of other truth; spoke of men without reserve, and even of the King he said things which, though never wanting in essential respect, were expressed in the most energetic form, and often with colloquial disregard of mere conventionalities. He seemed, at one moment, to think he might be misunderstood, and he turned to me with that singular directness of manner so like him on occasions when he was moved, and said:

"Loyalty has a meaning in my mind which it cannot have with you. You are a Republican; it is impossible you should quite understand the feeling I have for a King whose ancestors my ancestors have served for hundreds of years."

It was not the Minister who was speaking; it was the man, the Prussian, the individual Bismarck, just as he would have been had he never been Minister or Ambassador, or had any part in public life. It was the country gentleman, the junker, the heir and owner of Schönhausen, the farmer, the true subject, born into this world with the sentiment of fealty to a king just as deep down in his soul as that of faith in the God whom, as he declared, all Germans fear—"Him and nothing else beside," he said.

The conversation thus began ran on till past midnight. As it touched for the most part on public matters I repeat here little of what was said. I need but recall my impression of it all—how full was the stream and with what abounding energy the Count talked. He was vivid, direct, picturesque. At times he flamed into passion as he spoke of the kind of enmity showed him. Again, he was tender; his love for the Emperor shone out; his love for the Fatherland and for the German people. Whatever he said he seemed quite willing that the whole world should hear.

Probably some of Count Bismarck's sayings about his King would even now be misunderstood, were they repeated as he uttered them, which is a sufficient reason for not repeating them. Let them sleep, therefore. I will only say that the whole effect of what he said was to impress his hearer with his perfect sincerity toward his King and his entire devotion to him. Even toward the old Emperor's two successors he has shown a similar feeling. The sentiment of loyalty with him was not personal, or not chiefly personal; it was loyalty to King and Emperor first of all. His opinion of the individual who happened to be King or Emperor at the moment was independent of his Kingship. It would vary. His loyalty did not vary. His sense, for example, of the gifts of the late Emperor, of his value to Germany as ruler, was not supposed to be very high. They differed on all sorts of subjects. There was a story that upon the hesitation of the Emperor Frederick to leave San Remo for Berlin, upon the death of the Emperor William, Prince Bismarck said to him: "It depends upon your Majesty's choice whether your Majesty shall be Emperor or not." That was pretty plain speaking, but he had long used similar freedoms with Frederick's father.

"It was not," said Prince Bismarck, "until I had made the Emperor William see that his honor as a soldier was involved in the conflict with Austria, and that as a soldier he stood bound to declare war, that I could bring his Majesty to the point. That once clear to him, the only difficulty then was to hold him back till the right moment had come."

What Minister, as Minister, would say such things? It is Prince Bismarck, not the Chancellor, who speaks at such moments. The two men were comrades; there was between them the bond of personal affection and of entire trust each for the other. Had it been otherwise the history of Germany would have been differently written. They held counsel as friends; each poured out his heart to the other; each gave to the other his freest thought. It was upon those terms and none other that such an alliance between them was possible, and that such results were attained.

I have anticipated my story, and I now return to it. The conversation was not allowed to proceed far without interruption. Almost before it had well begun Countess Bismarck came in through a door opposite to that by which we had entered, went up to her husband, as he sat at his desk smoking and talking with equal energy, and said to him:

"Surely you are not going to sit up and talk. Do you know it is the third night you have not been in bed?"

I rose, of course, at once, saying that at least it should not be on my account that he was to be kept awake, and that I would come, if I might, at some other time. Count Bismarck got up from his chair, crossed the intervening space in a stride, put his hands heavily on my shoulders, thrust me bodily down into my chair again, whether I would or no, and said with a laugh:

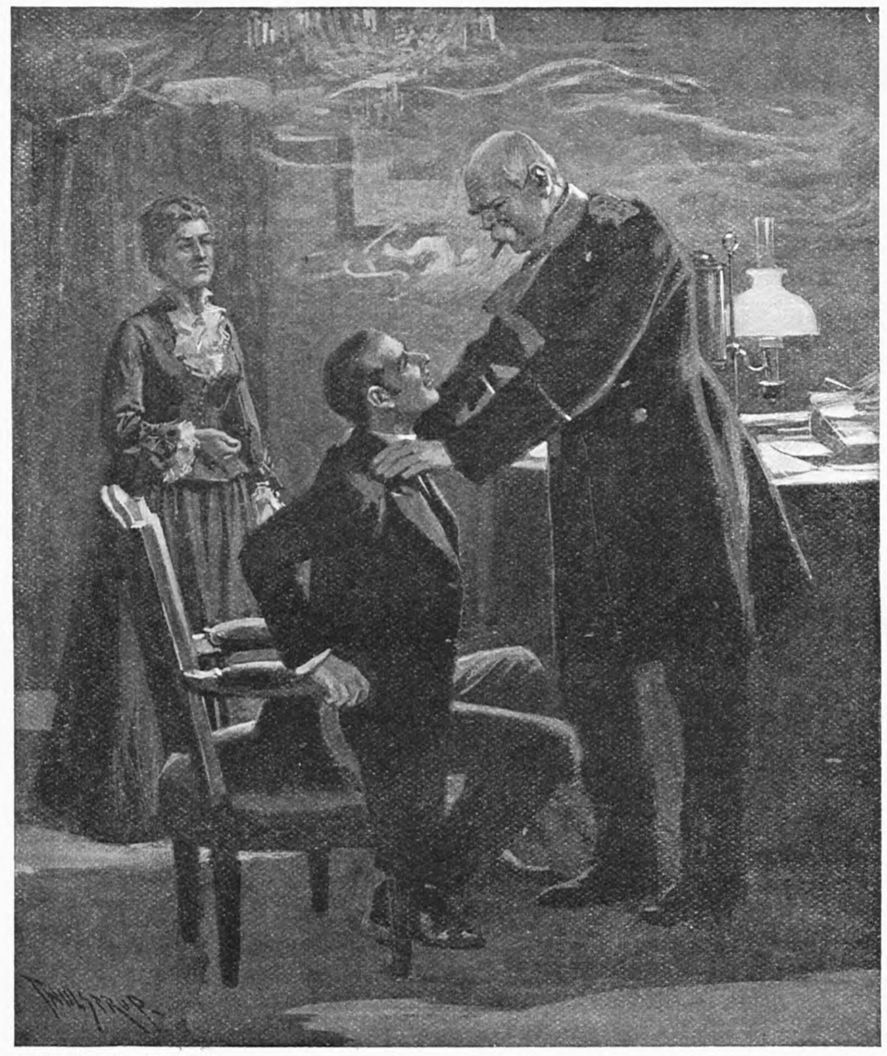
"Sit still! I want to talk."

Then he turned to his wife, who looked on at this little scene half-anxious, half-amused, and said to her in an endearing tone:

"It will not be all night, but you must give us a little time."

The Countess stood there, hesitating a moment. I thought then, as I have thought since, of the part she had played in her husband's life. Her present intervention had evidently surprised the Count; it was very much in the manner, thus far, of Mrs. Gladstone, whose superintendence over her husband has been, especially during the last twenty years, of a very close and anxious kind. Countess Bismarck never, I think, aspired to much direct influence on public affairs. Her face was not that of a masterful woman, nor yet preëminently of one born to bear sway in courts or drawing-rooms, but above all things sympathetic, kindly, amiable and attractive. Her manner was of great sweetness, she moved and spoke gently. In all her bearing, in the tone of her voice, in her attitude as she remained there, still appealing to her husband, though silent, there was both affection and refinement. The most careless observer could not but see how close was the tie between them. Finally she said:

"Well, if you will sit up and talk, at least you must have something to drink."



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

"SIT STILL! I WANT TO TALK"

She went to the sideboard, filled a large tumbler with brandy and soda, came back to her husband, gave it to him, and waited till he had drunk it, which he did without any show of reluctance. As he put the glass down he rose and thanked her; she put her arm about him, kissed him, said good-night, turned to me with a smile and a word of farewell, and so passed out of the room by the door she had entered. I thought the whole scene charming. If I err in describing an incident so intimate I will bear the penalty for the sake of presenting Prince Bismarck in a light in which few Americans can have seen him. His wife's is the best testimony to his true character, to the domestic side of him, to his inherent amiability of nature, to the man as he was in his own home. Very German, no doubt, was the scene; not likely, perhaps, to have occurred elsewhere than in Germany; German in its simplicity and naturalness, and in the freedom of both husband and wife from the least sense of constraint in this open demonstration of their deep affection for each other.

Many years after I met Princess Bismarck in Homburg at a dinner given by the late Mr. William Walter Phelps, then our Minister at Berlin. By that time she had become an invalid; her face had on it the stamp of continual ill health, yet had not lost its expression of benignant patience. I asked her if she remembered the incident I have been narrating. She had altogether forgotten and wished to hear what took place. As I told her, her memory returned; she smiled as I came to the parting between her and her husband, and broke in with a—

"Yes, yes, did you think that remarkable enough to remember all this time?"

I said I thought it so interesting that I should be glad if I might some day tell the story.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "if you care to, why should you not?"

Other things she said which I should like to repeat, but again I will content myself with giving the impression they left, an impression of Prince Bismarck in his domestic life, confirmed from many other sources. The one phrase which is supposed best to describe his methods in public life—by blood and iron—is his own. It is not a complete account, but it is true as far as it goes. For his private life, for the character of the man as he was known to his family and best friends, I am tempted to borrow another well-known phrase from Swift, to which Matthew Arnold has in this last generation given fresh currency—sweetness and light.

It may be true—I suppose it is true—that he carried his sterner theories into practice, not only in diplomacy and statesmanship but in the conduct of business. In the doing of his duty, and in the interest of the public service, he never spared himself, and he seldom spared others. If he had found himself able to work sixteen or eighteen hours a day at full speed and at his full intellectual power, he may not have understood why others should not be able to do the same. When his son, Count Herbert Bismarck, was Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, he, like his father, never allowed himself the luxury of being tired. So long as there was work to be done father and son alike did it. Cerebral activity is characteristic of both, and with it, in both cases, goes that extraordinary power of physical endurance which alone makes unremitting brain-work possible, or possible without a breakdown.

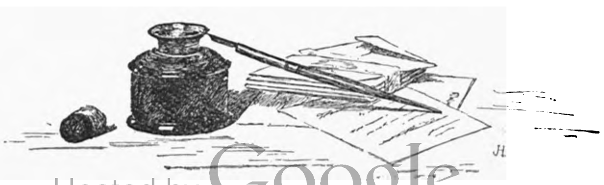
If there be any form of toil from which Prince Bismarck shrinks it is the manual labor of writing. He seldom writes, though even in these days of shorthand there are not a few men of his age who prefer writing to dictation for all but the merest business letters. A glance at the size and strength of the characters he forms may indicate a reason for his dislike of pen and ink. I have seen him write. He does it with the swift, never-hurried firmness, habitual to him in other things, but the muscular effort is obvious. He has always been a reader, or always when the exigencies of public duty permitted. His talk is that of one to whom literature is familiar—more literatures than one. The use he makes of his reading has always been remarkable: allusions to images, incidents, famous passages in famous books have always abounded. The man of action has found it possible to be a man of letters also.

The Prince is a man of letters in another sense. In one way or another not a few of his private letters have become public—even letters to his wife are in print. They more than bear out what I have already said of the relation existing between them, a relation of affectionate confidence on both sides. It is impossible ever to have been within the Bismarck family circle without seeing proofs of this, and proofs that the Iron Chancellor is not all of iron. I have seen him with his own children—now all men and women—and with other children. His affection for his own needs no testimony, he has always shown it. His affection and pride in his eldest son and successor, Count Herbert, are alike part of his nature. Since the Count's marriage his wife shares both. The veteran is not insensible to the graceful influences which have lent a new youth and beauty to that old Schönhausen home which he gave to Count Herbert not long before his marriage. I have seen Prince Bismarck also with troops of children who came to Friedrichsruh to visit him. His manner to them was charming, his outstretched hand upon the heads of those nearest to him, the kindly caress, the sympathetic greeting—these are all so many traits of personal character and of a true gentleness of nature which the outside world, thinking only of his life of storm and stress, might not expect to find. But there they are.

All about Friedrichsruh you see evidences of the love borne him. There come, of course, multitudes who care first of all to see the great man. They come from all over Germany, and not a few from other parts of the world, the United States included. It is an event to witness his reception of them, the homage they offer him, which is so evidently in great part personal, for it is no longer as if he were the all-powerful Minister and ruler of Germany. These pilgrimages are honorable to human nature and especially to German human nature. No doubt they are grateful to him; such proofs of good will to a fallen potentate are rare enough in the world.

But what struck me especially in such of these demonstrations as I have seen was the mood in which Prince Bismarck received them. To him they were tokens of friendship: he clearly liked to think of these strangers as friends. Some of them had been his comrades in the battlefield, or the Senate house. You saw how fraternal was the feeling with which he grasped their hands. The light came into his eyes, and I have seen tears come into theirs. There was between them a tie which both recognized, and it was because the Prince's recognition of it was so heartfelt, so human and tender, that the hearts of these veterans of war and peace overflowed.

But, as I was saying, what touched one even more was the constant eagerness of those who lived about him to find themselves in his presence. The groups who waited by the bridge he passed in his daily walks were groups of neighbors. They were people in humble life. Some of them belonged on the estate. Some had no dependence on him. All had seen him often. Some of them, a friend told me, were there almost daily. Day by day they came, where a glance from his eye, or a friendly nod of the head might be theirs. He knew them by sight. It was delightful to see him and them meet—I do not say on terms of equality, because in Germany equality, as we understand it, hardly exists. The differences of rank and station are great, and to almost all Germans they are impressive, and the line is not readily overpassed. But if not equal, so much the more beautiful was the human relation—the Prince greeted them as if they were part of his life.



THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

BY

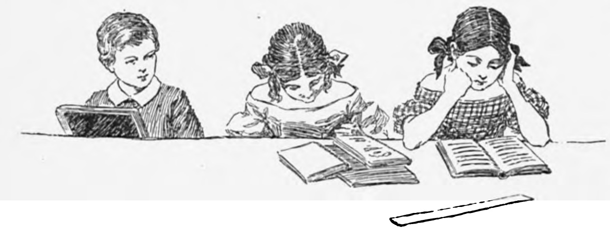
Florence Crosby Parsons

DRAWINGS BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

"STILL SITS THE SCHOOLHOUSE BY THE ROAD
A RAGGED BEGGAR SUNNING;
AROUND IT STILL THE SUMACHS GROW,
AND BLACKBERRY-VINES ARE RUNNING."

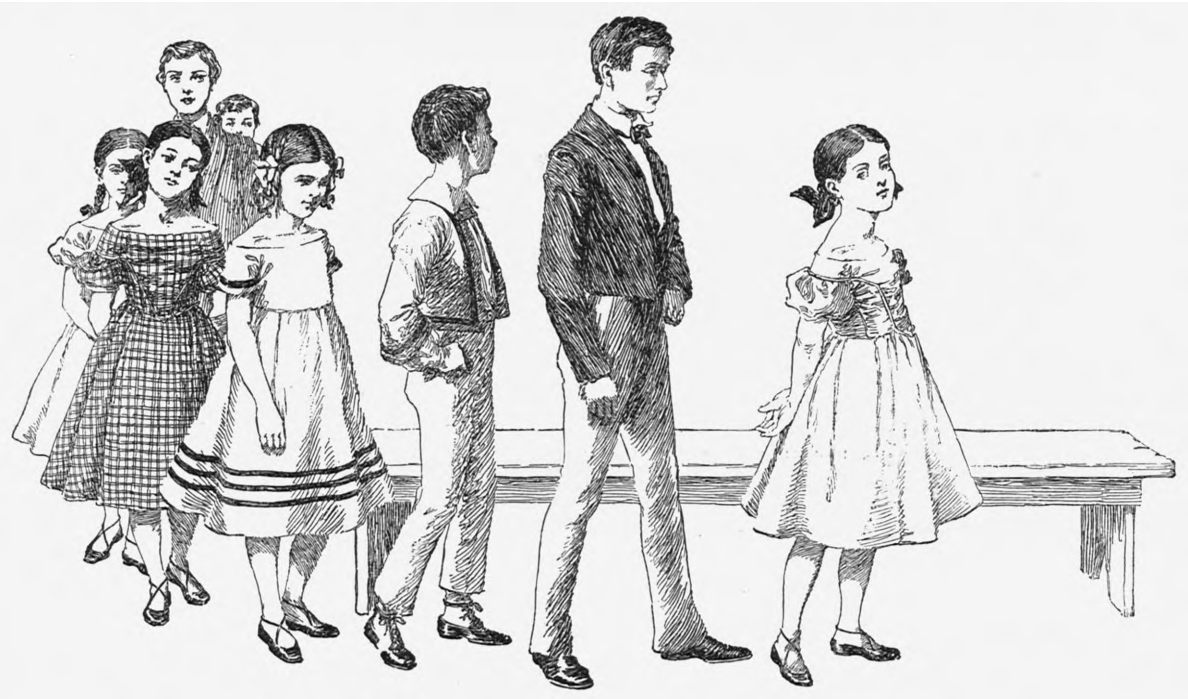
THIS graphic description of a typical New England schoolhouse of fifty years ago is applicable to the dear old "knowledge box" in Blakeville—that small structure whose walls seemed to inclose the universe, and whose platform—when the scene of our childish efforts—stretched away to a vast arena, we never dreaming the while that the neighborhood, yes, and the world, were not interested and almost breathless spectators!

It was built of brick, with four windows on each long side, one in the west end, and opposite this a door thick and heavy, and battered with the boot heels and toes of three generations. A "box" stove was located near the door, with lengths of pipe traversing two-thirds of the room. The desks were of quaint and ugly shape, the teacher's desk being duly "scarred by raps official." How we longed to peep at the contents concealed by the ponderous lid, nor was our curiosity unmixed with a certain awe and reverence for the same.

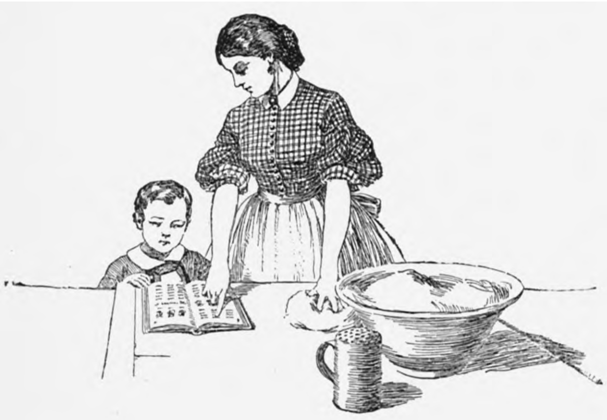


The seats for the children were evidently designed to make us tough and hardy, for being poorly graduated as to size, the poor little tots were forced to dangle their feet. Notwithstanding the dire results now known to follow when students do not rest their feet upon the floor, the record fails to show that any one died during the toughening process.

The traditional jack-knife was present, of course, and thoroughly had it done its work on desk and wall for well nigh a hundred years. What would our memory of the little red schoolhouse be without that essential instrument of destruction? Is it not glorified by its deeds of daring and the deftness with which it carved our chosen sweethearts' initials? Strange that the modern teacher will forbid its use, when it is a potent factor in forming the precious recollections that will one day throng in upon the now youthful student.

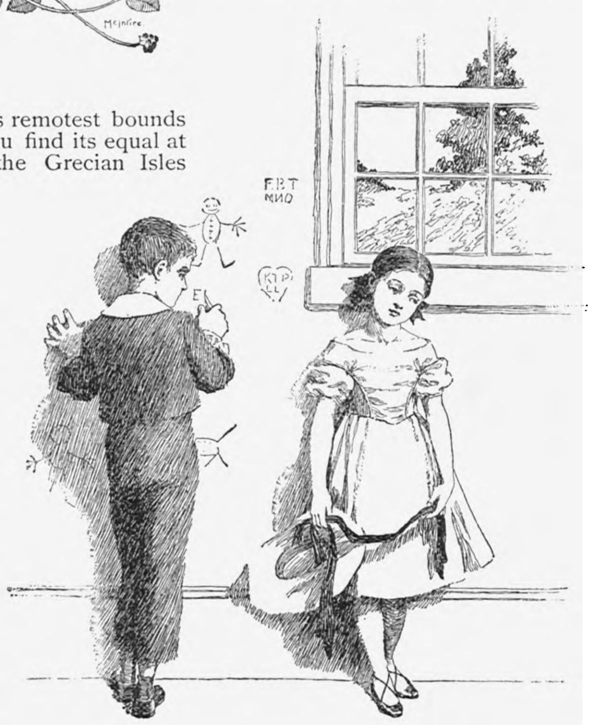


The wooden pail, with its long-handled tin dipper, occupied a vacant corner near the door, and to be privileged to "pass the water" was an honor of high degree. No worry over the bacteria, that we are now taught must have swarmed around the dipper's rim, ever vexed our souls. We drank deeply, and as often as permission could be obtained. Even the "committee man" and the "minister" blandly took from the pupil the proffered drink, their learned minds having no knowledge of the awful danger. But surely there must have been bacteria in countless hordes? Well, perhaps so, but not one of the embryo scientists who dangled their feet from those high seats would, from his present plane of knowledge, dare to assert it. For I call upon you who have gone out of the little red schoolhouse to make answer. Have you in your wanderings to earth's remotest bounds quaffed nectar so refreshing? Did you find its equal at the foot of Mount Olympus? Did the Grecian Isles furnish it forth as you sailed?



We were "scholars"—every one of us—in those days, scorning a less pretentious title. Our world lay within walls where the "teacher" reigned supreme, the representative of wisdom and righteousness. And how we learned! True, there was no kindergarten department to develop us properly, and to lead us by easy stages from gilt stars and paper chains to cubes and squares.

We had not so much as heard whether there were any such things as "development," "correlation," "concentration," and the "inductive system," though I dare say we could have spelled the words. It was enough that our eyes and thoughts were "concentrated" on our lessons, and as for the substitution of teacher for text-book, no such thing was possible. Both were very much in evidence from September to June.



Our feet never marched in squares or circles, and I am afraid we did go "storming out to play." But we were taught to "toe the mark" with precision, and our line of march lay in the direction of the blackboards, where we stood to "do" examples. No, we were not developed along modern lines, but we could perform the mental problems in good old "Colburn's Arithmetic," and found in it a drill for the mind woefully needed by the pupil of to-day who must do his work with pencil.

We girls of nine spelled "isothermal" and "eleemosynary" with the big boys of nineteen who could only attend school in winter. We literally reveled in the columns of "test words" in the back part of "Sanders' Speller." What can a class that writes the spelling lesson imagine of the strifes and rivalries and victories in the spelling class of the little red schoolhouse?

We knew nothing of building mountains and valleys in the sand. Alas, no! Education neglected, eye, ear, hand untrained! Perhaps so! Perhaps so, but we speedily learned to locate the cities, rivers, mountains and countries of the world, and to have our knowledge on tap to such an extent that the "committee man's" visits were only so many golden opportunities of showing what we knew. Ah, what pupil of to-day, as he fashions his sand pile, can conceive of the excitement and glory of standing before a "committee" while he questions concerning the location of Sebastopol and Timbuctoo? The student of to-day, reciting in his seat, can know nothing of the emotions that surged in our childish hearts at these times. We felt a certain pride as of assured conquerors, as we marched to recitations and seated ourselves upon two long wooden benches, facing the teacher with confident air, as if bidding her to do her worst.

How envious we girls were when a few big boys, knowing that this term must be their last in school, decided to study philosophy! It sounded so learned, so altogether profound; and moreover, they twitted us with being left behind in this scaling of the heights of wisdom. Philosophy indeed, and we in their spelling class! We resolved to be revenged, and across all these intervening years we taste the sweetness of it. We gave close attention to their first recitation, committing it to memory. When at recess these aspiring boys danced about the playground shouting, "You don't know what inertia is, you don't know what ductility is," we caused the pride with which they were lifted up a terrible fall, as we glibly repeated the correct definitions. No battles fought nor victories won in our mature years can ever take on the thrilling importance of these strifes in the little red schoolhouse.

Did the little folks use the chart? Such an invention had never been seen on those ancient walls. A primer and the teacher's penknife to guide the youthful eyes through the intricacies of r-a-t and d-o-g were all the chart and compass required.

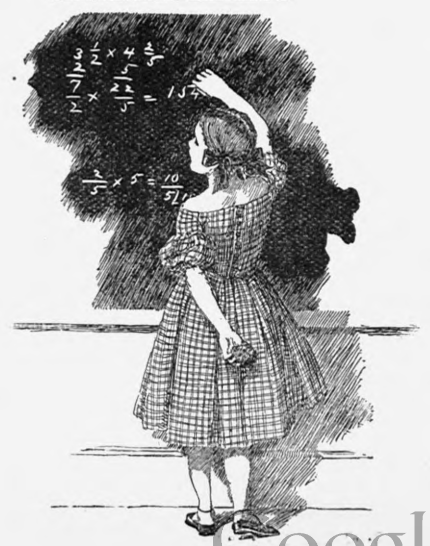
Were we taught sight reading? Oh, no! Education neglected again! How did we read, by faith? Yes, by faith if you choose, absolute, sublime faith in the unerring guidance of our teacher's penknife. C-a-t was mastered letter by letter, by any one who had not learned to read before entering school. It was looked upon as almost a disgrace not to be a fair reader when a pupil was admitted. To know a word, as a word, the next time we saw it, was not dinned into our ears. Did we learn to read? Ask the home circles of the neighborhood around the little red schoolhouse. It is enough, say some modern educators, if children know the words; they do not need to pronounce them orally. No time now for a family to gather around a centre-table, of a long winter evening, while the children take turns with the parents in reading aloud a book or a magazine. No time for the nuts and apples. No time for the cat to purr as she rubs her nose against father's boot. No time for her to vault into mother's lap. The evening itself has no place. It is cut in two, and with a hasty glance at the latest periodical off we dash to "keep an engagement."

Did we study "language" and "construction" and "transposition"? Well, we did not call good, old-fashioned grammar by any such names. There was no need to delude ourselves into believing we were not studying grammar. There were none of the easy books for children which Benjamin F. Butler said lead pupils not to think, and are a "hindrance to intelligent education." But we parsed and analyzed Pope's "Essay on Man" and parts of "Paradise Lost" when we were fourteen years old, with a glibness that fairly took away the breath of the "minister" and the "committee man." We were taught to transpose until the thought was clear and—we studied grammar.

In the little red schoolhouse was developed the bone and sinew of the nation. In every village and town one or more such may yet be seen, a "ragged beggar" perchance, yet with memories and associations that stir the heart of patriotism. Could not every such "beggar" summon from the east and west, and north and south, and from over the seas, a host of men and women who are doing the world's work—summon them until the rags of the "beggar" would be dropped and the little old "knowledge box" would stand forth rich with the wealth of her children, clothed upon with the garments of the thousands who would cast them before her as before a sacred shrine?

If our Blakeville "knowledge box" should call for such a reunion, so well has she furnished her quota of gifted men and women, that from all points of the compass would they respond until the house could not contain them, nor yet the playground, nor the adjacent hilltop. And as they would thus gather the precious memories of childhood, memories of a life care-free, memories of a heart without so much of earth's alloy would rush over them, well nigh bearing them off on its surging tide until it should be as if a voice sounded from Heaven: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

What was the preparation for entrance to such a school? A mother and a moulding-board were among the instruments in our preparatory course. We had such an overwhelming desire to learn to read, while yet too young for school, that our inability filled us with hourly distress. We stood by mother while she kneaded bread, and she told us the letters and words. No other chart than a little red Sunday-school book, with the picture of a shepherd on the cover. No other pointer than mother's doughy finger. Tears would roll down our cheeks because we could not learn faster, until the family pitied us in our desire.



Have no fear that you will be forgotten, blessed little red schoolhouse. Nobly have you striven, shaping the lives, directing the thoughts and making possible the achievements of thousands in whose grateful hearts you will live forever.

THIS COUNTRY OF OURS

By Hon. Benjamin Harrison

*XIII—THE JUDICIAL DEPARTMENT OF THE GOVERNMENT

BEFORE proceeding to particularize as to the jurisdiction of the Courts let us see how they are constituted. The Constitution establishes one Court only—namely, the Supreme Court—and that not fully, for it does not fix the number of the Justices that shall compose the Court. That is left to Congress—unwisely, I think, for it weakens the stability and detracts from the independence of the Court. If political questions are involved in a decision, and are decided adversely to the party in power, the suggestion that a reversal may be secured by increasing the number of the Justices is very tempting to partisans, but its use will be destructive, fatally so, to our Constitutional union.

It may be said that the Convention could not anticipate the increase of the business to come before the Court and provide a bench for all time. But it would have been always practicable to provide for an increased amount of litigation by limiting the appeals and creating Appellate Courts to decide cases of lesser importance, as has now been done, or by increasing the number of Justices by an amendment to the Constitution. If it be said that the latter method is slow and difficult I answer that all changes in the constitution of the Supreme Court ought to be slow and difficult. It is to be borne in mind, also, that an increase in the number of Justices only a little expedites business. No case ought to come to the Court that is not of sufficient importance to demand the attention of all the Justices. And if all the Justices sit in all cases and participate in the decision of them as they have always done, and should do, an added Justice only becomes an aid in dispatching business when the opinion is to be written; and much of this gain may have been lost in more protracted discussion in the consultation-room.

THE FIRST CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES

THE Judiciary Act of 1789, which gave the Court its organization, provided for a Chief Justice and five Associate Justices. John Jay was the first Chief Justice, and his associates, as first named and confirmed, were John Rutledge, James Wilson, William Cushing, Robert H. Harrison and John Blair. Harrison was, about the same time, chosen Chancellor of Maryland. He accepted the latter office and returned his commission as Associate Justice. James Iredell was appointed in his place. The Court was first opened for the transaction of business February 2, 1790.

Of John Jay, Mr. Webster said: "When the spotless ermine of the judicial robe fell upon John Jay it touched nothing less spotless than itself."

The most distinguished of Jay's successors as Chief Justice was John Marshall. Of him, Mr. Bryce says in the "American Commonwealth":

> "Yet one man was so singularly fitted for the office of Chief Justice, and rendered such incomparable services in it, that the Americans have been wont to regard him as a special gift of favoring Providence. This was John Marshall, who presided over the Supreme Court from 1801 till his death in 1835, at the age of seventy-seven, and whose fame overtops that of all other American Judges more than Papinian overtops the jurists of Rome, or Lord Mansfield the jurists of England. No other man did half so much either to develop the Constitution by expounding it, or to secure for the judiciary its rightful place in the Government as the living voice of the Constitution. No one vindicated more strenuously the duty of the Court to establish the authority of the fundamental law of the land, no one abstained more scrupulously from trespassing on the field of executive administration or political controversy. The admiration and respect which he and his colleagues won for the Court remain its bulwark: the traditions which were formed under him and them have continued in general to guide the action and elevate the sentiments of their successors."

And again:

> "He grasped with extraordinary force and clearness the cardinal idea that the creation of a National Government implies the grant of all such subsidiary powers as are requisite to the effectuation of its main powers and purposes, but he developed and applied this idea with so much prudence and sobriety, never treading on purely political ground, never indulging the temptation to theorize, but content to follow out as a lawyer the consequences of legal principles, that the Constitution seemed not so much to rise under his hands to its full stature, as to be gradually unveiled by him till it stood revealed in the harmonious perfection of the form which its framers had designed."

SHALL HOLD THEIR OFFICES DURING GOOD BEHAVIOR

THE Court is now composed of nine Justices. The Chief Justice presides and receives five hundred dollars more salary per year than the Associate Justices. The Justices are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, as are all the Judges of the inferior United States Courts. In the Convention the Virginia plan was that Congress should appoint them. Mr. Madison suggested that the Senate should appoint, and Mr. Wilson was for their appointment by the President. The Convention finally agreed unanimously to the provision as it stands.

The Justices of the Supreme Court and all the Judges of the lower United States Courts hold their offices, as we commonly say, for life. The Constitution says: "Shall hold their offices during good behavior." They can be removed from office only by the process of impeachment. In England a Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature may be removed by the Crown upon the request of both houses of Parliament. There is no age limit, and Congress has no power to prescribe one. But in view of the fact that age does incapacitate, that its incapacity extends to all active labor, and that a Judge might hold on to his office after he was incapacitated by age if no provision were made by law for his support, Congress passed a law providing that any Justice or Judge who has served ten years, and has reached the age of seventy, may voluntarily retire, and shall receive the full salary of the office during life.

THE JUDICIAL OFFICE AWAY FROM POLITICS

THERE has been much discussion as to the proper tenure for the judicial office, and the tendency, as expressed in the later State Constitutions, has been in favor of limited terms. The earlier State Constitutions gave the appointment of the Judges to the Governor or the Legislature, but along with the demand for limited terms for the Judges, came another for their election by the people, and in a majority of the States they are now nominated in the party conventions and elected by popular vote, just as a Governor or Sheriff is chosen. I do not think that either of these changes is a reform. Limited terms, if they are long, may be supported by many considerations; but short terms, combined with popular elections, have not, in my opinion, secured as high a judicial standard as prevailed before. A Judge who must go at short intervals before a political convention for a nomination, and before the people for an election, cannot have the same sense of independence and security that he would have if his term were long or during good behavior. The judicial office should be so organized that men of the best abilities and attainments would enter it as a career, and give their lives and their ambitions wholly to it.

When the constitutional organization of the Court had been settled and the high duty of selecting the Justices had been performed by Washington, the smaller, but not wholly unimportant, question of a Court dress loomed up, and much agitated and divided the minds of our public men. Shall the Justices wear gowns? And if yea, the gown of the scholar, of the Roman Senator, or of the priest? Shall they wear the wig of the English Judges? Jefferson and Hamilton, who had differed so widely in their views as to the frame of the Constitution, were again in opposition upon these questions relating to millinery and hair-dressing. Jefferson was against any needless official apparel, but if the gown was to carry he said: "For Heaven's sake discard the monstrous wig which makes the English Judges look like rats peeping through bunches of oakum." Hamilton was for the English wig with the English gown. Burr was for the English gown, but against the "inverted wool-sack termed a wig." The English gown was taken and the wig left, and I am sure that the flowing black silk gown still worn by the Justices helps to preserve in the courtroom that dignity and sense of solemnity which should always characterize the place of judgment.

THE LINES THAT SEPARATE THE COURTS

IT WOULD not be profitable to go into great detail as to the jurisdiction of the United States Courts. My readers will only desire to know what general classes of cases are tried in the United States Courts, and to have a general view of the lines that separate between the United States Courts and the Courts of the States.

Section 2 of Article 3 of the Constitution declares that the "judicial power," vested by the preceding section in the Supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as the Congress may, from time to time, ordain and establish, "shall extend to all cases in law and equity arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority; to all cases affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more States; between a State and citizens of another State; between citizens of different States; between citizens of the same State claiming lands under grants of different States, and between a State, or the citizens thereof, and foreign States, citizens or subjects."

If you will give this section a second reading you will see that these general principles control: First, the construction and application of the Constitution and laws of the United States must, for the reasons already suggested, be left to the Courts of the United States. Second, as the representatives of foreign powers are accredited to the United States and may not treat with the State authorities in any way, and as the United States must be answerable for any injury or indignity to such representatives, cases affecting them should be tried by the Courts of the United States. Third, as the regulation of foreign commerce and commerce between the States is given to Congress, and as maritime and admiralty cases may affect International relations, and the decisions in such cases should be stable and uniform, only the Courts of the United States can appropriately deal with such questions. Fourth, the United States cannot permit the Courts of another sovereignty to try cases for or against it—its own Courts must obviously determine such cases. Fifth, in all cases where a State or its Courts might be, or might be supposed to be, subject to bias by reason of the interest of the State, or of its citizens in the controversy, to the possible prejudice of another State or of its citizens, or of a foreign State or its citizens, the Courts of the United States can give a hearing with greater assurance of impartiality, and, therefore, such persons should have the privilege, if they choose to exercise it, to bring such suits, if they are plaintiffs, in the United States Courts, or to remove them, if they are sued in the State Courts, to the United States Courts.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN STATE AND NATIONAL SUITS

A CITIZEN of New York may sue a citizen of Ohio in the State Courts of that State, but if he prefers, may sue in the United States Court for the proper Ohio district. The election is with him, if the jurisdiction of the United States Court depends solely upon the fact that he is a citizen of one State and the defendant of another. But if what is called a "Federal question" is involved—that is, a question arising under the Constitution or laws of the United States—then the citizenship of the parties does not matter, for the subject-matter of the suit gives the United States Courts jurisdiction. If the parties do not, in the beginning of such a suit, or by the removal of it after it is brought, seek the proper United States Court, the State Court may proceed to try the "Federal question," but after the Supreme Court of the State has passed upon it the case may be taken by writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States for a final determination. The United States Courts in the trial of cases, especially of cases where the citizenship of the parties, and not the subject-matter of the suit, gives them jurisdiction, must often construe and apply the statutes of a State. But in such cases the general rule is that if the Supreme Court of the State has construed the statute, the United States Court will follow the construction.

The Supreme Court has original jurisdiction of "all cases affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls and those in which a State shall be a party." That is, these cases may be begun in the Supreme Court. Other cases that reach the Supreme Court come, by appeal or writ of error, from one of the inferior Courts of the United States or from the Supreme Court of a State.

WHAT ARE CALLED "INFERIOR" COURTS

THE Constitution gives to Congress, as we have seen, the power to institute such "inferior" Courts as may be necessary. The general system adopted by Congress establishes the District Courts, the Circuit Courts, and the Circuit Courts of Appeals, the latter having been recently created. There are other special Courts, such as the Court of Claims, the Courts of the District of Columbia, etc. The District Court is composed of a single Judge, and the district of the whole or a specified part of a State. There is generally one District Judge for each district, but to this rule there is an exception or two, there being now sixty-eight districts and sixty-five District Judges. When the Courts were first instituted (1789) there were thirteen districts. In 1801 provision was made for dividing the districts into six circuits, and for the appointment of three Circuit Judges each for five of them. In the following year this law was repealed, and a law enacted establishing six circuits, the Courts to be held by one of the Justices of the Supreme Court and the District Judge.

In 1837 the number of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court was increased from five (the original number) to eight, and nine circuits were established. In 1863 an additional Associate Justice was provided for, and ten circuits were established, the policy having generally been to have as many circuits as there were Justices of the Supreme Court, the Chief Justice and each Associate Justice being assigned to a particular circuit, and to have the Justices sit in the Circuit Courts when their other duties would permit. In 1866 the number of Associate Justices was reduced to six, and in 1869 was increased to eight. There were no Circuit Judges until 1869, when one was provided for each circuit, the Circuit Court being held by the District Judges, and an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court when he could be present. And even now a large part of the business of the Circuit Courts is transacted by the District Judges sitting alone. The exact division in jurisdiction between the District and Circuit Courts of the United States cannot be briefly stated, but it will be enough to say that the Circuit Court has jurisdiction generally of cases in law and equity, and that the jurisdiction of the District Courts chiefly embraces criminal cases, admiralty cases, bankruptcy proceedings, suits for penalties and the like.

THE COURT WHICH RELIEVES THE SUPREME COURT

IN 1891 Circuit Courts of Appeals were established. The law provided for the appointment of an additional Circuit Judge in each judicial circuit, and created a Court of Appeals, to consist of three Judges. The Justice of the Supreme Court assigned to each circuit, and the Circuit and District Judges of each circuit were made competent to sit as Judges in the new Court, the Associate Justice presiding, or in his absence the senior Circuit Judge. The Judge who had tried the case below was made incompetent to sit in the hearing of the appeal. This Court was instituted to relieve the Supreme Court of the United States from an accumulation of business that rendered the prompt decision of cases impossible. An appeal or writ of error direct from the Circuit Court or District Court to the Supreme Court was reserved in cases involving the jurisdiction of the Court, final sentences in prize cases, convictions of a capital or other infamous crime, cases involving the construction or application of the Constitution of the United States, or in which the Constitutionality of the law of the United States, or of any treaty, was drawn in question, and cases in which the Constitution or laws of a State were claimed to be in contravention of the Constitution of the United States. The Circuit Court of Appeals was given jurisdiction of other appeals. Decisions of the Circuit Court of Appeals are made final in certain cases, and in others an appeal is allowed to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Judges of the United States Courts have, with rare exception, been men of excellent legal ability and of high character. The bar has sometimes complained that Judges were arbitrary, and not always as suave and respectful in their treatment of the members of the bar as they ought to be. Perhaps there has been in particular cases ground for such complaints, but the cases have been few. Manifestations of rudeness and passion are inexcusable in a Judge. He must be deferential if he expects deference. He should be patient and even-tempered, for the case is sure to go his way in his own Court. And, on the other hand, the bar should always give its powerful aid to support the influence of the Courts, for the Judicial Department is the keystone of our Government, and assaults upon it threaten the whole structure of the stately arch.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In the February and March issues of the JOURNAL General Harrison will tell the story of Congress: how it works and legislates. This will conclude the present series. Then his articles, descriptive of life in the White House, will immediately follow. These latter will be generously illustrated.

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*Previous articles of the series by ex-President Harrison published in the JOURNAL: Introductory, December, 1895; "The Constitution," January; "The Presidential Office," February; "The Duties of the President," March; "The Enforcement of the Law," April; "The Veto and Treaty-Making Powers," May; "The Pardoning Power and Impeachment," June; "The Secretary of State," July; "The Secretary of the Treasury," August; "Three Departments of the Government," September; "The Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of the Interior," October; "Indians, Pensions and Agriculture," November; "The Judicial Department of the Government," December, 1896. The concluding article in this series of "This Country of Ours" will appear in the March issue of the JOURNAL. Then will begin General Harrison's three supplementary articles, descriptive of life in the White House.

AN ITEM OF FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE

By Jerome K. Jerome

SPEAKING personally, I do not like the Countess of Blank. She is not the type of woman I could love. I hesitate the less in giving expression to this sentiment by reason of the conviction that the Countess of Blank would not be unduly depressed, even though the fact should reach her ears. I cannot conceive the Countess of Blank's being troubled by the opinion concerning her of any being, human or divine, other than the Countess of Blank.

But to be honest, I must admit that for the Earl of Blank she makes an ideal wife. She rules him as she rules all others, relations and retainers, from the curate to the dowager, but the rod, though firmly held, is wielded with justice and kindly intent. Nor is it possible to imagine the Earl of Blank's living as contentedly as he does, with any partner of a less dominating turn of mind. He is one of those weak-headed, strong-limbed, good-natured, childish men, born to be guided in all matters, from the tying of a neckcloth to the choice of a political party, by their women folk. Such men are in clover when their proprietor happens to be a good and sensible woman, but are to be pitied when they get into the hands of the selfish or the foolish. The Earl of Blank adored his wife, and deemed himself the most fortunate of husbands. Till the day she snatched him away from all other competitors, he had obeyed his mother with a dutifulness bordering on folly.

Were the Countess to die to-morrow he would be unable to tell you his mind on any single subject until his eldest daughter and his still unmarried sister, ladies both of strong character, had settled between themselves which was to be mistress of him and of his house.

However, there is little fear (bar accidents) but that my friend, the Countess, will continue to direct the hereditary vote of the Earl of Blank toward the goal of common sense and public good, guide his social policy with judgment and kindness, and manage his estates with prudence and economy for many years to come. She is a hearty, vigorous lady of generous proportions, and takes excellent good care of herself.

"I remember," said the doctor—we were dining with the doctor in homely fashion, and our wives had adjourned to the drawing-room—"I remember when we had the cholera here—it must be twenty years ago now—that woman gave up the London season to stay down here and take the whole burden of the trouble upon her own shoulders. I do not feel any call to praise her; she liked the work, and she was in her element, but it was good work for all that. She had no fear. She would carry the children in her arms, if time pressed, and the little ambulance was not at hand. I have known her to sit all night in a room not twelve feet square, between a dying man and his wife. But the thing never touched her. Six years ago we had the smallpox, and she went all through that just in the same way. I don't believe she has ever had a day's illness in her life. She's a wonderful woman, but a trifle masterful."

He laughed, but I readily detected a touch of irritation in his voice. My host looked a man wishful to be masterful himself. I think, in fact I am quite sure, that he did not quite relish the calm way in which this *grande dame* took possession of all things around her, himself and his work included.

"Did you ever hear the story of the marriage?" he asked.

"No," I replied; "whose marriage—the Earl's?"

"I should call it hers rather than his," he answered. "It was the gossip of the county when I first came here, but other curious things have happened among us to push it gradually out of memory. Most people, I really believe, have quite forgotten that the Countess of Blank once served behind a baker's counter."

"You don't say so," I exclaimed.

"It's a fact," said the doctor, "though she does not suggest the shopgirl, does she? Mary, Countess of Blank, was, thirty years ago, Mary Sewell, daughter of a Taunton linen-draper. The business, profitable enough as country businesses go, was inadequate for the needs of the Sewell family, consisting, as I believe it did, of seven boys and eight girls. Mary, the youngest, as soon as her brief schooling was over, had to shift for herself. She seems to have tried her hand at one or two things, and at last to have taken service with a cousin, a baker and confectioner, who was doing well in Oxford Street. She must have been a remarkably attractive girl; she's a handsome woman now. I can picture that soft, creamy skin, when it was fresh and smooth, and the West of England girls run naturally to dimples and eyes that glisten as though they had just been washed in morning dew. The shop did a good trade in ladies' lunches. I expect they dressed her in some neat-fitting gray or black dress, with short sleeves, showing her plump arms, and that she flitted around the marble-topped tables, smiling and looking cool and sweet. There the present Earl of Blank, then young Lord C——, fresh from Oxford, and new to the dangers of London bachelordom, first saw her. He had accompanied some female relatives to the photographers, and had taken them to Sewell's to lunch. Mary Sewell waited upon the party, and now, as many of that party as are above ground wait upon Mary Sewell."

"He showed good sense in marrying her," I said, "I admire him for it."

"I don't think he had much to do with it," laughed the doctor, "beyond being, like Barkis, willin'. It's a queer story; some people profess not to believe it, but those who know her ladyship best think it just the story that must be true, because it's so characteristic of her. And, besides, I happen to know that it is true."

"I should like to hear it," I said.

"I am going to tell it to you," said the doctor, lighting a fresh cigar, and pushing the box toward me.

. . . .

I will leave you to imagine the lad's suddenly-developed appetite for decanted sherry at sixpence a glass, and the familiar currant bun of our youth. He lunched at Sewell's shop, he tea'd at Sewell's. Occasionally he dined at Sewell's, off cutlets, followed by assorted pastry. Possibly merely from fear lest the affair should reach his mother's ears, he made love to Mary under an assumed name, and, to do the girl justice, it must be remembered that she fell in love with and agreed to marry plain Mr. John Robinson, son of a colonial merchant, a gentleman, as she must have seen, and a young man of easy means, but of a position not so very much superior to her own. The first intimation she received that her lover was none other than Lord C——, the future Earl of Blank, was vouchsafed her during a painful interview with his lordship's mother.

"I never knew it, madame," asserted Mary, standing by the window of the drawing-room above the shop; "upon my word of honor, I never knew it."

"Perhaps not," answered her ladyship coldly; "would you have refused him if you had?"

"I cannot tell," was the girl's prompt answer, "it would have been different from the very beginning. He courted me and asked me to be his wife."

"We won't go into all that," interrupted the other, "I am not here to defend him. The question is: how much will compensate you for your very natural disappointment?"

Her ladyship prided herself upon her bluntness and practicability. As she spoke she took her check-book out of her reticule, and opening it, dipped a pen into the ink. I am inclined to think that the flutter of that check-book was her ladyship's mistake. The girl had common sense, and must have seen the difficulties in the way of a marriage between the heir to an earldom and a linen-draper's daughter, and had the old lady been a person of discernment the interview might have ended more to her satisfaction.

"I am sorry I don't see my way to obliging your ladyship," she said.

"What do you mean, girl?" asked the elder woman.

"I don't mean to be disappointed," answered the girl quietly and respectfully. "We have pledged our word to one another. If he is a gentleman, as I know he is, he will keep his, and I shall keep mine."

Then her ladyship began to talk reason, as people do when it is too late. She pointed out to the girl the difference of social position, and explained to her the miseries that come from marrying out of one's station. But the girl, by this time, had got over her surprise, and perhaps had begun to reflect that in any case, a countess-ship was worth fighting for.

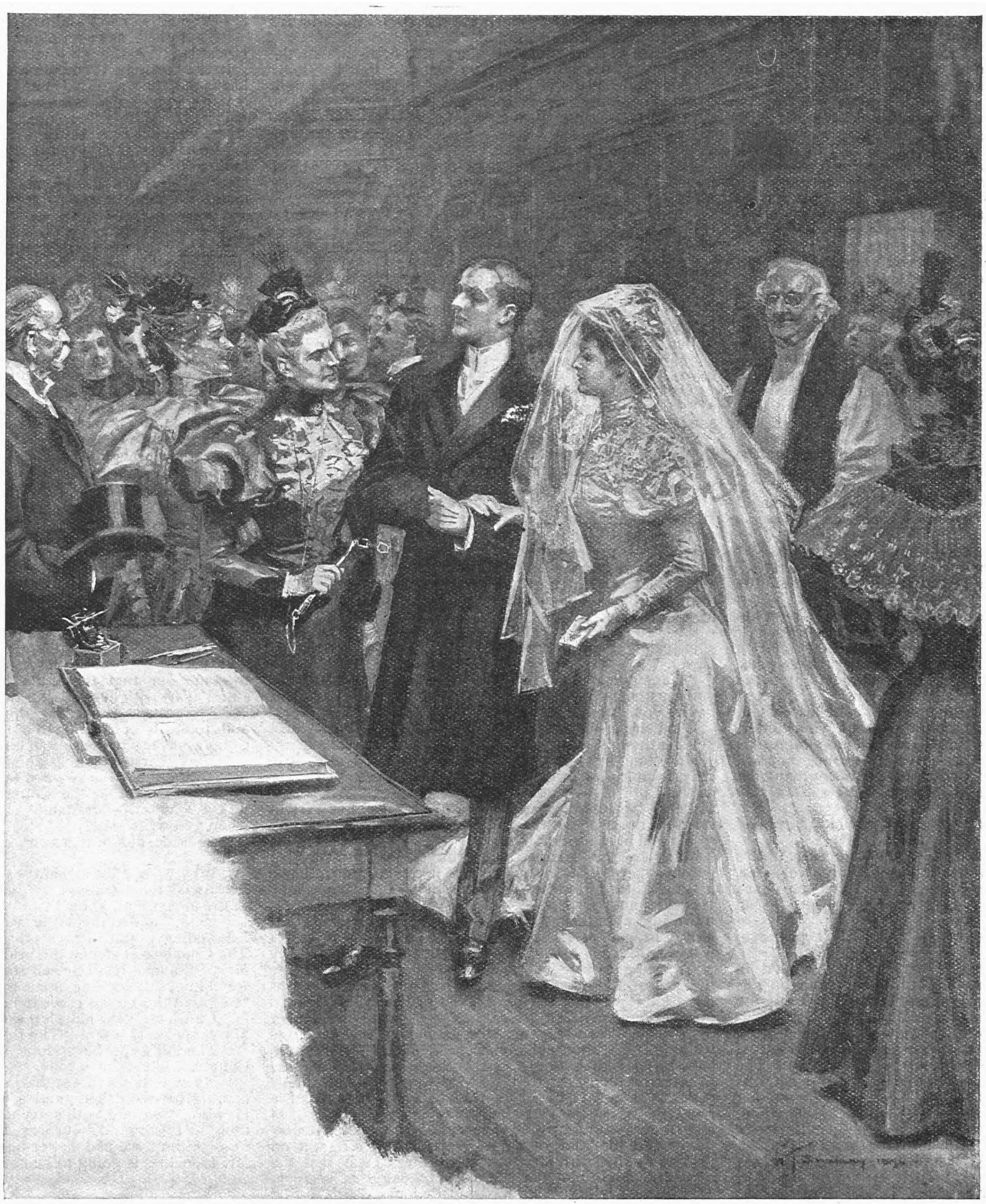
"I am not a lady, I know," she replied quietly, "but my people have always been honest folk, well known, and I shall try to learn. I have no wish to speak disrespectfully of my betters, but I was in service before I came here, ma'am, as lady's maid, in a place where I saw much of what is called society. I think I can be as good a lady as some I know, if not better."

The Countess began to grow angry again. "And who do you think will receive you," she cried, "a girl who has served in a pastry-cook's shop?"

"Lady L—— came from behind the bar," Mary answered, "and that's not so much better. I don't think the people whose opinion is worth having will object to me for very long." The girl was beginning to rather enjoy the contest.

"You profess to love my son," cried the Countess fiercely, "and you are going to ruin his life. You will drag him down to your own level."

"There will be no dragging down, my lady," she replied, "on either side. I do love your son very dearly. He is one of the kindest and best of gentlemen. But I am not blind, and whatever amount of cleverness there may be between us belongs chiefly to me. I shall make it my duty to fit myself for the position of his wife, and



DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY

"MY WIFE, DON'T FORGET THAT, MOTHER," SAID LORD C——

to help him in his work. You might find him a richer wife, a better educated wife, but you will never find him a wife who will be more devoted to him and to his interests."

The Countess had sense enough to see that she was only losing ground by argument. She rose and replaced the check-book in her bag.

"I think, my good girl, you must be mad," she said; "if you will not allow me to do anything for you, there's an end to the matter. My son knows his duty to me and to his family. You must take your own course, and I must take mine."

"Very well, my lady," said Mary Sewell, holding the door open for her ladyship to pass out, "we shall see who wins."

But, however brave a front Mary Sewell may have maintained before the enemy, I expect she felt pretty limp when thinking matters calmly over after her ladyship's departure. She knew her lover well enough to guess that he would be as wax in the firm hands of his mother, while she, herself, would not have a chance of opposing her influence against those seeking to draw him away from her. Once again she read through the few schoolboy letters he had written her, and then looked up at the framed photograph that hung above the mantelpiece of her little bedroom. The face was that of a frank, pleasant-looking young fellow, lightened by eyes somewhat large for a man, but spoiled by a painfully weak mouth. The more Mary Sewell thought, the more she felt in her own mind that he loved her. Did the matter rest with him, she might reckon on being the future Countess of Blank; but unfortunately for her, the person to be considered was not Lord C——, but the present Countess of Blank. If she was to win in the unequal contest it would have to be by art, not by strength. She sat down and wrote a letter which was a model of diplomacy. She knew that it would be read by the Countess, and writing it, she kept both mother and son in mind. She made no reproaches, and indulged in but little sentiment. It was the letter of a woman who could claim rights, but who only asked for courtesy. It stated her wish to see him alone, and obtain from his own lips the assurance that he wished their engagement to cease. "Do not fear," Mary Sewell wrote, "that I shall be any annoyance to you. My own pride would not let me urge you to marry me against your desire, and I care for you too much to cause you any pain. Assure me with your own lips that you wish our engagement to be at an end, and I shall release you without another word."

The family was in town, and Mary sent her letter by a trusty hand. The Countess read it with huge satisfaction, and, resealing it, gave it herself into her son's hands. It promised a happy solution of the problem. Lord C—— read the letter, flushed and dutifully handed it back to his mother. She made pretense to read it as for the first time, and counseled him to accord the interview.

"I am so glad," she said, "that the girl is taking the matter sensibly. We must really do something for her in the future, when everything is settled. Let her ask for me, and then the servants will fancy she's a lady's maid or something of that sort come after a place, and won't talk."

So permission was accorded Mary Sewell to call at Grosvenor Square that same evening.

"The sooner the matter is ended the better," said the Countess.

Precisely at the hour appointed Mary Sewell rang the bell, and, addressed by the butler as "young woman," was ushered into the small drawing-room that connects the library of Number — Grosvenor Square with the other reception-rooms. The Countess, now all amiability, rose to greet her.

"My son will be here in a moment," she explained, "he has informed me of the purport of your letter. Believe my, my dear Miss Sewell, no one can regret his thoughtless conduct more than I do. But young men will be young men, and they do not stop to reflect that what may be a joke to them may be taken quite seriously by others."

"I don't regard the matter as a joke, my lady," replied Mary, somewhat curtly.

"Of course not, my dear," added the Countess, "that's what I'm saying. It was very wrong of him altogether. But with your pretty face, you will not, I am sure, have long to wait for a husband; we must see what we can do for you."

"Thank you," answered the girl, "but I prefer to choose my own."

Fortunately—or the interview might have ended in another quarrel—the cause of all the trouble at this moment entered the room, and the Countess, whispering a few final words of instruction to him as she passed out, left them together. Dead silence was maintained for a few seconds, and then Mary, drawing the daintiest of handkerchiefs from her pocket, began to cry. The Countess must have been a poor diplomatist or she might have thought of this, or she may have remembered her own appearance on the rare occasions when she, a big, raw-boned girl, had attempted the softening influence of tears, and have attached little importance to the possibility. But when these soft, dimpled women cry, and cry quietly, it is another matter. Their eyes grow brighter, and the tears, few and far between, lie like dewdrops on a rose leaf.

In a moment Lord C—— was on his knees with his arm around the girl's waist, pouring out such halting words of love and devotion as came to his unready brain, cursing his fate, and assuring Mary that his only chance of happiness lay in his making her his Countess.

Had Mary liked to say the word at that moment he would have caught her to his arms and defied the whole world, for the time being. But Mary was a very practical young woman, and there are difficulties in the way of handling a lover, who, however ready he may be to do your bidding so long as your eyes are upon him, is liable to be turned from his purpose so soon as another influence is substituted for your own. His lordship suggested an immediate secret marriage, but you cannot run out into the street, find a clergyman and get married on the spot, and Mary knew that the instant she was gone his lordship's will would revert to his mother's keeping. Then his lordship suggested flight, but flight requires money, and the Countess knew enough to keep his lordship's purse in her own hands. Despair seized upon his lordship.

"It's no good," he cried, "it will end in my marrying her."

"Who is she?" exclaimed Mary, somewhat quickly.

His lordship explained the position. The family estates were heavily encumbered. It was deemed advisable that his lordship should marry money, and money, in the person of the only daughter of rich and ambitious parvenus, had offered itself, or, to speak more correctly, had been offered.

"What's she like?" asked Mary.

"Oh, she's nice enough," was the reply, "only I don't care for her and she doesn't care for me."

"How do you know she doesn't care for you?" asked Mary.

"Well, she happens to care for somebody else," answered his lordship, "she told me so herself."

"And is she willing to marry you?" inquired Mary.

His lordship shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well, you know, her people want it," he replied.

In spite of her trouble the girl could not help a laugh. Her ladyship on the other side of the door grew nervous. It was the only sound she had been able to hear.

"It's deuced awkward," explained his lordship, "when you're—well, when you are anybody, you know, you can't do as you like."

Mary rose and clasped her pretty dimpled hands, from which she had drawn her gloves, behind his neck.

"You do love me, Jack," she said, looking up into his face.

For answer the lad hugged her to him very tightly, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Look here, Mary," he cried, "if I could only get rid of my position, and settle down with you as a country gentleman, I'd do it to-morrow. Confound the title, it's going to be the curse of my life."

Perhaps in that moment Mary also wished that the title were at the bottom of the sea, and that her lover were only the plain Mr. John Robinson she had thought him. These big, stupid men are often very lovable in spite of, or because of, their weakness. They appeal to the mother side of a woman's heart, and that is the biggest side, in all good women.

Suddenly, however, the door opened. The Countess appeared and sentiment flew out. Lord C——, releasing Mary, sprang back, looking like a guilty schoolboy.

"I thought I heard Miss Sewell go out," said her ladyship, in the icy tones that had never lost their power of making her son's heart freeze within him. "I want to see you when you are free."

"I sha'n't be long," stammered his lordship. "Mary—Miss Sewell is just going."

Mary waited, without moving, until the Countess had left and closed the door behind her. Then she turned to her lover, and spoke in quick, low tones:

"Give me her address—the girl they want you to marry."

"What are you going to do?" asked his lordship.

"I don't know," answered the girl, "but I'm going to see her."

She scribbled the name down, and then said, looking the boy squarely in the face:

"Tell me frankly, Jack, do you want to marry me or do you not?"

"You know I do, Mary," he answered, and his eyes spoke stronger than his words. "If I weren't a silly fool there would be none of this trouble. But I don't know how it is. I say to myself I'll do a thing, but the *mater* talks and talks and—— "

"I know," interrupted Mary, with a smile. "Don't argue with her; fall in with all her views, and pretend to agree with her."

"If you could only think of some plan," said his lordship, catching at the hope of her words, "you are so clever."

"I am going to try," answered Mary, "and if I fail you must run off with me, even if you have to do it right before your mother's eyes."

What she meant was, "I shall have to run off with you," but she thought it better to put it the other way about.

Mary found her involuntary rival a meek, gentle, little lady, as much under the influence of her blustering father as was Lord C—— under that of his mother. What took place at the interview one can only surmise, but certain it is that the two girls, each for her own ends, undertook to aid and abet one another.

Much to the surprised delight of their respective parents there came about a change in the attitude hitherto assumed toward one another by Miss Clementina Hodskiss and Lord C——. All objection to his lordship's unwilling attentions was suddenly withdrawn by the lady. Indeed, so swift to come and go are the whims of woman, his calls were actually encouraged, especially when, as generally happened, they coincided with the absence from home of Mr. and Mrs. Hodskiss. Quite as remarkable was the new-born desire of Lord C—— toward Miss Clementina Hodskiss. Mary's name was never mentioned, and the suggestion of immediate marriage was listened to without remonstrance. Wiser folk would have puzzled their brains, but both her ladyship and he, Contractor Hodskiss, were accustomed to find all things yield to their wishes. The Countess saw visions of a rehabilitated estate, and Clementina's father dreamed of a peerage secured by the influence of aristocratic connections. All that the young folks stipulated for (and on that point their firmness was supernatural) was that the marriage should be quiet, almost to the verge of secrecy.

"No beastly fuss," his lordship demanded; "let it be somewhere in the country, and no mob!"

And his mother, thinking she understood his reason, patted his cheek affectionately.

"I should like to go down to Aunt Jane's and be married quietly from there," explained Miss Hodskiss to her father.

Aunt Jane resided on the outskirts of a small Hampshire village, and "sat under" a clergyman, famous throughout the neighborhood for having lost the roof to his mouth.

"You can't be married by that old fool," thundered her father.

"He christened me," urged Miss Clementina.

"And Lord knows what he called you. Nobody can understand a word he says."

"I'd like him to marry me," reiterated Miss Clementina.

Neither her ladyship nor the contractor liked the idea.

The latter, in particular, had looked forward to a big function, chronicled at length in all the newspapers. But, after all, the marriage was the essential thing, and, perhaps, having regard to certain foolish love passages between Clementina and a certain penniless naval lieutenant, ostentation might be out of place.

So, in due course, Clementina departed for Aunt Jane's, accompanied only by her maid.

Quite a treasure was Miss Hodskiss' new maid. "A clean, wholesome girl," said of her by Contractor Hodskiss, "knows her place, and talks sense. You keep that girl, Clemmy."

"I like the girl myself, immensely," agreed Clementina's mother, "you can trust her, and she doesn't give herself airs."

"I must see this treasure," thought the Countess to herself. "I am tired of these foreign minxes."

But no matter at what cunning hour her ladyship might call, the "Treasure" always happened, for some reason or other, to be abroad.

The marriage, it was settled, should be by license. Mrs. Hodskiss made up her mind at first to run down and see to the preliminaries, but, really, when the time arrived it hardly seemed necessary to take that trouble. The ordering of the whole affair was so very simple, and the "Treasure" appeared to understand the business most thoroughly, and to be willing to take the whole burden upon her own shoulders. It was not, therefore, until the evening before the wedding that the Hodskiss family arrived in force, filling Aunt Jane's small dwelling to its utmost capacity. The Countess and Lord C—— were staying with her ladyship's sister, the Hon. Mrs. J. ——, at G—— Hall, some ten miles distant, and were to drive over in the morning. The then Earl of Blank was in Norway, salmon fishing. Domestic events did not interest him.

Clementina complained of a headache after dinner and went to bed early. The "Treasure" also was indisposed. She seemed worried and excited.

"That girl is as eager about the thing," remarked Mrs. Hodskiss, "as though it was her own marriage."

In the morning Clementina was still suffering from her headache, but asserted her ability to go through the ceremony, provided everybody would keep away and not worry her. The "Treasure" was the only person she felt she could bear to have about her. Half an hour before it was time to start for the church her mother looked her up again. She had grown still paler, if possible, during the interval, and also more nervous and irritable. She threatened to go to bed and stop there if she were not left quite alone; and almost turned her mother out of the room, locking the door behind her.

The others went on, leaving her to follow in the last carriage with her father. The contractor, forewarned, spoke little to her. Only once he had occasion to ask her a question, and then she answered in a strained, unnatural voice. She appeared, so far as could be seen under her heavy veil, to be crying.

"Well, this is going to be a cheerful wedding," said Mr. Hodskiss, and lapsed into sulkiness.

The wedding was not so quiet as had been anticipated. The village had got scent of it and had spread itself upon the event, while half the house-party from G—— Hall had insisted on driving over to take part in the proceedings.

The presence of the stylish crowd unnerved the ancient clergyman. What little clearness he possessed entirely disappeared; no one could understand a word he said. The ancient gentleman's infliction had to be explained in low asides, after which it had to be explained why he had been chosen to perform the ceremony.

Lord C—— spoke up fairly well, but the bride's responses were singularly indistinct. The story of the naval lieutenant was remembered and added to; and some of the more sentimental of the women began to cry in sympathy.

In the vestry things assumed a brighter tone. There was no lack of witnesses to sign the register. The verger pointed out to them the place, and they wrote their names without stopping to read. Then it occurred to some one that the bride had not yet signed. She stood apart with her veil still down, and appeared to have been forgotten. Encouraged, she came forward meekly, and took the pen from the hand of the verger. The Countess came and stood behind her.

"Mary," wrote the bride, in a hand that looked as though it ought to have been firm, but which was not.

"Dear me," said the Countess, "I never knew there was a Mary in your name. How differently you write when you write slowly."

The bride did not answer, but followed with "Susannah."

"Why what a lot of names you must have, my dear!" exclaimed the Countess. "When are you going to get to the ones we all know?"

"Ruth," added the bride, without answering.

Breeding is not always proof against strong emotion. The Countess snatched the bride's veil from her face, and Mary Susannah Ruth Sewell stood before her, flushed and trembling, but looking none the less pretty for that. At this point the crowd came in useful.

"I am sure your ladyship does not wish a scene," said Mary, speaking low. "The thing is done."

"The thing can be undone, and will be," retorted the Countess, in the same tone, "you—you—— "

"My wife, don't forget that, mother," said Lord C——, coming between them, and slipping Mary's hand on to his arm; "we are both sorry to have had to go about the thing in this roundabout way, but we wanted to avoid a fuss. I think we had better be getting away. I'm afraid Mr. Hodskiss is going to be noisy."

. . . .

The doctor poured himself out a glass of claret.

"And what became of Clementina?" I asked. "Did the naval lieutenant, while the others were at church, dash up in a post-chaise and carry her off?"

"That's what ought to have happened for the whole thing to be in keeping," replied the doctor. "I believe, as a matter of fact, she did marry him eventually, but not till some years later, after the contractor had died."

"And did Mr. Hodskiss make a noise in the vestry?" I persisted. The doctor never will finish a story.

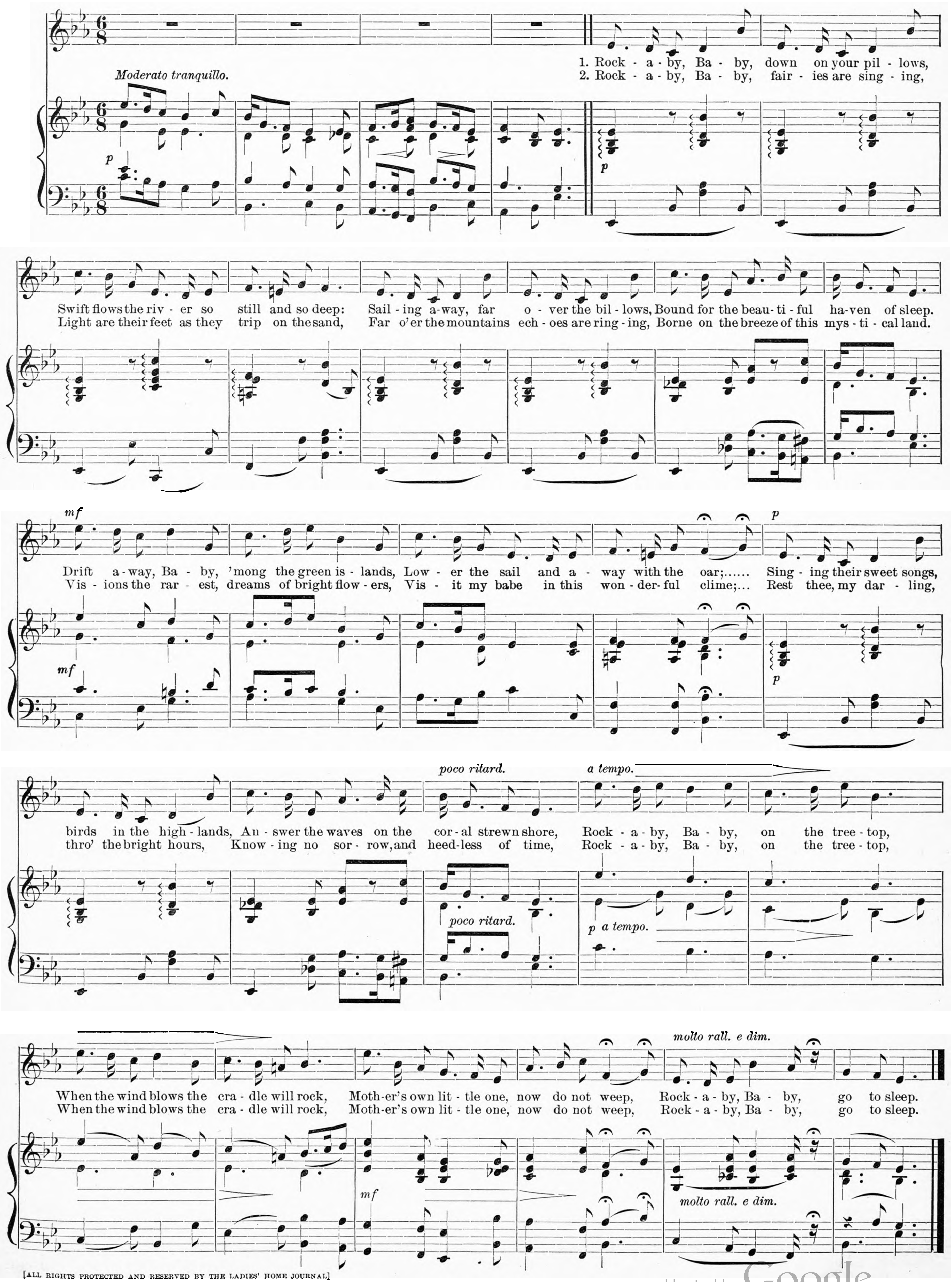
"I can't say for certain," answered my host; "I only saw the gentleman once. That was at a shareholders' meeting. I should incline to the opinion that he did."

"And did the Countess take the matter quietly?" I asked. I like a tidy story, where everybody is put into his or her proper place at the end.

"That, also, I cannot tell you for certain," answered the doctor; "but I give her credit for so much sense. Lord C—— was of age, and with Mary at his elbow, quite knew his own mind. I believe they traveled for two or three years. The first time I, myself, set eyes on the Countess (*née* Mary Sewell) was just after the late Earl's death. I thought she looked a Countess, every inch of her, but then I had not heard the story. I mistook the dowager for the housekeeper."

ROCK-A-BY-BABY LULLABY

WORDS ADAPTED FROM POEM BY CHARLES FREMONT GALE MUSIC BY LILLIAN TAIT SHELDON


Moderato tranquillo.
p
1. Rock - a - by, Ba - by, down on your pil - lows,
2. Rock - a - by, Ba - by, fair - ies are sing - ing,
Swift flows the riv - er so still and so deep: Sail - ing a - way, far o - ver the bil - lows, Bound for the beau - ti - ful ha - ven of sleep.
Light are their feet as they trip on the sand, Far o'er the mountains ech - oes are ring - ing, Borne on the breeze of this mys - ti - cal land.
mf
Drift a - way, Ba - by, 'mong the green is - lands, Low - er the sail and a - way with the oar;...... Sing - ing their sweet songs,
Vis - ions the rar - est, dreams of bright flow - ers, Vis - it my babe in this won - der - ful clime;... Rest thee, my dar - ling,
birds in the high - lands, An - swer the waves on the cor - al strewn shore,
thro' the bright hours, Know - ing no sor - row, and heed - less of time,
poco ritard.
a tempo.
Rock - a - by, Ba - by, on the tree - top,
Rock - a - by, Ba - by, on the tree - top,
When the wind blows the cra - dle will rock, Moth - er's own lit - tle one, now do not weep,
When the wind blows the cra - dle will rock, Moth - er's own lit - tle one, now do not weep,
molto rall. e dim.
Rock - a - by, Ba - by, go to sleep.
Rock - a - by, Ba - by, go to sleep.

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ΚΑΘΑΡΟΤΗΣ
ΦΡΟΝΗΣΙΣ
ΜΕΛΕΤΗ ΤΩΝ ΗΤΗ

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1897

❦

PROBLEMS OF YOUNG MEN

AS WAS stated on this page last month, the interest shown in "Problems of Young Men" among the young men readers of this magazine has become so general that the department will hereafter be a regular feature of the Journal. It will be transferred from this place to one of the back pages of the magazine, and there, each month, it will appear. I have endeavored this month to answer on this page, so far as possible, the questions in hand. Some further queries will receive answer in the February number.

❦

CAN a druggist be a Christian? This may seem a strange question. But take my case: I am not a Christian, but wish to become one. I work in a large retail drug store and am employed seven hours on Sunday. If I openly confess Christ must I, to be consistent, throw up my position which it has cost me years of apprenticeship to secure? I intend to make drugs my profession, and this means that I must be ready to do business on Sunday all through my life.

There are certain kinds of stores which must be open for business on Sundays, and the drug store is one of them. We are just as liable to get ill and require medicines on Sunday as on Monday. True Christianity goes a little deeper than one's profession in such an instance as this. One of the most conscientious Christian men I know is a druggist who keeps his store open on Sundays. But the selling of soda, cigars and confectionery is prohibited on that day; he dispenses drugs only. Here is a discrimination which pays respect to the day, and yet recognizes the necessity for the sale of medicine.

❦

I HAVE all the necessary requirements for success on the stage. Not only do I feel this myself, but prominent professors of elocution and dramatic art have voluntarily assured me so. My parents object to the stage on moral grounds. But I argue, in turn, should they prefer to have me pursue a calling which is distasteful to me, or encourage me in that for which I have a taste and the necessary requirements?

If a census could be taken it would be found, I think, that the vast majority of parents would rather that their children follow any calling but the dramatic. And they are undoubtedly justified in their fear of the temptations of the stage, which it cannot be denied are greater than those of almost any other profession. But, as I have said before in this magazine, I believe that for an actor to be a gentleman is perfectly possible. In fact, I know it is possible as I have warm friends who are actors, and it is easy to vouch for their gentlemanliness. But it is easier to go wrong amid the life of the stage than it is to remain steadfast to honorable principles. For his own safety I would far rather see a young fellow become anything else than an actor. At the same time, we must have good actors, and the more men and women of sterling character we have on the stage the sooner will we raise the tone of the drama. One thing is certain: there is no sense in a young man following a profession for which he has an absolute distaste. Parents do their children a great wrong in insisting upon their adoption of an uncongenial profession or trade. A man must love his work before he can make a success of it.

❦

YOU place much emphasis on a young man's neat appearance in his dress in business, do you not?

I do, most decidedly.

Then, what percentage of his income should he devote to his wardrobe?

Just that percentage which will insure his neat appearance: nothing more and nothing less. I know you expect me to state a definite percentage. But that cannot be done. Spend what you feel that you can afford in order to insure your looking neat, and every penny thus expended will prove a sure investment: one of the best that you can make.

❦

FOR one who contemplates a college course with a profession in view, and has just completed his preparatory studies, would it be better to enter college at once, or postpone entrance for a year and engage in some practical work?

Enter college first: complete your studies and then go into business. But do not sandwich business in between. There is no sense in that. The professional man of to-day must come to his profession as fully equipped as he can. That means the acquirement of as much as he can learn during the years given to his studies. But once you come into the business world apply your knowledge to the successful achievement of whatever you undertake.

❦

DOES not luck sometimes play a goodly part in a man's success?

Never. Henry Ward Beecher answered this question once for all when he said: "No man prospers in this world by luck, unless it be the luck of getting up early, working hard, and maintaining honor and integrity." What so often seems, to many young men on the surface, as being luck in a man's career, is nothing more than hard work done at some special time. The idea that luck is a factor in a man's success has ruined thousands: it has never helped a single person. A fortunate chance comes to a young man sometimes just at the right moment. And that some people call luck. But that chance was given him because he had at some time demonstrated the fact that he was the right man for the chance. That is the only luck there is. Work hard, demonstrate your ability, and show to others that if an opportunity comes within your grasp you are able to use it.

YOU said once in response to an inquiry that it was wrong for a young man to smoke cigarettes, and yet you smoke them yourself. How do you reconcile your advice and your practice?

Simply by saying that you are in error, my friend. I never said that it was wrong for a young man to smoke cigarettes. I said it was far better that he should not, and that he would be wiser if he did not. And I thoroughly believe this for you and for myself. And I said, furthermore, that if he did follow the practice, let him wait until he passed his thirtieth birthday before he took it up. And these two bits of advice I repeat here and emphasize.

❦

I WISH to take up the study of stenography. Will you tell me which system is the best, and the name of the most practical book I can buy to help me learn it?

The three systems of stenography most generally used are Pitman's, Graham's and Munson's. It is a question of choice, rather than of individual merit, which to adopt. All three have their special excellencies. I adopted Munson's system for the reason that upon looking over the field it seemed to me to be the simplest. In reality, it may not be, but I found it thoroughly satisfactory. The best single book for the self-instruction in each system is as follows:

For the study of Pitman's: A Complete Manual of the Pitman System of Phonography, by Normal P. Heffley.

For Graham's: Handbook of Standard Phonography, by A. J. Graham.

For Munson's: The Complete Phonographer and Reporters' Guide, by James E. Munson.

❦

IN THESE days of keen competition hasn't the old proverb of there "being plenty of room at the top" become obsolete? It seems to me the top is crowded.

Not at all. The crowd is all at the bottom: there is just as much room at the top as ever there was. More, if anything. Competition makes room: it creates it. It is simply a question of supply and demand. The greater the supply, the greater the demand. Just try for the top. Don't worry about its being crowded. You will find plenty of room in which to move after once you get there.

❦

TO THE many young men who constantly send me inquiries about the adoption of journalism as a profession, its requirements, pay, etc., I can only repeat what I have said before: There is a little book which covers this whole subject. These young men would do well to get a copy and read it. It is "The Art of Newspaper Making," and is written by the ablest of all American editors, Hon. Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York "Sun."

❦

DO YOU think it possible to make a success of the law without a course at a law school? If so, what course of study would you suggest?

I took the liberty of submitting your question to ex-President Harrison, probably the best adviser you could have on this question. His reply was as follows:

"Whatever success I have attained at the bar was attained without a course at a law school. I studied law in the office of a leading law firm in Cincinnati. That a course of lectures by able professors upon the law, as upon any other subject, is valuable to the student, I do not doubt. But these professors derive their information from books to which the student has access, and he may grub knowledge for himself if he has the requisite pluck and industry. The observation and casual instruction which a student gets in a law office are of the first value to the practitioner."

❦

WHAT is the happy medium of social life for a young man?

The common-sense moderation point. It cannot be defined specifically because the social life of one would hardly be that of another. It is best understood in one safe rule: a young man should indulge in no social pleasure, either in kind or extent, which is detrimental to his health. A pleasure should exhilarate: then it is good. If it exhausts it is bad. Social life is given to relax us, but not to tire us; to make us more fit for our work of the morrow, not to make us unfit.

❦

IS THERE any way by which a young man can make himself a good talker when he goes out among people?

To my mind, good talkers are like good writers: they are born and not made. I believe that conversation is a gift. It is true that it can be cultivated to a certain degree: but to what extent it would be difficult to say. The essential of a good talker is the possession of ready knowledge on any topic which may come up in conversation. This comes to some from retentive reading and observant travel: undoubtedly two of the most potent factors in conversation. But a person may read and retain much, may travel and observe much, and yet not be able to talk well. Certainly there is no way by which good converse can be learned.

❦

ARE young men who cannot, from religious convictions, play cards, dance or attend the theatre, apt to be popular with young women of refinement and education who do indulge in such amusements?

Why certainly: why not? The amusements in which a man indulges have nothing to do with his outward attractiveness or popularity. It is the way in which a young man carries himself in his deportment that makes or mars his popularity with girls or men. One of the most popular and delightful fellows I know in New York has never been inside of a theatre although he is thirty-five years of age. Nor has he ever danced or played cards. He was a personal friend for ten years before I knew that his religious principles precluded his indulgence in these amusements. His secret is that he does not carry his convictions on his sleeve for everybody to rub against. And of his popularity with women, young and mature, I can assure you absolutely. He reads about the new plays, and can, therefore, talk about them if they come up in conversation. If asked if he has seen a certain actor or play he merely replies in the negative. Never does he force his convictions upon others. A young man's popularity with either sex rests upon something more than his forms of amusement: amiability of manner, kindliness, a pleasant address, a manly outlook on life, honorable principles—all these go far toward insuring popularity.

❦

WHAT is generally thought of the references to one's father as "the governor," or "the old man," or "dad"?

That they are disrespectful, and never used in homes where good breeding exists and is valued.

WHICH dictionary is now considered to be the best?

In editorial offices, "Worcester's" is generally used for pronunciation, and "Webster's" for spelling. "The Century Dictionary" is very generally used, too. "Stormonth's" is another excellent dictionary. Any one of these works is a reliable guide.

❦

I CONFESS I am puzzled. Let a young man spend all he earns and he is universally popular. Let him be "close" with his money and he is avoided. What in the world is a fellow to do?

Do exactly what neither of the other two fellows does. The spendthrift is always sure of a following,—such as it is. The one who is "close" with his money is a niggard, and ought to be avoided. Stinginess is one of the meanest and most unprofitable traits a man can have. On the other hand, the spendthrift's race is soon run. He rarely comes to any good, and when he reaches the end of his race his "followers" have left him. It is just between these two that the right-minded young fellow wants to be. He should not be extravagant nor stingy: he must be provident. To be provident does not mean to save either all or none of one's income, but it does mean to save a portion. The portion depends upon the income. Some can save ten per cent. of whatever they earn; some fifteen, some twenty-five. Provident saving is good and healthy, and the best thing to do: a hundred dollars saved at the beginning of a young man's life often means success and safety a little farther along. It is the most natural thing in the world for a young man to want to spend money. And he ought to spend judiciously: otherwise what is the use of working hard? But all the time he ought to be provident, put by some portion of what he makes, no matter how little. In this way he begins to build for his future success. It is the lower structure of a house that counts. It is what a young man does in his early years that counts in his later success. And provident saving is one of the best of all foundation stones upon which a young fellow can build.

❦

IS IT necessary for a journalist to have been a compositor?

Not necessary but very helpful. It is well for the journalist to have come into practical contact with every phase of his business, just as it is an advantage for the merchant to have been a salesman. You cannot know too much of the details of the business which you are going to make your life work. You can shift the details to other shoulders as you progress, but it is well to have rubbed up against them yourself. Then you know exactly what they are and how much can be done with them. An editor is a better editor for having been a compositor first.

❦

DOES the reading of novels such as those by Dickens, Victor Hugo, R. D. Blackmore, Conan Doyle and other writers of recognized merit, unfit a young man's mind for business and success therein?

Most certainly not. But, of course, novel reading should be followed in moderation and at proper times. After a day's business it is a good thing for a young man to forget the material world and let his mind wander occasionally in the field of good romance. But he should not read too many novels nor other than good ones. One or two good novels a month is plenty for a young man. The danger from novel reading arises from a young man allowing it to form the whole of his reading. History is often just as fascinating as romance, and more real at the same time. Biography, too. It is always best to season our reading. Too much of any one kind is bad.

❦

WHAT course would you advise a young man to pursue who is desirous of entering the literary field?

There are three strands in the literary art: one must interweave abundant reading, thinking and writing. In each of the three one must be independent and self-moved, but in each there is to be gained the greatest help from the masters of the art.

As for reading, if you have access to a good public library you will find at hand all that you can use. If you must provide yourself with books, and desire at the smallest cost a collection of the masterpieces of American literature, I would suggest the ninety or more volumes of the "Riverside Literature Series," issued in paper covers. These volumes comprise, in brief, the choicest masterpieces of such writers as Irving, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Emerson, Bryant, Burroughs, Warner—among Americans; and Lamb, Coleridge, Macaulay, Scott, Dickens, Goldsmith, Milton, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Burns, Shakespeare—among English classics.

Among the most helpful books bearing directly upon the literary art, and the choice of the best in literature, I mention the following:

"The Intellectual Life," by Philip G. Hamerton. This book is helpful, suggestive and inspiring, touching the use and the way of learning to think.

"Books and Reading," by Noah Porter. This is full of wise and practical suggestions and comments.

"On Self-Culture," by John Stuart Blackie. There is keen, strong and helpful direction in this book.

"Authors and Authorship," by W. S. Shepard.

"Literary Art of Authorship," George Bainton, editor. These latter two are useful, practical handbooks.

❦

IS A KNOWLEDGE of Latin necessary for a lawyer?

Some knowledge of Latin is important to a lawyer for the better understanding of many terms of Latin origin, both in legal proceedings and in common use. It is not absolutely necessary, however, since some very excellent lawyers are innocent of all knowledge of Latin.

❦

TO ALL YOUNG MEN.—Many young men write to me, stating their conditions and qualifications, and then ask what particular line of business they should follow. Others explain certain objections to their present positions, and ask, since they do not seem to be able to overcome these objections, whether it is not better that they should leave what they are doing and seek other fields of usefulness.

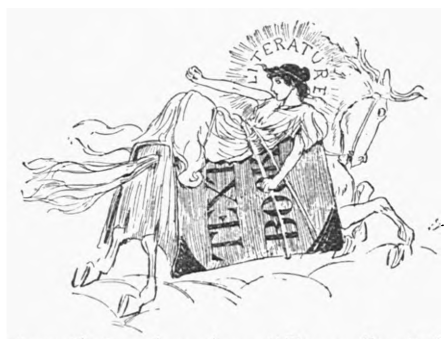
I cannot answer these questions. It would be dangerous to do so, even if I could. But I cannot, and no one else can. No stranger can enter into the life and surroundings of another stranger and give any safe or practical advice about his future. All that any writer can do is to lay down general principles; each reader must apply those principles to his particular needs and circumstances.

DROCH'S LITERARY TALKS

II—*Some Old Favorites*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVER HERFORD

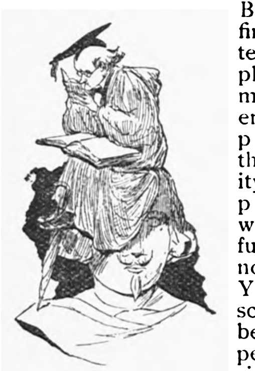
THE surprising thing to an amateur reader for pleasure, who has filled her leisure with contemporary books at haphazard, is by some happy chance to be forced to read an old favorite, and to find that it is a keen delight from beginning to end, and just as absorbing as though it yesterday filled the front row on a railway book-stall. It is always difficult for youth to free itself of the delusion that an old book, like an aged person, looks at life through eyes that are dimmed and records a series of dull sensations and disappointments. The very nature of a classic is bound up with its perpetual youth. It has stood the test of time because somewhere and some day long ago there lived a man so filled with the spirit of life that what he wrote depended on none of the accidental things of that day for its success, but it made its appeal to the hearts and minds of men on the broad elements of human nature that endure for all time and through every change.



A great deal of the misapprehension in the minds of young people about the entertaining quality of the masters of literature who are dead arises from the text-books on literature which are thrust into their hands at school and made a disagreeable task. A boy or girl who has been forced to learn the dates and periods in the careers of Chaucer and Spenser; who has been compelled to "analyze" "The Faerie Queene," and discourse learnedly on the old endings of words, and the reasons for strange and wonderful spellings of common nouns, is not likely to pick up either poet for pleasure when released from the exactions of school. A stack of fine literature is yearly ruined in the minds of impressionable students by encyclopedic text-books and teachers who are their slaves. It is the human nature in a book that makes it great, and you can depend upon it that if there is anything sincere, hopeful, ambitious in your own nature the great book will find it out and make you glad that you have read it.

◆

SUPPOSE that Shakespeare had remained forever in the hands of the wise commentators and teachers, how much popular appreciation would he have ever received? But from the very first he has been interpreted to the people by actors—by men and women of emotion, who made people feel something of the humanity that was Shakespeare's when he wrought his wonderful creations out of nothing into words. You may have left school firm in the belief that Shakespeare was for you simply a great name; but when you heard Booth as *Macbeth*, Salvini as *Othello*, or Miss Terry as *Portia*, you were suddenly illuminated with the belief that Shakespeare was a great man.



Only a few of the great writers are dramatic writers, and therefore it is not possible to receive a similarly vivid human interpretation of them. But if you sit down to read one of the old books in the same receptive mood that you go to hear Irving and Terry—ready to be moved to laughter or tears by the human nature that is revealed—you will find its beauty sweep in upon you and carry you away without conscious effort into regions of fancy and imagination that none of the small writers of cheap popular literature ever dreamed of entering.

A young woman may even find that she can read in this mood some of the great old poets with more pleasure than she ever received from "Lucille," "Katrina" or "Bitter Sweet." The trouble is that a picket fence of intellectual superiority has been erected by scholars around certain books, and the general public has been scared away. Any bright woman of keen sympathies can read Longfellow's version of Dante's "Divine Comedy" or Bayard Taylor's version of Goethe's "Faust" with real and lasting pleasure. The beauty and the passion in them will burn in her mind with such a pure flame that it will make the tawdry sentiment of inferior writers appear like the sputtering flame of a tallow candle.

It is a great mistake for any young woman to judge poetry by the melodious tinkling of current verse, and to say that she "can't read poetry." Real poetry finds a home in every woman's heart. Its tenderness, its music, its vagrant fancies, its vivid emotions are more adapted to her nature than to the masculine mind. If she does not read the best poetry she is missing one of the most refining and consoling influences that can enter her life through the medium of books. A woman who has not read Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes," Coleridge's "Christabel," Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," Shelley's "Adonais," Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality," Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" and Longfellow's "Evangeline" has unconsciously missed the greater part of her emotional inheritance.

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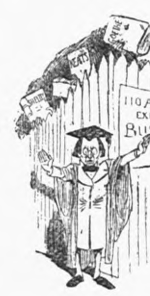


THERE is no doubt a much wider appreciation of old, standard fiction than of poetry. This is shown by the many cheap editions of the great novelists that can be had. In no other department of good literature can so much be purchased for so little money. Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, can be bought in reasonably well-printed sets, cloth-bound, for less money per volume than the current sensational novel in paper covers. And when you have invested in them you have something that is worth keeping. The binding may become soiled and ragged, the edges dog-eared, but if you live to be old you will look with delight upon them, because you will feel that they have become a part of your pleasantest memories—and that they helped you to a better appreciation of your fellow-creatures, which is the biggest part of the business of living. It is this elevation of thought that has been proved by several generations of readers that makes the old favorites in fiction so well worth your time.

Not only is their thought so much better than your average thought but their language is so much better than your average language. I do not mean simply correctness of speech—but something finer that is called style. Style has been written about very learnedly by learned men. In its highest development it is a very complicated thing. It is the very essence of culture, knowledge and artistic temperament that gives a flavor of its own to every sentence that an author writes. But without entering into the subtilties of style, it is surely evident to every reader of average intelligence and sensibility that there is a great difference in the manner of telling a story, for instance. It does not require a subtile mind to feel the difference in the telling of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and Hugh Conway's "Called Back" (to take a book, for example, that was read by tens of thousands a few years ago, and is now forgotten).

By common consent Hawthorne is acknowledged the best master of style that America has produced. When you have read one of his stories—no matter how dark the crime that he has studied in it—you never feel that he has dragged down your thoughts. It is not only because he is a great moralist in his stories, but because he is a great master of style also. His language is elevated, poetic, fascinating. It makes the appeal to what is fine in your nature rather than to what is gross.

◆

THE "plot" of a novel, as it is called, does not by any means determine its character. Many a sensational novel has a plot that in the hands of the right man would be made into a literary masterpiece. The mere bald statement of the plot would make it appear common or vulgar. In the hands of a certain kind of writer it becomes vile and degrading. But in the hands of a master of style it becomes a work of art—refined, elevating and immortal. I am not trying to obliterate distinctions of right and wrong by saying this; I am not preaching "art for art's sake." What I should like you to agree with me in feeling is that there is a great deal more in a book than simply the statement of the facts of life, however clearly they may be put. There are many writers of what we call "sensational novels" who have a wider knowledge of the dramatic and unusual facts of life than do some of the old masters of fiction—and that, too, right on their own chosen ground.

But the writer who gives you a real, refined and satisfying pleasure when you read his works, is, first of all, a man who has a correct and a refined attitude toward his fellow-creatures; and added to that the skill in words to transport you fully into the same attitude.

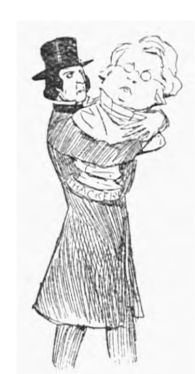
Now there is no mystery in all this that requires learning to solve. Any one who lives a respectable life, founded on the accepted principles of respectable living, knows when a book is elevating or degrading in its tendency, and any one who reads carefully a few of the masters of fiction, for example, can never thereafter be in doubt as to what is totally false and vulgar in style. It does not take a subtile analysis to detect this. You feel that one man has put you in the right mood and the other in the wrong mood.

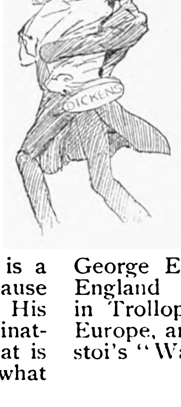
◆

IF YOU are really fond of what you call "sensational novels," and it is often a perfectly healthy appetite (a part of the hunger of youth for life), you can find all you want of it in Scott, Hugo, Dumas (excellent translations of the Frenchmen can be easily had). It must be a jaded appetite for fiction that cannot get some pleasurable excitement out of "Ivanhoe" or "The Bride of Lammermoor." In each novel there is a woman who will appeal to your womanly nature, and bring Britain and the past centuries very near to you. When you read Scott and Dumas you realize that Anthony Hope, Weyman, and Conan Doyle (whom you consider the very latest thing in fiction) are not the inventors of a new style, but the clever revivers of a very good old style. By reading the old favorites in fiction you can anticipate many of the coming fashions. *Charles Yellowplush* and *Sam Weller* were in the business of dialect fiction long before *Chimmie Fadden*. Many critics doubt whether it is a good fashion to resurrect.

◆

ABOUT fifteen years ago readers used to be divided roughly into two classes—those who "liked Dickens" and those who "adored Thackeray." Each class used to view the other with more or less contempt. Of the two the Thackeray people felt themselves considerably superior to the Dickens people. There were not so many of them, for one thing, and that in itself gave them a feeling of exclusiveness (something like the attitude assumed by George Meredith's admirers of the present day). But Thackeray's complete works for $3.99 rapidly abolished the aristocracy. Artificial barriers do not long count for much with a great writer. You no doubt very soon found out that in certain moods there was nothing more satisfying to you than "Pendennis," and at another time the best novel that you ever read was "David Copperfield." I have no doubt that in the long run deep in your heart you will cherish a finer affection for the one than the other. That is a matter of temperament and your surroundings. The one you like best fits best into your life, as you are making it. You will discover that a change of scene or occupation often brings you into sympathy with a writer whom you never before appreciated. A great sorrow will sometimes reveal George Eliot to you; a little journey in England will show you new beauties in Trollope; a wave of war feeling in Europe, and people begin re-reading Tolstoi's "War and Peace."





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AS AN American girl you ought to find one of your keenest pleasures in reading Hawthorne, Irving, Poe and Cooper. These novelists have stood the test of time, both as writers of marvelous English and as the preservers of the heart and core of some phases of American life and tradition.

Droch

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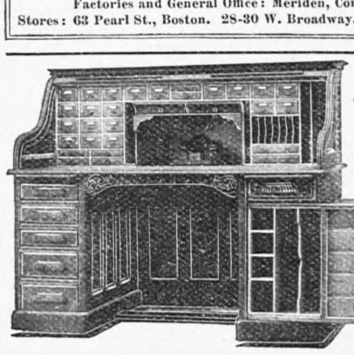

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THE GIRL IN THE COUNTRY

By Ruth Ashmore

LAST summer there came to me the very great pleasure of seeing and knowing the country girl quite well. She was a most interesting girl—lovable, hospitable, hopeful, and there was an air of belief about her that made her a decided contrast to her cousin in the city. And yet—the country girl had her faults. Nobody recognized her virtues more thoroughly than I did, but she makes some mistakes, and it is about her mistakes that I am going to talk. Answering to the pretty name of "Molly" she came into my life last summer. And in the first talk I had with her I discovered that she was dissatisfied. She felt that to her there had not come all the blessings that were given to her city cousin. She rebelled at what she considered the confinement of the farm and the small village. She could not seem to realize that the narrowness was in herself, and that, after all, surroundings have not so very much to do with the broadening of one's mind. She had failed to hitch her "wagon to a star," and so lost the opportunities offered to her.

◆

A WOMAN IS AS OLD AS SHE LOOKS

MOLLY was nineteen. Molly's eldest sister was forty and looked and behaved as if she were sixty. The city woman of forty years who stood beside this sister of Molly's did not look more than thirty. Why did the women differ so in appearance? Molly's sister said it was because life on a farm was so hard, and yet when I visited her I found that she had very little of which to complain. In the kitchen there was a woman helper. It is true that the farm hands had to be catered to, but these men carried the water, and did everything in their power to help the women. When there was much company one of the boys assisted the cook with the dishes. On washday another one of them worked the washing machine; and when ice cream was to be made a boy was ready to turn the crank. There was always somebody to go on an errand for Molly's sister; always somebody ready to help her. The city woman, living in a flat, and either with or without one maid, has no such help given to her. Of her it is expected that her home be kept in order, and not only in order, but that it should look pretty; that her children shall be suitably clothed for school; that there must be a little entertaining done; and then there is the shopping necessary for every day. And there is no farm hand to assist this woman. Now why is it that she looks the younger of the two? Because she takes care of herself. She pays due respect to her body by giving it numerous baths; her hair is brushed and becomingly arranged, and her clothes are kept in order. When Molly's sister was going to the village she said, "I'll be in the carriage, so I can put on any old thing." The city woman never feels that she can afford to put on "any old thing"; and when a woman is willing to sacrifice her appearance she is becoming demoralized. It is true that it may be troublesome to have the water heated every day; it does take two or three pailfuls to fill the tub to take a bath; but it is worth while to take this trouble; it is worth while for the country girl to give such care to her person that she will appear, at least, not older than she is. But how many country girls do you know who give the same care to their outward appearance that the city girl considers is only self-respect? And how many years of youth are gained by this deference to the appearance?

◆

THE EVERY-DAY COMPLAINT

ALL through the pleasant months that I was in the country I heard the same complaint every day. It was this: "Oh, dear me, there is nothing I can do to make money." Every time I heard this complaint I opened my eyes in astonishment. At last, I said to Molly: "Why don't some of you girls set your wits to work if you feel that you must make money, so that you may have the gowns you want or the books that you would enjoy, or the outing for which you long?" And Molly answered: "It isn't as if we were in the city where we could become typewriters, or do any of the hundred things that the city girls do." Again I stared at Molly in astonishment and said: "In the city the supply of typewriters far exceeds the demand, and most of the shops pay miserable wages. The trouble is, here in the country, that you don't try to think out what is needed in your own home, and by your near neighbors, and cater to that need."

THE WORK OF TWO GIRLS

TO GIVE her an idea of what might be done I told her of some country girls who had utilized that which seemed of no use, and made money in unexpected ways. One girl, visiting in the city, saw that in a florist shop ivy leaves were used. She went in, asked to see the proprietor, told him that she would like to supply him with ivy leaves, and that she would guarantee that those she sent would be the very best. He was pleased with her businesslike offer and made a bargain with her; then, too, he gave her the names of some other florists. Nowadays, she is not making a fortune, but she is adding to her income by sending, to two or three cities, boxes of the leaves that they desire. She works hard. No work that pays is easy. Each leaf must be clipped properly, each must be perfect, each must be glossy, and each must be laid in the box so that it will reach its destination in a perfect condition. This one girl's work incited another girl who lived in the same neighborhood to start what is usually a money-making investment, a violet pit. Through the winter months boxes filled with bunches of these exquisite flowers are sent to the city, but the work is much harder than that of the girl who supplies the florists with the leaves.

◆

ANOTHER MONEY-MAKING SCHEME

A COUNTRY girl who is determined to go to Paris to study art is laying aside, for this purpose, each dollar she has earned. She found that there was no one else in the village who could make as good bread and biscuit as she; that those who had to buy complained of the baker's bread. She made no effort at sending her bread to a Woman's Exchange, as she knew that such places were always overstocked, but she went through her own town—a very small one—and asked for orders. She is making money because there has never been a sad loaf of bread or a heavy biscuit sent out from her kitchen. She will supply a neighbor with hot biscuits at tea time, and she has learned to make dainty rusk, especially for invalids, who enjoy these light, sweet dainties. Her prices are reasonable, and by that I do not mean cheap. I do not believe, Molly, that any girl, going into this business properly—that is, in a businesslike manner—would be anything but a success.

Another girl, ambitious to gain something, got her father to let her have a bit of ground, and to give her the money that he would otherwise have bestowed upon her for a wedding-dress. With this she was able to buy plants and to hire a boy to help her; and during the summer, while the boarding-houses around demanded them, she served the freshest of radishes, the crispest of lettuce, the earliest corn, and the largest tomatoes; and she says now that she thinks she will double the size of her garden next summer. How did she sell her vegetables? Well, the first week she hired a covered wagon and went around with them, but the second week people came to her to buy, and from that time on it was not necessary for her to do anything but supply the demand.

◆

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

IT LIES, my dear Molly, in catering to the demand. You go over to your grandmother's every Friday, straighten up and trim her lamps for a week; you know just how to do this, and yet you groan because you do not see how you can make money. Your grandmother is amply able to pay you; so tell her of the business you are about to undertake, and that you will have to charge her for your time hereafter. Then find others who are unable to get their lamps to burn as brightly as they wish; inform them of the work which you are planning to undertake, and try to make an arrangement by which you can suit them as to terms. Then attend to your work as though it were the most important work in the world, and I am quite sure that you will succeed in adding to your spending money.

The lyceum, the library, the Sunday-school, all make an effort every summer, when city people are plentiful, to give an entertainment by which some money can be raised; and, year in and year out, the same old bazar or Mrs. Jarley's wax works is offered. Why don't you turn in and learn some new and bright way by which an evening's amusement may be given and a charity made rich? Then charge whatever you think proper for managing the affair. You will not be the first girl who has done this, and you will not be the first one who has been thanked, not only for her quick wit, but for her willingness to make a church entertainment a matter of business arrangement.

WHAT THE CITY GIRL DID

WHEN a little party was gotten up at the boarding-house last summer, and everybody was eagerly making souvenirs for the occasion, who utilized the things that could be had for nothing and that were here, there and everywhere? The girl from the city. It never entered into your head to take an ivy leaf and write some witty or interesting quotation upon it with gold ink. It never entered your head to take a well-shaped stick and cut it into a paper-knife, so that the handle was of the pretty, rough, natural wood. You never thought of taking little twigs and evolving from them, with the help of good strong pins, chairs and sofas upon which dolls could sit. Nor did you think of using similar twigs as seats for the quaint little owls, made out of peanuts. No, it was the city girl who saw the possibilities in the country and took advantage of them.

◆

WHY NOT EARN MONEY?

IF IT is difficult to get the money for a new gown, a winter hat or a fur muff, why do you not try to earn it? Perhaps you have the knack of dressing hair well. Let it be known all over the village that you will dress or shampoo hair for a reasonable price; then, those women who wish to preserve their good looks will apply to you for a regular shampooing; and the girl who is going to a party, or who is to be married, will summon you to arrange her pretty locks, and drape the bridal veil as it should be. You needn't look so disgusted at the idea of dressing hair. A very charming gentlewoman in New York has gone into this business, because she had to earn money, and because she thinks—indeed is sure—that she knows how to arrange the hair well, and has that requisite for a hairdresser—a light touch. This lady will, in addition, do manicuring, and why shouldn't you learn to manicure? Then, too, if you do not make so much money during the winter, remember that you will have a harvest in the summer, for the city woman requires the regular brushing of her hair, the regular caring for her hands, and once you have made yourself and your business known she will eagerly seek you out. But suppose the only talent that you have is that of dancing. Then start a class for children. Let their mothers realize how important it is that, while their children are young, they should get over their awkwardness, should learn to walk properly, should carry their hands easily and bow gracefully. Arrange for your class and make it a success.

◆

SOME OF YOUR GIFTS

I OFTEN think, Molly, how lacking in generosity you are. You assert that you have nothing to give, and yet you are throwing away things that your city friends would gladly welcome, consider generous gifts, and for which they would extend enthusiastic thanks. To how many friends did you send, last summer, a box of water lily buds? A couple of dozen of these, with a layer of cotton between them and soft paper over and under them, put in a pasteboard box, would only cost you a little trouble and ten or fifteen cents postage. And they would have been so welcome to your friends in the city. Through September and October your flower-garden was filled with chrysanthemums and dahlias. These flowers keep well, and yet it never entered your pretty head to share some with the friend in the city, who buys them. Then there were apples and pears that lay on the ground and rotted; why did you not take them in their prime, wrap each carefully in paper, and then send a dozen to this friend, another dozen to that one? Your generosity and thoughtfulness would have been appreciated, and, though that is the least, returned. Every dainty woman would welcome a bunch of lavender sticks, or a box of lemon verbena leaves (down South we call them citron aloes), to make sweet her linen. With so little trouble you could be generous. Are you lazy, Molly? There are more stupid ways of being lazy than merely oversleeping one's self. And the nuts. The woods are full of them. You go nutting and never bother yourself about the hickory-nuts that you bring home. Your city friends would welcome them as they would the walnuts at your gate; and yet you sit and sigh, and conclude that you have nothing, since you cannot afford to spend money, with which to be generous! Oh, Molly! Molly! how stupid you are! The trouble with you is that you forget Uncle Tom's advice and don't "think on your mercies." You can be generous, and generous in the best way, for you can give to the dweller in the cities that which will suggest the country, and which is worth more—a hundred times—than the gifts bought in shops. If you doubt me I will quote from a greater than I: "Let our gifts speak of ourselves: let the poet give a poem; let the sailor bring shells; let the painter give a picture; our gifts are for the most part cold and worthless, since they do not tell of the soul of the real person."

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

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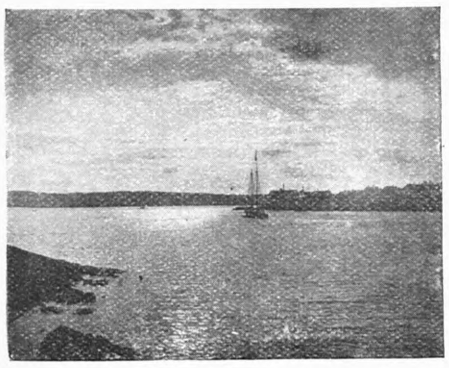
AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY AT ITS BEST

By Henry Troth

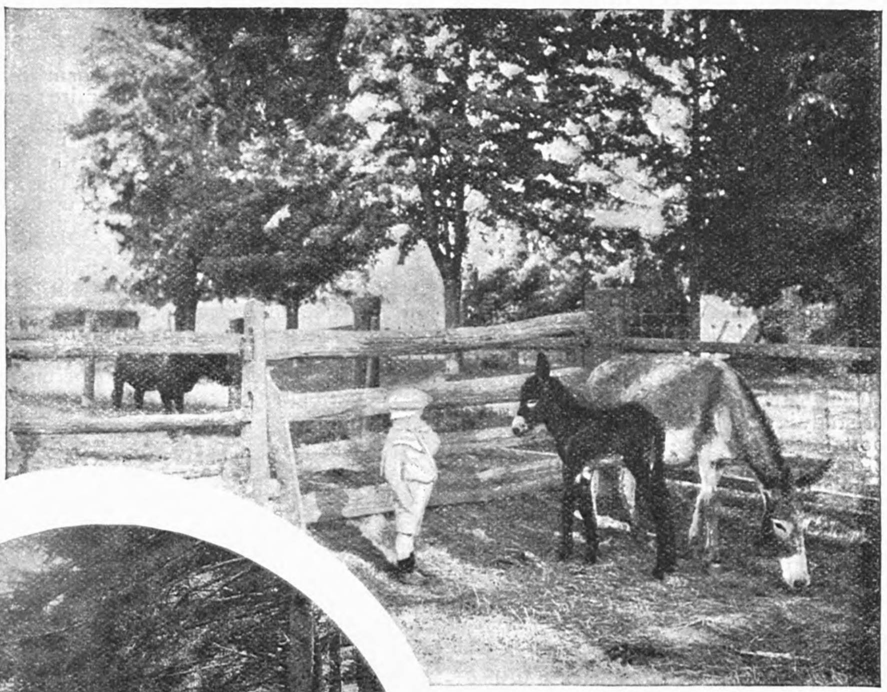
WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR

*FIRST ARTICLE—THE NECESSARY APPARATUS

HAVING decided what kind of photographs you wish to take the next thing to be considered is the apparatus needed. It is better to buy as little as possible at first, as you can purchase with more discretion after

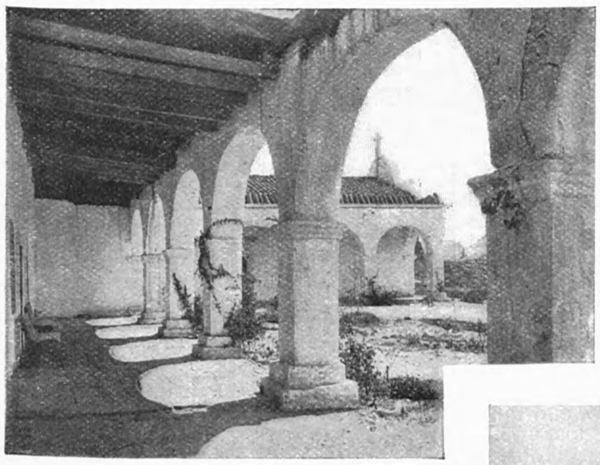


you have gained a good knowledge of the possibilities of the art. If your supply of money is limited in amount the kit purchased should be as nearly universal as possible, *i. e.*, serve as many uses as a more elaborate one. The most important part of the outfit is the lens. It should be of as good quality as possible. For purely landscape work that which is known as a single lens is the best, though it will distort the image more or less—the distortion not being apparent in a strictly landscape view; but if there are houses near the edge of the view their perpendicular lines may be curved on the plate instead of straight. The best lens for all-around work is a rectilinear one with a focus of at least the length of the plate used. For a five by seven plate the focus should be seven and a half inches.



Next to be considered is the camera box, which need not be at all expensive, but, if possible, should be of the reversible back type, and have rack and pinion adjustment. Having used the reversible back camera for a number of years I myself would feel at a loss without that convenience. It often happens when making up a composition that one finds that an upright view would be much better than a horizontal, and the change can be made almost instantaneously if one possesses a camera with a reversible back.

Next in order is a tripod, which should be of the folding variety and stiff enough to hold the camera firmly. It would be better if the legs of the tripod have sliding adjustment, as sometimes in working on a hillside or other uneven surface the ability to make one or two of the legs short is of



great importance. The foregoing completes the outfit with the exception of the plate holders, the focusing cloth and the carrying case.

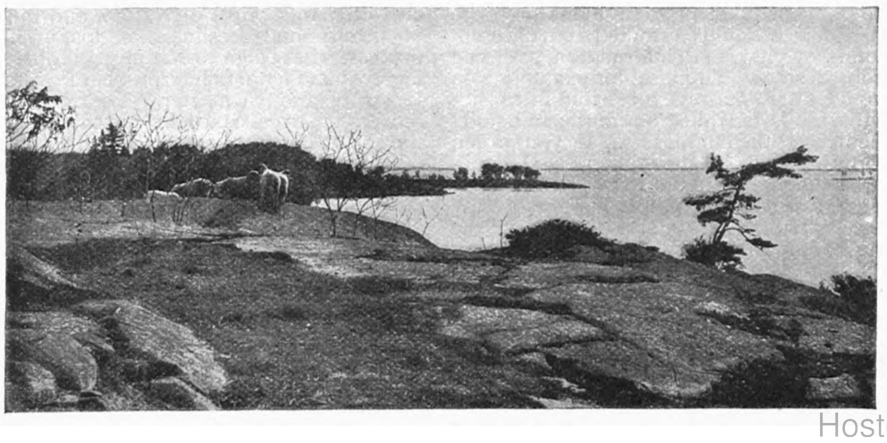
It is always an advantage to have a number of holders, as it is sometimes very inconvenient to change plates often while on a trip, and with several holders one change may be enough. Almost any dense black goods will do for a focusing cloth, but for all-around purposes rubber gossamer cloth is the best, as it is thoroughly opaque but light in weight, and in case of a sudden shower may be used to protect the camera outfit or the operator from the rain. A carrying case is usually sold with a camera box. The tripod should be carried separately. A spirit level will be found very useful—the best is a double one to fasten on the top of the camera box.

The fixtures, as described, are the indispensables. But should the beginner be able to afford a more extensive outfit there is much to choose from. The camera box may have all the adjustments, viz.: reversible back, rack and pinion and double swing, and be lighter in weight than the cheaper one. If two lenses can be purchased their focal capacity should be seven and a half and twelve inches, the latter of the single lens variety. If three lenses they should be, say, five, eight and twelve inches focus—these lenses being suitable for a five by seven plate. For a smaller plate, of course, the lenses will be smaller, and for a larger one, larger or longer focus. But as I have said before, it is best to start with one good lens, unless an old worker is at hand to advise and make the selections. Dry plates are next in order.

Many writers have counseled the use of slow plates by beginners, because the universal fault of all beginners in landscape photography is overexposure, and with the said slow plates there is more leeway—that is, overexposure can be more easily controlled in development. But slow plates are often very inconvenient, and as those of medium speed are more nearly universal it would be best to learn to use them at the beginning. A good make of plates should be selected and no inferior ones used. Before putting plates into the holders (film side out, of course) dust out the inside of the holders and then the film side of the plate with a soft camel's hair brush two or three inches wide, to remove any dust or foreign matter, which, if on the plate during exposure through the lens, would make clear spots and defects in the negative.

When on a trip the plates, after exposure, should be put back again carefully face to face in the pasteboard boxes. On the outside of each box should be noted the particulars of its contents.

The apparatus for developing and printing can be very simple and inexpensive, and the beginner had best beware of the so-called "complete outfits." Buy only what is needed at the time, and, where possible, the best of its kind. A rubber developing pan costs more than a japanned iron one, but the former will outlast two of the latter. The dark-room lantern need not be expensive, but must not leak white light. Printing frames are more satisfactory when a size larger than the negative, a piece of clear glass the size of the inside of the frame being used to support the negative. It is not within the scope of these articles to go into details other than these, but there is much the beginner needs to know, that time and money may not be wasted, therefore good literature on the subject should be read.



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*The first of a series of four practical articles on pictorial amateur photography. The author, Mr. Troth, ranks among the most successful amateur photographers in America, his photographs having been awarded gold, silver and bronze medals at exhibitions held in the United States and in the capitals of Europe. In the next (February) issue of the JOURNAL Mr. Troth will explain "Taking the Picture."

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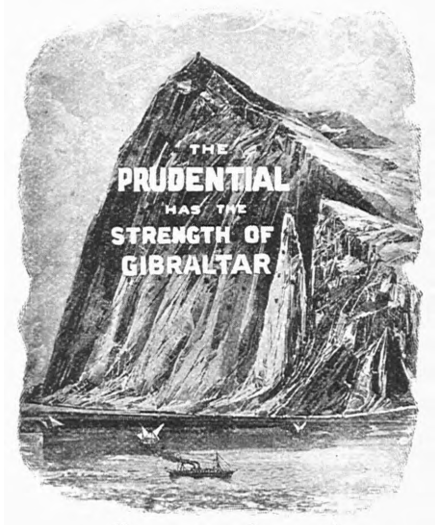

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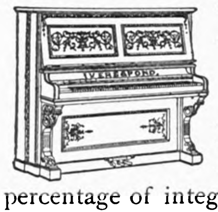

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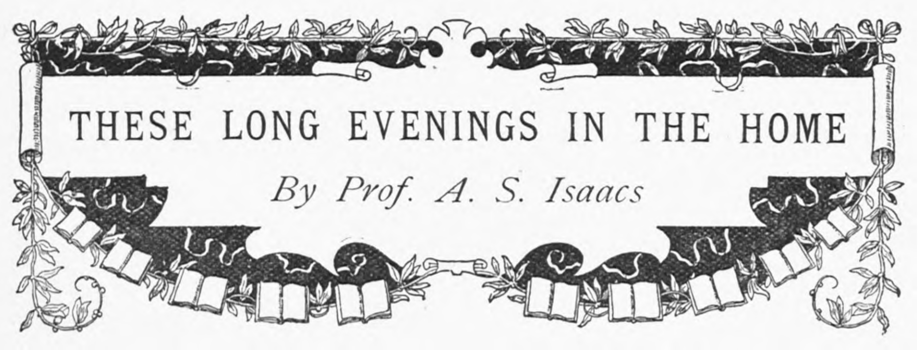

THESE LONG EVENINGS IN THE HOME

By Prof. A. S. Isaacs

IN THIS rapid transit era, where the duties of active life are so exacting and incessant, it becomes difficult, indeed, to arrange a course of study when once the gates of the school have closed and the gates of business swing open. And as the years pass very little opportunity is afforded to review or to increase one's stock of book knowledge. There are some people, however—and a larger proportion than we imagine—who are not satisfied with their half-knowledge, and who earnestly wish to study. This class merit warm sympathy and good advice. The problem they wish to solve is difficult but not impossible. The fact that they desire to study is half the battle. That desire indicates the possession of intelligence and a laudable ambition, which can be gratified if they display a little resolution and fondness for work. It is, indeed, a happy circumstance that there are thousands of families throughout our country inspired by a desire for study and lacking only judicious direction. They wish to make up for lost time, to attain the general average of culture in their neighborhood, and to be enabled to advance along special lines by their own efforts in the home circle.

COÖPERATION IN HOME STUDY

IN THE first place, there should be coöperation. The members of the family, however much they may differ in age and capacity, must be helpful to each other and coöperate for the common good. There ought to be judicious dovetailing, so to speak, of individual efforts and a due limitation of individual requirements. To a certain degree the work should be done together, and concessions should be made, so as to insure not alone harmony but that supreme feeling of pleasure which robs labor of all its sting. The rule of coöperation is advantageous in many ways. It emphasizes the unity of the household, and teaches unselfishness; it makes each one feel that he or she is a partner in the common fund, and powerfully promotes sociability. The preparation for study may be left to each one's taste or convenience.

The next rule, springing from the first, is division of labor. Here the task is simple. Let each member of the family contribute his or her share. Suppose, for example, that the subject of Heine is more or less discussed, owing to the difficulty of selecting a site for the proposed Lorelei fountain, and that it is desired to learn something more definite about Heine. Let the work be assigned to one to read up about Heine's life—a brief but satisfactory sketch is found in "Conant's Primer of German Literature," in Harper's "Half-Hour Series." Let another make a selection from his poems in a good English translation. Perhaps one of the family may be musical. Let her play Schumann's rendition of Heine's "Warum." If one can sing let him or her try some of Heine's songs. If an evening weekly or semi-monthly be devoted to a kind of home entertainment, to which a few neighbors of sympathetic tastes may be invited, there will be music (vocal and instrumental), literature, English readings, and biography, all combined, giving each member of the family the opportunity to study along different lines. Of course, it would be additionally helpful to have as critic at these informal gatherings any one who might have access to the best and latest sources of information, and who could in a short talk give a true estimate of Heine as poet, philosopher, critic and man.

ONE METHOD OF STUDY

IF THIS plan of literary and musical evenings at home be not practicable in all cases, owing to the limited number who could participate, surely one simple method of study in a family could readily be adopted. Let the art of reading aloud be practiced on certain evenings—that old-fashioned art which has fallen in abeyance. If the magazine or weekly will not furnish tempting material for the most fastidious taste, take some popularly-written and yet instructive work like McCarthy's "History of Our Times"—an admirable digest of events of our age. Certainly one member of the household must have a clear and distinct enunciation so that the half-hour reading will not prove monotonous. Let the last edition of a good dictionary be within easy reach for any unfamiliar word or doubtful pronunciation. The more reference books for any historical phrase or incident, or for more elaborate treatment, the better it will be.

UTILIZING LEISURE MOMENTS

THOSE of us who go to high school or college have books and teachers to inform us how to study. But the great mass of the people, thousands of young men and women whose school days are past and who have no opportunity to renew their academic experiences, have warm longings for culture which can be appeased only by a regular system of study. Their tastes stretch out in various directions, but too often fail to be gratified because they do not know how to study, and when, after repeated efforts they find the results disappointing, they give up in despair. They would like to utilize their few leisure moments to the best advantage, but are practically helpless. With a view to aid this large and growing class let me suggest a few simple rules which they may find useful. Whether it be science or languages, music or art, the first rule to follow is regularity of work. Our mind is more of a machine than most of us fancy. I have been told that a clock will keep better time if wound regularly at the same hour every day. Similarly, if we devote, as far as possible, the same hour daily to the study in hand, a mechanical impetus is given to the mental powers, and the habit of study is fixed for the future. It is unimportant if we devote only a small amount of time to study so long as we maintain regularity in our efforts at self-improvement. What is true of physical growth is true, as well, of the intellect. The athlete does not depend upon spasmodic and intermittent exertions, but upon regularity in exercise and rest.

THE FRAGMENTS THAT COUNT

IT IS the fragments that count, the little expenses or receipts that result in poverty or wealth. It is the small but steady additions to one's stock of knowledge which assure our culture and give our mind its fitting development. In this connection, too, one's taste and time must be the guide after all—it is difficult to set a precise rule to suit every case. Study, to be effective however, must be thorough and not superficial. It is best to master one period in literature, to be familiar with one great epoch in history, to know one science accurately, to be an adept in one art, than to extend one's efforts over too wide a field with the danger of losing interest after a month or two. It is a safe rule to follow—to study what we like, and then we shall like what we study. It is possible to alternate the work, giving a few months to history, and then a similar time to literature. This method secures variety, especially if we study with the side-lights—that is, getting all the information we can as to the writer, period or country under treatment. A glance at Green's "Short History of the English People" will show how history is written, with the side-lights.

THE RULE OF CONCENTRATION

THE next important rule is that of concentration. The old injunction, "This one thing do," is true for all time. We must learn to concentrate our energies if we would achieve success. If you would drive home a nail you must strike it on the head and the well-directed blows will tell at last. In our youthful exuberance we wish to do everything at once—we would botanize, study French, map out the constellations, read a dozen authors, interpret the composers, be Jack of all trades and master of none. The better plan is to be master of one branch before we begin a new. Let us hate that rapidity which leads to superficiality. Let us welcome that habit of concentration which takes us to the root of things.

It may be urged against the rule of concentration that it is likely to become monotonous and thus defeat its object. To prevent all danger of monotony, the one subject should be studied from different points of view, and information gathered from all sides. Suppose, for example, you would attain more expression in music: put aside for a while your music and study the lives of the composers. If you would play Chopin as he should be played, familiarize yourself with the story of his career. If you would study the history of any era or nation, turn for a time from the moves on the political chessboard and acquaint yourself with the amusements of the people of that particular race or age, their habits of living, the structure of their homes, the fashion of their garments, the peculiarities of their language. If your desire be literature, follow the lives as well as the lines of your favorite poets.

THE STUDENT'S FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER

BE ENTHUSIASTIC in what you do. Believe in its usefulness for you. Love the work for its own sake, as part of the duty you owe your manhood or womanhood. There is at present no chair of enthusiasm at any of the colleges, but no quality is more vital or more to be insisted upon. It is the lubricator of mind and soul, arousing our best efforts and giving a warmth and glow that drive us on to the best results. So long as a spark of enthusiasm remains we are eternally young; when it dies away our youth vanishes as well. It is, indeed, a divine gift—that of enthusiasm. It makes us forget all difficulties and disappointments. Under its influence we fly where we formerly plodded along. We soar above the plains, we gain the heights, we breathe a lovelier atmosphere. Everything becomes transformed as by a magic spell, which in those famous lines of "Faust,"

> "For a moment with a sense of wings,
> Uplifts us, bears us onward and away."

Half the battle in acquiring knowledge in any field is to love the work we do. The secret of achievement is enthusiasm, and the more lasting one's success when that spirit of enthusiasm is reënforced by the quality of persistence. Enthusiasm lights up the history of learning, the entire record of human accomplishment. Given its possession, the humblest mechanic may become an inventor, the burdens of the forge and farm are changed to benedictions, the petty toil of each day is transfigured and we spring with alertness to every task, for the song of triumph is resounding.

I regard regularity, concentration and enthusiasm as the student's four-leafed clover that will help him and her in many ways. Of course, more will be found necessary. Patience, pluck and perseverance are qualities necessary to permanent success in any field.

A GOOD WORKING LIBRARY

THE subject of books must not be overlooked. To acquire a good working library is the best capital for youth. The pleasure of adding to one's select books and of watching their slow but steady increase is, indeed, delightful to every age, but most of all to young people. Books are cheaper than ever before—there is a wide choice in editions. Let the purchases be made not too rapidly. Be as careful in buying a book as in selecting a friend, for you wish to have both for a lifetime and not for the passing mood. If one's means are limited a few "best books"—books that are authoritative in their departments—are to be preferred to many works that you would never think of reading more than once. The true student loves his books. It is a good plan, too, to begin gathering a library along the lines first of your special pursuit. Nor is the scrapbook to be despised; it becomes a treasure-trove if its accumulations are carefully arranged.

One delightful and unconscious way to add to one's knowledge is to form an authors' scrapbook. Devote a page each to authors, placing their pictures and reprints of their homes and haunts on one side, and on the other sketches of their lives and works, which you will often find in the papers, or any contemporary opinions that you run across. It is always easy to buy old copies of the magazines that contain good woodcuts or engravings, and in the course of a month or two your collection will grow and your literary album be the most precious book in your library. Perhaps you may visit the birthplace of a favorite author: then let a fern or a flower, neatly pressed, serve as a further memorial and be placed next to the portrait of the homestead. The possession of such a unique book will soon lead you to the authors themselves, until their best thoughts have become part of your best self. This idea of a literary scrapbook can be readily applied in other directions. For instance, an estimable artist friend collected in ordinary scrapbooks cartoons from "Punch" extending over many years, forming thus a valuable history of contemporary caricature. In addition, he had gathered in a similar way portraits of famous people from the best English and French illustrated weeklies. What he began as an amusement on a rainy day, when he was in no mood to work at his easel, became a recreation during many decades.

It is not necessary, however, to confine one's idea of study to reading. Books are often transcripts of Nature, and much of beauty and freshness is lost in the process. Let us go to Nature with observing eyes and learn to interpret her manifold lessons without a master. The rock, the flower, the tree, starlight and moonlight, the soil at our feet and the amazing wealth of animate and inanimate life all around us—these offer priceless opportunities for study and will amply reward the student. The changing hues of sunset will teach you art, the mystery of the leaf will introduce you to chemistry, the song of the bird will initiate you into music. And you will go back to your books refreshed and strengthened from your spells of communion with the larger world without, with your interests widened, your sympathies broadened, a reverent student in the university of life.

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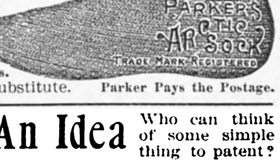

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A LITTLE FOLKS' CALENDAR FOR 1897

By Clifford Howard

JANUARY

Though the long, frosty nights of the Winter are here,
This month is the dawn of a happy new year.
The old year has vanished—has faded and died;
Yet onward and forward on life's flowing tide
The new one will bear us with laughter and joy,
With music and sunshine for each girl and boy;
And may you all live to see many more years,
Free from sorrows and troubles and worries and tears.

FEBRUARY

This cold little month with its twenty-eight days
Is the season of snow with its fast-fleeting sleighs,
When icicles hang from each corner and nook,
And skaters are skimming on river and brook,
When the sparrows come in from the snow-covered lane
And chirrup for crumbs by the bright window-pane,
And dear little Cupid stops in on his way
With missives of love on St. Valentine's Day.

MARCH

Like a frolicsome lion March comes with a roar,
And stirs up the weather as never before.
But the days of old Winter are passing away;
His breath becomes feeble; he stops in his play.
The brooklets are melting, the winds cease to blow,
And the trailing arbutus peeps out from the snow,
While far in the distance the bobolinks sing—
'Tis the Winter's good-by and the greeting of Spring.

APRIL

Here come the sunbeams and the soft, gentle showers,
As they play hide-and-seek in their hunt for the flowers.
First it rains, then it shines; then it shines, then it rains,
Till the fields and the meadows, the gardens and lanes
Are sparkling with tears and with smiles all in one,
Like diamonds reflecting the rays of the sun;
While zephyrs come stealing o'er mountain and lake
To kiss the red blossoms and bid them awake.

MAY

The posies have come and the birds are all here,
Pouring forth their glad warblings in melodies clear;
The robin, the swallow, the oriole gay,
The bluebird, the wren and the bright-feathered jay;
And sweet-scented violets hide in the grass
To kiss the footsteps of the children who pass,
While the clover and pansies look up to the breeze,
And pink-petaled blossoms look down from the trees.

JUNE

The month of the roses—white, yellow and red;
Their fragrance all over the garden is spread.
The woodlands are ringing, the clover-fields hum—
The glories and music of Summer have come.
The sun rises early with warm, rosy light,
And lingers with blushes 'most into the night,
For he wants to enjoy all the beauties of earth,
And hark to the songs of the Summer-time's mirth.

JULY

The days of vacation, of rest and of fun,
When rosy-cheeked faces turn brown in the sun,
When the meadows are sweet with the scent of the hay,
And the tinkle of cow-bells is heard far away.
And this is the month of the glorious Fourth,
When flags are unfurled from the south to the north,
When cannons and crackers and sky-rockets, too,
Go blazing away for the red, white and blue.

AUGUST

The month of hot days and thermometers high;
The month when bright meteors flash through the sky;
When the fields are all swarming with beetles and bugs,
And the farmers are calling for cold-water jugs;
When we long for the mountains and cool, shaded streams
That ripple and babble with lullaby dreams,
Or the storm-beaten rocks on the sands by the shore,
Where the billows are rolling in musical roar.

SEPTEMBER

The month when sweet apples begin to turn red,
And ripen and mellow on boughs overhead.
Morning-glories have climbed to the top window-ledge,
And goldenrod waves by the roadside and hedge.
The days become shorter and breezes are cool,
And little folks have to go back to their school;
For vacation is over, the Summer is gone,
And Autumn and Winter are now coming on.

OCTOBER

Now the leaves are all turning red, yellow and brown,
And over-ripe apples and nuts tumble down.
The blackbird is screaming his way to the south;
The squirrel is gathering the nuts in his mouth;
The owlet is building her nest in the tree;
The ant is as busy as busy can be;
The cricket is singing his warning of snow,
And cold, dreary winds are beginning to blow.

NOVEMBER

The leaves now are gone, all the blossoms are dead;
The birds and the bees—all, all now have fled.
The gardens are withered and faded and bare;
No sweet-smelling posies are now blooming there;
Nought but the chrysanthemums lovely and true,
That come at the end, when the Summer is through,
To bring to the world, as the year fades away,
The dream of a brighter and happier day.

DECEMBER

Ah, this is the merriest month of the year,
Filled with gladness and joy and with rousing good cheer!
Though there's ice on the ponds and there's snow on the ground,
Green holly and mistletoe ever abound
To tell us of Christmas, of hope and of light,
When hearts are all merry and happy and bright.
So we laugh at the winds and we scoff at the snow,
And we chuckle the louder the harder they blow.

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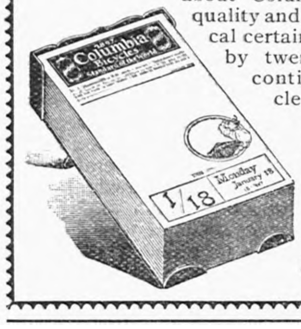

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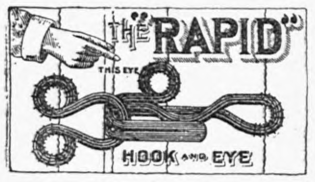

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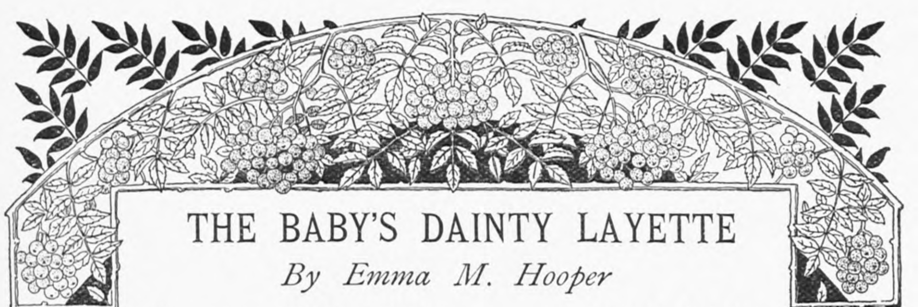

THE BABY'S DAINTY LAYETTE

By Emma M. Hooper

IT IS necessary that an infant's first clothes should combine daintiness, comfort, health, utility, and sometimes cheapness as well. Although all of the articles of which the layette is composed may be bought ready-made it is usually a labor of love for the expectant mother to make the outfit herself. The seams, the tucking, etc., may be done on the machine, but most of the work should, when possible, be done by hand. If the mother is not a neat sewer, however, it will be better to trust entirely to the sewing-machine or to patronize the shops where ready-made clothes are sold. At these a layette may be purchased for from twenty-five dollars upward. Absolute cleanliness is required for a baby, but too many clothes at first is a useless expense, as the baby so soon outgrows its first clothes.

AMONG THE NECESSITIES

WHICH are positively required are the following: Four each of bands, pure wool skirts, flannel skirts, cambric skirts, pinning blankets, nightgowns, slips which may be used for nightgowns and *vice versa,* four dresses, a flannel wrapper, one flannel shawl, four bibs, two crocheted or cashmere sacques, six pairs of knitted socks, two dozen small diapers and the same number of a larger size, a large flannel apron to lay the baby on when bathing it, and six soft bath towels. When expense is not an object have six of each article in place of four and add two robe dresses handsomely trimmed. It is not customary to buy the cloak and caps until after the baby's birth. Baby baskets may be found from three to six dollars made up, or, for basket alone, from one dollar up. The basket should be covered with white, pink or blue cambric, overlaid with dotted Swiss or *point d' esprit* net, the bottom padded a little and a deep ruffle all around the edge. Two pockets of Swiss are added and a pincushion tied on with ribbon. The basket should contain a silver, celluloid or Dresden china soap-box holding a piece of Castile soap, pair of small scissors, bottle of sweet oil, box of absorbent cotton, silver box full of different sized safety-pins or several papers of the same, box of borated powder having a perforated top, tiny brush and comb, velvet bath sponge, spool of white thread, a few needles and a thimble. This basket holds the clothes for dressing the baby each morning and keeps everything conveniently at hand. There are lovely little clothes-hampers for keeping the daily supply of clothes in, but they are more expensive. A china dish, divided in the centre for sponge and soap, costs from one dollar up, and a folding bathtub on a standard about four dollars, but a tin bath on a wooden chair will answer the same purpose.

FOR OUTING WEAR

BABY carriages are now fitted with rubber tires on the wheels for about two dollars extra. The baby carriage is much cheaper than it used to be, fifteen dollars buying a very pretty one, ten dollars a good one and twenty a very handsome affair. This includes the parasol, which usually is of white, and nowadays frequently lined with green to save the baby's eyes. The upholstering of the carriage is done in plush, tapestry, jute, etc., in plain or figured colors. The winter carriage robe is of eiderdown flannel bound with ribbon, of crochet lined with silk, of silk wadded with down, of fleecy cloth, ribbon-bound and silk-embroidered, or of a fur lambskin of fleecy white, a good quality costing ten dollars. For warmer weather there are unlined crochet robes, white or colored linen embroidered, light flannel ditto, all capable of being laundered. The first caps are of lawn. They are simply round mob caps with wide lawn strings and a plaiting around the face with a large rosette at the top. There are soft silk caps worn under these in chilly weather, and wadded silk or cashmere or crochet hoods for colder weather. For summer wear there are brim hats of lawn having a full crown, and lovely piqué hats and sunbonnets trimmed with embroidery which cost from two dollars and fifty cents in white, blue or pink, the lawn hats commencing at fifty cents. The paper pattern houses furnish patterns of these little hats if mothers desire to make them, also for the caps of lawn, with Valenciennes lace edging the plaited ruche. All patterns for infants in long robes come in one size only.

THE CLOAK AND ROBE

THE christening robe is usually of the finest mull and trimmed with real Valenciennes lace edging, but one of fine nainsook with hemstitched hem, front of machine-made Valenciennes insertion and nainsook embroidery, yoke to correspond, makes a very dainty and serviceable affair. It may be made as follows: Take two lengths of fine lawn, thirty-six inches wide, costing about fifty cents a yard; have a three-inch hem hemstitched and a ruffle of three-inch Valenciennes lace; whip this to the lower edge. Gather to a short, square yoke, opening it in the back. The yoke should be made of stripes of lace insertion and nainsook embroidery and edged with a ruffle of lace, the neck being finished with a ruffle of narrower lace. Cover the front with alternate crosswise rows of lace and embroidery insertion, commencing them at the hem twenty inches wide and tapering toward the top to a width of six inches; a ruffle of lace down each side. One-seam sleeves gathered in to the armholes and at the wrists, where there is a band of insertion and ruffle of lace. Of three-inch lace eight yards, of narrow edging half a yard, and of lace and nainsook insertion six yards of each. One yard from the neck to the lower edge is amply long for a dress, many being only thirty-three inches, as it has been decided unhealthy for the baby to be burdened with any extra weight. The cloak may be of bengaline silk at a dollar and a half a yard, Bedford cord at a quarter less though twice the width, or of cashmere at seventy-five cents up, using two yards and a quarter of double-width goods for a pretty design lined with sateen and wadded if necessary. There is a plain waist buttoned in front, to which two widths are gathered; sleeves full, top and bottom, with a turn-over cuff; ripple cape having five points to below the waist and edged with Chinese lamb fur, a box-plaited ruche of two-inch white ribbon or silk pinked, and a ruffle of the same at the neck. If preferred all the edges may be finished with a border of silk embroidery. Another pretty cloak of Bedford cord requires three yards and an eighth for two widths gathered to a short waist just to bottom of armholes, a circular cape half the length of the entire garment, round collar and full sleeves having a tiny cuff. White, light blue, tan and pearl-gray are the desirable colors. Ready-made these coats sell from five dollars for a really neat one, and ten buys quite an elaborately embroidered one. Japanese silk at fifty cents makes a pretty and dainty lining.

SOME LITTLE THINGS

PRETTY crocheted sacques cost from forty cents, charming ones a dollar. Crocheted or knit bootees are from twenty cents, or higher in the ankle from thirty cents up. Make triangular-shaped diaper protectors of quilted muslin; half a yard will make two. Use them only when the baby is going out. Bibs are of piqué or muslin slightly wadded, quilted and edged with embroidery. Three-eighths of a yard of twenty-inch goods makes a bib; the fanciest are star-shaped and edged with lace. Cashmere sacques require five-eighths of a yard of forty-four-inch material and have only side and shoulder seams, full coat sleeves and a turn-over collar, with the edges scalloped or feather-stitched, and the fronts buttoned with three pearl buttons. A yard of Henrietta or cashmere makes a neat wrap to be worn when carrying this precious baby through halls, etc. One corner is rounded off and shirred to form a ruffle around the face, with more shirring to form a little hood, and ribbon strings at the neck; the other three corners form a tiny shawl, and all the edges are scalloped or bound with silk tape. Get the eighteen and twenty-two inch sanitary cotton diapering, which comes in ten-yard pieces averaging about eighty cents a piece. Make the diapers square with small hems hand-sewed. Use gros-grain ribbon on an infant's clothes in preference to satin—pink for a boy, blue for a girl, and white for either. The soft muslin called long-cloth is excellent for the bands of the skirts. Get white, not cream-colored, flannel; if laundered carefully it will remain soft and white.

The finest, purest wool shirts cost a dollar and fifty cents; if with a little cotton they are a dollar, and under that price they are still soft but not as fine. They should be high-necked and long-sleeved. Four bands may be made from a yard of flannel, each being nine inches deep and twenty-five long, with an inch turned down all around, and feather-stitched on the right side with silk. All possible seams are to be avoided.

SKIRTS AND NIGHTGOWNS

CAMBRIC, which is thirty-six inches wide and costs from ten cents a yard upward, is used for skirts fastening in the back with double band, the same as that used for the flannel skirts. To this are gathered two widths of cambric, each a yard long before turning the hem, the length depending upon the dresses, which should be an inch longer than the cambric skirts, and the flannel slightly shorter. There may be a cluster of tiny tucks, a hemstitched hem, row of embroidery insertion or even a frill of embroidery added, but, as a rule, only a hem, and, perhaps, tucks, is the preference. All seams on cambric are neatly felled, but those on flannel should be opened and feather-stitched back flatly. It is these little things which require time but do not add one jot to the expense that makes the layette dainty and attractive. The little nightgowns should also be made of cambric and finished with bands of narrow edging. Two yards and an eighth is needed. There are only side and shoulder seams; each width is thirty inches long and hemmed, and the sleeves are in full coat style. These gowns are usually worn during the day, also, for the first month until it becomes easier to dress the baby. A Watteau wrapper of flannel, is made from three yards and an eighth of twenty-seven-inch goods, and prettily finished on all edges with feather-stitching of heavy embroidery silk. The wrapper opens in front, and is fastened with three pearl buttons, has a turn-over collar, full coat sleeves, sacque fronts, and full sacque back laid in two box-plaits at the top, but not caught lower down. Another wrapper of a simple sacque shape requires five-eighths of a yard less than the one described, and may be made of cream cheesecloth lined with the same or with thin flannel and interlined with one layer of white sheet wadding. Knots of blue worsted may be tied through the materials all over the garment.

The pinning blanket is worn under the flannel skirt for the first three months chiefly to keep the feet warm; it should be made of "infant's flannel," which is part cotton and well shrunk, is a yard wide and thirty-two inches long. Gather a yard of this flannel to a muslin band twenty-two inches long and twelve inches deep before doubling it. The flannel is left open all the way up the front and finished with feather-stitched hems. The flannel skirt consists of two widths of twenty-seven-inch flannel seamed up, gathered to a muslin band and finished with a feather-stitched hem three inches deep, using a yard and three-fourths of flannel. Some of these skirts have the lower edge scalloped and embroidered in an elaborate manner. A yard of flannel, bound with silk tape, scalloped or cat-stitched, and with an embroidered corner if wished, is used as a shawl.

THE FIRST DRESSES

MAY be made of nainsook or lawn; the soft-finished mulls seem out of favor for such a purpose; India linen is also used. These dresses are made with yokes and trimmed with either nainsook, Hamburg embroidery or patented Valenciennes lace. The yokes may be bought ready-made. Of yard-wide material two yards and three-quarters is the usual allowance for a dress, with a quarter of a yard of tucking for yoke. A plain or hemstitched hem is the usual finish. There are many varieties of dresses; one may be made with a round yoke finished with a frill of two-inch embroidery and narrower as a neck band; sleeve gathered to a wide frill and again at the shoulder. All the little dresses open in the back. Another one may be made with a sacque yoke, reaching nearly to the lower edge of the armholes, of alternate stripes of insertion and three tucks, with the narrow feather-stitching for a finish; turn-down ruffle of embroidery in the neck, headed with the stitching, and full coat sleeves having little turn-over cuffs. A third may be made with shirring at the centre, back and front, held two inches below by two rows of feather-stitching. Others may be made with a yoke, pointed back and front, as the yoke is capable of the greatest variety. On one the fullness below the yoke in front may be held at the waist-line by a band of embroidery, to which are attached long sash ends that tie in the back. Another design is a plain little waist to which the skirt is gathered; two rows of frilled edging, headed with insertion as bretelles back and front, to the waist-line; collar of edging; full sleeves gathered to a frill of embroidery, and up the front rows of feather-stitching. Slips might be termed plain dresses, as they are also of cambric with a finish of edging at neck and wrists. They are simply made, have full coat sleeves and are cut thirty-four inches long. Some are gathered all around the neck, others are simply shirred at the centre, back and front, or have the necessary fullness there laid in a cluster of lengthwise tucks to the waist-line. Some mothers dispense with nightgowns, using slips for this purpose for a month.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "The Home Dressmaker," will be found on page 31 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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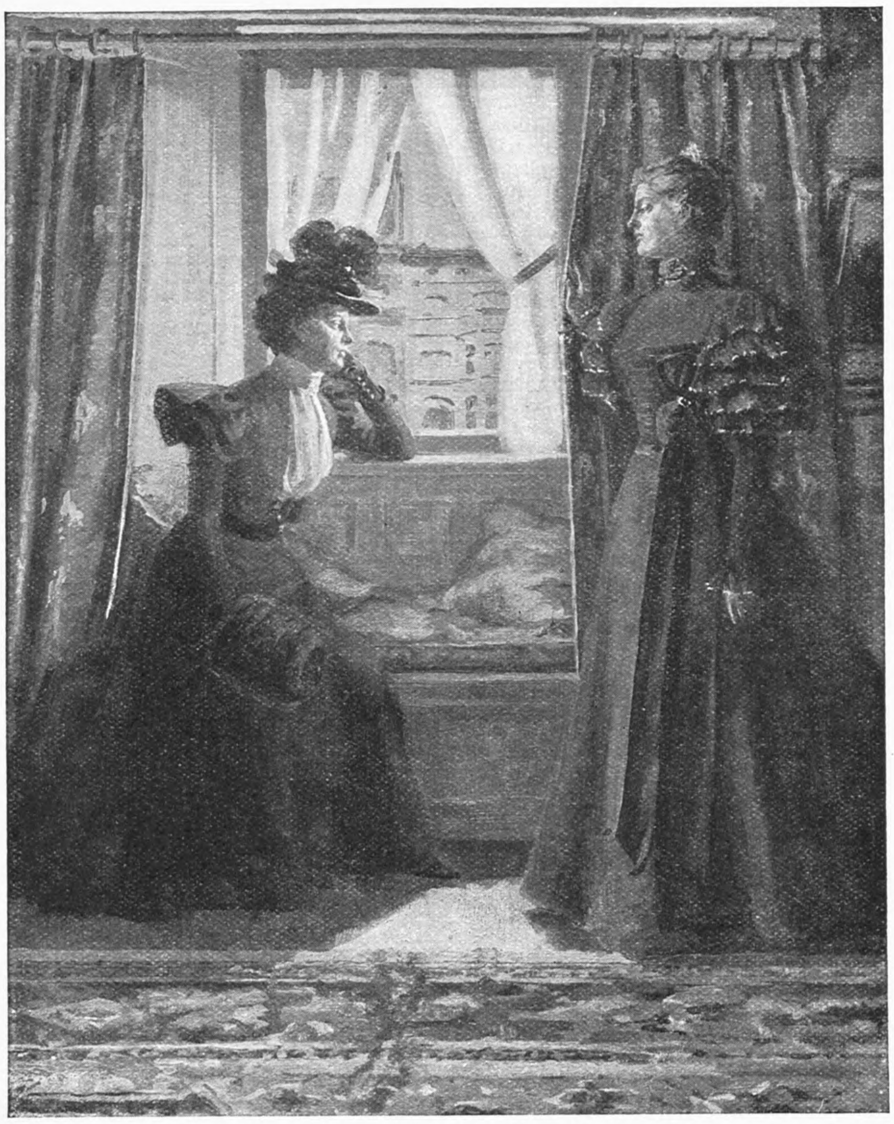


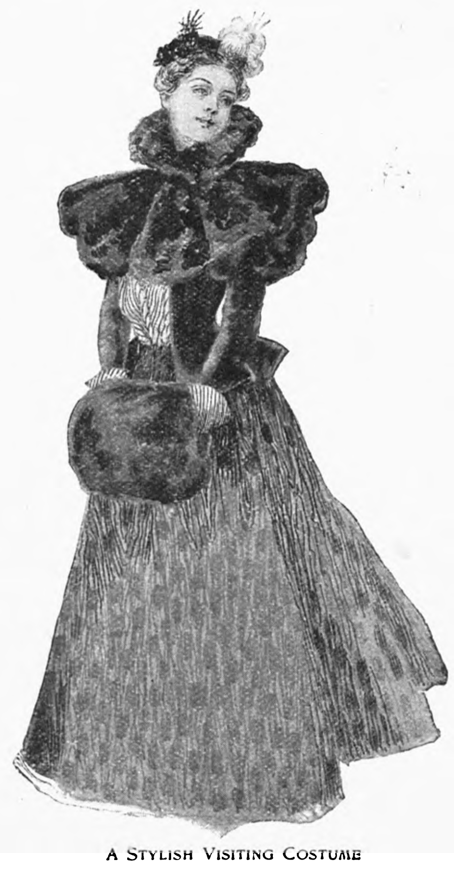
THE VISITOR AND THE HOSTESS

By Isabel A. Mallon

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

NOWADAYS the woman who has twenty friends or she who has two hundred receives them on a special day. Then she is ready for them, and it is not necessary to express to a single visitor the regret of her hostess at not being able to see her. The tea-gown, no matter how handsome it may be, is not intended for wear even by the hostess at an afternoon "at home." Instead, a pretty, well-fitting frock is assumed, which, if necessary, may be worn equally well at a place of amusement, or, with a wrap and bonnet added, form a calling costume. The combination of stuffs with velvet or satin gives to the visiting toilette a rich appearance and makes possible artistic contrasts in color as well as in materials. There is a decided liking for moiré; usually, the moiré is watered in the broad fashion, and has large figures or designs in the same color as the background, brocaded in silk, not velvet, upon it. Brocaded moiré is almost invariably combined with velvet; the moiré is used for the skirt and the velvet for the bodice, although some part of the bodice, the back, the waistcoat, the draped corselet, or perhaps only the belt and collar, must be of the same material as the skirt.

Black, in velvet, silk and wool, is more popular than ever before, and dressmakers endeavor to gain novel effects by using the magpie colors, *i. e.*, black and white. A new material which bids fair to gain great popularity is called "soleil cloth." It is a light weight of cloth with a sheen as glossy as satin upon it. Though this sounds as if this new material must be costly it is not really so, owing to its being of double width. Lace, and passementerie of jet, steel, gold, pearl, and that rich kind formed of imitation precious stones, are used largely and artistically upon gowns for the street and the house.



A STYLISH VISITING COSTUME

A COSTUME FOR THE HOSTESS

ALTHOUGH the extremely large sleeve is no longer in vogue, the trimmed sleeve in all its beauty obtains, and the looker-on finds it difficult to decide as to which is absolutely a large, or merely a small sleeve elaborately trimmed. The bishop sleeve, flaring, but drooping, and then shaping into the arm at the elbow and coming far over the hand, is fashionable and always pretty. A costume worn by a hostess on her "at home" day has a flaring skirt of dark blue wool; the bodice is a closely-fitted one, and about the lower part of it, beginning at the waist and extending to the bust-line, is a draped, but closely-fitted, corselet of black satin; on the left side, near the front, where the corselet fastens are three loops of black satin ribbon; one loop stands straight up, one points toward the belt each side, while in the centre is a Rhinestone buckle, from under which come two ribbon ends that reach almost to the edge of the skirt.

The neck finish is a folded stock of black satin with overlapping points of black chiffon, defined by a narrow jet piping; the stock fastens in the back under flaring loops of black satin ribbon. Each sleeve is fitted to the arm, and comes down over the hand in a point that is finished by a frill of chiffon like that which forms the points on the stock. The upper part of each sleeve is made elaborate by five frills of chiffon, each frill glistening under its piping of jet as far down the arm as the elbow. The hair is worn off the face, and a becoming comb gives to the coiffure a decidedly smart look.

She who is making over a gown can gain wisdom by imitating this one. A black gown freshened may be made after this model and trimmed with black satin and black chiffon. If one has a black satin to remodel, it may be effectually trimmed with white.

THE DRESS OF ONE VISITOR

ONE visitor wore a costume of mixed brown and white cheviot. The skirt was quite plain; the bodice showed a short Eton jacket of the cheviot, square, and fitted in the back as well as in the front. The vest was a full front of white chiffon and there was about the waist a broad, fitted belt of green velvet; the belt was fastened in front under large cut steel buttons, the one at the top being just in the centre, and a slant being observed in the placing of the others so that the last one was just above the waist-line at the side. The sleeves were fitted ones of the cheviot, with two flaring caps of green velvet above each at the shoulder. A white satin stock was the neck finish. The hat had a brim of pliable brown felt, a puffed crown of green velvet, and a cluster of brown feathers was caught at one side under a steel ornament. The gloves were light tan dressed kid, and the muff was of mink lined with dark green satin. The cape, to be assumed if the day were chilly, was of mink; it had a square back, a high Medici collar and long, square ends.

Another handsome visiting costume showed a flaring skirt of black moiré, with brocaded globes upon it of the same hue. The bodice was really a marquise coat of black velvet, with a waistcoat of striped black and white silk, soft and full, showing between the flaring fronts. The sleeves of the velvet were somewhat full at the top, then they drooped and shaped into the arm, fitting closely at the wrists, flaring over the hands sufficiently to permit the sleeve to be turned back, and faced in cuff fashion with the black and white striped silk. The collar was a folded one of white chiffon with three overlapping points of black velvet, each caught with a tiny jet ornament. To wear with it there was a short ripple cape of black astrakhan and a muff to match, while the close-fitting bonnet was of black velvet, with a bunch of white tips on one side and two or three astrakhan heads and an elaborate jet ornament on the other. Heavy white gloves, closing with two buttons, were worn.

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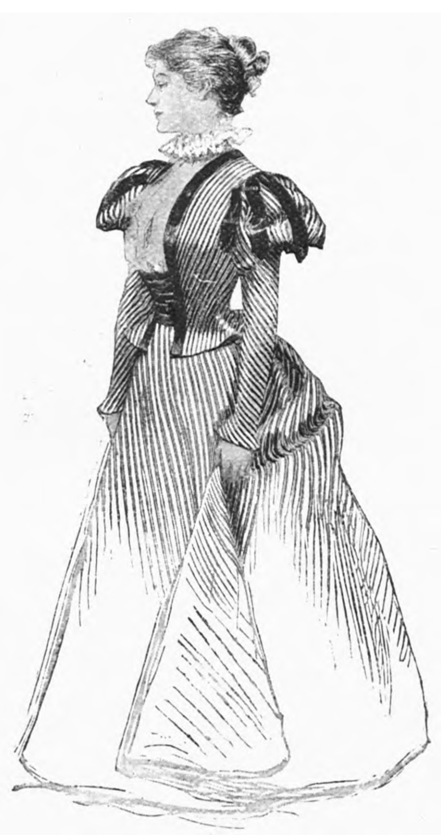
ANOTHER PRETTY HOUSE DRESS

A HOUSE dress which showed another mode of developing the much-liked black and white contrast, had a flaring skirt of black and white striped silk, the black stripes really being of satin, so that they formed a decided contrast to the silk. The bodice, a fitted basque of the striped silk with a very short ripple skirt, was cut away in front to permit the showing of a very narrow vest of white silk mull and a broad under-belt of black satin. Where the material separated from the vest there were bias straps, one on each side, of black satin, that fitted the body-line and terminated at the edge of the ripple skirt. The sleeves were a little full at the shoulders but shaped in to fit the arm, and of the striped material; over the upper part fell five black satin strips. The sleeves flared at the wrist and were piped with black satin as an edge finish. The high collar was a folded one of white silk mull, decidedly high; over it was a flaring collar of fine Valenciennes lace.



A BLACK AND WHITE EFFECT

The hair was parted and waved, some ornamental pins holding the soft twist in position. If the hostess wished to wear this dress as a visiting toilette she could assume with it a Watteau jacket of black broadcloth, and a small jet bonnet, with a white osprey feather at one side, and jet ornaments and plaitings of black chiffon at the other. Black or white kid gloves could be worn and a muff of black fur.

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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Edited by Mrs. Margaret Bottome

HEART TO HEART TALKS

I HAD been thinking of that wonderful scene in the "upper room" where the early disciples were met, and where they prayed together day after day for the gift that had been promised them, and at last He came, and there was a strange symbol that sat on each head: cloven tongues of fire. I was sitting by a fire in the most delightful and hospitable home of one of our Daughters in an Eastern State, and my mind was dwelling on the marvelous scene in the long ago. I love an open fire, and so I watched, while thinking of these things, the smouldering logs of wood in the open fireplace. As my hostess passed through the room I heard her say to the maid, "Bring some driftwood," but I did not know what driftwood was. I saw the maid put some boards on the fire, and for a few moments my attention was diverted, for I had turned to write at the library table and my back was to the fire. When I turned I saw a sight I shall never forget. It seemed a rainbow on fire, and all that I could see was the tongues of fire I had been thinking of. Afterward I told my hostess how wonderfully the beautiful sight had affected me, and then I asked, "What is driftwood?" and her reply was, "Pieces of wreck—pieces of wood that have floated from wrecks of ships when they had gone to pieces." Driftwood!

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HAVING THE MARKS OF THE NAILS

OUT on the water drifting here and there, soaked with salt and having the marks of the nails that had been driven through the boards! For though the nails had been taken out the marks were still there. My hostess said, "Would you like to see a piece of the driftwood?" and when I answered yes, and the maid brought in a piece of the wood, I saw the marks where the nails had been. I cannot tell all that I saw in that moment as I murmured "Driftwood," but I thought, God only knows how much there is of "driftwood" in many human lives. And then I remembered the beautiful fire, and, of course, could see that the most beautiful colors had come from where the copper from the nails had lingered, and I saw then, and I see now, that all this driftwood, all these wrecked hearts and lives need is to have what those poor fishermen had, and those few women (through whose hearts the sword had passed) who waited in Jerusalem until the baptism of fire came, and all their after lives became a flame of holy love and holy zeal for the One whose Spirit had come to them. And after the lapse of nearly two thousand years we go to the words of Saint John and Saint Peter to be inspired, to light our torches by the remembrance even of their pentecostal fire. But why are we not on fire? Are we not to a very great extent driftwood? How many of us have been wrecked in one way or another? I believe the Master knew what was going on and what was needed when He said: "He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted." I think He is quite content with "driftwood," and no one knows so well as He how beautiful "driftwood" will be when on fire with Divine love. But the fire is needed. There was no beauty in that driftwood until it was on fire, and I fancied, as I saw the beautiful flame ascend from the marks of the scars, that it might be saying: "I am glad the nails were driven through me, I am glad of even the wreck, glad of the days and nights on the briny deep when I was drifting I knew not where. Oh, how glad I am that I was picked up, and now when I hear the exclamation 'how lovely' none know as I do that I owe it all to Him of whom it was said, 'He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.'"

As I sit in my study where from month to month the accounts come to me through your letters of dreadful wrecks—wrecked hopes, wrecked love—and as you tell me you are drifting away I cry out, "Oh! do, dear Daughters, take a lesson from the driftwood." You may, if you only will, be made beautiful by the fires of a love that will never turn to ashes. Undoubtedly one of the women who waited in that upper room for the baptism of fire was the one out of whom Jesus had cast seven devils; now the tongue of fire is on her head. And it is all joy now.

Oh, will you not say with me at the commencement of 1897:

> "Though on our heads no tongues of fire
> Their wondrous power imparts,
> Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
> Thy Spirit in our hearts."

THE POWER OF LOVE

I HEARD a man not long ago tell of his first love. He was only eleven years of age when he first fell in love, and a real boy—fond of boy's sports and rather careless of his personal appearance. Indeed, his mother could not get him to keep his boots well blacked. In the school which he attended there was a very lovely little girl, who was the admiration of everybody, and this boyish boy had thought her very, very pretty, but that was all. One morning he went to school with his boots more than usually dirty, and as he entered a room adjoining the schoolroom he heard his name called, and, looking up, the face of the beautiful child appeared at the window, and all she said was, "I love you!" He said he stood looking at the spot where she had been for some moments, and then he was ashamed for the first time of his dirty boots and his careless appearance. The next day he surprised his mother beyond measure by the care with which he prepared for school.

As I listened to the story that never grows old the truth flashed upon my mind with unusual force that the great need with human hearts, and the one thing that will make them sorry for sin (uncleanness), is just what the boy had—the consciousness that he was loved. It was love that transformed him as love always does. Maybe we would not be conformed to this world if we could only be transformed by seeing a face and hearing a voice that should say to us, "I love you!" Alas! it is because we do not realize this that we are careless, not of our personal appearance but of our appearance in heart—our soul appearance. We do not really feel that God loves us, and be sure that it is not more true that human love transforms us than that the knowledge of His personal love for us makes us new creatures. Oh, how I love to see transformed Christians. The one thing that Christ complained of in regard to one church was that they had left their first love and nothing satisfied Him after that. He spoke of all they did, but it did not satisfy Him. Ah, He is like us. Nothing satisfies us but love, and nothing less will satisfy Him. Suppose we commence at the other end. Instead of trying to be clean and pure, and never really making it out, let us believe that God means all that He says, and that He says it to us as individuals.

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"PUT IT SOMEWHERE"

THE words were uttered by a young boy as he leaned over those sitting between himself and his father and handed him a little bunch of violets. I saw the father take the violets and I saw him turn his face away, and I knew the tears had started to his eyes. The mother of the boy was in Paradise, and the boy in a few days would be away at school separated from the father whose idol he was, and the words lingered with me, "Put it somewhere." Ah, how sure I was that though the little bunch of violets went into the place the boy thought of—the buttonhole of the father's coat—they really went down deep in the father's heart, where there was a place for them. Ah, there is always a place in a father's and mother's heart for flowers to go, or any sweet act of kindness or love—any sweet words. There is always a place, dear Daughters and young sons. The father may not say it—the mother may not appear to be conscious of it, but be sure there is a vacant place, a hungry place in every true father's heart and in every mother's heart for just what that boy did for his father when he said, "Put it somewhere."

We had been sitting for hours in the grand-stand in Nice that afternoon witnessing the annual fête called "The Battle of the Flowers." We had thrown hundreds of bouquets of flowers, and the flowers in return had been showered on us, and perhaps it was because every one—the boy I have spoken of included—had been throwing the flowers to the young people in the carriages—it may have been because of this that the sweet thoughtfulness of the boy impressed me so forcibly. And I instantly made up my mind to be more thoughtful myself, and may I be forgiven for all my lack of thoughtfulness in the past, and though I may not say it, I will think, as I attempt to show more kindness, "Put it somewhere." Oh, why do things seem fairer when we possess them not? Why was I not more thoughtful when my father was here, when my mother had not gone away? I love to think that it will not be too late to say to them when I meet them in the beautiful beyond: "I love you."

VISIONS WE MAY SEE

I WONDER that we do not say to ourselves, as we read what others saw: "When am I to see visions, when am I to be there in spirit, when shall I see something that will make it necessary for the voice to say, 'Write the things which thou hast seen'?" John saw so much. Chapter after chapter of Revelations reads, "And I saw," and the last chapter commences with, "And he showed me a pure river of water of life." And we content ourselves with reading what he saw, in the face of the promise of the outpouring of the spirit. "Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." Alas! our young men see visions, but they are not grand enough for an angel to say, "Write of them." And so many of our women never see the gates of pearl. They are so taken up with very small pearls on their persons. But John would not have had the revelation he had, he would never have seen the things which shall be hereafter, if he had not been alone. Visions are not apt to come when you are in a crowd. Ah! we do not look deeply enough into these words, "I, John, who also am your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the island called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." He had been true to all he knew: he had been brave enough to say what he believed; and he had been banished to the lonely isle of Patmos. There he had the revelation. And we content ourselves with reading this revelation of Saint John. We do well to thus read, however. He was told to write it and we to read it; and there is a blessing given to those who read it. But we must be in the spirit as we read it or we shall not see the revelation, shall not hear any voice, nor have any blessing unless we keep those things which are written; neither shall we feel that the time is at hand. I get letters from professing Christians all over this country asking me how they can become interested in the Bible. Such a question seems so strange to me, as if they should ask me how they could enjoy a love letter received from a lover. We all know how much a few lines from one we love are to us. How eagerly we look to see if by at least one word we can detect the love for us, and think you, if we really loved Him who moved some one to write, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love," we would ask how such words could become interesting to us?

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"THIS IS THE BEST!" "TAKE NO OTHER!"

I GLANCED up from where I was sitting in the car the other day and read the above words, and then looked at the picture of a strong arm, with a finger pointing to the words. I often get spiritually helped by these advertisements, and so I was with this one, and I repeated over to myself: "This is the best!" "This is the mark!" "Take no other!" I am sure I do not know what was being advertised—some remedy for some ailment of the body, undoubtedly—but I was thinking of the soul and its needs. I was thinking of the wonderful promise Christ made His followers when He went away, that He would send them another, and they should have a Guide and a Teacher, and then I thought of how few seem to really know Him, how few there are who seem to realize that the Comforter has come!

As I thought of what this Comforter did for that early church, the refrain was still repeating itself: "This is the best!" "This is the mark!" "Take no other!" I saw the danger souls are frequently in, of not being true to the vision that dawns on them of a higher life—a more perfect fellowship, and the words went deeper down: "Take no other!" Indeed, it was clear to me that often the soul is not true to the light that comes. It says: "Yes, I see how much more beautiful a life of such entire devotion is, but so few know anything about it, and it would make me appear very singular, very peculiar, if I should say: 'This is the best!' 'This is the mark!' and I am determined to 'take no other.'" Now just here is the serious moment, just here the soul makes its decisions, here the battle is either lost or won. We have to walk in the light or else that which was light becomes darkness. The young man—the rich young man spoken of in the New Testament—who came bounding to Christ, was a picture of joyousness until the light came that he was not willing to walk in, and then all changed. He went away sorrowful—and why should he have been sorrowful?—he had all that he was not willing to give—he had his great possessions! Ah, but he knew—his conscience told him he had come short of the "mark," and yet he would not say: "I will 'take no other.'" He did take the other, he kept his great possessions, and missed "treasure in Heaven," and enduring treasures on earth.

Margaret Bottome

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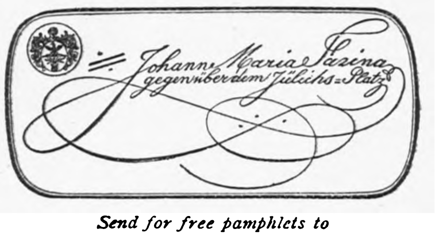
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MR MOODY'S BIBLE CLASS

By Dwight L. Moody

PROBABLY there are no three doctrines more widely taught by the Christian faith nor so vitally connected with its history as those of repentance, atonement and regeneration. These truths have been accepted in all ages by the church since the apostolic days, and are at the present time included in the creeds of almost every form of Christian worship. The terms themselves have become so familiar through their constant emphasis that one would have good reason to believe that in these essentials, at least, we are well established. And yet I believe that there are hundreds of ministers and Christian teachers who will testify to the truth of my statement that there are no truths so universally misunderstood and distorted as these very three.

Let us then take up these great teachings in their order, and for this time devote our attention to repentance.

Repentance is man's act by which he places himself in a position to accept God's salvation. Some one has defined it as a "change of mind." Man was born with his heart at enmity with God, and when, tired of sin, he turns from it and seeks God, his act is that of repentance.

But there is a fuller meaning in the act than a change of mind. Action also is implied. A soldier defined it as including three commands: halt, right-about-face, march. Christ illustrated repentance most simply in the parable of the man having two sons whom he told to go and work in his vineyard. One rebelled against his command and refused to go; but later he repented. First, he gave up his own plans; second, he assented to his father's will, and third, he did as commanded.

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THE FIVE STAGES OF REPENTANCE

THERE are five steps in true repentance—that "repentance to salvation," as Saint Paul calls it—conviction, contrition, confession of sin, conversion, and confession of Christ.

The necessity of conviction as part of repentance is so apparent as to hardly need any proof. Unless a man sees that a deed is wrong and is convinced of the evil it would be absurd for him to repent. A man who is perfect and has never fallen short of the Divine law cannot experience repentance, for repentance can only come to those who know that they are sinners.

It was the want of conviction on the part of the Pharisees in Christ's time that made their condition appear so hopeless to the Master's mind. They had never committed sin in their own eyes, although they were daily living in the greatest hypocrisy. It was when the prodigal, away in a foreign land, destitute and in need, became convinced of his own unworthiness that he began to repent. Then it was that the kindness and love of the father was realized. The goodness of God leadeth to repentance when one sees his own shortcomings.

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GOD EMPLOYS THREE AGENCIES

GOD employs three agencies in bringing conviction to a human soul: conscience, the Holy Spirit and the Scriptures. Their work is usually so united that it is impossible to say that one power has been used to the exclusion of another. The Holy Spirit is always present when there is conviction, working with man's conscience or through Scripture, or with both.

The woman who was brought to Christ for condemnation had few accusers when He said: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." The Gospel writer relates that they, "being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last."

It is the special work of the Holy Spirit to convict of sin. In Christ's last address to His apostles before His crucifixion He explained how the Comforter should come and His first work would be to "reprove the world of sin." And when a few weeks later the Comforter came to abide with that small body of disciples His power was manifested in Peter's sermon, which brought conviction to three thousand of his hearers.

The third agency for the conviction of sin Paul brings out most clearly in his letter to the Romans, where he says: "Therefore by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in His sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin." Through this agency the Holy Spirit most frequently brings conviction to us. Some one passage or even a few words of Scripture He usually employs in bringing conviction to those who have a knowledge of it.

CONVICTION WITHOUT CONTRITION

BUT even if a man is convicted of sin, but feels no contrition for it, there can be no true repentance. Conviction without contrition hardens a man's heart against all that is good. It is right here that we find such a vast difference between the first two kings the Lord anointed to be rulers over His chosen people Israel. When Samuel confronts Saul with his disobedience and deceit there was no sorrow expressed, and there was no contrition to be found in his confession: "I have sinned: yet honor me now, I pray thee, before the elders of my people, and before Israel." Fear was expressed lest he be disgraced, but no expression of penitence for the wrong against the Lord.

David, it is true, sinned more grievously. He had been raised to a greater height and when he fell he sank to a lower depth. It is often so; those to whom the greatest privileges are granted, if they fall, are apt to be guilty of more grievous sins. But in David's case there was real contrition. The punishment which followed his sin, in the death of his child, and the long list of disasters which befell his home, were crushing griefs, but not so terrible to the royal servant of God as the thought that he had sinned against his Lord. The Fifty-first Psalm is the cry of a broken and contrite heart for sin against God.

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COURAGE TO CONFESS

BUT even when a person has become convinced of his sin and has been sorry for his transgression there must be the courage to confess it. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy," says the wisest of writers. An unconfessed sin is an ever-present foe. It makes a man cowardly, suspicious and malicious. One unconfessed wrong has oftentimes ruined a man's whole life, deprived him of its joys, destroyed its friendships and clouded his entire course.

The question naturally arises: to whom should a wrong be confessed? First, to God; for all sin is against Him. But confession must also be made to fellow-men. Confession must be as wide as transgression—no less, no more. We must confess to all whom we have wronged, on the one hand, but we need not advertise our sins to those whom we have not injured. If I have injured one man my confession should be to that individual; if I have wronged a number of persons, a company or a family, my confession should be to those affected by my action; and if I have sinned against society my confession should be public.

This step in repentance is, perhaps, the most difficult of all. We have not the moral courage to confess that we are wrong. It means admitting our hypocrisy and seeking to pass ourselves off for better than we are. Sometimes such confession may also mean disgrace and humiliation; but whatever the cost there can be no repentance—such as God accepts—unless there is confession to those we wrong, and full restitution, if in our power.

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UNCONFESSED SINS

A WOMAN once came to me and told me that she was unable to pray. Again and again she had tried to offer up petitions to God, but it seemed as though there was no comfort in her prayers. Every time she started to pray there came before her mind five bottles of wine which she had stolen. She then explained to me how a number of years before she had been employed by a gentleman as housekeeper, and had on several occasions stolen bottles of wine from his cellar. I told her that she must confess her sin and make restitution. But the old employer was dead and she did not know what to do. Then I advised her to find some one who represented his estate, and give to the representative an equivalent for what she had stolen. A few days later I again met her and learned that at last she had found peace and rest. She had made inquiry and found that her employer's son had succeeded to the old home, and to him she made confession. She insisted that he accept a sum of money equivalent to what she had taken from his father, which he at first refused. But she persisted that he should, and thus relieve her conscience of the burden that she had so long carried. She was a new woman after that time and learned the joy of having "a conscience void of offense toward God and toward men."

How many others have some unconfessed guilt, trivial as it may seem in itself, that haunts their conscience day after day, robbing them of peace and rest, and denying to them the blessings of repentance, and the full forgiveness which follows the confession of a contrite heart.

THE STAMP OF HONESTY

THE fourth step of repentance gives it the stamp of genuineness. Without conversion or turning from the sin which we have confessed it is impossible to convince any one that our repentance is genuine. Sorrow for a wrong against a person has but little weight if the offense continues. If a man defrauds a neighbor he may confess his sin with every evidence of sorrow, but the future relations with the neighbor will be the truest means of judging of the man's repentance.

Repentance has many counterfeits. A person brought face to face with death will often seem to repent, but when the danger is over the old life is renewed. That is not repentance. Pharaoh was not repentant for having disobeyed God, but was frightened by the plagues of Egypt. Sometimes sorrow or sensation is interpreted to mean repentance, but when the heart is healed of its loss or the impulse of the time is forgotten there is lacking the true ring of genuineness. Self-sacrifice, prayer, fasting, reading the Bible, afflicting the body, cannot pass as repentance.

There is one counterfeit which deceives many people. They think that by breaking off some one or two grosser sins they have repented. But unless there is a turning from every sin, of which there is conviction, there can be no true repentance.

It seems strange that people defend themselves in harboring some one sin, when they would not tolerate in their homes the government they would have God exercise over themselves. What father would be willing to accept obedience from a son in all his requirements except three or two or even one? What employer would continue in his service a man who would not yield to all the regulations of his establishment? What physician is satisfied with a case until all the symptoms are favorable or all the wounds healed? We are so willing to question God's requirements when we know that even in our own experience government to be efficient must be thorough.

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CONFESSION OF CHRIST

THE final, or crowning, act of repentance is confession of Christ—a far more joyous privilege than the confession of sin. And if one has fully passed through the other steps of repentance it will not be easy for him to refrain from this last step.

The Gospels record the names of two men whose confession of Christ is one of the most beautiful scenes in all Scripture. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus were men who cared little for popular opinion. It was not on Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem that they confessed Him with loud hallelujahs, to clamor again with a murderous crowd a few days later for His execution. It was after Gethsemane's bitter watch—after that night of scorn and derision, after those awful hours on Calvary, that these two men came forward to confess the One who had no friend to stand with Him. There never was an hour when the cause of Christ seemed so hopeless. The disciples were scattered, the treasurer of the little body of the Master's followers had turned traitor, and even the leader and spokesman of their party had thrice denied his Lord, and now Christ Himself has fallen under the arm of His heathen captors. And when everything seems lost these two rulers ally themselves with His cause and beg to be allowed to give that friendless and deserted outcast a princely burial.

I do not doubt but that that one act cost Joseph and Nicodemus everything they had formerly counted dear. And yet I believe that they counted that opportunity the crowning privilege of their lives.

It may have been that a few years later Joseph, too, is about to pass the way of that selfsame tomb. By his side stands his old friend Nicodemus, and they together talk about the One whom they both loved so dearly and of scenes of His earthly life. "How different it all is from what it would have been had He not come into our lives. My only regret now is that I did not seek Him earlier," says the dying man. "Then the way is not dark and you do not fear the tomb?" asks his friend. "Fear the tomb!" the old man exclaims, "the tomb where He has lain! No, there is no longer any dread in that tomb where He has lain. He has broken all the bonds of death." Soon he passes away and there are few who take much notice of his death. In Jerusalem he is despised and scorned, and few there are who mourn his loss. But in that other world, in the New Jerusalem, what a welcome awaits him! The news spreads through that Holy City that Joseph of Arimathea is coming. He is no stranger, for already he is loved and honored there. And in the very presence of God he hears that familiar and long-loved voice, proclaiming to all that glorified host: "This is he who was not ashamed to confess Me in that dark hour of man's redemption on Calvary."

It may not cost so much now to confess Christ, but to one and all of us He makes the selfsame promise: "Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in Heaven."

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

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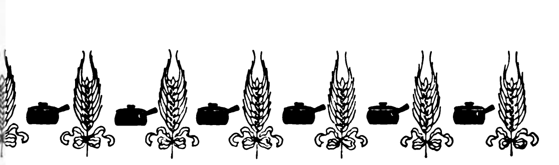

A PAGE OF NEW YEAR COOKING

By Several Experienced Women

IN SCOTLAND, the "Land o' Cakes," it is looked upon as hardly respectable if a cake of some description is not provided, even in the poorest household, to begin the year with; and for one to enter a neighbor's house on New Year's Day and not be invited to "taste the bun" is regarded as little short of an insult. When it is desired to show a special regard for a neighbor, emotion finds a ready vent at the baker's or confectioner's, where all sorts of cakes, some of them quite plain, but most of them adorned with mottoes and sentiments appropriate to the occasion, lie awaiting a purchaser. On this page will be found a number of receipts for cake, as well as others for more substantial dishes, all of which, if carefully followed, will be found satisfactory.

* * *

NEW YEAR CAKES

By Margaret Macleod Brown

DELICIOUS shortcake may be made from one pound of best flour, sifted, half a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of an ounce of rice flour. Wash the butter and press it between the folds of a towel to remove all moisture, then put it with the sugar in an earthenware basin and beat it (without in any way allowing it to become oily) to a light cream. Then add all the flour and the rice flour, and work in gradually among the butter and sugar till you can form the mass into a round ball. This process is rather tedious, and if hurried the shortcake will not be a success. Place the ball of paste on the tin sheet you intend to bake it on, and flatten it with the knuckles to the desired size; then roll the top out smoothly; pinch the edges between the thumbs and fingers of both hands into a fanciful pattern. If the cake is to be decorated with icing leave the surface perfectly smooth; but if not, prick it all over with a fork, or strew comfits over it and a few slices of peel, when preferred that way. Bake in rather a slow oven from one to one and a half hours.

*

ALMOND CAKES

ONE pound of sifted flour, half a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, two eggs, half a teaspoonful each of essence of lemon and of bitter almonds, two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, four ounces of almonds, blanched and chopped very small, two ounces of mixed candied peel, also very finely chopped. Mix all the dry ingredients together, then rub in the butter; add eggs and essences last of all. Mix to a smooth paste, and roll out on a floured board to half-inch thickness; cut in round or fancy shapes, and bake on a dry tin in a slow oven.

*

WEDDING CAKE

CREAM one pound and a half of sugar and one pound and a half of butter together; add ten eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, and a small cupful of milk. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda in one gill of molasses and add to the mixture; then stir in one pound and a half of sifted flour, the same of carefully-prepared raisins and currants, and a pound of orange, lemon and citron peel cut in thin slices, half an ounce each of ground ginger, cinnamon and cloves, and one grated nutmeg. Beat vigorously; add a little salt; pour into well-greased tins and bake in a slow, steady oven. A little more flour than the quantity given may be needed. The batter should be quite stiff.

*

PITKEATHLY BANNOCK

THE proportions of butter, sugar, flour and rice flour are the same as for shortcake, with the addition of a quarter of a pound of almonds (blanched and minced fine) and two ounces candied orange peel, chopped very small. Make up exactly the same as in the receipt given for shortcake; mix the fruit and flour together before adding to the butter. As this cake is rather more troublesome to make than shortcake, on account of being more brittle, one egg may be added just at the last to make the mixture adhere better. Proceed exactly the same as for shortcake, but do not make the bannock quite so thick, and do not prick the top of it, but sprinkle over it, before baking, a small quantity of finely-chopped almonds and orange peel.

GENUINE BRIDE CAKE

CREAM together two cups of sugar with a scant cup of butter; add one cup of milk, and stir to a smooth consistency. Put three tablespoonfuls of baking powder into three cups of flour, and sift. Add to the sugar, butter and milk, then add the beaten whites of eight eggs, a pinch of salt, and flavor with almond. This quantity makes two cakes.

*

WEST INDIA MUFFINS

SIFT twice one quart of best flour; put into it one teacupful of fresh yeast, one gill of sweet cream, one large spoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt. With fresh milk make it into a very stiff batter, then add to it four eggs beaten very light. Stir them in, beating the batter well. Mix at two o'clock in the afternoon if you want the muffins for tea. Bake in well-greased muffin-rings in a quick oven.

*

CHERRY AND GINGER CAKE

THIS receipt should commend itself, as it is very easily and quickly made. Take two pounds of fine flour, sifted, and mix into it four teaspoonfuls of baking powder; beat together to a cream half a pound of butter and three-quarters of a pound of fine sugar, then add six eggs, two at a time, and beat well with the sugar and butter. Stir in a little flour, then add half a pint of rich, sweet milk, then the remaining portion of flour gradually, and any flavoring that may be preferred, or none; last of all, add half a pound of preserved glacé cherries, cut in halves, and half a pound of soft crystallized ginger cut small.

Grease a cake-tin, then line it with well-buttered paper; dust it with flour and pour in the mixture; bake slowly in an oven that has been thoroughly heated, and then allowed to cool to a moderate heat; time required from one and a half to two hours.

* * *

TWO CORNMEAL PUDDINGS

By Dorothy Alden

SOAK three tablespoonfuls of tapioca over night in two cups of milk or water. Scald one quart of milk, stir in five tablespoonfuls of meal mixed smooth with cold milk, one cup of molasses, one egg, salt, spice. Bake three hours. Eat with butter, or milk and sugar flavored with vanilla, lemon or spice.

*

PLAIN INDIAN PUDDING

BOIL one pint of milk, add one cup of sifted meal mixed with one cup of cold milk. When scalded remove from the fire, and add half a cup of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of ginger, a little cinnamon, a pint of cold milk and one egg well beaten. Pour into an earthen baking-dish and bake three hours.

* * *

DISHES MADE FROM CHEESE

By Mary Barrett Brown

THERE is nothing more tempting or appetizing than dishes made from cheese carefully prepared and attractively served. Below are given some receipts, all of which, if followed judiciously, will prove welcome additions to either luncheon, dinner or supper menus.

*

POUNDED CHEESE

THIS is an excellent method to adopt for the utilizing of any pieces of cheese which have become too dry or unsightly to serve in their original form. Put the pieces, say half a pound, into a mortar with a teaspoonful of made mustard, an equal quantity of fine white sugar and a good seasoning of either cayenne, curry powder or anchovy essence. Pound the whole to a smooth paste, moisten with butter, slightly melted, and then press the mixture into small jars; cover with a thin layer of clarified butter, tie a thick paper over the top, and store in a cool place until required. When prepared in this way cheese will remain good for several weeks, and will often prove a great help to the housewife when there comes an unexpected demand for a dainty little dish at short notice. Serve it thinly spread upon pieces of crisp, cold toast, or, better still, upon daintily-prepared croutons which have been fried until richly browned.

CHEESE FINGERS

TAKE some fine, richly-flavored cheese; cut it in pieces about three inches long, and one inch wide; season very lightly with salt and pepper, dip in salad oil, and leave to soak for half an hour; then dip each piece, or finger, into a rich batter and drop it into boiling lard; fry until a golden-brown has been acquired, then drain carefully, sprinkle with finely-grated cheese, and serve on a folded napkin, garnished with sprigs of fried parsley. Serve hot.

*

STEWED CHEESE

PUT three-quarters of a pound of cheese—no matter how dry, so long as it is good, and cut up small—into a saucepan with three ounces of butter, three tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped, boiled onion, six tablespoonfuls of good cream, a pinch of salt, cayenne and pounded mace, and a tablespoonful of minced parsley. Simmer and stir over the fire until the cheese is entirely dissolved; then pour the mixture over some tiny, heart-shaped slices of hot buttered toast which have been placed in readiness on a hot dish, and serve immediately.

*

CHEESE TARTLETS

CUT up four ounces of good cheese into small pieces and put it into a mortar with a seasoning, according to taste, of salt, cayenne, dry mustard, and two ounces of fresh butter; pound these ingredients until they form a perfectly smooth paste; then stir in the yolks of three eggs, well beaten, and the white of one egg whisked to a stiff froth. Line some small pastry-tins with good pastry, half fill them with the cheese mixture, and bake for fifteen minutes in a brisk oven; then serve either hot or cold, neatly arranged on a folded napkin and tastefully garnished with parsley.

*

CHEESE OMELET

THIS is a most delicious dish, but its excellence depends to a very large extent upon its being served immediately after being cooked. Break three eggs into a bowl, beat them briskly, and add while beating a seasoning of salt and pepper, two teaspoonfuls of minced parsley and three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. When these various ingredients have become thoroughly incorporated pour the mixture into an omelet pan, in which has been melted some butter, and fry in the usual manner. Serve, neatly folded, on a very hot dish—not overdone, or the omelet will be tough and dry.

*

MACARONI WITH CHEESE

PLACE some of the finest pipe macaroni into a saucepan with a seasoning of salt, and sufficient boiling milk or water to cover it; boil gently until quite tender, but not broken; then drain, and put a layer of it at the bottom of a buttered pie-dish; over that sprinkle some finely-sifted breadcrumbs, which have been seasoned with salt, pepper, and pounded, then a thick layer of grated cheese and a few tiny bits of butter; repeat in this manner until the dish is sufficiently full, letting breadcrumbs form the top layer; then pour over a little warmed butter and brown nicely in the oven. Serve hot.

*

CHEESE CROQUETTES

PLACE four ounces of coarsely-chopped cheese into a mortar with three ounces of sifted breadcrumbs, one ounce of grated ham, two ounces of butter, a tablespoonful of finely-minced onion, and a good seasoning of cayenne, dry mustard and salt; pound these ingredients to a smooth paste; add sufficient beaten egg to thoroughly moisten; then make up into tiny balls about the size of a walnut; flatten these out slightly, and dip in light, rich frying batter, and drop into a saucepan of boiling lard. When colored a delicate brown, drain the croquettes carefully on blotting-paper, and pile them up tastefully in a high mound, on a folded table napkin on a very hot dish. Serve as soon as possible.

*

CHEESE SOUFFLÉS À LA DIEPPOISE

PLACE one ounce of butter into a saucepan, and as it melts mix in, very smoothly, a tablespoonful of flour, a little salt and cayenne, and a large teacupful of milk. Simmer the mixture over a gentle fire, stirring constantly, until it becomes as thick as good cream; then add four tablespoonfuls of rich, finely-grated cheese, and turn the preparation out into a bowl, stirring into it first the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, then the whites, whipped with a pinch of salt to a firm, stiff froth; stir very lightly, then use the mixture to half fill some small paper soufflé cases, which have been thoroughly oiled both inside and out, then dried well in the screen. Sprinkle fine brown raspings on the top of each, and bake in a moderate oven for about a quarter of an hour; then arrange neatly on a folded napkin, and serve as soon as possible.

In Twenty Minutes
delicious soup may be made by using as "stock,"
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instead of the old-fashioned soup-bone, and, in addition, time and fuel—and frequently, temper—will be saved.
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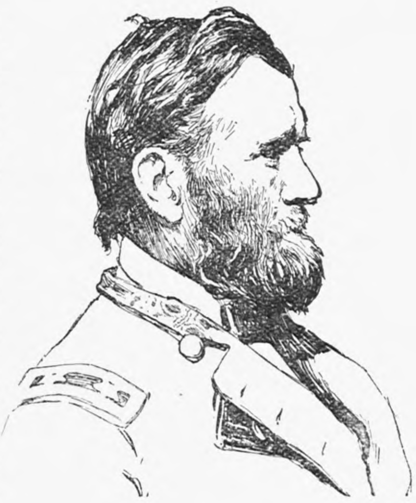


Partial Contents of McCLURE'S for the coming year:

A NEW AND SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED

LIFE OF U. S. GRANT

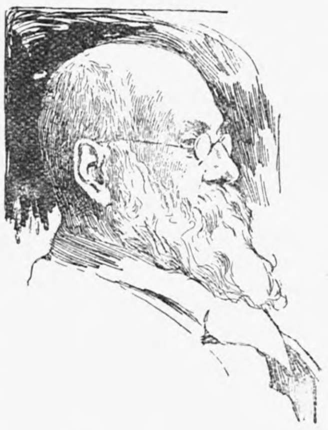
By HAMLIN GARLAND

Mr. Garland has studied the documentary records; he has examined Grant's letters—many of them unpublished; he has visited in person all the scenes of Grant's life in this country, from West Point to Mexico, and from Virginia to Oregon; he has interviewed the important men who have known Grant personally; everywhere he has gathered documents and pictures.

New stories of the boy Grant have been secured. We have the **records of a debating society,** of which Grant was an active member. **His early mastery of horses** is illustrated with new reminiscences of old comrades. **The true story of Grant's appointment to West Point** will be told for the first time in an **unpublished letter of Jesse Grant's.** This material includes **reminiscences of his room-mate** and others who were at West Point with him, and **unpublished letters of Grant from West Point. The story of Grant's courtship and marriage** is based on information from General Longstreet, who was best man at the wedding. An amusing episode shows **Grant as an amateur actor** at Corpus Christi. **Unpublished letters of Grant from Mexico** give in vivid style **Grant's own story of the battles.** The biography takes up **Grant at Sacket's Harbor and Detroit, two neglected years** in his life. **A splendid story of endurance and pluck** is the account from original materials of **how Grant took his regiment across the Isthmus.** Mr. Garland tells for the first time **the true story of Grant's resignation from the Army in 1854,** and the touching account of **the darkest period in Grant's life,** following his return to New York. **Grant's life at Galena** is related with fresh incidents and anecdotes. There are several chapters on the **great and pivotal episodes of his war-time career.**

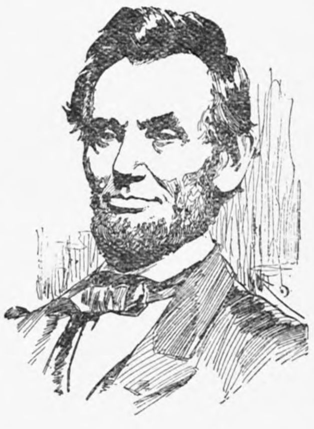
Hundreds of Portraits and Pictures

Have been gathered for this biography. Many scenes have been **photographed for the first time.** We have secured the **unpublished earliest portrait of Grant.** We have **portraits of Grant's parents, his brothers and sisters,** and early pictures of **Grant's comrades at West Point.** Special photographs have been taken for us of **scenes of the Mexican War.** It is a **splendid collection of pictorial material.** We have been **three years in gathering it.** We have had the use of the **best private collections of Grant pictures,** and some valuable material is from the **photograph albums of Grant's old friends and of his family.**



Charles A. Dana's Reminiscences

Relating to Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Stanton, of life in Washington, and events at the front, during the years he was Assistant Secretary of War, and "the eyes of the Administration at the front," as Lincoln said. All the members of Lincoln's Cabinet and all the great Generals of the War are dead. Therefore, the recollections of Mr. Dana, Mr. Lincoln's Assistant Secretary of War, and confidential and trusted representative at the front, are of the greatest National interest and importance.



Lincoln, the Great War President

The new series of papers by Miss Tarbell will be preëminently a study of the man Lincoln, from his inauguration in March, 1861, to his death in April, 1865. It will follow him day by day in Cabinet meetings, public receptions and private interviews, picturing his daily life at the White House and at the Soldiers' Home, and in his formal visiting of the departments and the camps, the battlefields and the hospitals. It will show him as the real head of the Government, exercising to the fullest the powers the Constitution gave him: the Commander-in-Chief of the Army; providing money and men; making and unmaking Generals; directing military manœuvres; the counselor and final authority of every member of his Cabinet and of the Government.

Kipling's First American Serial

"Captains Courageous" is the story of a railroad magnate's son, who is swept from the deck of an ocean liner, picked up by a fishing schooner, and compelled to work with the crew, and who shares their adventures and the rigor of their life. Kipling gathered his material at first hand. He has taken voyages in fishing schooners, and with his wonderful power of observation absorbed a knowledge of the ways of fishermen and their craft such as no other writer ever had. Aside from its absorbing interest as a story "Captains Courageous" contains a succession of vigorous and truthful pictures of sea life, which are alone sufficient to make it the most notable serial of the year.—*Began in November.*

Ian Maclaren's New Stories

Nearly all of the short stories that Ian Maclaren will write during 1897 will appear in **McClure's Magazine.** There will be some new Drumtochty stories (one appears in the December number), and new stories (not Scottish) in the splendid series which he intends to publish in book form, under the title "Children of the Cross."

Conan Doyle's Sea Tales

Dr. Doyle is writing a series of stories to be called "Tales of the High Seas"—exciting adventures with pirates and buccaneers, like "The Slapping Sal," which appeared in **McClure's.** They are based on historical studies, and will be as interesting from this standpoint as his "Micah Clark," and as exciting and as absorbing as the "Sherlock Holmes" series.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Last Novel

The only novel of Stevenson's still unprinted is "St. Ives." It is the last novel of the master romancer of our time. It is a tale of pure adventure—a kind of fiction in which Stevenson ever took delight, in which he made his greatest successes, and in which he takes his place beside Scott and Dumas. "St. Ives" is a French prisoner taken by the English in the Spanish wars with Napoleon and shut up in Edinburgh Castle; and this story is the narrative of his adventures as a prisoner, his escape, his hazardous wanderings in Scotland and England, and his romantic love affair with a Scottish maiden.—*Begins in May, 1897.*

Ten Famous Story-Tellers

McClure's has always been noted for its short stories. Every number contains three or four good, complete tales by the great writers of established fame and popularity, and new writers of talent and promise. Among the contributions for the coming year will be:

New complete short stories by **Rudyard Kipling:** the first one in December. Stories by **Frank R. Stockton.** New short stories by two masters of humor and adventure, **Robert Barr** and **Anthony Hope.** Splendid Californian stories by **Bret Harte.** Stories of the South by **Ruth McEnery Stuart.** Stories of New England by **Harriet Prescott Spofford.** New stories of the Southwest by **Octave Thanet.** New stories in a fascinating vein by **Joel Chandler Harris.** New stories by **Gilbert Parker.**

New Pictures of Palestine

Last Spring the Editor of **McClure's** organized a considerable expedition, and, accompanied by a photographer specially skilled and experienced in such work, made a tour of nearly the whole of Palestine, and took photographs of whatever of importance the latest and most authoritative investigations have definitely connected with Biblical incident and history. The road taken was the Great Highway of the Bible, leading from Hebron through Bethlehem and Jerusalem up to Damascus. With this Highway almost every great character of the Bible is connected, and in the fields or towns along it occurred most of the important events of Bible history. They have been reproduced with great care, and will make one of the most attractive features of **McClure's** through the coming months.

Life Portraits of Great Americans

On the plan of the "Human Document" series, made so popular by this magazine, collections of portraits of **Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Jackson, Calhoun, Clay, Chief Justice Marshall, Webster** and others, have been made, comprising the paintings of great Americans.

No picture is admitted that was not made from the living man. The series is edited by Mr. Charles Henry Hart, who is the most distinguished authority on American historical portraiture. He has drawn upon public and private collections in this country, and in London and Paris. It is believed that nearly half of these pictures will now receive publication for the first time.

In the case of almost every one of these great men, portraits have been secured that show the man at many periods of his life. For instance, the portraits of Franklin, which will appear in the January number, cover a period of over thirty years. The portraits of Daniel Webster cover a period of thirty-four years, and include daguerreotypes taken the last ten years of his life.

In connection with these portraits there will be published a series of sketches, entitled **The Makers of the Union.** Every article will be an authoritative, biographical study written from the fullest knowledge and freshest interest in the subject, in every case by a man who has made special studies of materials.

The Newest Science—The Edge of the Future

THE TRUTH ABOUT MARS.—In this article Dr. Holden, Director of the Lick Observatory, will describe the present state of our actual knowledge of the planet Mars. NAVIGATING THE AIR.—An article embodying the results of many tours and visits to inventors, scientists, aëronautic experimenters and military balloonists in England, Germany and France. IN A DYNAMITE FACTORY.—From material obtained by visits to the greatest factories of high explosives in Europe. It is filled with rare information about the workers in dynamite factories, the processes of manufacture, and the methods of transporting and handling powerful explosives. DOWN IN A SUBMARINE BOAT.—This title indicates the subject of an article to be published shortly, concerning which we are not at liberty to give details at present. And many other articles in the field of popular science.

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By IDA M. TARBELL

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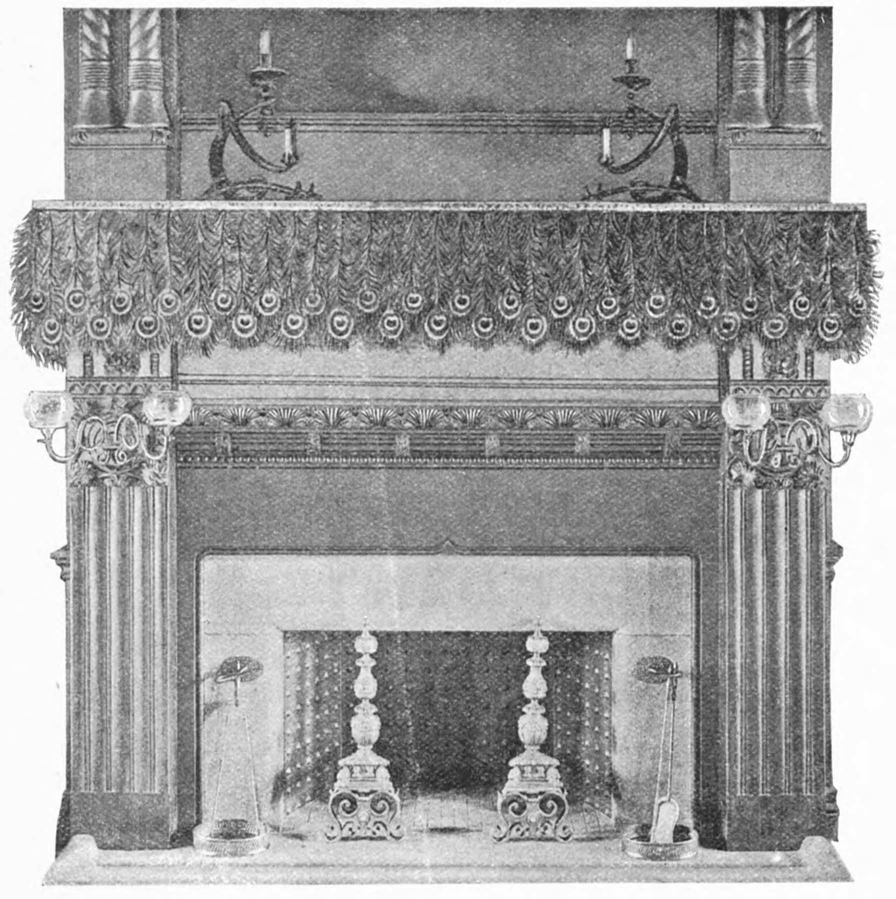
Charles A. Dana, in a lecture delivered at New Haven, said: "I regard the book which Mr. McClure is publishing as a public benefaction."

This life is as abundant in new and valuable material in its pictures as in its text. It contains **20 portraits of Lincoln** and **160** portraits and pictures in all.

(2) November McClure's Containing the **first chapter** of **Kipling's new novel; Four Good Short Stories;** Miss Tarbell's article on **Lincoln's Nomination;** reminiscences by **Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,** and other articles and pictures.

(3) December McClure's With short stories by **Ian Maclaren, Frank R. Stockton** and **Rudyard Kipling;** the first installment of the **Pictures of Palestine;** the first chapter of the **New Life of Grant,** splendidly illustrated; **Nansen's Adventures in the Arctic Regions,** and many other articles and stories.



APPROPRIATE MANTEL DRAPERIES

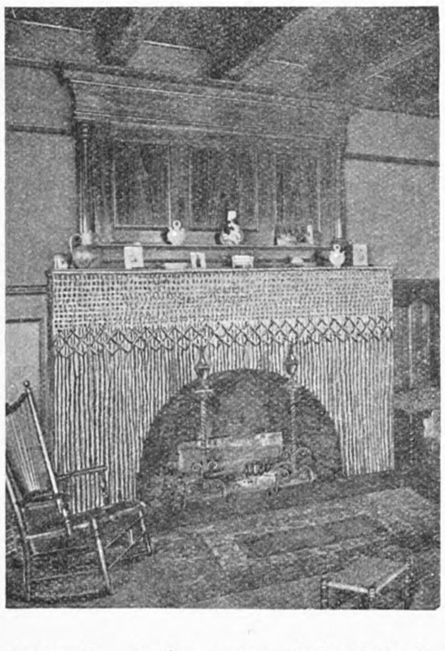
By John Sparrowhawk

TAKE a well-seasoned board, in length equal to that of the mantel, and in width about one inch wider than the shelf upon which the board is to rest. Have the corners in front rounded. Cover the board with two thicknesses of Canton flannel, and tack on the under side. Place the board in position and drive two short nails part way into the wall at the back so that they will project enough to prevent the board from tipping forward.

The simplest draping is always the most effective, but the material should be rich in effect. Plain goods with a stenciled pattern along the front edge may be used, but an Indian turban cloth or a Japanese scarf is really the best thing for this purpose. If the mantel is of marble or of obsolete design the draping should hang low to cover as much as possible. Drawing-strings of tape may be inserted beneath narrow strips of cloth sewed on the under side of the draping—one at the middle and one at either end about eighteen inches from the centre, which will enable the draping to be drawn up in case a fire is desired. The drawing-strings will make pretty and natural folds and are better than pinning.

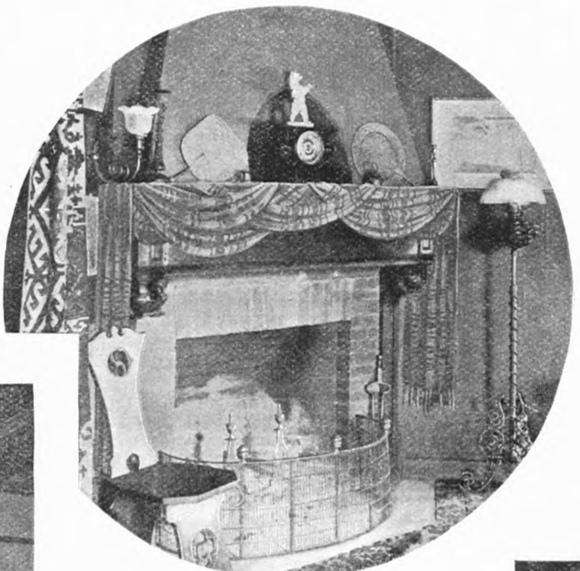
TO USE AN EMBROIDERED SCARF

IN LENGTH the scarf should be sufficient to cover the shelf and hang down at either end at least one yard. At the corners of the shelf the fabric may be gathered in a bunch, tied by a piece of silk and afterward tacked to the wood. By a little manipulation this knot may be made to simulate a rosette. The folds or festoons running from these rosettes will be graceful, and while breaking up the monotony of the expanse, will not interfere with the effect of the embroidered design. The ends of the scarf which hang down may be fringed.



WHEN A TURBAN CLOTH IS USED

AN IRREGULAR effect of draping is desirable. Do not attempt to cover the shelf with the turban cloth, but tack over the Canton flannel some plain goods in color to match that of the ground or predominating tone in it. Around the outer edge of the board and on the upper surface tack at intervals of twelve inches a half-inch rope. Starting at one end pass the cloth under the rope and in an outward direction until about three feet of the material is left on the shelf, then throw this over the rope and let it hang down for the end piece. Continue this process of bringing the cloth over the rope so that it is concealed until the festoons reach around the mantel. The draping should not fall in equally deep folds, but as much variety be given them as possible. Possibly one cloth will not be long enough to go around, but two certainly will answer, giving ample ends. The rope will make a rim or ledge to the shelf.

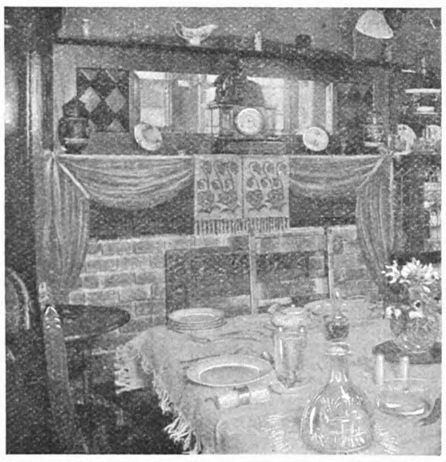


TO UTILIZE A SMALL SCARF WITH PRETTY ENDS

THE length does not matter, for you can match the plain portion with piece goods. Cut the scarf in two and sew the embroidered ends to the plain goods. Lay the long piece that you now have on the shelf, leaving equal ends hanging over. Bring these ends forward in front and under the material on the shelf, and allow the embroidery to come forward and over the centre and hang down the length required in front. The folds from either corner to the centre will hang naturally and gracefully. If much of the mantel is to show, ribbons or heavy curtain cord can be used to hold up the draping at the corners. If ribbons, match the shade of your goods, as it is not desirable to have the method of looping back apparent. A very pretty idea would be to embroider the ends to match the table decorations when the mantel is in a dining-room.

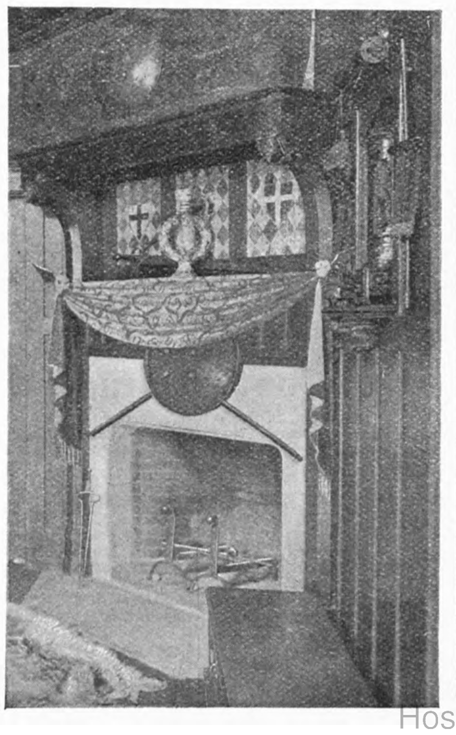
SOUVENIR OF A YACHTING CRUISE

ABOUT one hundred fathoms of half-inch halyard rope is necessary for this scheme. Take a board one and a half inches thick for the mantel shelf, and at intervals of one inch between centres bore half-inch holes in the outer edge and into the board three inches deep. Insert into these holes the ends of pieces of rope equal in length to the distance from the floor to the shelf. On the under side drive some one-inch brads through the board and into the rope ends which are in the holes, or glue the ends into the holes, whichever way is the most convenient, the object being to fasten the ropes securely. Next lay lengths of rope along the mantel shelf close together and covering the entire board. Every alternate rope should reach to the floor at either end of the mantel, the remaining pieces being only about three inches longer than the board at either end. Now weave into these strands other lengths of rope, starting at one end next the wall and carrying them in and out around the front to the other wall. The woven effect can be carried down as low as desirable in front, leaving the loose strands for a fringe. This fringe can be trimmed to form a semi-circle around the fireplace, or it can be knotted at intervals of six inches, to make a pattern as shown in the illustration. If the knotted effect is chosen it is wise to see what extra amount of rope is needed before cutting the rope into lengths. The short ends of the strands running across the shelf are concealed under the first length woven around the mantel. The ends of the cross strands are left about six inches longer than is needed, and are tied with a piece of twine to the first overhanging lengths against the wall and tucked back out of sight. A larger sized rope may be tacked with large brass nails two inches apart around the edge of the mantel above the holes, from which issue the hanging lengths. The ropes can be gilded if a very bizarre effect is wanted, or stained green to simulate age. The stained rope will, perhaps, harmonize best with the hangings in the average room.



A PEACOCK MANTEL

COVER the mantel board with peacock-blue velours. Take peacock feathers of equal length and sufficient in number to go around the edge of the board, placing the reed or quill part of the feathers about one inch apart. Tack them on to the board with straw matting staples and afterward cover with a jeweled gimp. The feathers may be secured at the centre and ends by weaving through them some strands of silk of peacock-blue color.



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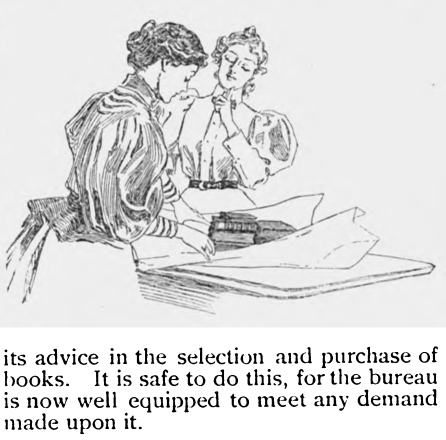

NEW YORK'S GREATEST SCENE

IN THE "Great Personal Events" series for February the Journal will present a marvelously realistic account of "When Kossuth Rode Up Broadway." It is a story which tells of the greatest excitement New York ever witnessed. This great scene will be shown in a strikingly interesting picture by T. de Thulstrup. Parke Godwin, Kossuth's most intimate friend in America, has written the article.

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EDWIN A. ABBEY

IN 1872 Charles Parsons, the art editor of "Harper's," received a drawing from a young man in Philadelphia. It was sent on approval and had little merit. One of the characters in the composition was a dog. This dog was a most amusing and interesting little fellow, and Mr. Parsons, realizing that the man who could put so much individuality into a dog had great promise, wrote for the young man to come to New York. The embryo artist was Edwin A. Abbey, and he was at once given a position as one of the staff artists. Mr. Abbey did not take kindly to the routine work of the art department and caused his employers considerable disappointment. In a short time it became apparent that this young fellow of twenty was either very stupid or a great genius. All doubts on the subject were set at rest, however, when, on his own responsibility, Mr. Abbey made some drawings for Herrick's poems. His great power in depicting Colonial and English life and character was at once apparent, and he was encouraged to visit England in 1878. Although he has returned to this country several times since, Mr. Abbey now considers England his home. He has not expatriated himself, for he still remains closely in touch with America and his countrymen. His remarkable ability, his indefatigable industry and his clear intellect have placed him at the very highest point in the artistic world. Last year Mr. Abbey was elected Associate of the Royal Academy in England. His work is known the world over from his marvelous Shakespearean illustrations, and also for the dignified mural decorations which he designed for the Boston Public Library. Mr. Abbey has composed a charming picture for the cover of The Ladies' Home Journal this month. The spirit of the season is manifest, also the simplicity and religious sentiment of the new year.

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WHAT MEN ARE ASKING

BY WALTER GERMAIN

Questions of general interest to men will be answered in this column.

Voyager—The sending of flowers to outbound passengers has become a foolish fashion and the display is vulgar. Flowers in the close atmosphere of a ship are anything but grateful. Send fruit or sweets, or books and magazines. These will be much more appreciated.

John L. H.—There is no occasion on which it is permissible for a gentleman, while walking with a lady, to smoke. Even if she should permit it the deed would be just as flagrant a breach of good manners. In the house smoking in the presence of ladies is a different thing, but even then permission should be asked.

J. S. N.—Colored shirts are correct with business suits in the morning. They can be worn with frock coat and afternoon dress, but a white shirt is in better taste. (2) Colored shirts have the striped patterns running up and down and not across the bosom. The solid blues, lavenders and pinks are most in vogue. The cuffs should be of the same material as the shirt, and the collar white.

R. J.—At an evening wedding the bridegroom, the best man and the ushers, as well as the male guests, should be in formal evening dress—that is, swallow-tailed coat, with waistcoat and trousers of black twilled dress cloth or unfinished worsted, white lawn or linen evening tie, patent leather low quartered shoes, black silk or lisle thread hose, and white gloves with white stitching. Evening, in the social order of the day, begins at six o'clock.

J. S. F.—It is always the privilege of a woman to acknowledge or decline acquaintance with a gentleman, and therefore at the next meeting after an introduction she should bow first. (2) An afternoon call, except when made on intimate friends, should never last longer than ten minutes. Keep your very best speech for the last. A man who says something clever or entertaining, just before he rises to go, always leaves a pleasant impression.

Albert S. T.—The best golf stick bags are made of light canvas bound in leather. You can obtain one at any shop which makes a specialty of such goods. But if you are having your golf stockings knit at home I should think that the same fair hands could easily manufacture you a golf stick bag, which, by-the-way, suggests a new industry in presents. (2) I do not know of any special instructor in golf, but the game is an easy one in technique, and at the links to which you belong you can get some one to initiate you in the mysteries.

D. J. V.—The proper attire for Sunday and church going is one's best. In the larger cities the fashionable and recognized costume for the Sabbath is the afternoon dress. This consists of frock or Prince Albert coat and waistcoat of black vicuna or twilled goods, and trousers of dark blue or gray cashmere with small striped pattern. A white shirt with standing collar, a dark tie or scarf, top hat, tan kid or gray suède gloves, and buttoned patent leather walking-boots are the other adjuncts. A walking-stick or a well-rolled umbrella may be carried.

Charles N. A.—The most fashionable patent leather walking-boots are buttoned, not tied. When you button your boots, place the buttonhook so that the strain will come on the upper side of the buttonhole—that is, on the left foot to the right, and on the right foot to the left, toward the inside. Do not varnish patent leather boots until they are so cracked that there is no other hope for them. There are numbers of boot creams, any one of which can be purchased at a small cost. Use a soft rag and a little of the mixture every morning, first seeing that there is no mud nor dust on the boots.

D. L. B.—The fashionable overcoat this winter is the Chesterfield or frock, single breasted, fly front. The material may be melton, beaver, kersey or any one of the new rough-faced cloths, and the colors dark blue, brown or black. The length is about forty-one inches, and the cut is comfortable but not too tight, so that it can be slipped on easily over a frock or a sack coat. A very handsome overcoat and quite reasonable in cost is one of rough brown goods with a black velvet collar. Velvet cuffs are vulgar. With an overcoat of this character a top or silk, a derby or an Alpine soft felt hat may be worn.

Robert B.—A six o'clock church wedding, when the bride wears a traveling gown, and there is to be no reception afterward, calls for afternoon dress on the part of the bridegroom. He should, even if he is going right from the church to the train, wear frock coat of black, light trousers, gray gloves, light four-in-hand or Ascot tie, top hat, just as if the wedding were to be a large afternoon affair. (2) The best man, the Hon. Ivor Guest, at the Duke of Marlborough's wedding to Miss Vanderbilt did wear a gray frock suit and colored shirt, but the custom is not American and the fashion not universal.

William D.—Always shake, brush and fold your clothes at night. Never hang coats: fold them. Trousers should be folded by putting the two waist buttons together and preserving the crease. Fold lengthwise and then double. Coats are folded lengthwise, the sleeves in half first, then each half of the coat to the sleeve-line, then the two remaining halves, the lining being on the outside. Waistcoats are folded in half, lengthwise. Never lounge about your room in your clothes: nothing destroys them so much. When you come in during the afternoon or at night remove your coat, waistcoat and trousers and put on a bath-robe, if you are to remain in your room for any time. Always have an old coat at the office.

E. M. D.—When driving always acknowledge any salute by a motion of your whip. If another man is with you he should doff his hat to any acquaintance whom you may meet and salute. (2) In the country russet boots are indispensable. They are worn in the cities on rainy days and with business suits, otherwise thick cork-soled boots of black leather are more fashionable. (3) You can keep russet boots in excellent order and maintain that dark saddle color which is fashionable, by the daily use of a flannel or cotton rag and a little vaseline. (4) Round, not pointed, toed shoes are in vogue. Buttoned russet boots are the latest English fashion, but avoid those with imitation mother-of-pearl buttons. They are too "pronounced." (5) Spats are never worn with russet boots.

L. B. G.—Even with a limited wardrobe and a small space to keep it in you may appear as well as the millionaire with a valet. If you have a small hall room with a combination dressing table and chest of drawers, with only three drawers and no clothes closet nor shelves, reserve the drawers exclusively for your linen, underwear, ties and handkerchiefs—the top drawer to hold the ties, handkerchiefs, hose and gloves; the second, the shirts and collars, and the third, underwear. Spread a large piece of wrapping paper over the top of your trunk. Fold your suits in separate pieces, and place each article one on top of the other with a layer of newspaper between. The layers of newspaper will protect the articles from dust and moths, and you will be thus able to get at them in the dark. The trunk itself can be used for those garments which are not in season and which you are not likely to need for a while.

ART HELPS FOR ART WORKERS

BY EMMA HAYWOOD

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

Amateur—If "Amateur" will kindly send me his or her name and address I will make an exception to the general rule and communicate by mail.

St. Joseph—I should imagine there must be something wrong with the oil you applied to the picture when finished. Why apply oil at all? It is not necessary.

G. P. L.—There is an excellent manual on Venetian iron work, which may be ordered through the Literary Bureau of the Journal. You will find in it all the information you desire.

C. B.—Get Winsor and Newton's hand-book entitled "The Principles of Coloring in Painting." (2) Never think of copying colored engravings. That would hinder rather than help you.

G.—Certainly it will benefit you to study alone from the cast and from Nature when you have the opportunity. The knowledge you have already acquired through proper instruction will doubtless aid you greatly.

M. G. H.—Wash-leather held over the finger makes a very good stump for covering large surfaces, such as the background for a head in crayons. When the general tones of the background are laid in it gives finish to hatch with the point.

L. M. H.—The fact that your pictures have been painted for five or six years before varnishing is rather an advantage than otherwise. Use either pale copal or mastic varnish. The latter especially will not discolor the high lights. An inferior varnish is apt to turn yellow.

C. W. B. H.—Some of the drawings in the papers you name are pen and ink, others are wash drawings. The method of reproduction for these is quite different. There is generally a reliable staff at work on all illustrated publications, but outside work is also utilized when suitable. There is no fixed scale of remuneration.

J. S. B. and J. H. M.—There is a hand-book published in the Winsor and Newton series on drawings in colored crayons. (2) There is a special fixative sold for fixing chalk drawings; it is applied by means of a spray producer held at a distance of about twelve inches from the drawing. (3) Crayon work is not suited for a drop curtain.

E. K. Q.—You should address such matter to the editor of the magazine to which you are desirous to contribute. Please remember that to be successful you need a proper art education apart from the technique of pen and ink work. The materials cost but a few cents: all you need is smooth white paper or Bristol-board, with pens and ink of the right kind.

S. B. S.—Carry on your studies by making sketches from Nature, still-life or active life whenever you have the chance. Even a few spare minutes filled up in this way helps one on. There is a hand-book, entitled "System of Water-Color Painting," in the Winsor and Newton series that might help you. I am not an advocate for instruction by mail. It is rarely, if ever, a real success.

Lillian—I hardly know if you refer to legitimate glass painting for windows, or mere imitation. For the first named mineral paints are used, which are afterward burnt in as for china painting. There are, besides, sets of colors and material sold for imitating stained glass, but these will not stand hard wear nor exposure to the weather. If carefully executed the effect is sometimes quite good.

B. M. T—There is a good hand-book on miniature painting in the Winsor and Newton series. (2) No preparation is needed for painting on ivory. Water-colors are always employed. The only medium called for is a very little gum-arabic dissolved in water. Buy the best gum-arabic and dissolve it yourself. Be careful not to use too much gum water or there will be risk of the paint cracking and peeling off.

Van—Your oil painting is probably a copy of one of the old masters. There are hundreds of these afloat, as permission is easily obtainable for art students to make copies in all the great picture galleries. Such a painting would not carry much value nor would it be likely to bear any signature. You might submit it to a picture dealer of repute for an expert opinion. I cannot name individual firms.

J. W. M.—The style of floral design for a screen must depend partly on the size of the panels. Sometimes a branch of fruit blossoms or of some flowering shrub, such as the magnolia, for instance, is carried through two panels high up, with a flight of birds in the third panel; possibly, if the screen is large, some water running the length of the screen beneath, with aquatic plants in their natural growth. Sometimes tall plants, such as the hollyhock, are represented, their treatment being realistic.

Inquirer—The clear blue you wish for in a summer sky may be obtained by adding a little yellow ochre to cobalt blue for water-colors, the same for oils with the addition of white. The method for painting the foliage of trees is not arbitrary, nor are special brushes required therefor. The growth of each tree should be studied, and its form and color, as seen in masses of light and shade, be reproduced as nearly as possible. In pencil just the same method is followed. It is largely a matter of feeling, but this must be based on a study of the principles of art. Harding's book on trees might help you.

W. C. T.—The materials required for pen and ink work for reproduction are Bristol-board, or smooth white paper, Indian ink, either in cubes or ready liquefied for use, but it must be undeniably black, and pens made for such work, either fine or broad, according to the drawings in hand. (2) For wash drawings you need smooth water-color paper, lampblack and Chinese white with good elastic sable brushes. Charcoal is not suitable. There is no fixed rule for the size of the drawings, but it is always an advantage to have them larger than the reproductions required. (3) You are mistaken in supposing that questions are answered by mail in this department if requested.

A Subscriber—Dresden colors may be used in combination with Lacroix colors, although they call for a harder firing. Albert yellow makes an exquisite soft color for tinting a ground; it is also valuable for delicate yellow flowers, but it hardly replaces silver yellow. (2) Mat surface is dull either in gold or color. Mat is the same as Roman gold; it is much richer than liquefied gold. (3) Never use gold over color even after firing. A piece is fired before the gold outline is applied to avoid risk of its mixing with the color in burning. (4) Hard gold is intended only for use on china that has a soft glaze, such as ivory white ware, on a hard surface like that presented by French or Belleek ware. Hard gold requires to be very strongly fired; if not it rubs off in burnishing. It is applied precisely in the same manner as the ordinary mat gold. (5) Purple No. 2 and ultramarine blue mixed make a deep rich purple; do not try to get the full depth of color at once, but paint thinly several times if necessary till the required tone is attained. To give a colder tone in parts glaze thinly with ivory black.

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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS

BY RUTH ASHMORE

Correspondents desirous of being answered by mail must, in each case, send either self-addressed stamped envelope or stamps.

VINIE—A man of thirty years would be of a proper age to marry a girl of eighteen.

VALERIE B.—I do not think there is any law which forbids the marriage of cousins.

E. H. H.—While in deep mourning a widow wears a cap and cuffs of sheer white lawn.

PHYLLIS—As your home is in a pretty, sheltered corner, why not call it "Restful Nook"?

NANCY—Congratulate the bridegroom on his good fortune and wish the bride all happiness.

C. R.—It is in best taste for a widow to be married in a visiting gown of velvet and moiré, with a small bonnet.

LOIS—Send a note of thanks to each one of the gentlemen who united in giving you a wedding present.

N. L. A.—When some one expresses pleasure at meeting you a smile and a bow are sufficient acknowledgment.

R. D.—When entertaining a friend it is quite proper to ask all the members of one's social world to call upon her.

A. A. K.—When a lady is walking with two gentlemen she may, with propriety, have one on either side of her.

OCTAVIA—Even if your acquaintance is only with the bridegroom you should send the wedding present to the bride.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—There would be no impropriety at a supper in asking for a second helping of salad or ice cream.

H. T.—When a lady is out with a gentleman, either walking or driving, it is her privilege to suggest the time to return.

ELEONORE L.—Systematic massage with cocoa butter, or any good cream fancied, will tend to develop your neck.

E. M. H.—Rub a little vaseline on your nails every night; this will tend to make them less brittle and less liable to crack.

C. R. M.—A good list of books for girls was given by Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson in the JOURNAL of November, 1895.

C. A. C. AND OTHERS—A lady should thank a gentleman for any courtesy shown her, no matter how slight it may be.

B. G.—A letter to a lawyer, unless he occupies a position on the bench, should be addressed simply to "James Robinson, Esq."

QUERY—In taking a lady to dinner or supper a gentleman offers his left arm. Coffee, taken moderately, will not injure the skin.

MARTHA E.—When an engagement is broken each present sent by friends in honor of it should be returned with a note of explanation.

LAURA—As the mother of your betrothed is an invalid it would be a pretty courtesy, since she wishes to meet you, for you to call upon her.

DOUBTFUL—If the only guest at the family dinner-table is a gentleman he should not be served until all the ladies of the family have been attended to.

PAUL—In the large cities few young girls go to places of amusement with young men alone; usually, either a party is formed, or a chaperon is invited.

A CONSTANT READER—When tomatoes are served as a salad they are eaten with a fork alone. (2) Pastry should be served before either ices or fruit.

CATHERINE—It is proper to have one's home address on one's visiting-card. A younger sister would have "Miss Catherine Brown" on her card.

N. L.—Writing on the first, then on the third, then crosswise on the second and fourth pages of a letter facilitates the reading and is in perfectly good form.

M. L.—With the dark blue going-away gown, in which you are to be married, white glacé gloves, with four large, white pearl buttons, should be worn.

CATHLEEN—The JOURNAL of November, 1896, contained an article on entertaining that will, undoubtedly, be of assistance to you in amusing your friends.

MINNIE—A doctor's wife has no right to his title; he is "Dr. James Smith," she is "Mrs. James Smith." This is not a recent style, but a form that has always been proper.

N. Y.—I cannot recommend any bleach for the hair. Artificial coloring of the hair is not only an extremely vulgar habit, but what is also of importance, an obsolete one.

MARIAN—It is never in good taste to wear borrowed jewelry, and that is one of the reasons why I object to young girls wearing the fraternity pins of their boy friends.

VAUGHN—When drinking from a cup the spoon should be left in the saucer. (2) At the end of a meal do not fold your table napkin, but lay it carelessly beside your place.

N. C.—Girls of fifteen are not supposed to be in society, nor do they, if they have wise mothers, receive gentlemen visitors. Girls of that age should be in the schoolroom.

WINONA—The birth stone for March is the bloodstone. (2) The yellow diamond is usually called the "coffee" diamond; when deep in color and without a flaw it is very valuable.

FLORENCE M.—It would be very silly to send out cards announcing a marriage before it had taken place. The cards may, however, be posted as soon after the wedding as is convenient.

DOUBTFUL—I do not believe that anything but misery could possibly result from a marriage between a woman who had a very decided belief and a man who was absolutely lacking in faith.

ELAINE—I do not object to dancing in the home and among friends, but I do positively object to young girls going to public balls and dancing with men who are almost strangers to them.

GERTRUDE M.—An engagement bracelet is occasionally chosen instead of an engagement ring, but the ring always seems most proper, having both history and romance to commend its use.

MADELINE—It would be in very bad taste to wear either a dressing-sacque or a wrapper when breakfasting in the public dining-room of a hotel. Such an undress costume is only permissible in one's own room.

ANNIE—Wedding presents are always sent to the bride; she is, of course, addressed by her maiden name until after her marriage. (2) Wedding presents should be acknowledged as soon after their arrival as possible.

S. E. R.—Even at Christmas a young lady should not accept a present of jewelry from a gentleman to whom she is not betrothed. She may, with propriety, accept flowers, sweets, music or books from her men friends.

Q.—Your signature to a business letter written in the first person should be "Mary Brown," but, as your correspondent is a stranger to you, it would be proper to add, in parenthesis, below your name, "Mrs. James Brown."

A. S.—In preparing silk rags for curtains they should be cut half an inch wide. One pound of rags is required for one yard of the woven stuff. Either a linen or silk filling is used for the weaving. Any good carpet weaver can make the silk rags into drapery.

M. S.—At a quiet, home wedding the collation might consist of salads, sandwiches, ices, meat and sweet jellies, bride's cake, small cakes, coffee, lemonade and any other beverage you may desire. Have the collation spread on one large table, and let the service be informal.

A. C.—A matron and her unmarried sister should send separate notes of acceptance or regret. (2) When notes are written in the third person the young lady should always refer to herself as "Miss." (3) Invitations should be answered as soon after their arrival as possible.

MAUD R.—It is not proper for a young man to invite a lady to dine at his home. If he particularly wishes her to visit his home then his mother or sisters should call upon her, and, after she has returned the visit, the invitation to dinner may come, as it should, from the ladies to her.

A. B. C. AND OTHERS—Those ladies whose households are most modest find that the day "at home" is the greatest convenience, since, having a special time for receiving one's friends, all necessary arrangements can be made beforehand and no embarrassing situations are apt to occur.

MARY R. AND OTHERS—I am not an advocate of Platonic friendships. They are particularly dangerous when the imitators of Plato are youthful. "Punch's" definition of Platonics is a very good one:

> "Like all other tonics—exciting."

P. E. B.—It is perfectly proper for even a young girl to use a seal formed of the initials of her name. (2) The gentleman who took your ring was very rude, and as he takes no notice of your requests to return it I would advise your having your father write to him asking for the return of your ring.

A. H. M.—When "at home" cards are received from two sisters you should send one card to each lady, and as they are married it is better to put them in separate envelopes. (2) Teach your little boy to say, "What, mamma?" and "Yes, Mrs. Brown," and "Thank you, mamma," in preference to "ma'am" and "sir."

CORNELIA—A girl of sixteen should not be allowed to go out driving or riding with a young man alone. (2) A girl is doing very wrong when she continues to receive attentions, very pronounced ones, from a man whom she knows means to ask her to marry him, when she is certain that she does not care for him and intends to refuse him.

FLORENCE—Visiting-cards are left whether the lady upon whom you call is at home or not. (2) A sufficient number of stamps for its return should accompany every manuscript sent to an editor. It is not necessary to mention the payment expected for a story, as all magazines of good standing pay well and promptly for whatever they accept.

MABEL—Lemon juice tends to whiten the skin and fade out freckles. (2) When there are lady visitors at the table it would be very improper to serve the hostess first, even with the laudable intention of allowing her to show her guests what forks they should use for special dishes. People who dine out are supposed to know, or to learn by observation, the proper usage of each particular knife, fork and spoon.

C. R. L.—Unless your hostess gives you permission you have no right, when accepting her invitation to make her a visit, to take a maid with you. A considerate hostess always sends a maid to a guest on her arrival. This maid offers to unpack the trunk and arrange the belongings of the visitor. A thoughtful woman, however, does not make too many demands on the servants of the house where she is visiting.

BESSIE B.—It would be perfectly proper, as you are to be married in church and in your traveling dress, for you to go directly from the church to the station, omitting everything in the way of a reception or a collation. (2) Your mother should send written notes of invitation to your immediate family and the immediate family of the bridegroom, asking them to be present at the church. The sending out of announcement cards is entirely a matter of personal taste.

PATTIE—An apple or a pear may be held on a fork and pared with a knife, or it may be quartered, and each quarter held in the fingers and then pared. Dates are eaten from the fingers. (2) If you do not go to the wedding reception send your card by post, addressed to the mother of the bride. An afternoon reception requires either one's presence, or one's visiting-card as a representative; an evening reception demands the usual formal note of acceptance or regret.

ALICIA—In this country the word "parlor" is used more generally than "drawing-room." Parlor is from the French *parler*, to talk, and is, of course, a very proper name for the room in which polite conversation is carried on. The phrase "drawing-room" was originally "withdrawing-room," and described the room into which the ladies withdrew when the gentlemen were left at the table. The calling of one's room either a parlor or drawing-room is entirely a matter of personal taste.

MARGUERITE—As the "at home" is in the evening the bride may, with perfectly good taste, wear her wedding dress. The orange blossoms should, however, be taken off and roses put in their place, while the veil should, of course, be omitted. (2) An informal note of thanks, written in the first person, should be sent in acknowledgment of each wedding present received. When a present comes from "Mr. and Mrs. Robinson" the acknowledgment should be made to Mrs. Robinson, although Mr. Robinson should be referred to in the note.

A. W.—Announce your sister's marriage after this fashion:

MR. AND MRS. JAMES ROBINSON
Announce the marriage of their sister
Marian Brown
to
Mr. Ralph Jones
Monday, January fourth
1897
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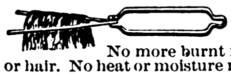

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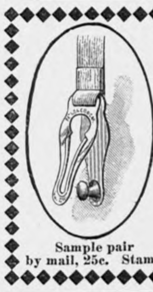

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" Japanese Imperial Morning Glory; 10 seeds.
" Japanese and Chinese Chrysanthemum Seed.
" Ostrich Feather Cockscomb; new; 100 seeds.
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SEEDS

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

EBEN E. REXFORD.

B. H.—The flower sent is not a native of the East.

Miss I. M. H.—The specimen sent is Anemone, or Wind Flower.

M. B. S.—Write to Professor Sargeant, of "Forest and Garden," New York City.

A. B. C.—I do not think nitrate of soda the proper fertilizer to use on your Orange.

Mrs. J. Q. A.—Divide the Fern by cutting down through the roots with a sharp knife.

Mattie R.—If fumigation has failed to rid your plants of aphis apply kerosene emulsion.

W. L. T.—Put your Century Plant in ordinary loam. Do not give it a great deal of water.

J. T. R.—Your Narcissuses are doubtless diseased. I know of no remedy. The trouble seems to be general.

Reader—I had much trouble with my Geraniums last year. The foliage turned brown in spots, and finally fell off. I applied Sulpho-Tobacco soap, and saved the plants.

C. J. M.—Place your Begonias on the veranda, in a place shaded somewhat from hot sun and sheltered from winds, and keep rather dry during the summer. In fall repot in fresh soil.

B. S.—An article on "The Cultivation of the Palm" was given in the Journal of February last. By referring to it you will find your questions answered more fully than they can be in this column.

Mrs. D. M. C. Z.—The Parma Violet takes its name from a place in Italy where it is extensively cultivated. It is very much like the Neapolitan variety in form, size, color and fragrance.

Mrs. M. R. W.—I gave an article on the treatment required by bulbs for winter blooming in the October, 1896, issue of the Journal. In it you will find full instructions for the cultivation of the Easter Lily.

Marion—Asparagus *plumosus* does best in a light, rich, sandy soil. Water moderately, and keep in shade. Shower daily. (2) Cissus should have a light, spongy soil, containing a good deal of fibrous vegetable matter.

Mrs. L.—Very few fruit trees develop all the fruit which "sets," at blooming time. Some are blighted by the temperature which prevails at that season, some by lack of fertilization, and some because of insufficient vitality.

A. C. E.—Hen manure is quite likely to injure plants, being very strong. (2) Prune Hydrangeas back severely after blooming. A southern exposure is best for them. (3) Brown spots on the foliage of any plant are pretty sure to be traceable to the work of some insect.

S.—Chrysanthemums may be grown in boxes, but I would not advise you to attempt to cultivate Carnations in that manner, for summer blooming. Give your Chrysanthemums a very rich soil, and all the water they can make use of—which will be a good deal in hot weather.

H. C. W.—Hybrid perpetual Roses can be kept indefinitely if they are given frequent prunings and good treatment. By cutting away the old wood from time to time the plants can be renewed yearly. I presume it would be the same with Teas in climates where they could be wintered in the ground.

L. E. E.—The Aspidistra would be most likely to flourish in your north window. It is not as ornamental as many plants, but it does very well where one cannot do better. (2) Oxalis requires a sunny, southern exposure. (3) Plant the bulbs about three months before you want them to come into bloom.

E. P.—Hyacinth bulbs, after being forced, are comparatively worthless. (2) Your Hydrangea's leaves may turn yellow from a good many causes: The plant may not get water enough. Its roots may be cramped. The soil may be lacking in nutriment. The temperature of the room in which it is kept may be too warm or too dry.

A. L.—Cuttings can be rooted at any time if the branches from which they are taken are in the proper condition. Hard-wooded plants should be rooted in sand, with bottom heat, and the branch selected should be at an intermediate stage of development—that is, about half ripened. If taken too young, decay is likely to set in before roots form; if too old, the wood often refuses to throw out roots.

Mrs. A. A. R.—Apply a solution of Paris green as soon as you notice worms at work on your vine. Prepare it after the formula used by growers of the potato, in their fight against the potato bug. You will find one of the small spray pumps, which can be operated by hand, from a pail of water, very useful for the application of this insecticide, as it will make it easy for you to reach all portions of the plant with the preparation.

H. P. R.—Spring, in my opinion, is a better time to set trees than fall, because, at that season, trees are beginning to grow, and will, therefore, be in a condition to respond more readily to treatment, while in fall they are unlikely to establish themselves before cold weather sets in. Preserve the roots to the fullest possible extent. Do not disturb the tree until after it has ripened and has shed its foliage. If the roots are cut away, as they almost invariably are in spring planting, be sure to cut back the top proportionately.

Sally—Yes, liquid manure is almost sure to breed worms in the soil. For that reason I advise the use of fertilizers prepared from chemical formulæ. Lime-water will rout the worms if used thoroughly. Use enough to saturate all the soil in the pot, and let it be prepared from perfectly fresh lime. (2) The Amaryllis likes a rich, loamy soil, well drained. I do not advise putting any member of this family in the cellar. Keep them dry while not making growth, and warm. Repot, if necessary, after they have flowered and while they are making growth.

W. C. A.—I am constantly in receipt of inquiries similar to yours, and I regret to say that I cannot answer them satisfactorily. Many women make a success of growing flowers for the market, but because some have been successful it does not necessarily follow that all who go into the business will be. There must be adaptation to the business, a love of it, and a knowledge of its requirements that can only be gained by personal work among plants. I would not advise any woman to attempt a livelihood by floriculture until she had made sure that she had ability as a florist, and this she can only decide after an apprenticeship to some practical florist. Flower-growing for the market is a business that must be studied and mastered precisely as any other business. The woman—or man—who thinks it one that can be made successful without any previous knowledge or training is almost sure to fail, for such a belief implies lack of practical business qualities, which are the first requisite to success.

Why Women Win

In some kinds of work is not difficult to explain; one example here will suffice—poultry raising. **IN THAT WOMEN EXCEL.** The whole secret lies in patience with small things. Would a man bear all the trying details of caring for a family of small children? Never! So with a lot of tiny chicks, a woman's patience, affection and love for physical weakness win every time. Often a man fails to make hens pay; his wife takes them in hand and wins. Statistics do not show how many, but it is a fact that a large majority of the successful poultry and egg raisers on farms, in city and village suburbs are women. The money thus to be obtained will buy many luxuries for women, or will help pay for the better education of their children. Of all the pursuits open to women, none will yield her such a prompt return or large profit—if rightly located—as raising eggs and poultry for market. Fresh eggs, choice chickens for broilers, ducks for roasters, always bring a high price. The supply has never yet equaled the demand. Success is all a matter of care and attention to details, which are fully explained in the helpful practical matter published in that true educator—

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This paper will enable any woman to win, by careful reading and practice. She cannot afford to be without it. By its aid she can make four dozen eggs pay for a year's subscription to Farm-Poultry, which is only about one-third of the product of one properly cared for hen. Many of the readers of Farm-Poultry have done this. What others have done you can do. Price one year, $1.00; six months, 50 cents. Sample copy and a twenty-five-cent book—"A Living from Poultry"—sent postpaid for 12 cents in stamps.

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MUSICAL HELPS AND HINTS

BY THE MUSICAL EDITORS

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

J. W. K.—Second bass voices range from C and D below the bass staff to D and E above the bass staff.

CONSTANCY—There is a composition dedicated to Julia Marlowe Taber, known as the "Waltz of the Winds," by M. T. Dwight.

WINONA G. R.—" Album Leaves," Opus 101, by C. Gurlitt, is a collection of twenty very simple, melodious and yet musically good compositions available for a beginner in piano work.

FRANCES ESTHER—A genuine Antonius Stradivarius violin, dated 1723, is one of the most valuable of violins, and is worth from $500 to $2500, according to condition and other qualities.

J. F.—It is said by those who have accomplished it that if economy be practiced a piano student can live upon five hundred dollars per year in Vienna or Berlin, this amount covering all expenses of living, tuition, etc.

E. C. H.—It requires many years of study, hard and diligent practice, a good, natural voice, musical intelligence and the expenditure of large sums of money for instruction necessary to fit one to become a capable concert singer.

M. D.—The ability to transpose is either a matter of musical knowledge or of musical ear. The former is the only musicianly way of transposing, and its possession can be acquired only by the study of the theory and laws of harmony.

NEW SUBSCRIBER—The violin and harp are respectively much more difficult instruments to master than either the mandolin or the guitar. You do not say for what voices you desire the list of duets, so we cannot answer your second query.

NEMO—Competent vocal authorities say that after a man has reached middle life the muscles and vocal chords are too rigid for any marked change to occur under instruction, and that, therefore, it is scarcely worth while to commence vocal instruction.

H. E. A. AND OTHERS—Kohler's Opus 50, Book 1, is an excellent first book of exercises for the piano student. This may be succeeded by Kohler's Opus 190, and that by Czerny's "One Hundred Progressive Studies." These can be ordered through the Literary Bureau.

INQUIRERS—"Il Trovatore" is the name of an opera by Verdi, and means in English, "The Troubadour." The Italian is pronounced, "Il Trō-va-tō-rā," the accent being thrown on the first and third syllables, the vowel sounds in the first, third and fourth syllables being long, and that in the second syllable being short.

SOPRANO—The tenor is the highest division of male voices and the term can never be correctly applied to a woman's voice. A soprano may sing the tenor part in a composition, but if she sings a solo it is a soprano solo. Songs are usually published in two keys—in a high one for soprano or tenor, and in a low one for contralto or bass.

J. C.—We do not believe that proficiency can be secured on any musical instrument without competent instruction. Your knowledge of the organ will assist you in your other musical studies, but we would advise you to secure a good teacher of the instrument which you may desire to learn, and to abide by his instruction and advice.

E. M. S.—The following are a few simple piano selections:

Opus 68, Album for the Young, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.	Schumann
"Tarantelle," Opus 46, No. 7	Heller
Twelve Little Preludes, No. 2	Bach
Opus 136, No. 1, Sonatine in C . . .	Reinecke

M. L. B.—The following piano selections are charming and simple:

"The Sky Lark"	Tschaikowski
"Golden Slumbers"	Macfarren
"A Strange Story"	Schumann
"Under the Linden Tree"	Reinecke
Opus 62, Chaconne in A Minor	Durand

H. L.—Hohman's "Practical Violin School" is one of the best works of its kind, but we consider it practically impossible for a person to learn to play the violin or any other musical instrument without competent instruction. In this connection we would refer you to Maud Powell's article on "Women and the Violin," in the February, 1896, issue of the JOURNAL.

MEG—Only a requisite knowledge of the theory and laws of harmony can enable you to determine whether a composition is written in a major key or in that key's relative minor. No rule of thumb can be given for this matter, as it is only by the possession of the knowledge of harmony that one can recognize the characters and relations of the several harmonies, and thus apprehend the key.

MRS. O. H. J.—Instruction on the piano can only be properly secured in one way, and that is from competent teachers. No actual progress can be made except through preliminary studies and exercises. It is as impossible to play the piano properly without studying the rudiments as it would be to spell without first learning the alphabet. We therefore cannot recommend any book as a "short cut" in piano instruction.

H. W. W.—We know of no responsible musical conservatory in New York or elsewhere which will give musical instruction in return for the promise of a future percentage of the professional earnings of the person requiring instruction. The National Conservatory of Music, 126 East Seventeenth Street, New York City, will give free instruction, we believe, to persons having remarkable talent and no means of securing a musical training.

A. G.—The letter "o" used as an abbreviation in music signifies "or," as "flauto o violine," "flute or violin." The letters "m. d." stand for "main droite," "mano destra," "mano diritta," or "manu dextra," and signify "right hand." The capital letter "S" may stand for "segno," the sign 𝄋; "senza," without; "sinistra," the left hand; "solo," alone, or "subito," suddenly. The sign 𝆗 signifies what is known as a turn, an ornament in music formed by taking the adjoining notes above and below the principal note.

J. M. K.—A soprano voice may range from middle C to A above the treble clef; a mezzo soprano from the A below middle C to the F in the treble clef; a contralto from the F below middle C to the D or E in the treble clef. All of these ranges given are only average, as many voices in each of these divisions sing readily both above and below the notes given. A first tenor is supposed to sing from E in the bass clef to middle C; a second tenor from C in the bass clef to the A above it. Barytone voices usually sing first bass parts, and range from A or B in the bass clef to E or F below middle C.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

VIOLETTA—Pupils taking part in concerts are not required to wear low-necked gowns.

BROWNIE—Velvet of a contrasting shade is more conspicuous than velvet of the same color on a street gown.

OREGON—A girl graduate may wear a white taffeta silk, silk and wool crépon, Swiss or organdy over a silk lining.

MAGGIE DEE—Pieces for black silk cord bolero jackets of a pretty Arabesque pattern cost from two dollars upward.

A TRAVELER—For night wear in the cars for a long trip have a flannel wrapper and soft, crocheted bedroom slippers.

L. G.—If your sewing-room has a northern exposure have it papered with yellow to brighten it, but if a southern outlook use a grayish-green paper.

C. L. S.—Crocheted wraps are not worn in the evening. (2) Organdy waists are not suitable for winter wear on account of health as well as appearance.

OLD-FASHIONED GIRL—Separate silk waists continue to be worn. (2) Small and medium brocaded figures on a moiré or satin ground form the most fashionable black silk skirts.

PAULINE—For your dress of bouclé suiting have a round waist, moderate sleeves and five-yard skirt. Corselet and collar of green velvet and short jacket fronts of black mohair braid.

ETTA V. T.—In the next issue of the JOURNAL some hints for making cotton gowns will be given. (2) Green, navy blue, golden-brown, gray, black and white are all good colors for spring.

J. F.—The genuine English Cravenette serge can be dyed without destroying the waterproof quality. It is given the waterproofing process while in the yarn, and is afterward washed and dyed, hence its durability.

MRS. D. W.—You will find no difficulty with black dress linings rubbing off if you buy reliable fast black brands. One is always safe with such black goods if they are warranted absolutely fast in color and so marked.

MARGARET C.—You can trim a dark blue waist with changeable red and blue taffeta ribbon. (2) Black slippers and hose may be worn with any evening dress, though a white toilette is much prettier with white footgear.

MRS. C. L. J.—Slash the wrist of your black silk sleeves, back and front, to a depth of two inches, and sew all around the inside a three-inch plaiting of black chiffon, which will show a trifle below the edge and fluff out between the slashes, forming a becoming finish to the hand.

PA.—Most assuredly it will pay you to get a silk waist for winter wear. Odd silk waists are still in very high favor. (2) A jaunty jacket will require three yards and a quarter of cloth fifty-six inches wide. Five yards of silk will line the body of the jacket and face the wrists and collar.

CONSTANCE—If your skirt is too short and you have a yard and a half of the new goods use it for a bias fold two inches wide, piecing down the lining under it, and head the fold with an inch-wide erect frill of the black satin trimming, setting the lower edge under the upper edge of the fold.

C. K. E.—To add to your apparent height wear skirts made with many gores or seams, and wear gowns of one color. (2) Green and gray are both very fashionable colors for the fall and winter. (3) A fur coat is most certainly a suitable wrap for church. (4) Gray is becoming to red-haired people.

ANNIE K.—What to get for a separate black skirt should be decided by your pocketbook and the occasions upon which the skirt will be worn: a plain satin duchesse or medium-sized figured satin, moiré or figured taffeta, if for dressy wear; serge, Eudora, cheviot or heavy mohair, if for general utility.

G. H.—Why the edges of your basque sometimes gape is easily explained. You either have insecure hooks or sew them on too far apart and too near the edge. Some of the best dressmakers sew on hooks and eyes alternately down each side; they are more difficult to fasten at first, but they are firmer in place.

MABEL R.—Black silk cord revers, frog ornaments and bolero jacket fronts are very stylish on mixed woolen gowns, especially if black appears in the mixture. As you are undecided about trimming your black and green bouclé why not have bolero fronts, with collar and belt of green velvet, as the cloth is too heavy for a belt?

MRS. FANNIE W.—The covering of a shiny vest on a silk dress is an easy matter nowadays. If for a stout figure cover it plainly with heavy cream guipure lace or with black *mousseline* dotted with jet or steel; if of slender build use tulle or chiffon for a finely-plaited vest cover. (2) A street skirt should be perfectly even all around and fully escape the ground.

MISS RACHEL—If the under seam of your sleeve runs askew toward the wrist it is plainly evident that the upper and lower pieces are not cut according to the grain or warp of the cloth. Across the upper part of the arm the warp should be straight across, allowing the part from the elbow down to form a bias, which will not make a zigzag seam if these directions are followed.

A. V.—The full, short jackets called Empire coats can be worn by tall persons, but I would not advise the buying of one, as such an extreme fashion will only be of short duration. (2) Send your old-fashioned fur cape to a furrier; good fur is worthy of good treatment. It is probably too scant in width and will have to be added to. Fashionable capes are now averaging a length of twenty-four inches and a width of three yards.

ANNA F. E.—The fitted corselet belts are made over a thin silk or percaline lining, which is fitted by darts closely to the figure, hooked up on the left side, and short bones placed three at the back and front and one or two at each side; over this, when on the wearer, lay the outside fabric in easy folds, and then hide the joining under a long, shaped bow of ribbon or velvet, rosettes centred with a large, handsome button or a row of small buttons.

MRS. O. M. N.—I would not advise you to buy a summer silk before March or April, as printed foulards are to be very popular and good lines of them will not be shown until then. White floral or scroll figures on dark green, navy or black will be the choice, and a good quality will be seventy-five cents to a dollar a yard, twenty-four inches wide. For a cool dress line the skirt with percaline and the waist and sleeves with grass linen of a light weight.

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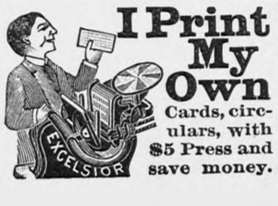

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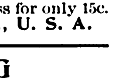

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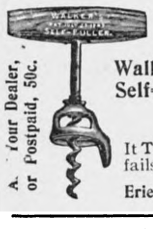

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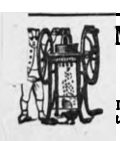

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EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE

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

IRENE—Oyster-forks may be bought at any shop where they sell silver.

LEXINGTON—The darker the walnut in furniture the more valuable it is.

C. D.—Lemon should be served with either green turtle or mock turtle soup.

DOROTHY—Polishing irons are used to produce a a polish on collars and cuffs.

ORANGE VALLEY—Satisfactory dusters may be made from yard-wide cheesecloth.

CLIFTON SPRING—When a visitor is announced the hostess should rise and greet her.

MADISONVILLE—It was Douglas Jerrold who called the pineapple "the nobleman of the garden."

NANNY—The isinglass in stove doors may be kept bright by the use of vinegar applied with a piece of soft flannel.

LIGONIER—Finger-bowls are generally used with the fruit course. They should not be more than half full of water.

T. T. R.—Oysters are in market all the year round, though many people decline to eat them from April until September.

ELIZABETH—Vegetables "à la Julienne" are vegetables that have been cut into slices either long or short, or thick or thin.

EFFIE—With our modern system of cold storage almost anything in the way of game may be had at any season of the year.

PHŒBE R.—One chicken and one tongue, if carefully prepared and carved, will make sandwiches enough for twenty people.

GERMANTOWN—If your family has grown tired of hash, and it is absolutely necessary to have it occasionally, try cooking it in cups, and serving it nicely browned in the cups.

SALLIE M.—If the wall paper is not very much spoiled it may be cleaned by a careful application of spirits of wine. (2) Borax, if regularly used, will completely drive away cockroaches.

EVA J.—Invitations to dinner-parties should be issued in the united names of host and hostess. (2) A dinner invitation should be acknowledged, and either accepted or declined, as soon after its receipt as possible.

CLEARFIELD—Hard candies or confectionery, when wrapped in strong paper boxes or heavy paper wrappers adequate to prevent all injury to other mail matter in the same mail bag, are admissible in the domestic mails.

ELLA C.—A good formula for cologne is the following: sixty drops each of oil of bergamot, oil of lavender, oil of lemon and orange flower water added to a pint of alcohol and well shaken; five drops of attar of roses will improve it.

H. B. L.—The green stain which is now much used for furniture, picture frames, etc., is sold in cans ready for use. It is particularly adapted for the lighter varieties of wood and must be thoroughly rubbed in to be of any value.

FORT YATES—An afternoon wedding usually takes place between half-past two and half-past three o'clock; an evening wedding between half-past seven and half-past eight, and a morning wedding at twelve o'clock (high noon).

CAROLYN—An article on the "Selection and Framing of Pictures" was given in the December, 1896, JOURNAL, a copy of which will be mailed you for ten cents. (2) Cut sugar is usually served with coffee, and powdered sugar with fruit or oatmeal.

LARAMIE BRIDE—Have your tinsmith make a cake-tin for you as nearly as possible in the shape of a cucumber. When the cake is baked ice it completely over with icing colored with pistachio or spinach juice. The cake should be a plain one.

GLENGARRY—Oysters contain very little solid animal matter, a good deal of water, besides lime, iron, gelatin and phosphorus. (2) Vegetable-cutters that will cut vegetables in all sorts of fancy shapes may be obtained at any large house-furnishing store.

WALLISVILLE—The most serviceable of library table covers are made from denim; they retain their color and do not lose any freshness by a visit to the laundry. More elaborate covers are made from heavy cloth, and sometimes from velvet, plush or velveteen or velours.

MRS. MURRAY—White table-linen is the most serviceable as well as the most dainty. Colored table-linen is not to be preferred to it, though sometimes the colored table-cloth serves a purposes which a white one cannot. I should advise you to use your own judgment in the matter.

ROSE J.—"Belleek" is a very thin china, characterized principally by its translucent appearance. It was first made in England over thirty-five years ago. It is now manufactured at the potteries in Trenton, New Jersey. (2) The craze for imitation Delft ware may be said to have passed.

GARDINER—The most satisfactory splashers are made from dotted Swiss muslin over colored cambric. The muslin should be shirred over the cambric and fastened to the wall in as careful a manner as possible. Splashers of this sort are easily kept clean and are quite inexpensive.

RUTH—Cyanide of potassium applied with a camel's hair brush will remove stains made by indelible ink. But it is a dangerous drug and must be used with great caution. When the stain disappears wash the portion of cloth that has received the application through several waters.

LANARK—Tarragon vinegar may be made by placing half a cupful of tarragon leaves into a pint fruit jar; pour over them half a pint of the best white wine vinegar; cover closely and stand aside for three days, shaking each morning; then strain through a jelly-bag and it will be ready for use.

GRETCHEN—The best way to apply a stain and bring out the grain of the wood is to apply the stain very thickly and then rub it into the wood with a piece of cheesecloth. After this is done apply a coat of hard oil finish; after that is dry rub the wood all over with prepared beeswax, and then polish with a soft piece of flannel.

KEENE VALLEY—The plate which you describe as bearing the medallions of General W. H. Harrison is doubtless one of a series made in an English pottery for Mr. John Price Wetherill, of Philadelphia. Mr. Wetherill used these plates at a barbecue given in honor of General Harrison, who was at that time the Presidential nominee.

MRS. E. P. J.—Sweet potato quenelles may be made by mashing the inside portion of a half dozen sweet potatoes with an ounce of butter, an ounce of grated parmesan cheese, salt, pepper, and, if liked, a very little grated nutmeg; form into ovals with the yolk of an egg; cook in boiling lard and serve with the soup course.

MARGARET—The menu for a wedding breakfast next month might consist of bouillon served in cups, creamed oysters, lobster cutlets, oyster patties, chicken, lobster and crab salad, boned turkey, ices of all sorts, fancy cakes, salted almonds and bonbons, with the bride and wedding cake. Coffee, chocolate and lemonade as beverages. It is customary now to seat the wedding party at small tables.

GOSHEN—The most satisfactory sideboard covers are made from fine white linen and hemstitched. (2) Embroidered centrepieces and doilies should be washed in a luke-warm lather made of a good laundry soap, thoroughly rinsed in clear water, and after a thorough shaking ironed dry between two thicknesses of Canton flannel. I should advise you, unless you have a very careful laundress, to do this piece of work yourself.

SIMPLETON—Coffee and fruit stains may be removed from table-linen by a prompt application of boiling water poured over the stained portion previous to its being washed. (2) Guests should be served first if they are ladies; if not, the ladies of the house should first be helped, then the visiting gentlemen, and then the gentlemen of the house.

PASSAIC—To prepare salted almonds, blanch by pouring boiling water over them and rubbing the brown skin off with a rough cloth. When quite dry measure and over each cupful of nuts pour a tablespoonful of the best olive oil. Let them stand for an hour, and then sprinkle a tablespoonful of salt over each cupful, mixing it thoroughly, and spread them out on a flat tin pan. Put them in a not too hot oven until they have become a delicate brown. Peanuts may be prepared in the same way.

HARRIET—Bronzes should always be placed in a strong light. (2) The potatoes which you mention are prepared in the following way: Select large potatoes that are of equal size and good shape and scrub them thoroughly with a brush, then bake in a hot oven. When sufficiently cooked remove the tops and take out the inside into a hot dish; mash quickly and add a tablespoonful of melted butter, another of cream, some salt, pepper and chopped parsley, the beaten whites of two eggs, a little hot milk, and heat all thoroughly together. With this mixture fill the potato skins, and over the top of each one put a little of the beaten yolk of an egg; place in the oven until the top is slightly brown and then serve on a folded napkin.

NEW CASTLE—When preparing New England pork and beans, thoroughly pick, wash and soak over night one quart of beans. In the morning pour off the water, place the beans in a kettle and cover them with hot water. Boil until the skins readily fall off, then place them in a large earthen bean-pot. Scrape and thoroughly clean three-quarters of a pound of fat salt pork, slash the rind in strips and place with the beans, allowing them to cover it level with the rind. Add one tablespoonful of molasses and a pinch of mustard. Fill the pot with boiling water, place it in a moderately hot oven at about half-past eight in the morning, and allow it to remain there all day. As often as the water evaporates renew it until toward the close of the day, when the rind of the pork may be allowed to become brown and crisp. Serve either hot or cold.

M. H.—Mrs. Lucas' receipt for arrow-root wafers is as follows: Beat half a pound of butter to a cream; whisk the yolks of six eggs to a strong froth, add them to the butter, stir in half a pound of flour, a little at a time, and beat the mixture well. Break all the lumps from six ounces of arrow-root and add that with half a pound of white sugar to the other ingredients. Lastly, add the well-beaten whites of the eggs and any preferred flavoring—a few blanched almonds, beaten to a smooth paste, with a few drops of rose or orange water is a delicate flavoring—and bake. The secret of thin, crisp wafers is to spread the paste on the baking-tins as thinly and evenly as possible, and bake in a hot oven. If the wafers are baked in one sheet, when half done draw the pans to the oven door, and with a sharp knife cut the cake into pieces about four inches square, then roll and bake crisp.

SEVERAL INQUIRERS—The following rule for measuring a room for wall paper has been obtained from a large wall-paper manufacturer: Measure every side of the room and add the number of feet together; multiply the sum obtained by the height of the room in feet. To allow for doors and windows multiply the height of each by the width; add all together and deduct from amount. Then divide by thirty-six; the result is the number of single pieces required for side walls. Some allowance should be made for matching and waste. To measure a ceiling, multiply the length of your room in feet by the width in feet, then divide the result by thirty-six. The number of yards of border required is the number of feet around the room divided by three. (2) All wall papers come in double rolls or pieces, and all prices quoted are for single rolls or pieces. A single piece of paper contains eight yards, eighteen inches wide; a double roll or piece contains sixteen yards, eighteen inches wide. Wall papers are put up in double rolls for convenience in shipping and saving waste when hanging. Order borders by the yard. The wider the border selected the prettier the effect.

JESSIE—The table for a "high tea" is usually arranged without a table-cloth, particularly if the hostess happens to possess a handsome table. At each place should be a plate doily and a tumbler doily; in the centre of the table an embroidered centrepiece in colors in harmony with the table decorations and the flowers it is intended to use. At the head of the table upon an embroidered square are laid the tea service, the urn, the cups and saucers, the cream-pitcher, sugar-bowl, etc. At the other end upon another embroidered square, may be placed the *piece de resistance* of the "high tea." Scattered about on circular doilies are the dishes of jelly, preserves, pickles, sweet and sour, olives, butter balls, cakes, etc. At each place, resting upon the plate doily, should be a pretty plate and the necessary silver, a goblet, a bread-and-butter-plate and a salt-cellar. All the cold dishes are placed upon the table before the meal is announced, and the hot ones served immediately upon the guests being seated. Broiled chicken and waffles, fried oysters and hot biscuit, scalloped oysters, creamed oysters, broiled oysters, and creamed chicken are always in order. Hot buttered and hot dry toast belong properly to the "high tea," as do chicken and lobster salad. The tea and coffee are served with the meal. Generally the sweet portion consists merely of cake, jelly and preserves. Ice cream is sometimes served, and whipped cream or charlotte russe. Thin slices of white and brown bread carefully buttered make a welcome addition to the menu.

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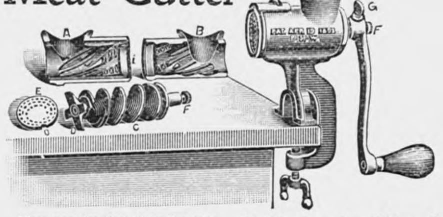

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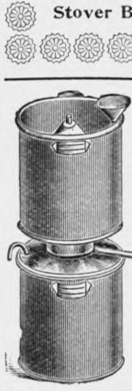

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CONTENTS

JANUARY, 1897

PAGE

The American Woman . . . . . . Alice Barber Stephens . . 1
I—The Woman in Society

What There is at the South Pole . . Gen. A. W. Greely, U. S. A. 2

When the Prince of Wales was in America . . . . Stephen Fiske 3
Drawings by T. de Thulstrup

The Burglar Who Moved Paradise—II. Herbert D. Ward 5
Drawing by W. L. Taylor

The Personal Side of Bismarck . . . George W. Smalley . . . 7
Drawing by T. de Thulstrup and Illustrations from Photographs

The Little Red Schoolhouse . . . . Florence Crosby Parsons . 9
Drawings by Elizabeth Shippen Green

This Country of Ours . . . . Hon. Benjamin Harrison . 10
XIII—The Judicial Department of the Government

An Item of Fashionable Intelligence . Jerome K. Jerome 11
Drawing by W. T. Smedley

Rock-a-By-Baby—LULLABY . . . . . Lillian Tait Sheldon . . . 13
Words adapted from Poem by Charles Fremont Gale

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

Problems of Young Men . . . . . . *The Editor* 14

Droch's Literary Talks . . . . . . *Droch* 15
II—Some Old Favorites
Illustrations by Oliver Herford

The Girl in the Country . . . . *Ruth Ashmore* 16

Amateur Photography at its Best . . *Henry Troth* 17
I—The Necessary Apparatus
Illustrations from Photographs

These Long Evenings in the Home . *Prof. A. S. Isaacs* 18

A Little Folks' Calendar for 1897 . *Clifford Howard* 19
Decoration by G. B. Fox

The Baby's Dainty Layette . . . . *Emma M. Hooper* 20

The Visitor and the Hostess . . . . *Isabel A. Mallon* 21
Illustrations by Elizabeth Shippen Green

The King's Daughters . . . . *Margaret Bottome* 22

Mr. Moody's Bible Class . . . . . . *Dwight L. Moody* 23

A Page of New Year Cooking . . . . *Several Experienced Women* 24

Appropriate Mantel Draperies . . . *John Sparrowhawk* 26
Illustrations by the Author

What Men are Asking . . . . *Walter Germain* 28

Art Helps for Art Workers . . . . . *Emma Haywood* 28

Side-Talks with Girls . . . . *Ruth Ashmore* 29

Floral Helps and Hints . . . . . . *Eben E. Rexford* 30

The Home Dressmaker . . . . . . *Emma M. Hooper* 31

Musical Helps and Hints . . . . . *The Musical Editors* . . . 31

Everything About the House . . . . *The Domestic Editor* . . . 32

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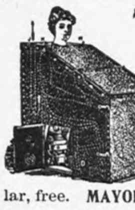

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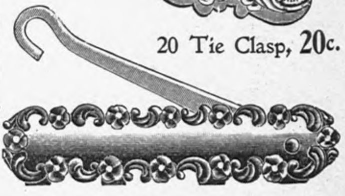

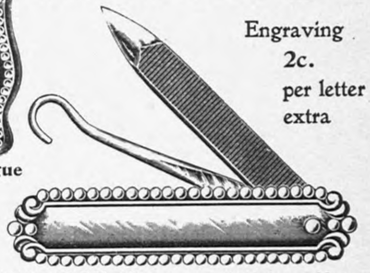

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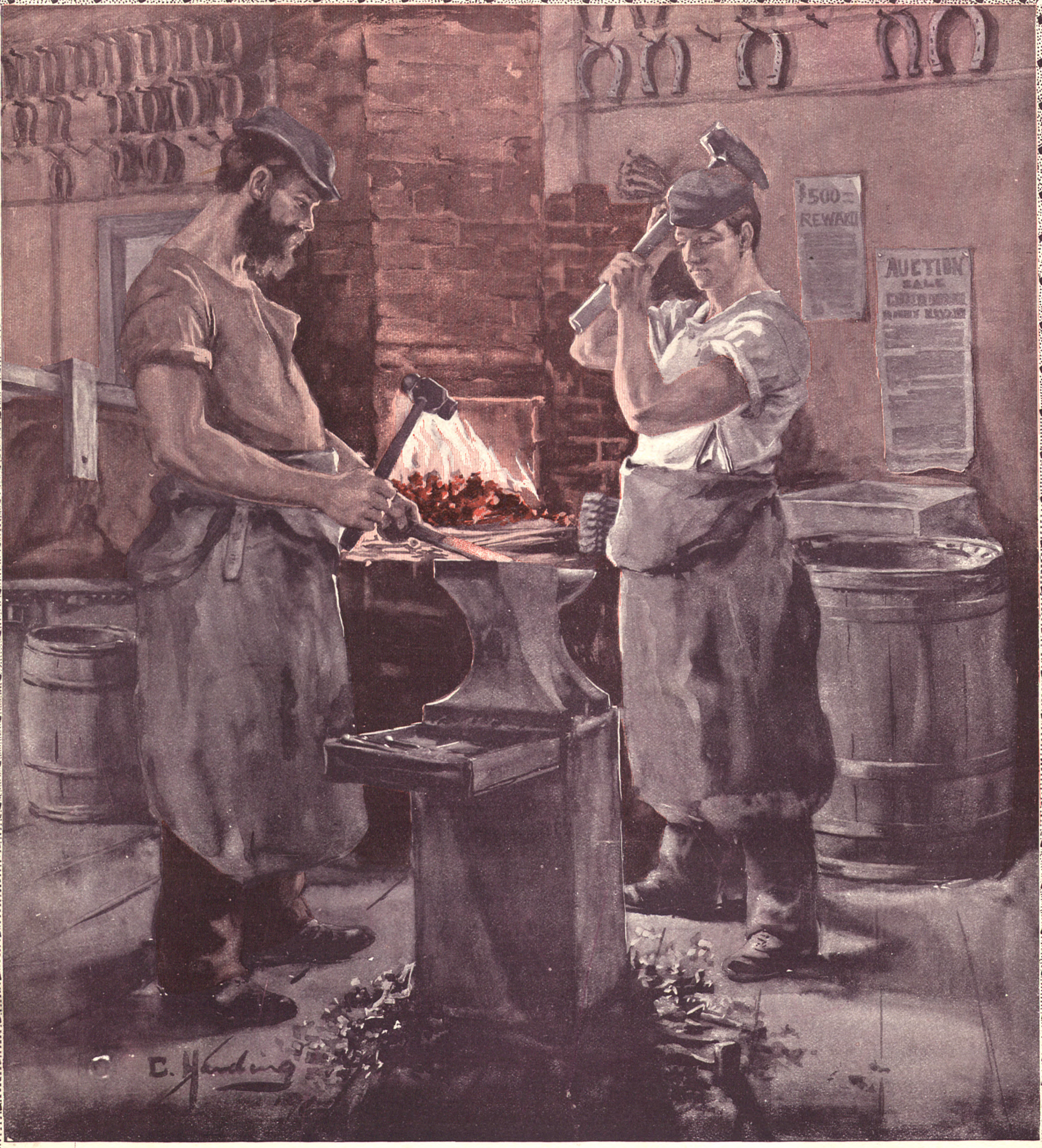

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