

050

L153

DECEMBER, 1896

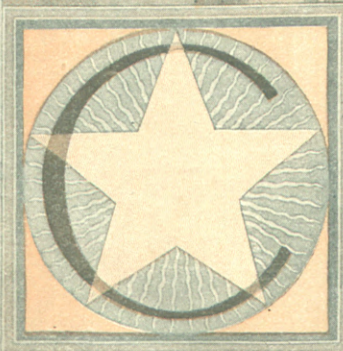
*Lib. Buck Oct 4*

*Sample*  
TEN CENTS

14.1

# THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL

218121000  
E. E. Shepard  
137  
137  
137



## CHRISTMAS 1896



Your sweet smile—your pearly teeth—have brought me to your feet. Tell me—in one word—the cause of—  
*She*—"In one word?—**RUBIFOAM!**"

Through the parted lips you catch a glimpse of pearly white teeth, and then the thought is echoed: "a charming girl."

## RUBIFOAM

the Perfect Liquid Dentifrice, may give you a similar charm, for it keeps the teeth clean, the mouth and gums in a healthy condition, and its delicious flavor adds fragrance to the breath.

**Only 25 cents—at all Druggists**

Send us your address and a sample vial will be sent free with beautiful booklet upon the teeth.  
 Address E. W. HOYT & CO., Lowell, Mass.



Copyright 1896, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cin'ti.

## WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

It means that Ivory Soap is as pure as it is possible to make it; it means too that if Ivory Soap is used there are no complaints of new or nearly new clothing coming from the wash, "worn out."

One adulterant of poor soaps is alkali. Pure soap washes out the dirt, alkali burns and eats it out and it does not stop with the dirt.

Have your laundress use only Ivory Soap and see how much longer the clothes last.

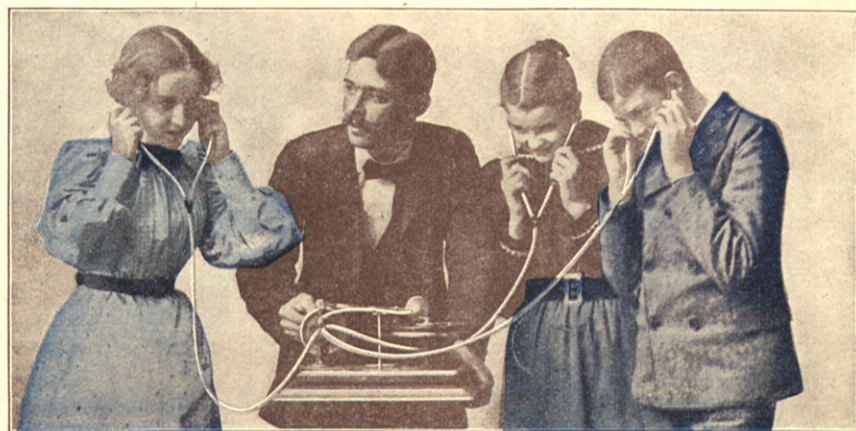


## SOCIETY WOMEN

May use LABLACHE FACE POWDER with entire freedom and safety. It is the most perfect face powder that science and skill can produce, and the greatest beautifier in the world. It imparts to the complexion a delicate softness and beauty; removes all shiny appearance and slight blemishes, and is most nourishing and refreshing to the sensitive nerves of the skin. It is absolutely harmless and invisible on closest inspection. Insist upon having LABLACHE or risk the consequences of using cheap powders. It has been the standard for excellence and superiority for twenty-five years. *It has no equal.*

Flesh, White, Pink and Cream tints. Price, 50c. per box. Of all druggists or by mail

BEN. LEVY & CO., French Perfumers, 34 West Street, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.



A Talking Machine for the Family at so low a price that it is brought within the purchasing power of everybody, is one of the latest achievements of scientific invention.

## Berliner Gram-o-phone

Talks distinctly, sings every song with expression, plays the piano, cornet, banjo, and in fact every musical instrument with precision and pleasing effect. For example, the plate called "The Morning on the Farm" gives a perfect reproduction of the lowing of cattle, crowing of the rooster, the call of the hawk, the neigh of the horses, the bleating of the sheep, and in fact every sound which is familiar to the farmyard. The records are endless in variety, including nearly every song you are acquainted with. Accompanying illustration (above) shows the machine operated with hearing tubes for three people. Tubes for two people go with each machine. Extra hearing tubes, so that any number of people may hear, are furnished at 75 cents extra for each person. Two records are included with every machine. Extra records 60 cents each, \$6.00 per dozen.

**ALL FOR \$10.00**

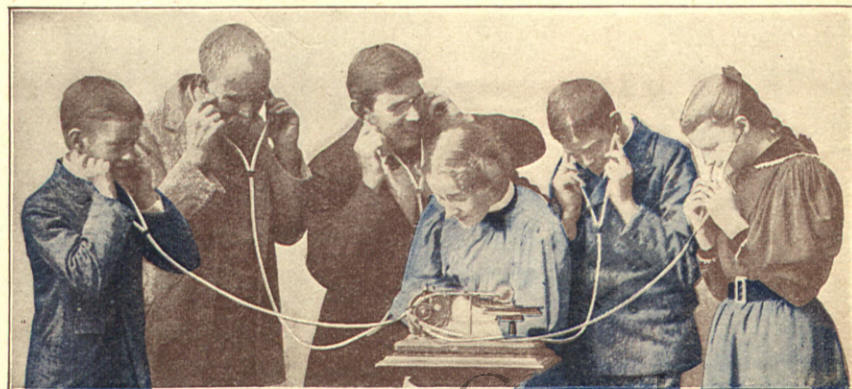
**OUTFIT.** The Outfit includes Talking Machine, Style 7½, provided with revolving table covered with felt, fly-wheel so balanced as to turn evenly and arm which holds the sound-box with reproducing diaphragm, rubber tubes as described above. Box of 100 needles. All nicely packed in a box and sent, express prepaid, to any express office in the United States upon receipt of price.

Send Money by Postal Note, Express Money-Order or New York Draft

**SPECIAL OFFER.** With each Machine ordered before Dec. 25th we will include an Amplifying Horn.

**FOR SALE by all MUSIC DEALERS.** Send for Catalogue Free of Course

NATIONAL GRAMOPHONE COMPANY, 874-876 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY



# THE COMING YEAR OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

During 1897 the JOURNAL will emphasize the practical side of life. Its literary features will be unexcelled, but, above all, it will strive to be helpful.

One of the most striking features of the year will be

## THE SERIES OF GREAT PERSONAL EVENTS

Two articles of which have already been published. The series will continue with descriptions of the great public events, the most momentous occurrences of a personal nature that have taken place in our country in the past fifty years. Each event will be described by an eyewitness, and illustrated with striking pictures. The series will describe, among other notable events:

### WHEN KOSSUTH RODE UP BROADWAY

When 500,000 people lined Broadway, and enthusiasm went beyond all bounds.

### WHEN GRANT WENT ROUND THE WORLD

A triumphant tour, with the most brilliant social honors ever enjoyed by an American.

### WHEN THE PRINCE OF WALES WAS IN AMERICA

A time when young women nearly lost their senses in a frenzy of romantic excitement.

### WHEN LINCOLN WAS FIRST INAUGURATED

His perilous journey from his home to the White House.

### WHEN HENRY CLAY SAID FAREWELL TO THE SENATE

The most dramatic event that ever occurred in the Senate.

### WHEN MACKAY STRUCK THE GREAT BONANZA

The striking of the great gold vein which netted 150 millions of dollars.

After which will follow graphic recitals and pictures of other events of equally wonderful interest.

## GENERAL HARRISON ON LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

The first time an ex-President of the United States has written of life in the White House. His first article will take one into the private office of the President and tell of

### A DAY WITH THE PRESIDENT AT HIS DESK

What the President does; what matters he attends to; how he divides a day; his visitors, etc. His second article will describe

### THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE PRESIDENT

The receptions and dinners he is obliged to give; how they are given and what they cost; the etiquette of these events; the social duties of the President's wife. His third article will portray

### DOMESTIC LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

What time is left the President to see and enjoy his family; how the White House is conducted and what part the President's wife takes in it, etc. Each article will have interesting special illustrations.

## THE PERSONAL SIDE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

By George W. Smalley

One gets very near to the Prince of Wales in this famous journalist's article,—as close, in fact, as if we knew him as an intimate friend. We brush against him; we hear him talk; we see the man behind the prince; we realize why he is the most popular man in the world.

## THE BURGLAR WHO MOVED PARADISE

By Herbert D. Ward

A young married couple have the most ludicrous experiences. The most unusual and laughable things occur at every turn: during their courtship; at the supreme moment of the proposal; at the wedding; on their honeymoon. The story will run through six issues of the JOURNAL.

## MY MOTHER AS I RECALL HER

By Mrs. Raymond Maude

Jenny Lind had a beautiful home life, and her daughter, in a series of articles, tells of it for the first time. In them we see the "Swedish Nightingale" in every phase of her home life: we see her as a hostess and as a mother; we are with her as she practiced and cultivated her voice for her brilliant triumphs; we know her tastes and her thoughts.

## C. D. GIBSON'S SKETCHES OF DICKENS' PEOPLE

The creator of "the Gibson girl" entirely departs here from his previous line of work, and will surprise his greatest admirers. For years Mr. Gibson has studied Dickens. Now, in six full-page pictures, he will give his own conception of the most famous and most familiar of Dickens' characters.

## SIX TYPES OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN

By Alice Barber Stephens

Something never hitherto successfully accomplished has been done in this series. In full-page pictures, superbly painted, Mrs. Stephens portrays six types of the American woman, as she is: 1, In the Home; 2, In Religion; 3, In Business; 4, In Society; 5, In Summer; 6, In the Beauty of Motherhood. Each illustration will be a complete and beautiful picture.

## PLEASURES OF OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

By Mary E. Wilkins

The social life of a quiet rural community lies before us here. Primitive are the pleasures of this untroubled New England neighborhood, but charmingly simple. Three sketches there are: an old-fashioned quilting-party, an apple-paring bee and the singing-school.

## THE PERSONAL SIDE OF BISMARCK

By George W. Smalley

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF COUNT HERBERT BISMARCK

Bismarck has never been so well presented as in this article. We come into close contact with him. We see him through the eyes of his own son, and those of Mr. Smalley, the famous correspondent of the London "Times," who knows this "Man of Iron" well. Naturally, the view we get is as striking as it is excellent.

## THE JOURNAL'S SERIES OF ORIGINAL MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS

Made notable with contributions by Paderewski, Strauss, Sir Arthur Sullivan, De Koven, Sousa and others, will be added to during 1897 with the first piano composition ever written by Signor Tosti, the greatest song composer in the world. Following Signor Tosti's contribution will come original compositions by other composers, known and unknown.

## MRS. S. T. RORER WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE JOURNAL

During 1897—commencing with the new year. Mrs. Rorer is unquestionably the most practical authority in America on cooking. Her lectures are the standard guides to the best cooking, while her cook-books are followed more closely than those of any other writer. Mrs. Rorer will occupy several pages each month with "Simple Cooking Lessons," especially prepared for this magazine. They will cover the entire needs of the table. Then she will present a series of "New Domestic Lessons," giving, in detail, the best arrangement and care of every room in the house. In addition, Mrs. Rorer will tell what there is in the markets, each month, in all parts of the country, give new menus and receipts, and write of domestic economics. Besides all this she will answer any questions sent to her department of the JOURNAL.

## MR. MOODY'S BIBLE CLASS

By Dwight L. Moody

Will continue throughout the year. The famous Northfield evangelist will personally conduct this great National Bible Class, and present a series of popular Bible studies, probably the very best work he has ever done. Mr. Moody will have a page in each issue of the JOURNAL side by side with Mrs. Bottoms's Talks to The King's Daughters.

## INSIDE OF A HUNDRED HOMES

By Edward Hurst Brown

Every woman has a natural desire to look into the homes of other women and to see how they are furnished. This series will make that possible in a manner never before attempted. Pictures will here be given of one hundred of the daintiest and most comfortably-furnished rooms in homes of the better, well-to-do classes—not expensive homes, but those of comfort, where taste goes farther than income. The greatest care has been taken in this respect to select homes of people of moderate incomes but of excellent taste. The coziest bedrooms, the most comfortable dining-rooms, the most practical kitchens, the most livable sitting-rooms, the best parlors, living-rooms, nurseries, halls, bathrooms, and piazzas furnished as outdoor sitting-rooms will be shown. These will not be fanciful rooms, but rooms actually lived in and existing in homes from Maine to California, photographed by the JOURNAL's own artists.

## SHAKESPEARE IN SMALL COMMUNITIES

By Sir Henry Irving

Will be a notably practical article. The great English tragedian will suggest how Shakespeare can be read, studied, recited and acted in neighborhoods that do not have the facilities of the large centres.

## THE GIRL WHO ASPIRES TO MUSIC

Will have the most notable singers, prima donnas and instructors of the day as her advisers. A continuous succession of articles on vocal and instrumental music will be given.

## MODERATE HOMES TO BUILD

Will be given again next year. So successful have been the architectural plans for houses of moderate cost, which the JOURNAL gave during 1896, that additional ones will be given in 1897. The aim will be to suggest houses of even more moderate cost than those already given.

## THE CHILDREN WILL BE LOOKED AFTER

Henceforth in every issue of the JOURNAL something will be given for the little ones. And that "something" will always be of the freshest and best.

## HOME PARTIES AND CHURCH SOCIABLES

Will be better covered in the magazine than ever before. A corps of skillful home and church entertainers has been instructed with this special aim in view.

## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY AT ITS BEST

Will be told about in four practical articles by Henry Troth. All the rules of the art will be simply given.

## DROCH'S LITERARY TALKS

"Droch" knows books, old and new, as few men do. He knows the books of the clean, healthy kind, and believes in them. As a reviewer of books for years he knows what girls and women like to read. But in the JOURNAL he will not review books as the reviewer usually does. He will talk about them and their authors. He will write of the new books and of what is best among the old favorites. He will scan the whole literary horizon.

The Subscription Price of the JOURNAL will remain at  
ONE DOLLAR FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR

# THE CENTURY

IN 1897



Will continue to be in every respect the leading American magazine, its table of contents including each month the best in literature and art. The present interest in American history makes especially timely

## A Great Novel of the American Revolution,

its leading serial feature for 1897 and the masterpiece of its author, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. The story, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," purports to be the autobiography of its hero, an officer on Washington's staff. Social life in Philadelphia at the time of the Revolution is most interestingly depicted, and the characters include Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, and others well known

in history. It is safe to say that the readers of this great romance will obtain from it a clearer idea of the people who were foremost in Revolutionary days and of the social life of the times than can be had from any other single source. The work is not only historically accurate, but it is a most interesting story of love and war. Howard Pyle will illustrate it.

## "Campaigning with Grant,"

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER,

is the title of a series of articles which has been in preparation for many years. General Porter was an aide on General Grant's staff and a close friend of his chief, and the

diary which he kept through the war is the basis of the present articles, which are striking pen-pictures of campaign life and scenes. They will be fully illustrated.

## A New Novel by Marion Crawford,

entitled "A Rose of Yesterday," begins with the above-mentioned serials in the November CENTURY. This number (November) begins the new volume. It will

be sent, free of charge, to any readers of The Ladies' Home Journal who commence their subscription to THE CENTURY with the December (Christmas) number.

## EVERYBODY READS THE CENTURY.

**In Clubs \$1. a Year.**

It costs \$4.00 a year. It is the highest in price as it is the best of all the magazines. Those who wish to do so may club together in groups of four, each one paying \$1.00 a year and having the reading of THE CENTURY one week in the month—the magazine to belong to the getter-up of the club. Make up your clubs early. Send \$4.00 to the publishers (by check, draft, money-order, or registered letter) with the name and address of the one person to whom the magazine is to be sent. Begin subscriptions with December and receive the November number free. Remit to The Century Co., Union Square, N. Y.

### Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Books.

"The Jungle Book" and "The Second Jungle Book,"—marvelous tales of the jungle,—Kipling's best bid for immortality. \$1.50 each.

### Quotations for Occasions.

A collection of 2500 clever and appropriate quotations for use on menu-cards, concert programs, etc. Just what is needed. \$1.50.

### THE CENTURY COOK BOOK.

"The most comprehensive and concise cook book that we know of."—HOME JOURNAL, N. Y. 200 photographs, 600 pages, strong and handsome binding, \$2.00.

THIS is now the standard cook book, containing receipts for simple as well as for elaborate dishes, with precise rules and exact directions. The photographs are wonderful—showing just how the dishes should look when served.

### THE LATEST NOVELS AND STORIES.

The Wonderful Wheel. By Mary Tracy Earle. \$1.25	Sonny. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. \$1.00
The Metropolitans. By Jeanie Drake. \$1.25	The Cat and the Cherub. By Chester Bailey Fernald. \$1.25
Gold: A Dutch-Indian Novel. By Annie Linden. \$1.25	A Strange, Sad Comedy. By Molly Elliot Seawell. \$1.25
Stories of a Sanctified Town. By Lucy S. Furman. \$1.25	The Princess Sonia. By Julia Magruder. \$1.25

James Whitcomb Riley's "Poems Here at Home." A beautiful edition of Mr. Riley's best poems, illustrated by Kemble; cloth \$1.50; white vellum \$2.50.

### BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

(No Christmas stocking complete without some of them.)

<b>The Century Book of Famous Americans.</b> By Filbridge S. Brooks. A companion volume to the popular "Century Book for Young Americans," by the same author. The story of a pilgrimage of a party of young people to America's historic homes, and describing the early days of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Jefferson, Webster, Clay, and other famous men. 250 illus., \$1.50.	<b>Sindbad, Smith &amp; Co.</b> By Albert Stearns. A new Arabian Nights story. Illustrated by Birch. 270 pages, \$1.50.
<b>The Prize Cup.</b> By J. T. Trowbridge. A capital story for boys and girls. Illus. \$1.50.	<b>Rhymes of the States.</b> By Garrett Newkirk. A geographical aid to young people. Illus. \$1.00.
<b>The Swordmaker's Son.</b> By W. O. Stoddard. A dramatic story of boy life at the beginning of the Christian era. Illustrated, \$1.50.	<b>The Shadow Show.</b> By Peter S. Newell, author of the Topsy Turvy books. One of Mr. Newell's most unique productions. \$1.00.
<b>Bound Volumes of St. Nicholas.</b> Full of stories, short articles and poems. Large 8vo, 2000 pages, 1000 pictures, two parts, \$4.00.	<b>Gobolinks for Young and Old.</b> By Ruth McEnery Stuart and Albert Bigelow Paine. Grotesque pictures, reproductions of odd-shaped blots of ink, with nonsense verses. With directions for playing the new game of Gobolinks. \$1.00.
	<b>Paper Doll Poems.</b> By Pauline King. Pictures in imitation of dolls and animals cut out of paper, with verses. 75 cents.

## ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

"The children's delight, and the mother's best friend."

IF there are children in your household you want ST. NICHOLAS. It is "the king of all publications for the young," a liberal education in any home. The program for 1897 is as rich and varied as ever. Let us send you a free sample copy (a recent number). A postal card will bring it.

The volume begins with November, '96. December is the great Christmas issue. A year's subscription costs \$3.00.

THE CENTURY CO.  
Union Square, New York.

## CHRISTMAS CONTENTS

For December, 1896

Vol. XIV, No. 1

The People of Dickens . . . . .	Charles Dana Gibson . . . . .	PAGE 3
I—Scrooge—From "A Christmas Carol"		
What Christmas Means to Queen Victoria	Lady Jeune . . . . .	4
When Mr. Beecher Sold Slaves in Plymouth Pulpit . . . . .	Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher	5
The Unsocial Club of Women . . . . .	Louise Markscheffel . . . . .	6
Versatility in Singing . . . . .	Clementine de Vere Sapio . . . . .	6
A People Who Live Amid Romance . . . . .	Ruth McEnery Stuart . . . . .	7
The Wisdom and Beauty of Rest . . . . .	Rose Thorn . . . . .	8
The Garden Party of an Empress . . . . .	Mrs. Robert P. Porter . . . . .	9
This Country of Ours . . . . .	Hon. Benjamin Harrison . . . . .	10
XII—The Judicial Department of the Government		
The Burglar Who Moved Paradise—I . . . . .	Herbert D. Ward . . . . .	11
The Story of My Life . . . . .	Rosa Bonheur . . . . .	13
Love at Valley Forge . . . . .	Sara King Wiley . . . . .	15
Where Christmas is But a Name . . . . .	M. F. Woolf . . . . .	17
The Grandmother of the Wind—		
FAIRY OPERETTA . . . . .	Katharine Pyle . . . . .	18

## EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

Editorial Page . . . . .	The Editor . . . . .	20
Under the Evening Lamp—		
A Dubious "Old Kriss"—POEM . . . . .	James Whitcomb Riley . . . . .	21
The King of the Road—POEM . . . . .	William L. Keese . . . . .	
A Bit of Life—POEM . . . . .	Clara J. Denton . . . . .	
The Christmas Stocking—POEM . . . . .	Clarence Henry Pearson . . . . .	
The Sweetest of Memory's Bells—POEM . . . . .	Frank L. Stanton . . . . .	
The Young Man on the Fence . . . . .	Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D. . . . .	22
Droch's Literary Talks—I . . . . .	Droch . . . . .	23
Christmas Gifts for Women . . . . .	Frances E. Lanigan . . . . .	24
Christmas Presents for Men . . . . .	Frances E. Lanigan . . . . .	25
Pleasant Evenings at Home . . . . .	Various Contributors . . . . .	26
Some Ideas for Church Festivals . . . . .	Various Contributors . . . . .	27
Dresses for Christmas Presents . . . . .	Emma M. Hooper . . . . .	28
Some Costumes for Elderly Ladies . . . . .	Isabel A. Mallon . . . . .	29
The King's Daughters . . . . .	Margaret Bottome . . . . .	30
Mr. Moody's Bible Class . . . . .	Dwight L. Moody . . . . .	31
A Set of Fruit Doilies . . . . .	Anna T. Roberts . . . . .	32
Selection and Framing of Pictures . . . . .	William Martin Johnson . . . . .	33
Girls and Christmas Giving . . . . .	Ruth Ashmore . . . . .	34
Plants for Sunless Windows . . . . .	Eben E. Rexford . . . . .	35
A Page of Christmas Dainties . . . . .	Several Experienced Women . . . . .	36
Christmas in the Church . . . . .	Mrs. Lyman Abbott . . . . .	38
Home-Made Taffies and Caramels . . . . .	Nellie Willey . . . . .	40
Literary Queries . . . . .	The Literary Editor . . . . .	43
Musical Helps and Hints . . . . .	The Musical Editors . . . . .	44
Side-Talks with Girls . . . . .	Ruth Ashmore . . . . .	45
Suggestions for Mothers . . . . .	Elisabeth Robinson Scovil . . . . .	46
The Home Dressmaker . . . . .	Emma M. Hooper . . . . .	47
The Open Congress . . . . .		48

## THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

An Illustrated Magazine with a Larger Circulation than any other Periodical in the World

Edited by EDWARD W. BOK

Published Monthly by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY  
CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, President

At 421-427 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Branch Offices: { New York: 1 Madison Avenue, corner Twenty-third Street  
Chicago: 508 Home Insurance Building

Subscription Price: One Dollar per Year; Single Copies, Ten Cents  
English Subscription Prices: Per issue, 6 pence; per year, 6 shillings, post-free

## To Any College Without Cost Now Possible for Any Young Man or Woman

Nearly 300 young women have been educated free of all expense by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. During 1896 its Free Educational Courses were so much broadened and enlarged that during 1897 they will present advantages they never before offered. Young women or young men can now be educated, free, in whatever college they like, and in the studies that they prefer. Not a penny does it cost them or their parents. The JOURNAL's Educational Bureau has just issued a booklet called "To Any College Without Cost." It describes the whole plan, and will be sent, free, to any address.

## Why Not Get Your Books At a Clear Cash Advantage?

For that is what the JOURNAL's Literary Bureau offers. It will tell JOURNAL readers anything they want to know about books, and give them a distinct advantage in any book they may want to buy. It makes no difference what book you write for, old or new, it will be secured and sent at once. In the buying of books for the holidays the Literary Bureau will prove invaluable to you. Its easy guide to the best reading, called "5000 Books," with 180 portraits of authors, is the best catalogue published anywhere. It is sent free to any one for 10 cents to cover cost of mailing.

## Would You Make a Sensible Christmas Present?

Then, why not give some friend a year's subscription to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Thousands do this each Christmas. That is why the JOURNAL has prepared a new, artistic Christmas card, beautifully illustrated and printed in delicate tints. It is sent in a sealed envelope to the person for whom the subscription present is ordered, giving the name of the donor. Hundreds of these cards were used by our readers last year.

## If You Would Like to Make Money Next Year

Send a line to the JOURNAL's Circulation Bureau. It has a new plan: simple and dignified. The effort asked is small: the pay generous. Hundreds of women earn their own pocket money through the JOURNAL each year. Why not you?

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Vol. XIV, No. 1

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1896

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, ONE DOLLAR  
SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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



THE PEOPLE OF DICKENS  
A SERIES OF CHARACTER SKETCHES  
BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

1—SCROOGE—FROM "A CHRISTMAS CAROL"  
"It's humbug still," said Scrooge, "I won't believe it."

Hosted by Google

## WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO QUEEN VICTORIA

By Lady Feune



CHRISTMAS means to Queen Victoria very much the same thing as to her poorest subjects, for while with them it is a time of enjoyment, in so far as their humble means will admit, so with the Queen it is a season when she gathers as many of her family around her as can leave their own homes and children, and it is sanctified by the deepest and tenderest memories of her past life. The Queen's family, taken in its widest sense—her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren—is now so large, numbering nearly sixty persons, that it is almost impossible for her to send or give each member a separate gift, and as her Christmas and other gifts are more or less costly such liberality would involve a very considerable expenditure. To each of her children, and to their children, the Queen gives Christmas gifts, and in her turn receives them. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Empress Frederick, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, the Duchess of Albany, the Prince and Princess Christian, their sons and daughters, and Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, as well as Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children, receive substantial tokens of her affection and good will. Beyond this immediate family circle the Queen, with rare exceptions, does not go. All her other relatives, save those which she has outside the English shores, are too distant to count among those who naturally would receive a gift from her, with, perhaps, the exception of an English cloak, a wrap, or a small cart which she may give to some infant great-grandchild, such as she has given the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, her last great-grandchild. The Queen generally gives a useful Christmas gift or something pretty to put on a table or to ornament a home, chosen from among the endless fancy gifts which are invented each succeeding Christmas. To some of the grandsons, it is said, the Queen gives "tips," and to the younger Princesses she sometimes gives a gown or a beautiful piece of material, to use as their fancy dictates.

## THE QUEEN'S GIFTS TO FRIENDS AND SERVANTS

THE Queen does not give, nor is she expected to give, any presents to her officials at Court, nor to any members of the Government. There are many members of the Government of both political sides for whom the Queen has a strong personal feeling of regard and affection, on whom she does bestow a small token of her liking, but it is done purely as a friend and is not in any way expected. The late Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Melbourne, Lord Salisbury, as well as others of her well-known Ministers, have no doubt from time to time received gifts from the Queen, and probably other less well-known people in the official world, but that is because they are personal friends and would probably under ordinary circumstances receive gifts. The members of the Queen's household stand, of course, in an entirely different position, for from their regular attendance on the Queen they almost become members of the large family of which she is the head, and those for whom she has a great affection, or who have been long in her service, or who happen to be in waiting on these festive occasions, usually receive a Christmas box from the Queen, sometimes given on Christmas Day, or at the Christmas tree, which has always been a great institution among all the members of the Royal family. The servants of the Royal household, also, always get some gift on these occasions—indeed, no one in the Queen's service is ever forgotten. Her kindness and sympathy extend to the humblest of her dependents, and nothing is more highly prized and cherished by her servants than the small gifts by which she shows how much she values and appreciates their faithful service.

## WHAT OTHER SOVEREIGNS GIVE AND RECEIVE

THERE is no recognized etiquette as to the gifts the Queen receives and bestows on other sovereigns. When visits of ceremony take place there are regular State presents which are accepted on both sides, but there are smaller gifts which are much more valued because they are real tokens of the friendship which exists, which is often more deep and lasting than is, perhaps, generally known. The Emperor of the French usually presented the Queen with some magnificent specimen of Sèvres china, the Emperor of Germany with something of a like nature from the Royal factory at Berlin; the Emperor of Austria's gift has often been some of the magnificent Tokay and Johannesburg from the Imperial cellars, and generally such gifts consist of choice specimens of the product of some industry belonging to the country whence the gift comes. When any Eastern potentate or sovereign either visits England or has to send an Embassy there, he at the same time sends costly gifts to the Queen, which are accepted by her and placed in the corridors and rooms at Windsor Castle, and some find a resting-place at Balmoral or Osborne. The latter are generally those of a personal and not an official kind, as the two latter palaces are the Queen's own private property, while Windsor is a National palace. The Queen's presents, in return, are varied according to the individual, but they are all generally selected from articles of British manufacture. Many of the gifts are specimens of Eastern jewelry and enamel, as well as of India stuffs and Cashmere shawls, of which the Queen has a large number sent her annually as part of the tribute paid by the Maharajah of Cashmere. The Queen has from time to time had presents of valuable horses and ponies sent her. The late Sultan of Turkey on several occasions presented her with some magnificent Arab horses, and from the Sultan of Morocco and such like potentates she receives similar gifts. Tigers and leopards and other wild animals are from time to time sent to the Queen from the East and from African princes, but they are generally given by her to the Zoological Society in London.

## HOW THE QUEEN DOES HER "SHOPPING"

IT IS obvious that the Queen cannot indulge in the luxury of "shopping," or shall we say, is mercifully prevented that infliction? She cannot, like her daughters, the Princesses, go about among the shops at Christmastime and select gifts, and, like ordinary women, chat and discuss the merits of each article. The freedom the English Princesses enjoy is one of the most delightful features of their lives, for after they marry they go about like any ordinary English lady, and a delightful story is told of one of them who seized the first opportunity of celebrating her emancipation by going out and driving all day long in a hansom cab selecting her Christmas presents. Never before had she driven in anything less magnificent than a Royal carriage. The selection of the Queen's Christmas gifts, or those for any other occasion, is made by herself at Windsor, or wherever the Court may be in residence. The tradesmen who are selected as Royal tradesmen send over a very large quantity of articles suitable for the occasion, and they are left at the palace till the Queen has chosen what she wants. There are only a certain number of shops in London that have what is called a Royal appointment or warrant, but those that have are allowed to display the Royal arms over their shops and to use the words, "By appointment to Her Majesty, the Queen," on their bills. The Queen generally selects gifts from her own tradesmen, but there is great rivalry among all shopkeepers to secure a Royal order, and the Princesses and Ladies-in-Waiting are often commanded to go outside the Royal warrant holders, and if they see anything or hear of any very pretty and novel gift, to have it submitted to Her Majesty. The Queen buys largely of Scotch and Irish manufacturers, and employs tradesmen in Edinburgh and Dublin, who also send specimens of their goods for Her Majesty's approbation. Scotch and Irish tweeds and cloths and homespun goods are largely bought and given to those who are likely to wear them and to whom they may be useful. There are, also, a very large number of poor people on the Queen's estates who are known to her, to whom she makes gifts of clothing.

## SANTA CLAUS FILLS PRINCES' AND PRINCESSES' STOCKINGS

TO SUCH of her children as are with her the Queen gives her gift personally, and with her little grandchildren the old fable of Santa Claus is upheld, and the Royal stocking is very much heavier and more valuable from the beloved grandmamma's gift. To those children who are away the gift is sent with a letter, generally by messenger, sometimes by post, but to those who live abroad a Queen's messenger takes the gift and the Queen's letter which accompanies it. To the members of the household the gift is either sent or given with a gracious message or some words of kind, affectionate greeting. To any crowned head who may be the recipient of a Royal Christmas gift the Queen would certainly write an autograph letter, but to those of her immediate *entourage* a message or a letter written at her desire would accompany her gift. To her German relations the Queen's letter would be in English, to any other Royal personage it would be in French, but to all her children she writes in English.

Hitherto I have spoken only of what the Queen does in the way of bestowing Christmas gifts on her children and friends, and it may not be uninteresting to mention a few facts as to what Christmas offerings are made to her. All her children present a Christmas gift, and to the Queen their presents are not very costly, for it would be useless to endeavor to give her anything very splendid when we remember how she is possessed of everything that is valuable and beautiful by right of being Queen of England. The grandchildren also make an offering to the grandmother who is always tender, loving and indulgent to them, and their presents are again of a simple nature, as none of them are possessed of a great fortune. Some little knickknack for the table, a bit of silver, a beautifully-bound book, a photograph frame, any such small gifts are what they offer her, and in their turn the members of the household, either severally or in combination, make their Christmas offering. In the early years of the Queen's married life the German custom was followed, but circumstances have led more or less to its abandonment, and the present is given personally to the Queen. The Queen receives many simple and homely gifts from some very humble but devoted friends, and I am told that nothing touches her more than their remembrance of her on such occasions. In the "Life of the Prince Consort" there are many touching allusions by the Queen as to the little gifts he from time to time gave her and the Royal children, and again in other places one sees how carefully they were treasured up.

## CHRISTMAS MERRY-MAKING IN THE PRINCE CONSORT'S DAY

IT IS quite impossible to form any idea as to the value of the presents made by the Queen or given to her. In some cases, when her gifts consist of India shawls, jewelry and the like, they are very valuable because they are unique, but the presents she gives to her family, or in turn receives from them, are not expensive. The Royal purse is not an inexhaustible one, and the claims on it are enormous, so that the presents given by Royal people must always be regarded in the light of souvenirs and not as costly gifts. The Queen's children are not rich, and as they are not able to afford expensive presents so we may consider the value of all Royal gifts from the sentimental, not the commercial, point of view, and it is its pleasantest as well as most touching aspect, for it shows that simplicity and depth of the family affection, which is neither nourished nor fostered by any feeling of greed or expectation, but which is as simple and genuine as that of the poorest subject of our great Queen. There are, of course, occasions—such as Royal marriages or

Royal visits—which necessitate expensive gifts, and they are then forthcoming, but it has always been a cause of reproach to the English Court that its gifts contrast very unfavorably with those of other thrones, that they are small and insignificant in comparison with those of the Emperors of Russia and Germany and of the late Emperor Napoleon. But these sovereigns have practically an unlimited civil list, and can, on emergency, take and spend large sums of public money unchecked by any parliamentary control.

The spending of Christmas Day to the Queen has been sadly changed since the death of the Prince Consort. The German celebration of that day was introduced by him into his English home; it was one of the brightest and happiest of the year. Christmas greetings and Christmas presents were numerous exchanged, and the great Christmas tree, which bore fruit for every member of that large family household, was the great feature of the evening. The death of the Prince Consort on the fourteenth of December, so close to the former festive season, for a long time precluded any Christmas festivities, but as time went on and the deep wound was healed, the Queen returned to her old life and ways. Christmas, though shorn of many of its former gayeties, still reigns supreme at Osborne, where the Queen always spends her Christmas. She has always gone there since the death of the Prince, Windsor being too full of sad memories, so that after the services held on the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death the Court goes to the Isle of Wight. The Queen always attends church on Christmas Day and receives the Holy Communion with those of her family who are with her. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, beside Princess Henry of Battenberg, are those of her children who generally spend Christmas with the Queen. Sometimes the Duchess of Albany and her children are also there, and Princess Christian and her daughter and son follow directly afterward when they have dispensed their own Christmas festivities.

## LOVING GREETINGS FROM ALL HER CHILDREN

THE Queen is the recipient of many telegrams on Christmas Day bringing her greetings and wishing her many similar anniversaries. From the distant children's homes the electric spark flashes its message of love from her absent ones. It is difficult to realize how busy a day Christmas is, with receiving and answering loving greetings by telegraph, for the Royal family uses that mode of communication more than any other. The Queen and her children have each a private wire. One has a glimpse of how strong the Christmas feeling is in our Royal family in reading the "Life of the Prince Consort," and that of Princess Alice (the Grand Duchess of Hesse), who wrote every Christmas to her Royal mother describing her Christmas Day, with its gifts, its tree for all the tenants and household, and often affectionate thanks to her mother for the many Christmas gifts she had sent her and her children. One little sentence is very amusing. She writes December 26, "Many thanks for the turkey pie; we give a dinner to-day in its honor," which shows that the Queen had not forgotten that her daughter would gladly have some English cheer to remind her in other ways of her old home. How far the Queen's sympathies and kindness at Christmas extend is well exemplified in a letter written on the twenty-third of December, 1870, when the Duke of Hesse was with the army and the Princess was alone at Darmstadt. The Princess writes: "I have been taking my gifts for Christmas to one hospital after another. Your two Christmas gifts (warm capes) have delighted the poor sufferers, who are very bad, alas!"

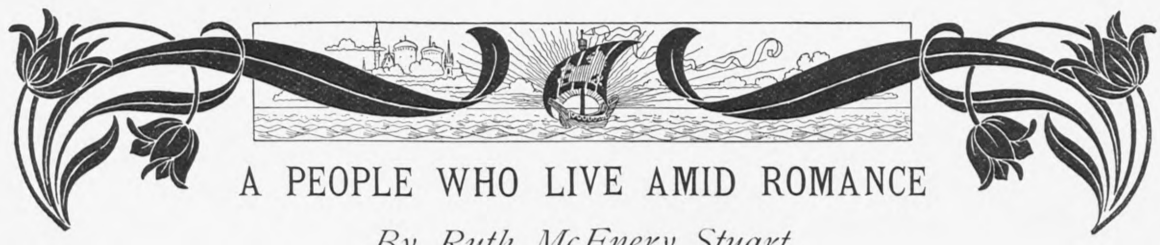
Perhaps this little sentence conveys better than any words of mine how truly the Queen regards Christmas as a time of peace and good will toward men. My little paper will, I hope, at any rate, give my American friends some idea of how our beloved Queen spends her Christmas, and convey to them how infinitely simple and happy are the ways of the greatest house in our land, which has ever been the best example and highest ideal of what family life should be.



## A NEW HOLIDAY FOR THE CHILDREN

By Mrs. Hamilton Mott

AN EXCELLENT suggestion was recently made by the Department of Agriculture at Washington that the public schools of the country shall have a new holiday, to be known as Bird Day. Three cities have already adopted the suggestion, and it is likely that others will quickly follow. Of course, Bird Day will differ from its successful predecessor, Arbor Day. We can plant trees but not birds. It is suggested that Bird Day take the form of bird exhibitions, of bird exercises, of bird studies—any form of entertainment, in fact, which will bring children closer to their little brethren of the air, and in more intelligent sympathy with their life and ways. There is a wonderful story in bird life, and but few of our children know it. Few of our elders do, for that matter. A whole day of a year can well and profitably be given over to the birds. Than such study, nothing can be more interesting. The cultivation of an intimate acquaintanceship with our feathered friends is a source of genuine pleasure. We are under greater obligations to the birds than we dream of: without them the world would be more barren than we imagine. Consequently, we have some duties which we owe them. What these duties are only a few of us know or have ever taken the trouble to find out. Our children should not be allowed to grow to maturity without this knowledge. The more they know of the birds the better men and women they will be. We can hardly encourage such studies too much. Where Arbor Day has not found a recognition as yet, it should speedily be established as a holiday. Our future as a healthy nation depends upon the preservation of the trees and a knowledge of tree life. Without trees we should, indeed, be a sickly people. But Arbor Day is now generally recognized in the schools. And to it should be added Bird Day. The one is in true sympathy with the other. We can hardly know the trees without the birds who nest in them. Our children should be in touch with both. Therefore, let us have Arbor Day and Bird Day: two separate days wherever possible, or the two days united in one where that is more practicable.



A PEOPLE WHO LIVE AMID ROMANCE

By Ruth McEnery Stuart

Author of "A Golden Wedding," "Carlotta's Intended," "The Story of Babette," "Sonny," etc.



AT THE GATE

TO HAVE lived next door to a people, as the saying goes, to have been constantly in their midst, to know their faces familiarly upon the streets, in the shops, at the theatre, the opera—to count some of one's pleasantest acquaintances among them, and more than one dear and cherished friend—is, no doubt, a meagre equipment for him who would turn their historian. And yet, perhaps, it is not inadequate for the quondam neighbor, who, declining the more serious rôle, would for a half hour essay the office of friendly chronicler. Especially may he dare the latter honor when, after several years of separation, he not only realizes for himself a strengthening of his early impressions in the

advantage of a remote perspective, but finds himself among a people who, in a professed eagerness to better understand a civilization renowned for romantic and historic interest, turn their carefully-smoked glasses southward, focusing them upon ill-selected and misleading localities, with the inevitable result of false impressions, and, sometimes, of ill-founded prejudices.

Among the interesting peoples who are ensconced in picturesque homes in remote localities over the Western continent there are probably none about whom hangs so charmed a glamour of romance as the three principal American communities of French speech: the Canadians of Quebec, the Louisiana Acadians, and the Creoles of New Orleans. Although the first two are essentially different from the last, there are certain inherent national qualities in them all that have, through successive generations, preserved them separate and distinct peoples. They are all to-day, as a century ago, despisers of innovations, reverential re-

politeness that no American can improve upon. And he knows it, though part of its delicacy is never to betray this knowledge.

Grace King, in her recent delightful book on New Orleans and its people, has said that in the old days the Creoles furnished their handsome homes with rare and costly furniture which they brought over from France, and which the *nouveaux riches* Americans are now buying second-hand to furnish and dignify their fine new houses. And it has occurred to the writer—who speaks and even thinks as an American, and is not for a moment disloyal to the uptown and American side of the old Creole city—that perhaps New Orleans owes somewhat of her widespread reputation for a pretty and graceful politeness to the fact that she is unconsciously presenting to the world a fine and ancient Latin courtesy—a second-hand Creole article of vertu, like the good old Louis Quinze furniture, a commodity too good and beautiful not to take and enjoy, and to pass on to one's children.

Polite society is polite the world over—and it is essentially no more nor less so in New Orleans than elsewhere, probably, but certainly the old town stands alone in the gentle politeness of her common people. The old leaven was French, and the populace. It result is in the air. There is scarcely a poor old



CREOLE GIRLS

ragged negro in her streets who would know how to keep his seat in a street-car while a woman stood swinging on to a strap before him. He wouldn't "show sech ign'unce an' behavior." Were you to stop to inquire the way—to Congo Square, we will say—of a half dozen little street gamins who sat swinging their bare feet over a gutter crossing, six little ragged hats would come off, while the one who found readiest speech would chirp up an interested answer. Were the incident to occur in the vicinity of the old square—in French town, that is—perhaps after you had passed on, following the proffered directions, one of his companions would say to your informant: "He tell you how far to Congo Squa', an' you ax'im fo' block. I don't t'ink me you ax'im 'nauf." And then if, after together counting the blocks, the little scamps should discover that a mistake had been made, you would presently hear some one calling behind you in about this fashion: "Say, meestah! I make one meestake in dat fo' block. Dey got sech block dis side Congo Squa'." Should the incident take place on the American side—up in Audubon Park, for instance, opposite the University, where the barefoot small fry are wont to spend their spring afternoons in crawfishing along the great open gutters—it would vary, probably, only in the vernacular, which, indeed, I have been tempted to slip in here simply as an example of the familiar *patois* of the streets of French New Orleans—a poor, mongrel dialect that has been occasionally falsely ascribed to the Creoles of higher life.

The Creole gentlewoman will charm your ear with an

inimitable accent, but her enunciation will be clear and fine. Her English, acquired at the convent of the Ursuline nuns, will have a certain stilted form and a bookish flavor, which you will quickly confess to be an added charm when you get it from her own pretty lips, and in the sonorous voice of the South. And it will have, too, the flavor of delicacy and refinement. Even though she may occasionally give you a literal translation of a French idiom, she will give it to you with a *naïveté* at once so piquant and so dignified, and in so fine a setting of finished English—the English that the good sisters in the convent have taught her out of their very correct textbooks—that you, if you are a man, will be ready to crawl



PHOTO BY WASHBURN, NEW ORLEANS

SOUTHERN ROSES

at her feet. And if you are a woman—? Well, there's no telling. Women are so different. Some are charm-blind as regards other women, and it is not their fault.

As has already been said, one of the most distinguishing qualities of the Creole is his conservatism. His family traditions are of obedience and respect. It begins in his church and ends in his wine cellar. He cares not for protesting faiths or new vintages. His religion and his wines are matters of tradition. Good enough for his ancestors, are they not good enough for him and his children? His most delightful home is situated behind a heavy battened gate, sombre and forbidding in its outward expression—asking nothing of the passing world, protecting every sacredness within. The Creole lives for his family—in it. The gentle old dame, his great-aunt, perhaps, and *nénette* to half his children, after living her sheltered and contented life of threescore and ten years behind the great green gate that opens as a creaking event at the demand of the polished brass knocker, will tell you with a beautiful pride that she has never been on the American side of her own city—above Canal Street. If she will admit you as her guest to her inland garden, within her courtyard gate—and be sure she will not do so unless you present unquestionable credentials—if she will call her stately *tignoned* negress, Madelaine, Celeste, Marie, or Zulime, who answers her in her own tongue, to fetch a chair for you into the court beside the oleander tree and the *crêpe-myrtle*—if, seeing you seated, she bid the maid of the *tignon* to further serve you with orange-flower syrup or thimble glasses of liqueur or anisette from a shining old silver tray, you will, perhaps, feel that the great battened door has been, indeed, a conservator of good old ways, and that its office is a worthy one, in preserving the sweet flavor of a picturesque hospitality whose Old World



"No one in the world like mammy"

specters of the traditions of their elders, minders of their own business—satisfied.

The Acadian is as true a "Cajun" now as he was when Evangeline's poor little body was laid beneath the old oak, whose gaunt arms still swing censers of gray moss in her memory on the bank of the beautiful Bayou Teche.\* The Creole is as true a Frenchman at heart as his great-grandfather was. He is not half-American—no, he is no more half-American than he is half-Acadian or half-negro. He is American-born, but he is French—which is to say he is Creole. And is he not American? Well, yes, afterward—maybe. But first he is a Frenchman. Then—? Well, after that he is a Louisianian—and a Democrat—and a Roman Catholic, of course. *Cela va sans dire*. But he speaks his grandfather's tongue, drinks the good old French wines his grandfather drank, and he will greet you, be you stranger or friend, with a fine old inherited

\* Such is local tradition. A certain moss-grown oak is pointed out to visitors on the Teche as "Evangeline's grave."



GETTING READY FOR ALL-SAINTS' DAY

fragrance is still unspoiled by innovations, and untainted by emulation or contact.

Your venerable hostess will tell you that she goes out seldom excepting to church—to the old Saint Louis Cathedral, probably, and maybe, occasionally, for nine consecutive days, for a *novena*, out to the little chapel of Saint Roche—to secure a needed benefaction for a poor kinsman or friend, or to pray for sight to blind eyes or renewed life for paralyzed hands or feet. She rarely makes these weary pilgrimages in her own behalf.

In the popularity of such devotion, the little chapel of Saint Roche, situated in a retired spot back of town, shares honors with the shrine of "Our Lady of Lourdes" on the left of the high altar in the old Cathedral, as is amply attested by the numerous testimonials of healing which deck the walls about both shrines. In the shrine of the grotto, constructed effectively of rough stones from which a tiny stream of clear falling water trickles audibly and ever in sight—in the figures of the peasant maid and the apparition of the Blessed Virgin—we have a picturesque representation of the legend of the famous miracle at Lourdes and of the ever-flowing waters of the healing spring.

In this quaint old Cathedral all the proud old Creole families that New Orleans has ever known, have, in one generation or another, come to kneel and pray, and to the old who worship there to-day, the high altar, with all its wealth of suggestive symbols, is reminiscent of a thousand tender associations, that in the retrospect are as way-stations along the pathway of life. Here, to look upon the scene of the miracle of Lourdes, and mayhap receive the perfect gift of faith, many have brought their little ailing ones, and when the good Lord, through the intercession of the Blessed Lady, has granted their petitions, here they have hung their little tablets of thanks, or perhaps they have enriched the altar with a gift—a handsome lamp or cross of carved ivory or fine metal. Here, amid the votive tablets with their grateful inscriptions, "Merci" or "Ex voto," have sometimes hung the identical discarded crutches that the healed sufferers have no longer needed; models in wax or marble of eyes or ears made whole; examples of distorted, maimed and twisted hands or feet. Here, rich and poor may generally be seen kneeling together, black and white, reputable and notorious—all equal in the presence of the Divine manifestation. If the Lady of the Grotto does not heed the petition perhaps Saint Antoine, the patron saint of little children, will add his intercession to hers. When prayers are answered through his intercession the beneficiary will drop into a little black box a gratuity in acknowledgment of the benefit—*fund* which is distributed among the poor.

While there are, perhaps, no people less ostentatious than the Creoles in matters of religion, there are certainly none in America whose religious observances and ceremonials form so interesting and definite a factor in distinguishing them. Whether it be May or November, Christmas or Easter, or only one of the lesser religious seasons of the church calendar, the Creole is always in evidence in relation to her church. In writing the above sentence I have unwittingly employed the feminine pronoun, and, while I would disclaim any charge against the fidelity of the Creole *pater* in regard to his religion, I am, nevertheless, inclined to let the pronoun stand—and for this reason: The beauty and picturesqueness of the religious ceremonials, as they impress the spectator from the outside, are so closely and almost exclusively associated with the gentler sex that when one thinks of the New Orleans Creole as a religious unit he is apt inadvertently to write her down a woman. And this is not only because he first realized her as a procession of dainty, veiled "First Communion girls," passing in one street and out another,



A COURTYARD

through the old French town, immaculate as little brides; nor is it, yet, because he recalls her gentle face as Sister of Charity, and knows its sweetness even though he has never seen her lift her placid eyes from the starched rim of the beautiful bonnet of her religious order—the beautiful bonnet of one of the few enduring fashions that know no change. Nor yet, still, is it because it is the woman who is most in evidence in the crowded old cemeteries on All Saints' Day—the annual festival of the dead—where the Roman Catholic is the only expressed religion, and French the language of the day. Women are there by daybreak and all day, bearing testimonials of flower and plant and beaded symbol to the tombs of their departed dead—women in tears and heavy crape; women in rose bonnets and smiles; women in Paisley shawls, and women in gilt shoes; old, withered, French-talking, brown and yellow *praline* women; shabby women, bending to rearrange the white shell borders that outline the cheaper graves; rich women, who can well afford the luxury of priest and red-gowned acolyte with swinging censer, who intone their beautiful Latin lines at the wrought-iron gates of some of the stately tombs; Sisters of Charity at the outer gates chaperoning the pink-bonneted orphan girls who stand beside them and clink their silver plates for sweet charity's sake. (These last, however, are seldom Creoles, and come into notice here only because they belong in the picture.)

It is not only, I would say, for these or like reasons—not only because the Creole *père* is so slightly in evidence in these decorative ceremonials of his church's outer garments—that the casual observer almost loses sight of him in this connection. The reason lies beyond this. He is not well represented in his church congregations—at mass. And yet, even in his confessed carelessness about these formal matters, he preserves a very definite connection with his inherited religion. He will frankly tell you,



A TYPICAL CREOLE HOME

for instance, "I am a Catholic, of course—but," with a shrug of the shoulders, perhaps, "I am not strict"; or he may even go so far as to say playfully: "Oh, I was raised Catholic, yes, but now, well, I am depending upon my women folks to get me into Heaven"; and yet, even as he speaks, you will observe that he will lift his hat as he passes the church. More than this, if you will go to his family pew on Easter Sunday you will almost certainly find him there. Even if he does not appear on any other day in the year he will try to be in evidence then. And as you see his face you will know that he realizes that no flower upon the lily-covered altar is half so fair or so fit for the temple's perfect adorning as his blooming wife and budding daughters, who sit in line beside him. If he does not think these things he is a dullard—or, maybe, only half-Creole. Perhaps his mother was an American, or Scotch. And then—? Perhaps he would not think them because they might not be true. They would be other things, other things just as fine and good, no doubt—they might even have rare beauty of a different type—but the Creole woman is a flower. She is a magnolia or a jasmine—occasionally, a camellia—or, especially when there is a good warm drop of Spanish blood in her veins, she is a red, red rose—a rose too sweet to pass untouched but for her perfect dignity and a piquant *hauteur* that is as protective as any thorn upon a rose's stem.

Properly speaking, or rather, narrowly speaking, the Creole is an American, born of French or Spanish parents, or of both, and, strictly, both parents should themselves be foreign-born, but the Creole is often only the great-great-grandson of a Creole, and some of their families of purest blood could not reach the mother country without going back through three or four American-born generations. The word Creole, used as an adjective, has gradually come into free use in New Orleans as meaning home-born, home-made, or even home-grown—as vegetables, chickens, or even eggs—and the "Creole" article is always offered at a premium, as being better and fresher than the imported produce of the markets.

There are several thousand colored people in New Orleans. I am a despisier of statistics, and pleased to confess that I do not know how many there are, but there are enough of them to count in the census—who will answer your English greeting in a sort of so-called "Gombo French," or the *patois* that shows the English speech foreign to their tongues. They will all hasten to tell you—and they always tell it with evident pride—"Me, I am Creole, yas!" and I am quoting verbatim in giving the following sentence from an old negro's lips: "Oh, yas, ma'am, I am raise an' bohn here—I am *good* Creole!" And, in the sense of being through several generations connected with Creole families, speaking their language, having been instructed in their religion and being identified with them in their lives, their affections and their allegiances, perhaps they are as much Creole as an alien can become.

I do not know the history of the old *praline* woman, but in all probability she is one of the many of her class who have survived the glory of her "white people," and is, in consequence, taking her place at doorsteps as a vender of the confections that she so notably excels in making. No doubt there are numbers of girls of the Sophie Newcombe College who will be quite unable, when college life becomes only a memory, to recall many of its sweetest and most characteristic pictures without yielding to the old *praline* woman her humble and patient seat at the outer gate, or even her more ambitious position upon the lower step of the main entrance. Even though hers be an unpretending and simple figure, there is in it, quite apparent to him who looks with open eyes at the picture, a quiet dignity that is equal in its way to that of the stately portal where she waits. It is the dignity of genuineness. The old woman represents a *régime* that has passed away, maybe, a system that is dead. But she is in every detail of her most picturesque personality a true expression of a past, of which she is confessedly proud—and with some reason. To him who knows the signs all this is expressed in the pose of the woman, as well as in the details of her most respectable toilette—her trig-starched *lignon*, her immaculate apron, her carefully-crocheted zephyr shawl. These are the old-time belongings of gentility.

Along with the conservatism of the Creole character there goes a noble patience and a fine forbearance under misfortune—an uncomplaining retreat from happy and prosperous lives to the narrow ways of poverty and privation that are in themselves most rare and admirable. When adversity seeks out our Creole brother he does not fight it. He accepts it—bravely. He cuts his garment according to his shrunken bit of cloth, and wears it, heroically, with a deprecating smile. In nearly all the departments of woman's work in the old city may be found members of some of the proudest of her proud families, patiently accepting the decree of Fate, and doing her humble bidding, even though it sometimes be to "measure tape," or even to fit gloves to the hands of the women of her own class behind shop-counters. This is sometimes the fate of the Creole gentlewoman in adversity, as it is with many of our Southern women, for the simple reason that she finds herself possessed of no available accomplishment in line with her tastes and associations; and, be it said to her credit, the acceptance of a position of this kind in nowise detracts from the Creole's social standing among her own people.

In the case of a gentle old dame, well known in New Orleans, we have an example of this kind. Finding herself in her old age deprived of her income, the ancient lady began making orange-peel preserves, *pralines* and the various fruit confections that are so popular among her own townfolk; and for years she has herself carried these wares from house to house among the friends of her

more prosperous days. When she is admitted with her basket of preserves, if it be luncheon-time, she is invited unannounced to the dining-room. Her hostess—the well-bred Creole woman is never "patron" to the guest within her door—rises to greet her with a kiss, and has a chair placed for her at table by her side. It is typical of the timidity and sensitiveness of such a woman, perhaps, that she will never see and build upon her advantage. She will continue patiently to gather and cook and peddle her fruit for a slight profit, and her sleep will be unmarred by dreams of liabilities or risks. She cuts her garment according to her cloth. Her American sister, in the same situation, realizing the desire for a larger garment as a necessity of her being, struggles for more cloth. She pines for the inflated sleeve, which to her seems to mean success, and according to the degree to which she achieves this ambition, she confesses herself successful—or the reverse. The American finds her courage in assuming the attitude of success—the Creole hers in the more heroic rôle of patient fortitude. Not that there are wanting on both sides many notable exceptions to this general rule. Examples are not lacking of Creole women who have distinguished themselves by literary and artistic achievements. But this fact, and a list of honored names that might be cited as illustrating it, are too well known for mention here. There are in New York now several members of the most conservative old Creole families who have made brilliant successes in artistic careers, and it is a notable fact that when a Creole girl makes her way in the art life she immediately becomes a social factor. When she has won recognition for her work she already has it for herself. And the reason is not far to see. The world is usually *fin de siècle*—pessimism to the contrary notwithstanding—quite willing to accord a woman what is hers by right.

This is true, even in New York. And when the woman is preëminently fitted by social grace and charm for a distinguished position, the world not only hastens to yield her her place, but in according it, takes off its hat.



"PRALINE WOMAN"—"Me, I am Creole, yas!"

## THE WISDOM AND BEAUTY OF REST

By Rose Thorn

IN THESE days of ten-minutes-a-day reading, or half-hour studying societies for improving the mind, how many women make it a point to spend certain "minutes" in rest to improve their nerves and their beauty? Good health is of vastly more importance than intellectuality, for of what comfort to its possessor, or to any one else, is the most brilliant mind which lives in a weary or nervous body? I believe that sheer weariness causes more trouble in the world than it ever gets blamed for. A rested person, other things being right, is a pleasant one; while a tired person, under whatever other advantageous circumstances, is almost sure to be cross. Many a family wrangle has started from a few sharp words caused by overstrained nerves.

It is natural—and perfectly right—for a woman to always consider her personal appearance of great importance. That fact should cause the subject of rest to find favor, as those who are always a little overtired never look well. Their faces assume a worried, frowning expression, and wrinkles, gray hairs, dull eyes and sallow complexion follow in natural succession.

Would you keep your fresh complexions, and plumpness, and bright eyes? Then rest! Rest often, and rest in the right way. Do not insist that change of occupation is rest. There is no greater delusion. It is nothing of the kind. It simply varies the kind of fatigue—adds another different in location. The best rest, the only real rest, is found in a recumbent position. No one can stand or sit without holding comparatively taut some muscles, and the tension tires them, and the nerves by sympathy. To rest, lie down on something entirely comfortable, and relax every nerve and muscle as much as possible. This is not altogether easy to do at first, but "practice makes perfect." The *rest* of it is wonderful—in fact, the whole secret of rest lies in the one word: relaxation. Notice a baby's, or an animal's, complete relaxation while it sleeps. Five minutes at a time several times a day—and more if possible—of such rest will certainly add to length of life and happiness.

Many people think that they cannot afford to lie down in the daytime, or if they do that they must improve the time by reading. It is a false idea of an economy of time. Neither the reading nor the resting is well done; and so the time spent is practically wasted. But to take little rests—lying down—does not waste time; it is time invested in a way that pays big dividends. The bright eyes, and good color, and good temper of a rested person are to a home worth many times what the sewing, or embroidering, or crocheting, or even reading accomplished in the same amount of time, could ever possibly be worth.





THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN'S CHERRY-BLOOM GARDEN PARTY

## THE GARDEN PARTY OF AN EMPRESS

By Mrs. Robert P. Porter



ALMOST before the rosy snows of Mount Fujiyama fairly begin to melt, and while the cherry buds are slowly swelling into luscious pinkness, society in Japan is thrown into a sort of intermittent fever. To speak with more exactness, I should say that this refers to that contingent of society made up of American and European travelers, which, in the

name of science, art, literature, romance, or a passion for traveling, flocks to the Land of Delight in the early spring. Scarcely is the blue-gowned locksmith through with the trunks rusted by long sea voyages, than one becomes aware of a restlessness and anxious murmur pervading the long corridors of the Grand Hotel in Yokohama, and finding expression, as people pass to and from the big dining-room, in such fragments of conversation as these: "If the Emperor is well?" "If the Empress is better?" "If the Crown Prince is convalescent?" "If it does not rain?" "If the cherry blossoms are out?"

It dawns upon the new arrival by degrees that the Imperial Garden Party, given in honor of the blooming of the cherry trees, is to be held on some day between the fourteenth and the twenty-fourth of April. Twice a year—the second in the chrysanthemum season—these garden parties are held, and to the fortunate visitor invited they are the nearest equivalent to the presentations at Court of other nations. No resident foreigner, no matter what his position in Japan or in his own land, is invited, and the Ministers of the foreign Legations are only allowed to request cards for those of their compatriots who have been presented at the Court of their own country. This restriction in a measure simplifies the duties of the foreign Ministers, and saves them from the pyramids of entreaties, requests and appeals that are piled upon the unfortunate head of the Minister from the United States. Every traveling American, cheered with the knowledge that whether he has or has not been presented at the White House, the result counts for nothing, writes to request that his or her name may be early on the list which the Legation sends in due time to the Lord Chamberlain of the Japanese Court.

### THE TRIBULATIONS OF THE TOILETTE

FOR weeks beforehand, then, there was great agitation in the foreign camp. Polite acknowledgments of the requests for invitations were received by the applicants, but no intimation given as to whether their hopes would be gratified or not. On account of the variability of their Majesties' health, the Japanese climate and the coquetry of the cherry blossoms, which might or might not bloom on any particular date, the invitations are never issued until the day before the festivity itself. In consequence of this the impatient tourists were pinned to the spot in dread of missing their invitation, if one should come; for traveling, excepting in the immediate vicinity, was out of the question.

As on all occasions of this sort, the question of toilette, simple as it may seem, is one that causes no end of tribulation. Both written and unwritten law, as well as paid newspaper notices, demand that the costume of every

gentleman shall include a frock coat as well as a high hat. The frock coat, as a rule, is carried by the traveler. Rarely, indeed, is the high hat, which is impossible at sea, ridiculous in a jinrikisha, and always in the way, even in its own box; it is, as a rule, rigidly tabooed by travelers in the East. The demand for an article so easily obtained at home gives rise to an amount of trouble hard to imagine. As to the ladies, the question is less difficult, but in a sense quite as perplexing. Residents have a happy way of saying, "Oh, you will be all right, just wear what you would at an afternoon reception at home," with the consoling addenda, "Of course, if it should be cold and damp, you must wear thick things and take your chances of a shower; for, blaze or pour, umbrella or parasol must never be raised in the Imperial presence. If it should be warm wear your thinnest things, and remember the Empress likes the toilettes to be as gay as possible."

### THE ANXIOUSLY-AWAITED BLOSSOMS APPEAR

AS THE week of the garden party approached there was a general exodus to picturesque old Tokyo, and the bulletins of the Emperor's and Empress' health, and the condition of the Crown Prince, who had been for some time ailing, became matters of extreme solicitude. A heavy rain set in, which threatened to dash the delicate cherry buds to the ground, and the general expression in the great dining-room of the Imperial Hotel of the capital was one of extreme gloom. But at last dawned a fair and brilliant morning. The sun shone warmly on the dripping cherry trees lining the green banks of the broad river, and bordering the picturesque walks of Ueno Park. As the hours wore on a change, soft and subtle, brought about a really wonderful transformation scene. The moist flower buds swelled and swelled, growing pinker with their efforts, until toward night we rested our delighted eyes on great clouds of rosy bloom reflected in the waters, and kept in motion by the caresses of a faint breeze. In the distance the long avenues, blushing into new and exquisite beauty, were filled with merry throngs, who lost no time in public rejoicing at the opening of their greatest festivity. The cherry blossoms were out!

The next night, just before dinner was served, and when everybody was coming down the broad staircase, casting furtive glances at the office counters below, they were rewarded by seeing a pile of huge white envelopes, addressed in a bold, English hand. Each one inclosed a large card about a foot long and proportionately wide, made of the heaviest pasteboard, bordered with golden cherry blossoms and bearing the Imperial crest—the sixteen-leaved chrysanthemum. The invitation was engraved in Japanese characters, and inclosed with it was a typewritten translation from our Legation, with an admission card, and a reminder that guests would not be admitted to the garden after the Empress had arrived. The translation read as follows:

By command of their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor and Empress, the Minister of the Imperial Household has the honor to request the presence of Mr. and Mrs. — at the Cherry-Bloom Garden Party, to be given at the Hama Detached Palace on the 23d inst., at 2:30 P. M.

N. B.—In the event of sickness or public business preventing attendance, immediate notice of the fact is requested. Please note further the inclosed directions.

### WITHIN THE GORGEOUS PALACE GROUNDS

THE twenty-third (the next day) was certainly designed by Ama-terasu, Goddess of the Sun, for the satisfaction of her sex on earth. It was just cool enough to admit of the handsome wraps and heavier stuffs of a winter season, but with so radiant a sky that the lighter fabrics and gay colors of spring were not out of place. About twelve o'clock, or noon, all Tokyo was in a state of commotion. Every wild beast—by which I mean the livery horses of this city, which buck and bite like bronchos—was brought out, in shining harness. All the equipages from the Legations and the Court were positively glittering with new decorations and varnish. The coachmen and *betlos*, or running footmen, were in new liveries, and the long streets leading to the Seashore Palace were lined with a dense throng of men, women and children.

Before two o'clock the procession of carriages was bearing guests to the garden party. As we entered the outskirts of the Palace grounds, the magnificent possession of the last of the Shoguns, and confiscated by the Emperor on his restoration in 1868, we met considerable squads of the infantry and police, and were received with the most profound salutations on entering the large outer court. Carriages were compelled to wait here, and the guests then walked through the large gates into a garden as dazzling and curiously beautiful as Nature and Japanese art together could make it.

At each turn of the broad, graveled path stood officers of fine address and showy uniform. Their quick, intelligent eyes flashed a welcome, and their features relaxed into something akin to a smile with the approach of each foreigner. The guests at once, upon their arrival, formed themselves into animated groups, under the magnificent trees which grow on the water edge of the beautiful lake and on the graceful arched bridges and miniature islands, linked together by flowery walks. There are no groves nor avenues of cherry blossoms in these gardens. The trees grow in scattered clumps, but even more beautiful to the eye than these were the single trees, of great size, soft, gray and velvety of bark, with long, sweeping branches that hung, willow-fashion, heavily laden with cherry blossoms large as tea roses and of the purest pink.

### PAYING HOMAGE TO HER MAJESTY

AT HALF-PAST two o'clock the guests, who had now assembled to the number of six or seven hundred, representing every phase of foreign visitor, together with the Legations, which brought out some exceedingly pretty and well-gowned women, had all assembled, and, as requested, formed in line on either side of the broad path leading from a very beautiful bridge, over which the Empress was to walk on foot, after entering on the other side of the Palace gardens. The ladies formed on one side, the gentlemen on the other. The many brilliant uniforms, some of them liberally decorated, and the variety of hues of the ladies' dresses, with the rich background of foliage and flowering trees, formed a spectacle that must have struck even the Imperial eye as dazzling. Presently the sounds of the National hymn could be heard in the distance, as it was played by the Royal band, and a few minutes later, in absolute silence, appeared Mr. Yoshitane Sannomiya, the Master of Ceremonies, who preceded the Empress and her ladies, partly backing or walking sideways with the greatest skill, up the open path. As the Empress advanced she held herself very erect, and walked with an ease and grace that were astonishing when one



By Hon. Benjamin Harrison

\* XII—THE JUDICIAL DEPARTMENT OF THE GOVERNMENT



HERE are reasons why I make the Judicial Department the subject of this paper, rather than the Legislative, but they need not be stated. A supreme, independent judiciary is an indispensable element of every Government that engages to protect the property rights and liberties of its citizens; for protection involves ascertainment—a judgment, and a mandate. An orderly and peaceable community is impossible without a Court to adjudge the inevitable disputes between the individuals who compose it; and to ascertain and punish infractions of the public peace. These duties cannot be intrusted with any degree of safety to a foreign tribunal. The Government that enacts laws must have its own Courts to interpret and apply them.

The Constitution of the United States is the supreme law, and every law of Congress, every State Constitution and every State law must be brought to the test of this supreme law, and is valid or invalid as it stands, or fails to stand, that test. The interpretation and enforcement of the National Constitution and laws could not, for several obvious reasons, be left to the State Courts. Uniformity of interpretation would be impossible if the Supreme Appellate Courts of the States could, each for itself and finally for the people of the particular State, construe the National Constitution and laws. And especially questions affecting the conflicting powers of a State and of the National Government could not be left to the decision of the State Court. If the powers given to the National Government were to be maintained and uniformly and beneficially exercised it was essential that the final judicial determination of the scope and limits of these powers should be confided to National Courts. It would not have done in 1861 to submit the question of the right of a State to secede from the Union to the Supreme Court of South Carolina.

THE POWER TO APPOINT COURTS

THE Articles of Confederation gave to Congress the power to appoint Courts for the trial of piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and of appeals in prize cases; and Congress was made the Court of final appeal in all disputes between States concerning boundaries, jurisdiction and other matters, and of conflicting claims to lands held or claimed under grants from different States. This was a very limited and inadequate jurisdiction, and was very feebly exercised. The State Courts showed little more deference to the Judicial Department than the State Legislatures did to Congress. A Pennsylvania Court refused to recognize the appellate power in a prize case, and Congress, recognizing the crude and inefficient character of the judicial powers of the Confederation, sometimes directed Federal cases to be tried in the State Courts. The Confederacy had no Court authorized to construe and enforce the laws, or to punish offenses other than felonies on the seas. Hamilton spoke of this as the crowning defect of the Articles of Confederation.

The framers of the Constitution, instructed by the defects of the Articles of Confederation, saw that questions as to the validity of State laws must arise. Certain supreme powers were to be given to the United States, and certain powers prohibited to the States. There must be a veto power somewhere upon any State laws that invaded the powers of the United States or used the powers prohibited to the States. Mr. Madison proposed that Congress should have the power to veto a State law, but the Convention was led to a wiser solution of the difficulty.

To the Supreme Court of the United States, an independent judicial tribunal of the highest dignity, removed as far as men can be removed from the sway of human passion and prejudices, and placed under the sanction of the highest obligation that can be imposed upon men to exercise justice without fear or favor, the safe-keeping of the ark of our civil covenant was committed. The power to bring laws to the test of the Constitution is not limited to the laws of the States, but includes the laws of Congress. This power must be exercised by some body or tribunal, if the "supreme law" is to be supreme. Gouverneur Morris said: "Such power in Judges is dangerous; but unless it exists somewhere the time employed in framing a bill of rights and form of Government was merely thrown away."

THE HIGHER LAW AND THE LOWER LAW

THE first decision of the Supreme Court holding a law of Congress to be unconstitutional was given in 1803 (Marbury v. Madison, 1 Cranch, 158), the opinion being delivered by Chief Justice Marshall. In the course of the opinion he said: "So if a law be in opposition to the Constitution; if both the law and the Constitution apply to a particular case, so that the Court must either decide that case conformably to the law, disregarding the Constitution, or conformably to the Constitution, disregarding the law, the Court must determine which of these con-

flicting rules governs the case." Nothing can be added to this luminous statement. We have a higher law and a lower law. When they both apply to a case before the Court, the higher law must prevail—is the law of the case; and the Courts must follow the law. The manner in which this high power is exercised has greatly tended to promote its effectiveness and to avoid the irritations that would otherwise have been excited. The laws of Congress and of the States are not laid before the Supreme Court to be marked "Constitutional" or "Unconstitutional," as the case may be, and returned to the Legislative bodies. The Court takes no notice of statutes until they are brought to its attention in a "case"—a real controversy between persons. It will not answer abstract questions nor hear "moot cases." In 1793 Washington, being greatly perplexed by some questions of International law growing out of the obstreperous conduct of France, propounded to the Supreme Court twenty-nine questions: as to the right of France to fit out vessels of war in our ports, to set up prize Courts in our territory, whether free bottoms made free cargoes, etc. The Court respectfully declined to answer the questions—holding that it could only give opinions in cases properly brought before it. In some of the States provision is made for submitting abstract questions to their Supreme Courts. In the civil crisis that occurred in Maine under Governor Garcelon this method of getting a judicial expression was used with good effect, but, on the whole, I think it is better that all questions requiring a judicial determination should be brought before the Courts in suits between individuals.

HOW LAWS ARE INTERPRETED

THE Supreme Appellate Courts of the States exercise the power to declare acts of the State Legislatures to be invalid if they conflict with the Constitution of the State. Under the English Constitution—where an Act of Parliament is the highest written law—the Courts are not called upon to decide between an Act of Parliament and a Constitution. The English Courts, however, must interpret Acts of Parliament when they affect cases before the Courts. But if a law is interpreted in a sense other than that intended by Parliament it is in the power of that body to pass another act that will carry out the original intention. That may also be done here if the question is only one of interpretation. But if a law is held by the Supreme Court to be invalid because it conflicts with the Constitution Congress is without any further Constitutional power in the matter. The decision is strictly final only between the parties to the case in which it was rendered. As to other persons it is only final in the sense that if they assert any right under the same statute they may expect their case to be decided in the same way. But the Constitution has not left the people without an orderly way of making the Constitution what they desire it to be, if the Supreme Court should construe it to be something else. That method is by amendments proposed to the States, either by a vote of two-thirds of both Houses of Congress, or by a convention requested by the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States, and adopted by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States, or by conventions in such States. There is an instance of such a use of the power of amendment. The Second Section of Article Three of the Constitution declares that "the judicial power shall extend . . . to controversies . . . between a State and citizens of another State."

In the "Federalist" Hamilton argued that the jurisdiction thus given did not extend to suits brought by individuals as plaintiffs against States. But in 1793 the Supreme Court, in an opinion by Chief Justice Jay, held that the jurisdiction did extend to such cases, and entertained a suit by one Chisholm, a citizen of South Carolina, against the State of Georgia, for the recovery of a debt. Great popular excitement followed the decision, for it seemed to be in derogation of the sovereignty and dignity of a State that it should be drawn into Court at the suit of a citizen of another State. Relief was sought and obtained—not by packing the Court, but by the adoption, the following year, of the Eleventh Amendment, which declares that the judicial power "shall not be construed" to extend to suits by individuals against a State. In the exercise of this extreme but necessary power to declare a law of Congress or of a State to be invalid the Supreme Court has acted with great conservatism, but also with great courage. The services of that Court, in defining and defending the National powers, can hardly be overestimated, and are popularly very much underestimated.

VALUE OF THE NATIONAL JUDICIARY

WASHINGTON has left on record many expressions of his estimate of the value of the National judiciary as an element in our system of Government.

In transmitting his commission as Chief Justice to John Jay, of New York, he took occasion to say: "It gives me singular pleasure to address you as the head of that great department which must be considered the keystone of our political fabric."

And to James Wilson he wrote: "Considering the judicial system as the chief pillar upon which our Government must rest I have thought it my duty to nominate for the high offices in that department such men as I conceived would give dignity and lustre to our National character."

These expressions of Washington are impressive and ought to be pondered by those who are inclined to disparage the judiciary, and by those who would destroy the independence of the Supreme Court by threats of reconstructing it when their views of Constitutional construction are not followed.

Mr. Webster's statement that "the Constitution without it would be no Constitution—the Government no Government," is not an overstatement.

A GREAT PROCESSION OF QUESTIONS

AMONG the men who framed the National Constitution there were many of eminent legal ability, and some who possessed in a high degree the faculty of accurate expression; yet from the hour that Government under the Constitution was instituted until this hour a great procession of questions as to the meaning of this section or this phrase of that instrument has been moving into the Supreme Court room for solution. The door has not yet closed upon the last of them and probably never will. These questions relate not only to the text—to the express powers granted to the National Government—but every express power may carry one or many incidental powers—that is, powers necessary to carry into effect the express or specific power. The power or direction to do a particular thing implies the power or direction to do all other things that must be done to execute the power or carry out the direction. To the lay mind it may seem to be puzzling and not a little discouraging that a century has not sufficed to interpret the Constitution; but the explanation is largely in the fact that Constitutional provisions are general and not particular, and the Court is required constantly to apply them to particulars and to new conditions. What does the Inter-State commerce clause mean as applied to railroads and the telegraph—things the writer of that clause never dreamed of? How are the limitations of the Constitution to be applied to a state of civil war? How is the guarantee of a republican form of Government to the States to be made good in the case of an attempted secession? Is an Executive Proclamation effective to emancipate the slaves in time of civil war? It would not have been safe to try to be specific, even if all these things could have been anticipated by the Constitutional Convention. And it may be if every future application of the general propositions adopted had been foreseen that some of the most important of them would have been negated.

THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF THE CONSTITUTION

THE makers of our Constitution, instructed by the experience of the Colonies, by the State Constitutions already adopted, and by earlier lessons from British history, found an easy agreement upon the general principle that the judicial power of the United States should be vested in a separate and independent department. The division of powers will be made plainer by bringing together the opening sentences of the first three Articles of the Constitution:

"Article 1. All Legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States."

"Article 2. The Executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America."

"Article 3. The Judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court and in such inferior Courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish."

Upon this threefold frame the other provisions of the Constitution are hung. The limitations upon the powers of the United States Courts will be more clearly understood if what has been before said in another connection is recalled here—namely, that the powers of Government in this country are divided between the Nation and the States upon the principle that certain powers are set off to the United States, and all other powers, save a few that are prohibited, are retained by the States. The Constitution enumerates the powers which the people have given to the Nation. "The Judicial power of the United States" is, therefore, such power of a judicial nature as the Constitution gives to the United States—no more. The residue of the judicial power the people have reserved in the grant to the United States, and have given the whole, or such part of this reserved power as pleased them, to the State Courts.

WHAT A SUPREME COURT DECISION MEANS

BUT as to the subjects or cases given to be judged by the United States Courts the power is complete and supreme, and carries, as the Legislative grant does, the necessary incidental powers. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in any case of which it has jurisdiction is final; and the question whether it has jurisdiction of the case it must, of course, settle for itself. No other Court can intercept its mandates. The final interpretation of the Constitution of the United States as applied to the question of the Court's jurisdiction to receive a case, as well as to the principles upon which the case is to be judged, is, and must in the nature of things be, with the Supreme Court of the United States. A power in a State Court to determine finally a question of the construction of the Constitution of the United States, as affecting the jurisdiction of the United States Courts, would subordinate and practically destroy the Federal judiciary.

The grant of the power to hear and determine suits involving specific subjects, or between particular persons, carries the power to determine whether those subjects are involved in the case presented, and whether the parties are of the classes described. It is expressly written that "the Judges in every State" shall be bound by the Constitution and the laws made in pursuance of it, "anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." Briefly and generally, then, this is the "Judicial power of the United States"—to hear and determine finally such cases, and only such, as the Constitution commits to the Courts of the United States, and, *ex necessitate*, to decide whether each case as it is presented is within the grant of judicial power.

Political questions are left by the Constitution to the political departments—namely, the Congress and the President; and the Supreme Court will not consider them. Chief Justice Marshall said: "Questions in their nature political, or which are by the Constitution and laws submitted to the Executive, can never be made in this Court." Political questions are such as the recognition of the sovereignty of another nation and of its territorial limits, the recognition by Congress of a particular organization as the true Government of a State, the determination by the President when called upon to aid in suppressing a domestic insurrection in a State, as to which is the lawful Government, etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In the next (January) JOURNAL General Harrison will conclude his treatment of the Judicial Department by pointing out how the Courts are constituted, their jurisdictions, the lines that separate them, and the men who preside over them. He will then tell the interesting story of "How Congress Works and Legislates," and reach the conclusion of the present series. The ex-President's articles, descriptive of life in the White House, will immediately follow. These will be illustrated with special views of the Executive Mansion, made for these articles.

\* 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, 1896. The concluding articles in this series of "This Country of Ours" will appear in the next two or three issues of the JOURNAL. Then will begin General Harrison's three supplementary articles descriptive of life in the White House.

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]



Dramatis Personae of "An Old Maid's Paradise"

Scene—Fairharbor, a town on the Massachusetts Coast

Hero . . . . .	A Cottage
Heroine . . . . .	Corona
	(Owner of the Cottage)
Maid to Corona . . . . .	Puelvir
Brother to Corona . . . . .	Tom
Sister-in-law to Corona . . . . .	Susy
Niece to Corona . . . . .	A baby
Friends to Corona . . . . .	Mary
	Effie
A Builder . . . . .	Mr. Timbers
Boy to Corona . . . . .	Zero
A Dog . . . . .	Matthew Launcelot
A Horse . . . . .	Lady of Shalott
Neighbors . . . . .	
Sub-hero . . . . .	A Widower

CHAPTER I—THE WIDOWER

ALTHOUGH there has been no evidence of the fact up to the time of this writing, nevertheless the widower had a name. Why there should have been any mystery about it is hard to explain. Perhaps an exaggerated feminine delicacy forbade its being published. Perhaps that spirit of aggravation, which might be called the stimulator of curiosity and which belongs peculiarly to the gentler sex, prompted its suppression.

For the widower's name was neither uncomfortably suggestive, like Washington Sudds, Esq., or Mr. Wiley T. Rickey, nor was it aristocratic like Reginald Guelph de Somerset. On the other hand it was not elemental like Smith nor rare like Toxteth. Suffice it to say that

IT MAY be remembered by a few of my friendly readers that I had, some years ago, the pleasure of recording for them the experiences of an old maid who built a matched board cottage at the seaside; and with various episodes more or less interesting to her friends, but all of them absorbing to her, lived in it happily ever after. The adventures of Corona, of Puelvir her maid, of the Raspberry Man, who wooed Puelvir unsuccessfully and married a widow with four; of a boy, a dog, a horse and a burglar, all of them closely intertwined with Corona's history, were conscientiously related, and have been amiably considered by a too generous public.

As the volumes to which I allude are no longer recent publications it may be prudent to recall more minutely that Corona had been robbed of a five-hundred-dollar bond, and that in the early autumn following this incident, while she sat calculating the costs of her non-recovery, (it amounted, I remember, to four hundred and eighty-two dollars and thirty-six and a half cents,) a gentleman had arrived unexpectedly at the Old Maid's Paradise. He was a widower and an old acquaintance, and he helped Corona do the sum about the detectives. It was September, and the glory of that which is irrevocably passing away was on the sea and on the harbor shore. Corona and the widower sat together and talked of friendship and the present very prettily. Corona declined to discuss either the past or the future.

Her biographer, indeed, raised the question, "Had the most dangerous burglar of all climbed up to Paradise?" But the query was never answered. It has often been my wish, and at times my intention, to reply to this question myself by further annals of the history of Paradise. Having been unable to carry out this design I am happy to give way to another plan and pen. To the following sympathetic effort to represent the burglar in Paradise, I offer my heartiest good will, asking of my readers of an earlier time only that they extend to this little story the same kindness of heart which once they offered to mine.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE following narrative, it is needless to say, is entirely from the man's point of view. It may be the fact that the woman sees only the heraldic colors, and the man the marshaling of arms upon the shield. From a feminine standpoint it is to be expected that the "Sub-hero" should be of the masculine denomination. But a man is not to be eternally snubbed. And so, by the privilege of being the last writer on the subject, I have seen to it that the "sub" plays the principal part to the heroine.

A house makes a very good hero for an "old maid" to beguile an audience with. But we are sure that if we promote the man and degrade the dwelling to its proper place in the *dramatis personae*, and drop the "old maid," the play will have truer proportions and move from scene to scene with more heroic satisfaction.

HERBERT D. WARD.



DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR

"Hold on tight, miss! Don't let your cable slip or ye'll be swamped sure!"

the widower was a man of the better classes of intelligence and means. His name (why juggle with the subject any longer?) was Alexander Hensleigh. The pedigree of Alexander is not difficult to trace; but his patronymic had descended to him through English, and after these through Nova Scotian ancestors until, like all of the best things, the name and the race had become bone of our Republic.

It was March, and all that the third month of the year implies to the city of Boston. There had been a storm at sea and a blizzard on land. Vessels had been driven on shore; cars had been blockaded in the streets. It was the third day of the storm, and the old Eastern Depot congealed under a draught, the quality of which could not have been produced without the boundaries of New England.

The 10:45 Fairharbor train was waiting on the track. The engine was just backing to make the connection, and it was within two or three minutes of the starting time. A tall gentleman with fur cap and ulster, black beard inclining to gray, and eager eyes, paced the platform

nervously. He had just run through the whole train for the third time, staring each of the lady passengers almost out of countenance. He was now engaged in consulting the station clock and now in glaring at the gateway. When he did not bite his mustache he made no pretense of disguising his disappointment. He scowled at every one who was unfortunate enough to cross his line of vision.

There was hardly a minute left. The conductor with the white mustache, whom all the Fairharbor people knew with a more or less degree of train intimacy, stood ready, watch in hand. The engine wheezed impatiently.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

At that moment a tall figure walked through the gate. It did not hurry. It glided composedly along until it reached the rear car of the train. The conductor tipped his hat and smiled a welcome, for he recognized a favorite summer passenger. He helped the lady up and then lifted his hand. The engineer opened the throttle slowly.

There was one vacant seat and Corona dropped into it. Corona was a striking-looking woman. She was a strong, mobile blonde, with chestnut hair, and a firm mouth that looked a little severe in repose, and that curved and fascinated when in action. Her eyes could be as cold as a tempered blade or as affectionate as a violet, according to her mood. Corona was tall and trig. She was highly bred in every movement, perhaps too reserved to suit a chance acquaintance. But the old friend might once in a while catch a gleam of forget-me-not in her eyes, a flush of fidelity in her cheeks, a rose of passion in her lips, a

constancy that illumined her whole countenance, which proclaimed, in spite of her New England bearing, the woman for whose attainment a man might well spend his life.

New England women have been much misunderstood and carelessly called self-sufficient. But their manner is only a matter of indirect radiation. It is healthier because it is so. What manner of householder is he who wants the furnace continually on draught, blistering the pure atmosphere of the home, or of the hearth? Corona had enough warmth in her for those she loved, and for the one elect who should discover her to herself and to him, even though she did look a little unapproachable in her present attitude.

During the winter Corona lived in one of the Boston suburbs with Tom, her brother, and Susy, her sister-in-law. Tom and Susy had a baby, and something was always the matter with the baby. This time it was differentially called bad dreams. No one had slept the night before, and Corona had to take the early train with Tom in order to be driven to their little station. This morning Tom was late and Corona had almost missed her Fairharbor train. As she looked out of the window she gave the impression of being absorbed by eternal verities. One would have thought that she was analyzing the last novel by Tolstoi, with its unquestionable moral aim, and its questionable immoral characters, or that she was wondering whether the time had come for the organization of a society for the propagation of Buddhism on Beacon Street. But Corona had a sane mind. It was occupied with nothing less than the circumstance that her summer house was leaking.

Zero had leisurely written her about it the week after he had found it out. Zero was Corona's boy-of-all-laziness, one of the most important members of her summer Paradise, the carrier of her horse and favors, an institution for the absorption of extra doughnuts and uneaten desserts, a part of her sea life, and as necessary as the stove in the kitchen or the rocks

upon the beach. And Zero kept the keys of Paradise in winter.

Corona proceeded now to draw forth from her muff this boy's letter, and to meditate further upon the humid problems which dampen every owner and builder of his own house at some time or other in his ardent career. Corona had put off her regular midwinter trip to Fairharbor on account of the baby. But a leak was different. Baby or no baby a leak must be mended or patched or darned. This was Corona's first own leak, and she was wondering what ought to be done under the circumstances. So she had telegraphed Mr. Timbers to meet her at Paradise at half-past twelve. Mr. Timbers was the builder of the Old Maid's Paradise. And she had telegraphed Zero to harness up the Lady and meet her when the train came in. The Lady of Shalott was Corona's horse. Unlike her mistress the horse was not a summer guest. She stayed among the winter people in Zero's care. But all Corona's calculations stopped with telegrams. She looked from the letter to the snow outside, awaiting a practical inspiration. She wished—she wished—

"Is this seat engaged? May I? May I, Corona?"

She started at the familiar voice and glanced around, and up. A tall man devoured the face, now flushed out of its serenity, and looked down. It was a year ago last fall since he had bade her good-by on the porch of her own house by the September sea. Not for a moment since had the picture which her last attitude had etched upon his heart faded from his imagination.

"May I?" he repeated gently. She saw that his lips quivered, and a great wave of pity for him obscured, in spite of herself, her startled eyes. She moved closer to the window and automatically held out her hand.

"Where—where do you come from? You *man*, you?"

Alexander Hensleigh took his seat and took her hand and laughed softly, with the content of a successful hunter. The dream of eighteen months—the dream to be near her, to touch her hand, to watch her face, to hear her voice, to be warmed by her smile—had now come to pass. Only he who has loved in doubt and distance can understand the bitterness, the happiness, the uncertainty, the hope of such long waiting. A hundred times a day he knew that he would never see her again, and that either he or she would die, and that such bliss as only she might bestow could never be for him. And as many times he knew that he should see her, and he felt that the one desire of his heart must be the logical earnest of its fulfillment.

Thus two people meet in a crowd. To the passenger across the aisle, if he notices them at all, the two are like cinders that have accidentally touched in a draught. But only they know that an epoch, as important to them as the creation, has overtaken their lives. Corona looked at her old friend with a mixture of resentment and admiration for the masterfulness by which she had been entrapped.

"I wrote you," he said quietly, "about three weeks ago, to expect me."

"I didn't get it."

"Your brother told me this morning that he had a letter for you somewhere. I remember he smiled in a peculiar way."

"I'll never trust Tom as long as I live again with my mail!"

"I hope you never will have to," Hensleigh insinuated gently. "I have brought it myself." He took the letter out of his overcoat pocket, showed her the address and then put it back.

"So Tom told you that I was to be on this train?" Corona tapped her finger on the back of her hand. "I see it all. It's a conspiracy. I hope you feel satisfied with this underhand performance!" she flashed in her old way. "Besides, I'll take my letter."

"I certainly do. No, you won't." This was spoken with a quiet assurance that startled Corona more than anything else could have done. She glanced up at his face hurriedly. She read there the calm expression of one who was master of the situation. She felt like crying out aloud in protest. But those lips that had now become firm, those insistent eyes told her that the time had come at last when she could no more escape him than a bird can escape from a locked cage. And she respected him, womanlike, all the more for it.

Alexander Hensleigh settled back in his seat comfortably. For a man who had finally severed every strand that bound him to his past life, and to whom this moment was as important as the sun after a week's tempest is to the driven ship, he certainly exhibited few signs of anxiety. Many months of self-distrust had been succeeded by a kind of exaltation as the woman beside him stepped upon the train.

He took Zero's letter from her fingers exactly as if he owned her, and as if he were not guilty of unpardonable impertinence. This she helplessly allowed.

"It is from Zero. You can read it," she said. She caught her breath, wondering what was coming next. Of what audacity was this widower not capable? He opened the letter and read as follows. The letter was written on a soiled half of a store sheet of paper ruled blue:

"Miss Koronoh: I want to tell you that yure Hous is leekin badly in the Pallor. You kin almost Katch cunners There. I think you ort to Sea about it. No one hez broke in yet.

"Your Obedyuntly, ZERO."

They both laughed and their eyes met merrily.

"It is so good to laugh," he said, "and I thank God that neither Matthew Launcelot nor Puelvir is here to matronize you this time. I want you all to myself for once in my life."

"You'll find Zero at the other end," she suggested demurely. "I've built a kitchen since you were at Paradise," she added, with the charming irrelevance of a woman who will go to any length to change the subject.

"Ah!" replied Hensleigh without enthusiasm.

"Yes, a brand-new kitchen with a room on top for Puelvir. She calls it her house; she moved in those maroon and indigo curtains of hers before the carpenters were out—it's perfectly delightful. The old kitchen is the dining-room now, and there's a lovely storeroom. You can't think how happy she is!"

"Really? I'm glad Puelvir is happy," answered Hensleigh with dark significance. "Here's Zero's letter," he continued in an anxious and aimless tone.

Their hands touched as he gave her the letter back. She did not immediately withdraw her fingers as they were hidden under her muff. Strange how lonely and helpless she felt when she stepped aboard that train! Life was as bleak as the sky to her then. Now summer seemed suddenly to have sprung into existence. Indeed, at that moment the sun blazed out for the first time after these many terrible days of storm.

As usual, on the Fairharbor branch, the car was full. The conductor with the white mustache took up their tickets, and after a pleasant word passed on. The marshes of Lynn, hidden by snow and ice, began to glitter in the new sun. Even the bay beyond assumed an air of cheerfulness entirely inconsistent with the tempestuous month. Hensleigh leaned over to pull the shade down in order to shut out the reflection of the light, the more glaring because the more unexpected. But Corona shook her head and looked out dreamily.

Then the man bent close to her and their faces were both lighted by the sun. He whispered, and the rumble of the train drowned the sound of his voice to every other ear but hers:

"You know, Corona, why I have come."

"Why? How should I? Why? She made a desperate effort to look unconscious, but her risen color belied her affectation. This sign of weakness made her angry with herself and then with him.

"I have loved you too long, Corona, for you not to know it."

"I suppose that is the reason you left me sixteen years ago."

"Now, now, Corona, don't let us quarrel! Time is too precious. We are too old."

"Speak for yourself, sir!" frigidly.

"I didn't mean that. You know I didn't—I meant——"

"I'm afraid it's no use, Mr. Hensleigh, we always did quarrel, and we always shall. Do you think you can neglect a woman for the best part of her life—marry somebody else—and then come back, swear eternal love, and expect her to fall into your arms like a pet poodle? The East and the West are different, sir." She brought the shade down sharply to hide her emotion.

By this time all the confidence of the few moments ago had died out of the man's heart. He bent his head and bit his lips to control his words. As he was silent longer than she expected—for one side of a quarrel isn't much fun, even at the rate of thirty miles an hour—Corona glanced at him with that intuitive sideways motion that makes even the most commonplace of women mysterious to masculine minds. She saw her old friend's dejection, and she pitied him for the second time.

"I have given up everything, Corona," he began again gravely. "I have sold my house, disposed of my business and have come East to stay—to stay, Corona, forever with you—if you will have me, dear."

It was now her turn to be silent. This was a devotion that she could not taunt.

"Let me think," she said, with a swift glance of confidence that made a man of him again. "Ask me later—ah, there's the sea. How beautiful! How happy!"

"Here you are, Miss Corona. Take you right over!" The pilot of the Fairharbor stage jumped forward as Corona stepped out. The air was salt and cold, but how fresh and pure! Nobody noticed her companion, but Corona, as he helped her off the car, had leaned upon his arm more heavily than one would expect a hearty, modern woman to do. She had also given him a look of gratitude, so swift that not even the stage-driver had noticed it. The snow was heaped high around the station.

"Take you over safe as a dory on a float! Got new runners on this morning. This is the worst we ever hed. Snow draws three feet everywhere on a level," insisted the driver affably.

"My own carriage is here to meet me." Corona spoke with the dignity that only a horse-holder can assume.

"Zero is here to meet me."

"He! he! he!!! irreverently snickered the driver.

"Isn't Zero here as I telegraphed?" Corona asked hastily.

"He's there, all right, on the other side, but—he! he! he!!!"

Corona motioned to her companion as she hurried over. It was true, there was her faithful Zero—a boy of about fifteen—standing up to his hips in snow at the head of a prancing, snorting, kicking horse. Apparently the Lady of Shalott was doing the best she could to stand on her head. In the pursuance of this noble effort she had floundered into a six-foot drift and was rapidly drawing the boy out of sight. And behind that horse was a *buggy*.

"Why, Zero!" exclaimed the proprietor of the outfit.

"Hay?" spluttered Zero blankly.

"Oh, I forgot," said Corona, "the boy is as deaf as a boulder, and I forget it every spring."

"I'm dum glad ye've come, miss," said the hapless boy bobbing the snow out of his eyes. "I thought ye hedn't come and wuz wonderin' how to get in. I've hed one policeman and three men holdin' of this hoss, and bin two hours gettin' here. It wuz orful! Whoa there! Whoa!"

"But, Zero, why didn't you put her into a sleigh?"

"Hay?"

"Sleigh! Sleigh!"

"Way?" asked Zero intelligently. "Yes, I hed to walk her all the way."

The engine at this crisis let off steam, and the boy lost his footing as the Lady dashed deeper into the drift. One degree of angle more and the buggy would have been capsized.

"No, *sleigh!*"

"You didn't say nothin' about sleigh. You said to bring down yer team, and here she is, the hull of it, and I got all I want of it, you kin betch-er life on that." The tears began to come to the desperate boy's eyes.

"Zero, I am surprised——"

"Wise?" said Zero. "I ain't so wise as you be. Me an' the Lady are both blarsted fools to be here anyhow."

"Dear me!" said Corona, "the boy is growing up. He is learning to swear." When she had left last fall Zero was as mild as a clam.

By this time the buggy would have collapsed had not the widower plunged and held it by the top hinges.

"I kin hold on jest about one more minnit with that dum'd engine puffin' so!" interjected Zero.

But Hensleigh had already jumped into the buggy on the windward side and held the reins with a practiced hand. "I'll take the horse around to the stable and you start on in the coach. You'll take us up on the way. This isn't safe for you. Hurry up! Get in, Zero!"

"Then it isn't safe for you," pleaded Corona, with a quiver in her voice.

"Oh, yes, it is, the snow is too deep to hurt, anyway." But he was glad she was troubled about him.

There was a scramble as the boy shot in as from a catapult. There was a prancing and then a dash forward. The buggy lurched, and Corona gave a low cry of fright. But pretty soon the horse, finding its master, settled down to a less dramatic *coup de pied*. As Corona turned to the Fairharbor coach, now low on its unaccustomed runners, it occurred to her that Alexander Hensleigh was just the kind of a man she needed to take care of her.

Mr. Timbers, clad in a tremendous ulster, was stamping his feet impatiently on the porch of the Old Maid's Paradise. The long, easterly swell leaped rhythmically upon the frosted rocks, lapping the snow higher and higher with the tide. At last the stage struggled off the traveled road into the little arc that bounded Corona's cottage. She had left the downs past their autumn brilliancy and soberly taking on their Turkish coloring, and now they were clothed like a bride in dazzling white.

Zero gave a whoop and landed up to his waist. Mr. Hensleigh drew breath and followed. Mr. Timbers greeted the lady of the house with a curve on his lips as dry as a pine shaving.

"Hev ye got the key?" Like most Fairharbor men Mr. Timbers spoke very loud.

"I hev, you bet," said Zero proudly.

"I guess we'd better carry her in; she'd flounder," suggested the driver. He threw the reins over the horses' backs and stepped off.

"I have always waded through my own drifts," said Corona proudly.

No one of the three men paid the least attention to her remark. At a word from the driver Mr. Hensleigh stepped forward. The two men picked the woman up. The gentleman's jaw was closed in determination. In the meanwhile Zero and the builder had gone around and unlocked the back door. Mr. Hensleigh did not dare to look at Corona while she put, according to the necessity of the circumstances, her left arm about his neck. But the driver had no such delicacy, for he said:

"Hold on tight, miss! Don't let your cable slip or ye'll be swamped sure."

Obedient to her orders, her left arm increased its pressure, and the widower wondered if her heart beat as violently as his.

"The bright day from the front and back doors met in the dining-room. The house was boarded with heavy shutters, and, except for this one avenue of light, was a cavern of blackness. The cottage, that was as dainty as a lady's work-basket in summer, looked like a dry goods box in winter.

"Ye can't go no further," said Zero at the threshold of the little dining-room. "It's up to the rail here." But Mr. Timbers, the builder, swished into the parlor, relying on his rubber boots. Zero hopped after. The driver went back to blanket his horses, and, being well brought up, shut the back door after him. Behind Corona and her lover was a throat of blackness. They seemed to be swallowed up. Before them the front door, opening directly into the parlor, cast a vivid light. The winter sea looked in strangely. The two stood together in the doorway of the dining-room and peered about. The builder and Zero were busily looking around the parlor for leaks. Their heads were turned. Hensleigh was not slow to perceive this. Unconsciously, or perhaps with tenderness preense, the visitor drew the mistress of the house toward him; while she, in despair over what seemed to her the utter ruin and desolation of her house, suffered his sympathetic caress.

The builder gave a low whistle. "It leaked in over them winders and down the chimney. I guess I'll hev to tear out them frames. I wasn't calculating on no sich hurricane as this."

"Why doesn't it drain through?" asked Corona, dabbling with the tip of her rubber on the floor that covered the parlor floor. Happily, her straw matting had been taken up when the house was closed.

"This flooring is as tight as if it was calked," replied the builder proudly. It seemed to him as if it were a great point, that, having taken in water, the house should hold it.

"You seem to have been calculating on its raining from below," said Hensleigh dryly, "or perhaps you expected a tidal wave. Why can't you putty up the seams and put a double coat of paint over? That ought to last and prevent any more leaks," he continued.

"That ain't a bad idea. Let me go out and see." The builder went out on the piazza. Of course, Zero followed. What boy wouldn't tag after a mechanic?

The two were left alone for the first time. Corona thought how clever he was to suggest the putty. But he thought, "now or never."

This time he asked no questions. He simply took the woman in his arms.

"It's no use, Corona," he whispered. "I love you so I can't wait."

"But Zero!" she fluttered.

Now when a woman thinks more about what people will say than about her own feelings a man may know that she is not unwilling.

"It sha'n't be called 'Old Maid's Paradise' any longer if I can help it," he insisted. "When shall we change the name, dear?"

"Not yet. Oh, Alec, not yet, dear!"

"Shall it be the middle of June? Quick!" There was the munching of feet on the furry snow.

"Quick! They are coming!"

"Alec! Don't—yes, then—yes!"

It was all over in that moment. Mr. Timbers returned, tramping heavily. Zero followed, swishing over the wet floor like a school of herring.

The woman, as is usual in an embarrassing position, was the first to recover her self-possession.

"I'll leave the whole thing to you, Mr. Timbers. Do as you please. My rubber leaks and I'll have to get out of this."

"If ye'd said that before ye might have saved yer carfare," grunted Mr. Timbers.


"Yes, I might, but if I had——" The lady did not finish her sentence.

(CONTINUATION IN JANUARY JOURNAL)

## A "POSTSCRIPT" FROM MRS. WHITNEY

IT IS an established principle that a woman's letter is incomplete without a postscript. I am being made to realize what I have left undone, and the consequences I have incurred by sending out ten letters in print without an addendum to a single one. Scores of girls are writing to me for individual postscripts: advice, detailed instruction as to what to do, how to begin, and where to look for opportunity. This opens up an immense business for one whose hand and brain demand some rest from long-continued labor, and I am obliged to try if one inclusive, kindly paragraph may not do for all.

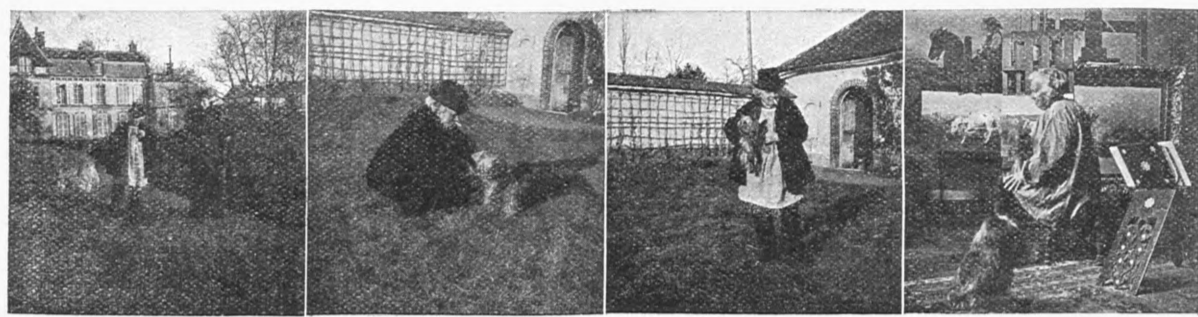
Let me ask you, dear girl friends, to perceive that in offering such thought and sympathy as I could to younger women it was a necessity that I should do so in a general way; treating matters of interest upon general principles, and leaving each reader to make separate application for herself. To follow up with personal counsel, information, assistance, without the needful, intimate personal knowledge, is an impossibility; and to attain this knowledge by particular correspondence all over the country is—if such comparative expression may be allowed—yet more impossible. So with the assurance that every appreciative response to the little I have written, in a true womanly interest, is very gratefully and gladly received, I must beg you to release my conscience from the practical responsibility of your several lives, and to believe me no less earnestly and truly the friend of every one of you.

Hosted by  ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE\*

By Rosa Bonheur

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS



SCENES SHOWING ROSA BONHEUR IN HER DAILY LIFE, AT HER HOME

**I**FIRST saw the light in the Rue Ste. Catherine, at Bordeaux, on the sixteenth of March, 1822. I was the eldest of four children. My father was not more than twenty-two when I was born; he taught drawing for a livelihood. We lived with my maternal grandparents, "Pépe" and "Mémé," as one says in the province of Bordeaux. Every Sunday we all went together to dine in some rustic spot outside of town. Our most intimate friends during those years were the Figueras and the Silvelas. We met at these friends' houses a great many foreigners and artists. I still remember the poet Moratin, who used to call me his "pretty little dumpling."

What sweet remembrances I have preserved of those happy times when I was allowed to roam without restraint. I recall among the dim memories of that period having strayed from home to the famous Place des Quinconces at Bordeaux, where a neighbor found



me and carried me back to my family in consternation at my precocious independence. When in the country I was constantly getting lost in the woods running after animals. I was truly indomitable. I refused positively to learn to read, but I was not four years old when I had already the greatest passion for drawing, and used

to smear the whitewashed walls as high up as I could reach with crude drawings. Another one of my delights was to cut figures out of paper. The subjects never varied; from long strips of paper I would cut with my scissors first a shepherd, then his dog, then a cow, then a sheep, then a tree—the whole following one after another. I spent most of the days engaged in this pleasant pastime.

In 1829 the Silvelas, who several months before had

de St. Hilaire, the celebrated scientist, engaged him to design plates for his natural history. Besides he gave drawing lessons in several families who held him in high esteem.

Our first home in Paris was in the Rue St. Antoine. Our apartment was above a bathing establishment, and it exists to-day. I still see in my mind's eye the pork butcher opposite our windows. He had for a sign a wild boar carved in wood and painted. It was my delight to go and caress that unfortunate animal. The first days of our new life were very hard. Paris was depressing, even the bread seemed to me unpalatable and tasteless compared with the good salted bread we had at Bordeaux. And then I longed for the sunshine of my native town. In our house of the Rue St. Antoine there was a school kept by M. Antin, a Jansenist. Old Antin, noticing that I was idle, proposed to my father to take me as a pupil, so I entered his



to the Rue des Tournelles in an old house dating from the time of Louis XIII. A vast stone stairway led to our apartment. It was so gloomy that I was afraid to go upstairs alone, especially as an undertaker lived above us. The wife of the undertaker made shuttlecocks and other playthings for children. The skin she used for the shuttlecocks she bought from Mme. Micas, who had a little daughter whom I had already met in the garden of the Place Royale. There we often saw a pale-faced little girl wearing the most comical of little bonnets and a green shade over her eyes. We, heartless children of the Antin Institute, laughed at her pinched and puny aspect. To think that this little girl was Nathalie Micas, who later was my most valued and best-beloved friend!

We did not remain very long in the Rue des Tournelles—a few months only—and then we moved to the Place de la Bastille. Here our sojourn was short, and, like the



true nomads we had become, next found ourselves domiciled in the Rue Taitbout. It was about the time that the theories of St. Simon flourished. My father, a very impressionable and warm-hearted nature, readily gave his support to the sect. He was one of the first followers of Father Enfantin (himself the successor of St. Simon, the founder), and did not hesitate to leave us to take up his abode with the brotherhood at Ménilmontant. Every Sunday we went there to make him a visit. The boys in the street used to laugh at my St. Simon cap with its tassel dangling on one side; some even threw stones at me. I became acquainted with the children of the Pereires, the Talabots and several others whose fathers, like mine, had enlisted under the banner of the new humanitarian religion.

In 1835 my poor, dear mother died, and I can say that her death has been the greatest sorrow of my life. After that my aunt took charge of me and placed me to board with one of her old friends, Mme. Pélerin, who lived in the Allée des Veuves near the Champs Élysées. But I could not endure the separation from my people, and father had to take me with him, for he had left Ménilmontant and was living on the Quai de l'École, only a few steps from the Café du Parnasse kept by old Charpentier, whose daughter had married the famous Danton. At that café my father made the acquaintance of Fabre-Palaprat, grand master of the Knights Templars. Palaprat had at his house the sword, the helmet and the breastplate of Jacques de Molay, the martyr of his faith, who had been burned for his creed in 1314 in front of Notre Dame Cathedral. Need I say what enthusiasm my father had for this order? I was baptized by the Knights Templars. They had a Gothic chapel situated on the very spot of the Cour des Miracles—now crossed by the Rue Danielle. Midst the remnants of a pristine splendor they had their altar, their pulpit and the baptismal fonts. And it was in that chapel that I was baptized anew under an arch of steel formed by the swords held aloft by the Knights dressed in their full regalia. This impressive ceremony suited my temperament and chivalrous instincts so well that for the while I believed myself a true Knight. Yet, Knight though I believed myself, I was placed in apprenticeship to a dressmaker named Mme. Gaidorf. I had not the slightest taste for the profession, and instead of remaining seated at work in Mme. Gaidorf's room I went to the workshop of old Gaidorf, her husband, who was a manufacturer of percussion caps. There I turned the wheel for him and liked it much better than stitching. Of course, under such conditions, I did not remain long. My father, very much occupied with his lessons, had little time to look after me, and consequently I was left pretty much to myself. Among his friends were M. and Mme. Brisson, whose business was to paint heraldic devices and to color plates of all sorts. Mme. Brisson took me in hand, and seeing that I had taste for work of this kind, gave me simple things to color, such as kaleidoscopic views, etc. In that way I earned a few sous—poor little earnings of which I cannot think without emotion. What an eccentric creature was dear Mme. Brisson. The mother of three boys she was disconsolate never to have had a daughter—her dream. To lessen the disappointment she nicknamed her boys with girl names (in the home circle, of



FIRST SKETCH OF THE FAMOUS "HORSE FAIR"

left Bordeaux to live in Paris, strongly advised my father to join them, urging that he could better his position, as work would be easier to procure in the French capital. Our departure was decided upon. Poor "Pépe" was too old to go with us, but "Mémé" made up her mind to come. It was heartbreaking to leave the poor old grandfather. Finally one evening we got in the diligence, which took two days and three nights to reach Paris. The Silvelas kept a boarding-school. The larger number of their pupils were young Spaniards and South Americans, and children from the colonies. Through M. Silvela's influence my father soon found employment. M. Geoffroy

*Salut M. de Saint-Hilaire.  
To the readers of the Ladies  
Home Journal—  
Rosa Bonheur*

class of boys with my brothers, Auguste and Isidore. I was not the least abashed to have only boys as playmates during the hours of recess, which we spent in the garden of the Place Royale. I was quite able to hold my own in all the games, and the fights as well. This lasted until 1830. While the cannon of the Revolution boomed my sister Juliette was born. The expression is not exaggerated, for just before the door of our house the Royal guard had mounted a piece of artillery which fired on the Place de la Bastille. I just missed being one of its victims. My father had climbed on the bolt of the heavy *porte-cochère* in order to follow, through the transom, the progress of the fight. When the cannon was fired the explosion shook the door and threw him from his position, and he came very near crushing me in his fall. I still remember the charge of the Royal guards, the shouts of the combatants as they were repulsed; then we heard that the King had left Paris.

After 1830 the times were hard with us; my father had no work to do, and in 1832, to make matters worse, cholera broke out. It was awful. Carts upon carts filled with dead bodies followed one after another all day. Every one was seized with terror. When things grew calmer we moved



\* Translated from the French.

course). My chum, best friend and closest companion, her youngest son, answered to the name of Elenora.

As time passed my father, desirous of giving me an education, decided to send me to a boarding-school. So I was placed at Mme. Gibert's, Rue de Reuilly. Very soon I became a disturbing element in that prim school. My rough ways and partiality for boyish games had a disturbing influence over my companions. One day in the heat of a sham battle we charged through the flower-beds, and I slashed with my wooden sword at the rose-bushes—the pride of M. Gibert. The ground was strewn with the love-liest of them. This filled the measure; M. and Mme. Gibert refused to keep any longer under their roof the tomboy that I was, and took me back to my father.

We had gone back to live in the Rue des Tournelles. The garret of the house had been arranged as a kind of studio, and while my father was running to the four corners of Paris to give drawing lessons I worked alone as best I could. One night, when he returned home after his day's labor, he found me finishing my first oil painting after Nature: a handful of cherries. "Why, that's fine," he said, "and in future you must work seriously." From that time on I copied plaster casts, engravings and drew from Nature; and how much more agreeable I found the work than I did studying grammar and arithmetic! On Sundays I went with my father and his inseparable friend, J. Mathieu, a distinguished sculptor, to take long walks in the neighborhood of Paris. My brothers were growing, and my father, in exchange for their education, gave drawing lessons in the school where they were. To be nearer to them we moved to the Faubourg du Roule. This was in 1841. New lodgings, new neighbors, new acquaintances. Here my father met with M. St. Germain le Duc, who was a friend of Honoré de Balzac, the Czartoriskys and Feuillet de Conches. The Princess Czartorisky lived in their palace close by us. They were very friendly. Often the kind Princess Adam, then in exile, came to spend the afternoon in our studio. She did beautiful embroidery, that was sold to relieve the distress of the unfortunate Polish refugees. She was a noble-hearted woman. Through her influence my father got some profitable pupils and our future brightened up. Our modest studio was the rendezvous of a most agreeable society. I remember still a kind, eccentric English woman, the wife of the admiral who carried Napoleon



him my poor little medal stamped with the effigy of Louis Philippe, his father. "It brought you good luck," said the Prince, and so it did.

In 1847 medals were not given in public as they are today. The laureates had to go and claim them in the Directorial Bureaux. My father wishing to make me self-reliant told me to go alone, which I did. With the courage of my twenty-three years I appeared before the Director of Fine Arts, who, with many a pleasant compliment, handed me the medal in the name of the King.

the Parc Monceaux, and which at that time was mostly fields, farms and dairies. There I studied cows, sheep and goats. I had found a delightful corner of wild scenery at Villiers, close to the Parc de Neuilly. I boarded with an honest peasant woman and spent several months at her place. Telling the story of my first essays would be telling the story of all beginners. The rapid movements of animals, the shimmer of their coloring, their subtle character (for each animal has an individual physiognomy) had to be caught; so before undertaking the study of a dog, horse or sheep I first made myself familiar with the anatomy, the osteology, the myology of the animal. I even attempted some dissecting work, and I cannot recommend enough to those wishing to paint animals to adopt the same method. Again, I studied the aspect of animals from plaster casts, copying them chiefly by lamplight, which gave them neat and vibrating shadows. This is an excellent study. To those who are kind enough to recognize in me a sincere artist I have but to say that whatever I am is due to this conscientious training.

I exhibited at the Salon for the first time, in 1845, a very modest canvas representing rabbits. The year after I traveled and prepared in Auvergne the studies from which I composed my picture for 1847, "Bœufs Rouges du Cantal." I exhibited it, and it won me my first reward, a gold medal of the third class. Two years ago the Duc d'Aumale honored me with an invitation to Chantilly. After breakfast, while smoking my cigarette, I showed

him my poor little medal stamped with the effigy of Louis Philippe, his father. "It brought you good luck," said the Prince, and so it did.



himself, made me partake of many a comforting meal. At last fortune smiled on me: M. Tedesco, the picture dealer, bought one of my canvases; the Secretary of Fine Arts commissioned me to copy a picture—a "Flight Into Egypt," I forget by whom—and I painted another picture, "The Shepherd and His Flock Seeking Refuge From the Storm," which I sold well, and lastly, to crown all these happy successes, I was asked in marriage by a druggist. As the drug store had no attraction for me I refused. My father's position had improved, also, but death overtook him very soon after this brightening up of our prospects.

I had taken a studio in the Rue de l'Ouest, in a house where several other artists, Heim, Yvon, Droz, Signol, had theirs. My friend Nathalie, who was, also, interested in painting, worked with me. I painted there the "Labourage Nivernais," exhibited in 1849, now at the Luxembourg. The State bought it in 1854 for twenty thousand francs. We had many visitors at our studio. There was one among the visitors who excited the curiosity of the neighbors when she came. It was Mme. de Rauchoux, a widow of one of the chief commissaries of Napoleon's armies. She was among the first in France to import foreign plants and foreign birds. At her death she left to the city of Blois a fine collection of ancient and modern pictures, among which I have the honor to figure with "Troupeau de Moutons en Nivernais."

Then I went to live at Place d'Assas with the Micass family, who had built for me a large studio. At that time David d'Angers did me the honor to model my medallion for the gallery of celebrities. I was then preparing the necessary studies for the execution of "The Horse Fair." To go about my work more freely I had adopted the masculine costume—the prefect of police had authorized me to do so—and I must say I really had a very boylike appearance.

At last "The Horse Fair" was exhibited (in 1853), and it had a great success. M. Gambard bought it from me for the sum of forty thousand francs. That day I thought myself a millionaire. M. Gambard exhibited the picture in several cities of the United States before he finally sold it for three hundred thousand francs. Later, when it was engraved, I painted a replica reduced to one-fourth of the original in size. The replica was bought and presented to the National Gallery of London.

The year after I exhibited "The Horse Fair" I felt a desire to see Scotland, so M. and Mme. Gambard, my friend Nathalie and I made up a party and visited that romantic country. I brought back to Wexham, M. Gambard's place near Windsor, several splendid specimens of animals—oxen, ponies, sheep—which I had purchased in Scotland, and while my impressions of the country were still

fresh I carried out the execution of pictures composed in my mind while journeying, such as "Razzia," "Herd of Oxen on the Mountain," "Oxen Crossing a Lake," "Scotch Shepherd Crossing the Lake with His Sheep." At last I returned to my dear studio of the Rue d'Assas, and in the year 1855 I received the great medal of honor. That year I exhibited "La Fenaion en Auvergne."

In 1858 I bought the estate of By, in the heart of the Forest of Fontainebleau, where I live to-day. I paid fifty thousand francs for it, and completed it by building my large studio. The Emperor Napoleon kindly granted me the privilege of hunting in the forest, which stretches around my own estate. There I have lived happily, visited only by a few intimate friends, far from the world and working my best.

In 1865 I was busy painting one afternoon (I had on the easel "Les Cerfs dans le Long Rocher") when I heard the cracking of postilion whips and the roll of carriages in the courtyard. At the same moment my faithful maid Olive rushed in the studio in a flutter of excitement.

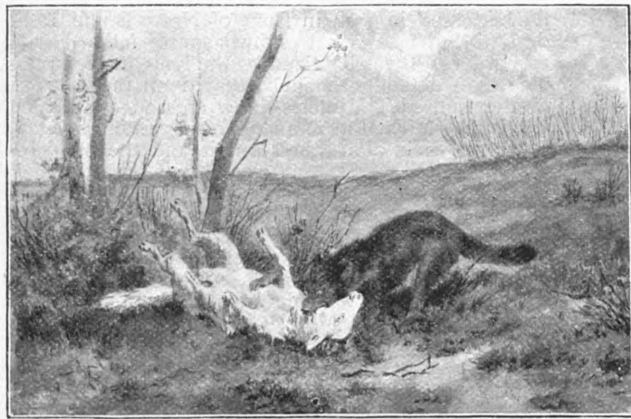
"Mademoiselle, mademoiselle! Her Majesty, the Empress!"

I just had time to throw a skirt over my woolen trousers and exchange my long blue blouse for a velvet jacket.

"I have here," said the Empress, "a little jewel which I bring you on the part of the Emperor, who authorized me to avail myself of the last day of my Regency to announce to you your nomination to the Legion of Honor." Saluting the new Knight with a kiss she pinned



the decoration to my black velvet jacket. A few days after I received an invitation to breakfast at Fontainebleau, where the Imperial Court was stopping. On the appointed day I was driven in my best carriage to the palace. I alighted at the wrong door, and was about to lose my way



REPRODUCTION OF THE FIRST WATER-COLOR

to St. Helena, who, wishing to take me with her to Versailles, gave me my first white dress. Later I gave drawing lessons to the Princess Isa Czartorisky, but, I should add, we wasted half of our time in sliding up and down the polished floor of the long gallery. Certainly it was true what my grandfather had often remarked to my mother: "You think you have a daughter! What a mistake! Rosa is a boy in petticoats!"

By this time I had begun to work at the Louvre. My costume and independent ways gained for me the nickname of the "The Little Hussar" among the keepers of the galleries. My breakfast usually consisted of a one-cent roll and two cents' worth of fried potatoes, with a goblet of water from the fountain in the courtyard below. I made some important copies: Henry IV, by Porbus, that I sold at once; "The Shepherds of Arcadia," by Poussin, which copy my father gave to M. Recurt, the Secretary of the Interior; "The Reapers," by Leopold Robert. But my real success as a copyist was from the St. Jerome in the sculpture department. Art students came to watch me at work and no longer made fun of me. I do not know what become of that St. Jerome, only that it was bought for a church. The drawings by old masters had a special fascination for me. How many happy hours of work have I passed in those endless rooms filled with *chefs-d'œuvres*. How many of them I have copied, and I cannot repeat sufficiently to young beginners who wish to adopt the hard life of the artist, to do as I have done: stock their brains with studies after the old masters. It is the real grammar of art, and time thus employed will be profitable to the end of their career.

In 1845 we settled in Rue Rumbold. My father had married again, and I was pursuing my artistic education, working very hard in that part of Paris stretching behind

Judge if he were not amused in hearing my reply. "Thank the King very much for me," I said, "and deign to add that I intend to do better next time."

With the year 1848 came the Revolution, which troubled me but little. Had I not passed through the events of 1830? One day my father and I, interested in the moving of the troops, went out to see what was going on. We passed outside of the city gates and had great difficulty to get back, as the guard refused to let us pass. My father prevailed upon the corporal of the post, who allowed us to reënter Paris, and we reached home to greet my youngest brother, Germain, born during our absence.

My father had been asked to paint some portraits in the Micass family, and I found again Nathalie, the little pale-faced girl of the Place Royale, who wore the green shade over her eyes. From that time dates our sisterly friendship. She looked over my poor clothes and kept them in order, and I made her laugh with accounts of my Bohemian life. She preached to me, scolded me and petted me. Poor, dear friend, whose memory is ever blessed in my heart. I was greatly in need of her good advice, for my excellent father had not been able to exert much influence over me. Our studio was a confused medley of all kinds of bric-à-brac, and you would not believe the strange way in which my father utilized the disorder. When he received money for his work he would take a handful of it and throw it broadcast in the midst of that chaos. So when the day came when there was not a sou in the house we would search among the piles of things in the studio and would always find a stray two-franc or five-franc piece, with which we could manage to live for a day or two.

I had become a hard worker. To better study Nature, so as to impregnate myself with it, I passed whole days at the slaughter-house of the Roule. One must be truly devoted to one's art to live in the midst of such horrors, and in such coarse company. The men were surprised to see a young woman interested in such things, and were disposed to make it disagreeable for me. But Providence never abandons those who strive to do well, and came to my aid in the person of good old M. Emile, a Hercules in force and physique, who declared that he would take it upon himself to administer a good lesson to the first one who behaved rudely toward me. From that time I worked without further annoyance. The position that my protector occupied was that of scaldier and dresser of calves' heads. Seeing how frugally I breakfasted he often invited me home with him, and there, surrounded by the curious implements that served him in his profession, his wife, as good and honest as



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE  
"My dear," said General Washington, "Captain Prescott's behavior was inexcusable!"

## LOVE AT VALLEY FORGE

By Sara King Wiley

**C**APTAIN ALDEN PRESCOTT and Major Charles Eastman tramped arm-in-arm through the thin, dry snow across the frozen fields near Valley Forge, their boot heels smashing the filmy ice that covered many little pools in the marshy ground. It was a fierce and bitter day in January, 1778; the strong wind lashed the trees, moving even their stiffened branches, and caught the long military cloak of Captain Dupréville, who walked ahead of the two gentlemen, flapping it around his spurs, beating it up in his face.

"He seems to find our cloaks as hard to manage as our language," said Eastman, "and as likely to trip him up."

Captain Prescott made no answer; he was thinking, and the words seemed to float by him. There was much to fill his mind that morning. Below all things else was the pain of separation from the woman he loved, and though he bore it bravely it was a constant hidden discomfort, and was augmented by the fact that he had not yet dared to tell her of his love. Just now there was another trouble that appealed to a different side of his nature. Being devotedly attached to his chief, Alden Prescott felt keenly the attacks and plots directed against Washington. He knew that in the new Board of War in Congress there was forming a strong faction opposed to him; that enemies everywhere, prompted by jealousy or the hope of their own aggrandizement, were sneering at the "Fabian" policy, hinting that the miseries and disorders of their camp were due to the leader's inefficiency, and urging the superior merits of Gates, of Lee and of Conway. Prescott, filled as he was with wrathful meditation on the covert insults from which he knew the great chief suffered, yet heard faintly the careless words of his companion, and they thrust upon his irritated mind the sting of a new grievance.

"General Lafayette is well on his way to Yorktown by now," said he.

Eastman laughed a little derisively.

"You should have seen the parting," he cried; "of course he insisted on the French embrace, and I have yet before me the pathetic lift of one corner of General Washington's mouth, the protesting wrinkle of his brows as that impulsive youth kissed him on either cheek."

"I have naught to say against General Lafayette's conduct in the past," said Alden, a slight trembling in his voice, "nor do I begrudge him the love he has from Washington, the great love—if he deserves it—but I cannot find it in my heart to applaud his present action. He knows well the distress of mind of his General; he must know all that he has borne, all he bears, and that he needs his friends as never before."

As he spoke there came before his mind the grave and worried face of the great commander as he had seen him lately when he heard that the Legislature of Pennsylvania had addressed a remonstrance to Congress against his going into winter quarters. It blamed him for not keeping his half-starved, half-clothed army in the open field.

"Have you read the article in the 'New Jersey Gazette'?" asked Eastman. "It is truly a panegyric on Gates. One can see the drift of it all toward the desired

successor to Washington. It was signed by a French officer."

"I have not seen it," said Alden briefly. He took a short, gasping breath and quickened his pace.

Just then they came in sight of the encampment at Valley Forge. How cheerless was the scene! The very atmosphere was gray with cold, and the sounds that came to them seemed from the voice of winter. Here and there rose above the snow tall brown weeds through which the wind hissed, often snapping their dry stems; the broad stream near by was covered with green ice, seamed with white, and the black water purled and bubbled through the unfrozen centre, while from the woods was heard the creaking of wind-harried branches and the rustle of the deep brown oak leaves that clung on the lower limbs of many trees. Beyond were the huts of the American army, a forlorn encampment. Some of the soldiers were crawling about, their miserable rags bound around them, with much the motion of torpid beetles. At the end of a company street a tall and well-known figure stood by a little group of workers engaged in moving lumber. Even as the young men watched they saw the General stoop to aid the struggling soldiers. Somewhat the sight of the toiling patriots and the patient commander moved Alden to fury. It may be that an uncomfortable sense that he should have been working himself, instead of walking with his friend, added to his indignation. His voice was raised higher than he knew as he spoke.

"General Lafayette did well to desert that place for the comforts of Yorktown and the possible honors of an active campaign."

The thought, even as he uttered these words, that it was probably the design of Gates to alienate from Washington his beloved friend, roused him yet further.

"His French affection failed!" he cried, "else he had never gone to Gates, or he lost his courage in the face of this cold and hunger."

Dupréville, close ahead, wheeled so quickly that his unruly cloak unwound entirely from his neck and chest.

"I do not listen, sir," he said, "I hear General Lafayette, two, three times. I like not the tone. I hear that last you shout so, though, I hear it plain; and when you say of General Lafayette, 'desert,' and 'lose courage,' then you are a liar, sir."

Alden Prescott's long-smouldering anger leaped like a taper in sudden draught. He uttered a wordless sound and struck the Frenchman full on the mouth with his open hand. Eastman seized Dupréville around the body with intent to pinion his arms and prevent a fight, but he was not dealing with a Briton, who desired to strike back; the Gaul was cool and impassive in his grasp.

"You may, messieurs, since you are the stronger, do here as you will. You must not deny me later the satisfaction due a gentleman, if monsieur le Capitaine is also ready with his sword or a pistol, which are a gentleman's weapons, and the ones to which I am accustomed."

"When you please, sir!" shouted the infuriated Prescott.

"Alden, Captain Dupréville!" remonstrated Eastman, "I am sure, sirs, ye do not intend a duel!"

"If monsieur is unwilling—" said the Frenchman. "It is so easy to talk, and of the absent also."

"Ah!" gasped Prescott. "Ah!" It was all his voice permitted.

Dupréville smiled.

"To-night will suit, monsieur, I am sure," said he. "There is a full moon, and in the clearing yonder we could be quite undisturbed."

"Yes, sir," said the American; "yes, sir, to-night. None too soon. None too soon."

Alden was an excellent fencer. Swords were agreed upon, the Frenchman departed, and the two friends walked away in silence. As they reached the hut of Eastman he laid his hand on Alden's shoulder, saying quietly:

"I shall come for you at ten."

Prescott closed his eyes, nodded and strode off. He was beginning to realize that he had got his friend into trouble, but he was still too angry for reflection.

At the end of the street Washington, having quitted his labors, was listening to a poor wretch whose bleeding feet had left a ruddy trail behind him on the snow. He was telling of the death of a sentry who had been frozen at his post the previous night. As Alden drew near, the distressful pity of the General's face touched him through all his egotistic thoughts, and as Washington, who liked the bright young man, answered his salute with a pleasant "Good-morning, sir," the Captain was conscious of a quick sense of shame.

"It cannot be helped now," he thought, and he passed quickly on.

Prescott was one of those persons happily dowered with the force to put from him any disquieting thought, an ability arising usually from the power of health and strong vitality, not infrequently accompanied by a certain lack of appreciation for the troubles of others and resulting in a gradual hardening of the conscience. Alden was busy all the day, and he held his attention steadily on the work in hand, but as he started homeward in the late afternoon his occupation slipped from his mind, and he strode on faster and faster, vainly trying to distract the thought by rapid motion. About him were the browns and the grays of the forest, and here and there a single great tree lifted above the shadowy groups its tapering crest, in symmetry of delicate boughs against the flawless, vivid blue. In the east the sky was of blended tones, like mother-of-pearl, and there, low in heaven, hung the great orb of the full moon, flushed with faint, roseate hues and already softly luminous.

And now he could no longer stave off the crowding thoughts, for by that moon's light he must fight for very life perhaps, and there was small time left to prepare for what might happen. He hurried on in the chilling air, reached his hut, ate a hasty supper, and soon sat down with pen, ink and paper, laying his sword before him on the table. He wrote a short note to his brother, who was his only near relative, and then he began to meditate an epistle to Elizabeth Warren. After a long pause he lifted his quill.

"Respected Miss," he began in the stilted fashion of the day, and he continued for some space, formally relating the condition of men and minds at Valley Forge; then as he touched upon the state of the country and

wrote of the great commander he forgot his stately verbiage, and fierce words flowed. It was his desire to be entirely truthful, but as he wrote on and on the self-accusation which had pursued him during the day was driven forth by the sense of her entire sympathy. He did not justify himself intentionally, but he poured out to her all the wrath toward Gates, all the love for Washington which had led to his outburst of anger.

As he brought the story to the present, and wrote of the sword before him, he was seized by the realization that this was, perhaps, his last chance to tell her of his love. Alden was of a deep and strong nature, and he found it hard to pen such sacred words, but when they were once on the paper there came a rush of memories. He went back to the time when he met her, and he told, in writing so rapid that it seemed he thought upon the sheets, of all that she had been to him since. He was interrupted by the entrance of Eastman, to whom he consigned the two letters, with the request that they be forwarded in case of his death.

They stepped from the cabin into a world of silver; the great rayless moon flooded the heaven with glory, made the snow a luminous pallor, on which were cut sharp black shadows, and seemed herself in the wide and cloudless sky, like some marvelous, pulsating jewel of light. There was something unreal and unsubstantial in the scene, and Alden felt that he was walking in a dream life. They passed through the belt of woods into the clearing indicated. Dupréville, a friend and a regimental surgeon were already there. Prescott leaned against a great oak and listened to the wind which roared through the forest, rising and sweeping on and dwindling away with sound like the gathering, the crash and the retreat of breakers on the shore of the sea. He was not a weak man but he was a very young one, and he allowed himself to watch thus dreamily the motions of the black figures and their shifting shadows before him, because of his hidden sense that he was doing wrong, and not because he strove to numb any fear; for when the moment of action came he pressed Eastman's hand hard, and rejoicing in his steady arm and oncoming desire to slay, he stepped from the shadow and advanced to meet Dupréville.

As the two men moved forward they were alternately in gloom and in glory, and while they passed through the strips of moonlight there sparkled the glint and gleam of their drawn swords. They paused an instant with grave and stately salute. Then Alden heard the ring of the steel, and with snapping pulses and a mouth drawn to a dry smile of excitement, he had one single thought:

"At his heart! at his heart!"

Flashing, flashing, before him, about him, glancing against his own, passed the sword of the enemy. Now, he felt that they were well matched: two strong men; it would be a long fight; he was glad of it.

Then the dream ended; the sword vanished. There was a hand on his shoulder that jerked him backward, and the voice of Washington, like the blast of a trumpet:

"Put up your swords!"

The Frenchman ran forward:

"Sair, Général, you have no right—"

"Be silent!"

Alden could not see Washington's face, but he saw the terrified expression of Dupréville, and he felt a sudden faintness. Eastman was beside him, and in hurried words, assisted by tremulous speech from the Frenchman, he told the story of the quarrel. In all his confusion of mind Alden admired his friend as never before. He perceived that Eastman had disapproved of the whole matter, but that his friendship had forced him to assist; now he told the outline of the facts with absolute justice. Washington listened until he came to a full pause, and then he spoke again in a deep, repressed voice:

"I was making a tour of inspection. I had not anticipated the discovery of enemies to our peace so near the camp. My dear friend, General Lafayette, is of too high, too unsullied honor to need defense from any; the shame of insulting him is, therefore, the greater."

"But, sir—," remonstrated Eastman.

"You, sir," said Washington to Dupréville, "have much excuse, though you are culpable, in that you are somewhat ignorant of our language and of our customs. You may give me your sword and consider yourself under arrest. I will speak with you later. I need scarcely enjoin on you all, gentlemen, entire secrecy."

Dupréville handed his sword to the General's aide and withdrew with his friend.

"As for you," continued the commander, and his grasp tightened on Alden's shoulder, "as for you," his voice ceased again, and then he added, in a still lower tone, "miserable boy," and fairly shook his captive.

Alden was no coward, and the physical violence roused his anger. He raised his head quickly and looked Washington full in the face.

"Sir," he said, with flashing eyes, "here is my sword," and without endeavoring to release himself he presented it to the General. Washington glared at him an instant, and then loosed him so violently that he might almost be said to have cast him off, and taking the sword, and saying shortly, "Follow me, sir!" he strode away.

Prescott followed the tall figure, with the relaxing sense that he had passed a crucial moment. They reached headquarters and entered the warm house. The General did not pause but went at once to his room, where he laid the sword on the table, and turning, faced the young man. Alden was now much more frightened than he had been in the wood, for he saw from that terrible and impassive countenance that Washington had regained control of himself, and before the fierce light of those steady eyes he began to appreciate what he had done.

"Captain Prescott," said the commander slowly, "you have been guilty of an act always unmartial, under the present circumstances well-nigh inexcusable."

"But my private honor, sir," faltered the miserable young man.

"Are you so small of soul," said Washington, "as to think of yourself at all when your country is thus imperiled? Let us bear every reproach; aye," he continued, his voice rising as the thought of his own ill-treatment and hardship came upon him, "aye, every reproach—all scorn, all contumely, all disgrace, sooner than endanger her."

He paused with kindling eyes that grew cold and stern as they were lowered to the bowed head before him.

"You, in your selfishness, have failed your country; you have proven yourself unworthy to suffer for her sake even personal annoyance. And what a time have you chosen to add to the burdens and distresses upon all! I have a mind to have you court-martialed and dismissed from the army."

Alden choked and lifted a white face, but had the wisdom to make no answer. There was an instant's pause, and then the chief said quickly:

"For the present go to your quarters," and terminated the interview by a wave of his hand.

Captain Alden Prescott passed again into the moonlight, through the white streets to his own dark dwelling, where he paced the narrow limits with a bursting heart. He saw now the full enormity of his action: not only had he exposed the camp to a dangerous scandal of internecine brawls, not only created a possibility of rupture with the French, but he had laid another burden on the sorely-weighted shoulders of his beloved commander. At last the nervous walk ceased; he seated himself at the table and gave himself up to the most melancholy reflections. His future was probably wrecked, and he had lost forever the esteem of his chief, for how could Washington forgive words against Lafayette, and how could he explain that he had meant no insult? Then he saw two letters lying white before him; Eastman must have brought them back. He lifted the one addressed to Miss Warren and broke the seal. There came an overwhelming desire to salve his smarting self-respect by pouring out to her all his distresses. It was a full hour before he had completed the recital of his remorse at having troubled Washington, and of his real admiration for the young French General. As he called his orderly to ask him to start the letter for Yorktown, where Miss Warren was living with an aunt, he remembered what was contained in the former part of that document.

Well, he thought, he had said it. If she did not care for him it was as well for him to know it now; if she did she would wish to know of his troubles. In any case he was desperate. He must have the solace of fancying that she read his letter, that she thought of him.

As he was about to seal the missive it occurred to him that she might suffer suspense while reading his long account before the duel, and seizing his pen he wrote across the head of the letter:

"Be not distressed. I am not dead." Then in a rush of misery he added, with the discretion befitting his sex and years, "I would to Heaven I were."

After the letter was off it occurred to him that this preface was scarcely calculated to allay anxiety.

It was many days ere the important epistle reached its destination, but once arrived it was not long before its power was manifest. On a certain afternoon Elizabeth Warren knelt before the bed in her room in Yorktown, the many closely-written sheets of the letter scattered before her. She was not reading, her face was hid in her hands, and she sobbed with the violence of a woman who does not lightly cry, nor often. Yet when she raised her head her face, though drenched with tears, was not an unhappy one; the eyes, rayed round with wet lashes, were shining; the mouth moved in sweet and tremulous curves. She had thought of herself by flashes while reading the letter, but now, save for a constant sense of joy within, her mind was concentrated on aiding the man she loved. As she rose and moved to the window she seemed to herself as if she were crowned with light and strength and knowledge, and as if she held in her hand the golden key to the mystery of all life. Meanwhile her rapid thoughts flew hither and thither seeking to plan a way to help Prescott. Then she remembered that Mrs. Washington was going to Valley Forge accompanied by several other ladies, and among them was one of her friends. She would join them, she would intercede with General Washington.

Elizabeth was naturally a timid girl, but there was unflinching decision now in all her quick actions. She did not write Alden, as the transportation of mails was both slow and insecure, but a day in February not long after saw her on her way with the company of ladies, and on the very afternoon of her arrival, in spite of a flurry of great snowflakes, she was at the door of the headquarters of the commander-in-chief.

She had ascertained from Colonel Eastman, who was an old acquaintance, that the General had not taken any decisive action against Prescott, who was still under arrest. The matter had been kept entirely secret, and Dupréville, who had been at liberty for some time, showed no inclination to renew the quarrel, or to refer to it.

Mrs. Washington received Miss Warren kindly, and knowing her business advised her to go at once to the General, who was writing in another room.

"You have been presented to him formally, I believe, and you will, perhaps, be more likely to succeed if you go alone," and this wise matron smiled.

Elizabeth went hurriedly to the door and was at once bidden to enter. General Washington rose and acknowledged her courtesy by a courtly bow—not, however, before he had cast a keen glance at his visitor. Elizabeth did not know how fair she was that afternoon: the rough wind had brought vivid color to her delicate face, and crystals of the snow were yet unmelted on her curls or shone here and there like glistening dewdrops. She was much frightened and endeavored to keep herself from trembling, and she heard the General's voice as from afar when he asked how he could serve her.

"I came, sir, to speak with you of the case of Captain Prescott," she faltered.

Washington's brow wrinkled, he lowered his eyes and his firm lips pressed closer.

"You are his cousin?" said he.

"No, sir," said Elizabeth, lifting her face, "I am his friend."

She did not blush, and her voice was clear and sweet. Washington was the one embarrassed.

"Ah," said he slowly.

"I am quite sure, sir," she continued, "that you do not fully understand Captain Prescott."

"I admire him at present as never before," murmured the gallant commander with softening face, as he looked at her wide and shining eyes.

"He has some things," began the girl.

"He has a friend—," suggested Washington.

"He has a very hasty temper, a very high temper, and you know, sir, I—I mean—" (in sudden confusion, as thoughts of the General's failing overcame her)—"you could imagine, perhaps, that it is difficult of control."

Washington's lips twitched.

"That may well be, madame," said he.

"But, sir," she continued with increasing earnestness, "he cares for you more than for any one else in the world."

"He is a fool then," said Washington quickly.

"Sir!" said Elizabeth, and blushed crimson.

"My dear," said the General, "I beg your pardon. I beg your pardon. But indeed," he added, hurriedly

seeking the firm ground of military seriousness, "this is no matter for personal feeling. Captain Prescott's behavior was inexcusable."

"I know, General Washington," said Elizabeth, "that you have heard accounts of this affair, and have decided with your usual justice—that is, I know it was your endeavor, your intention, so to do. But, sir, I know also that you could scarcely have been given an exact account of all that preceded the trouble. Now, I have a letter," and she drew forth Alden's epistle, "in which there is an entire account of this affair."

"Well, well," sighed the General, "let us hear what the boy has to say for himself."

And Elizabeth read, her clear, sweet voice lending pathos and grace to the woes of Captain Prescott. Washington, knowing more than she of the situation of affairs, understood at length that the Captain's outburst of anger had risen mainly from the young man's devoted attachment to him, his jealousy lest he be neglected or undervalued. Once, with his eyes on the long lashes, the General interrupted.

"Madame, you are omitting much," he remarked with affected sternness.

Elizabeth lifted her eyes, shining with the delight of what she read.

"Only personal matters," she said quite simply.

Washington's rare but hearty laugh rang out, and the ambassador knew her cause was won. As she rose to go he made her several courteous speeches, complimenting her on her skill as a diplomat, and ended by giving her a message to Prescott which neither of them ever forgot.

"You may tell my young friend," said he, "that he should not expect me to be exempt from censure. My enemies take an ungenerous advantage over me, since they know the delicacy of the situation, and that motives of policy deprive me of the defense I might otherwise make against them. But my chief concern arises from the apprehension of the dangerous consequences which internecine dissensions may prove to the common cause. The conduct of all, therefore, should be governed by wisdom and moderation. Let us be faithful, and it is my hope, and also my belief, that we shall have a happy and a glorious issue out of these our difficulties."

After thanking the General for his kindness Elizabeth passed from the house, triumphant, into the clear light of the bright winter afternoon. The storm had ceased, the whole world was draped in white. Hurrying with her news to Prescott, she held the vision of his face and form and motions constantly before her, and forgot the pain, the anxiety and the poverty of Valley Forge. She drew in the keen air in long breaths, she looked on earth and heaven with delight, and when the splendid resonant notes of a bugle call rang forth her lips trembled with happiness in the beauty and joy of life.

Prescott, meanwhile, had passed through a miserable season. Each succeeding day of his imprisonment was more difficult to endure. There was little indeed to divert him, and for the first time in his active, selfish and joyous life he was forced to think long and steadily. As he was not lacking in intelligence he began at length to realize what manner of man he actually was; he saw how much he had demanded of others, how little accorded himself. He recognized his habit of arbitrary and unyielding decision, taken always from his own standpoint without consideration of any other. The fallibility of these decisions was brought strongly before him one afternoon when Eastman came to tell him the story of a friend who had gone with Lafayette to Yorktown and had just returned. With growing shame Alden heard how the young General had stood faithful to Washington.

It seemed that they had arrived at Gates' headquarters during a large dinner given by that General, as was his frequent custom, and since the guests had sat long at table the conviviality was loud. They were greeted vociferously, especially Lafayette; were bidden to take places at once, and to join in the gayety, and as the time passed, amid frequent speeches in honor of Gates and the officers attached to him, amid much drinking of toasts and much praise of valor, neither was the name of Washington mentioned by any present nor was motion made to do him reverence. The steady voice of Eastman thrilled, and his words came faster than was his wont as he told how all those from Valley Forge began to perceive the attitude of affairs, the hostility to the great General, the covert insults offered him. Then had risen the young Frenchman; in brief but emphatic speech he had called the notice of the company to the one toast omitted, and in tones of love and respect he had proposed the health of "The Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies."

"They dared not refuse," said Eastman's informant; "they drank in silence, but all knew well from that hour that neither reward nor pressure could turn from Washington the heart of that faithful friend."

Prescott heard, also, that the young General had gone on the expedition by the express advice of Washington.

With the waning of his self-confidence came to Alden doubts of the love of Mistress Warren. Had he not endowed her also, by the force of his dominant will, with the characteristics he had desired? He reviewed with anxiety all that had taken place between them; it balanced to a marvel—at one instant he was hopeful, at the next cast down. But as time drew on and his letter was not answered despair came often. On the very afternoon of Elizabeth's interview with Washington he made an effort to put the thought of her absolutely from him, and in making the effort discovered how precious, how essential, she was. Being a strong man he struggled violently with what he termed his weakness, and even as he suffered she drew near.

She reached his door, and having spoken to his orderly, who knew her well, she softly entered. Alden had thrown himself into a low chair, with his head resting upon its straight back; his chin was tipped high, showing the lines of distress about his mouth; his eyes were closed. At the sight of the pallor and the weariness of his face there came upon her a feeling stronger even than the sense that this was her lover. With all the overwhelming pity of motherhood awake within her she lightly crossed the room, and kneeling beside the chair she put her arms about him and drew him to her. His head was on her shoulder, he felt her lips upon his brow before he opened his eyes.

"Dear," she said, "dear, I have seen General Washington, and it is all forgiven you."

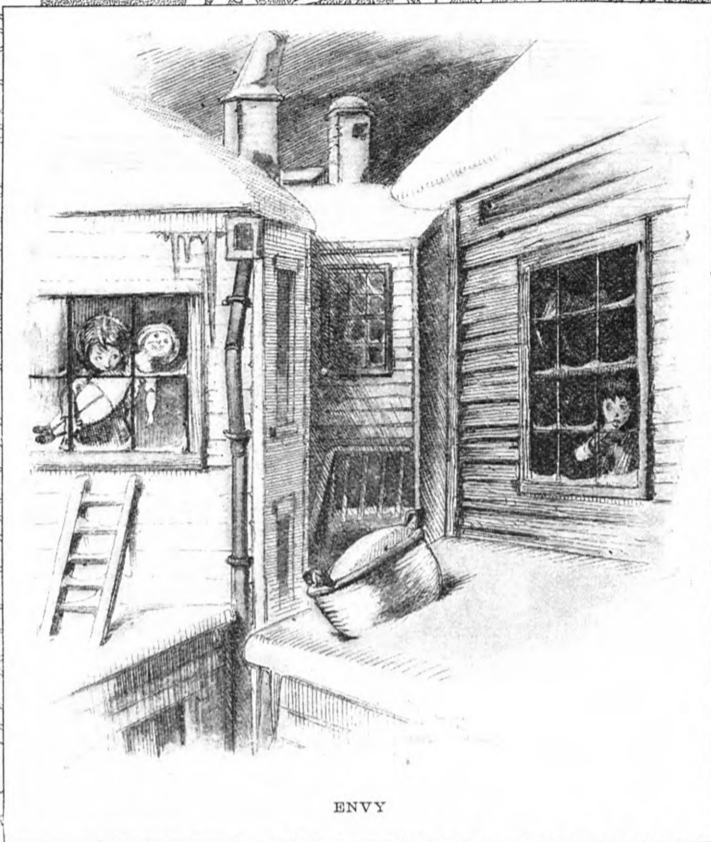
He felt the support of her slight arm, he looked up into her beautiful eyes brimming with tears, and as the knowledge of all she was came over him he found no word save only:

"Elizabeth!"



# WHERE CHRISTMAS IS BUT A NAME

BY M. F. WOOLF



ENVY



A DISAPPOINTMENT

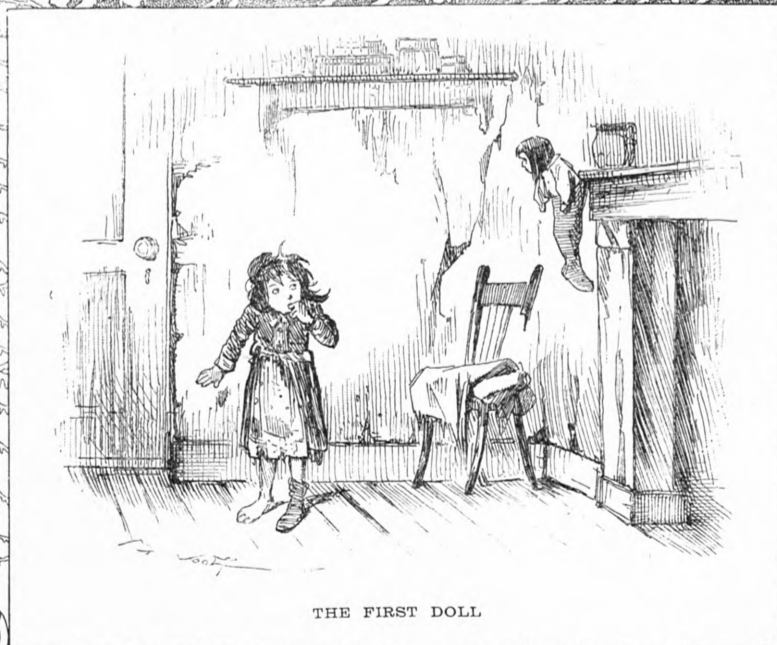
"What's your little brother cryin' for?"  
 "He hung up his stockin' last night and Santy Claus brought him a little brother, but he wanted a drum!"



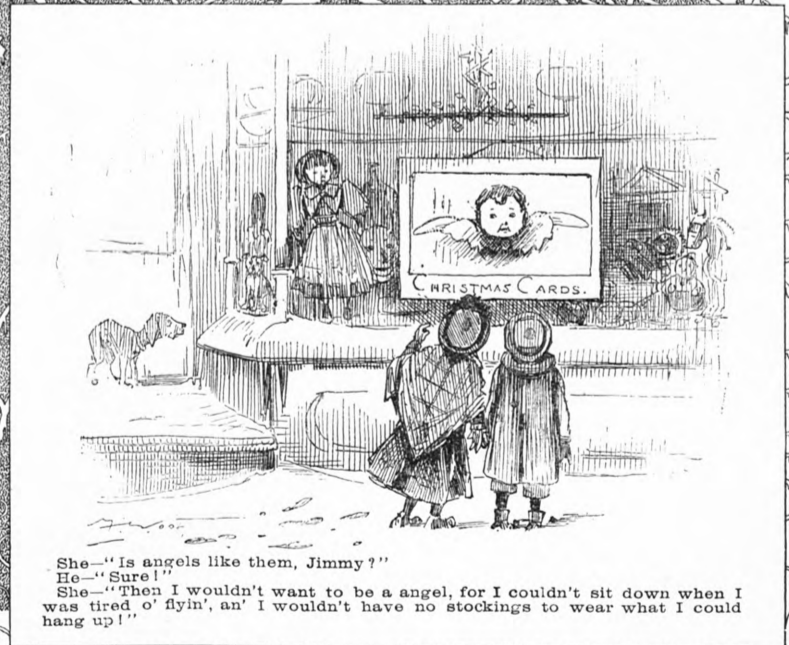
"I dassent look; I'm a-dreamin', I know I am!"



"Nothing!"



THE FIRST DOLL



She—"Is angels like them, Jimmy?"  
 He—"Sure!"  
 She—"Then I wouldn't want to be an angel, for I couldn't sit down when I was tired o' flyin', an' I wouldn't have no stockings to wear what I could hang up!"

THE GRANDMOTHER OF THE WIND



ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR MUSIC BY W. W. GILCHRIST

ACT I

Outside of the Mother's cottage. A rose-bush grows near the path and a starling hangs in a cage by the door. Jacob and Jane are playing about the rose-bush. Their Mother comes out with a basket on her arm.

The Mother—Now, Jacob and Jane, I am going to market, and if you are good children while I am away I will bring you each a big spice-cake; but now you must go in the house and play, for it is growing cold and windy.

Jacob and Jane—Oh, please, mother, let us play here a little longer.

The Mother—No, my children. The Wind's Grandmother is about looking for naughty, disobedient children; she catches them in a great gray spider-web, and then she takes them home and turns them into weathercocks. She might catch you if you stay out. (The Children scowl and pout.) Now, Jane and Jacob, do not look like that, but run in, lest she come and catch you. [Exit.]

Jacob—Must we truly go in, Jane? Jane—No! we will play a little longer, and then go in.



The starling sings beside the door:

Take care, little children! Oh, do you not know, You ought to go in when Your mother said so?

Jacob—Be quiet, starling. Jane—Do not heed the bird. Come, Jacob, let us play. The Wind's Grandmother sings outside:

Musical score for the Wind's Grandmother singing outside. Includes lyrics: 'Blow, winds, blow! Blow, winds, blow! The lit-tle gray owl will soon be out, Blow, winds, blow! Blow, winds, Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow! I have four grandsons Strong and stout; The clouds are their hair, the stars are their eyes, Their heads are so high that they touch the skies; They skim like sea-gulls over the sea. And tonight they all come home to me Blow, winds, blow, Blow, winds Blow, blow, blow, accel. cresc. pp'

[The Children's hats blow off and lodge in the branches of the pear-tree.]

Jane—Oh! there go our hats! How can we ever get them? [She begins to cry.]

Jacob—Jane, there is an old gray woman coming up the road. She looks at us so strangely that I am afraid.

Jane—Come, Jacob, let us run indoors and bolt the door. Jacob—No, then she might steal our hats. Let us stand on the doorstep, and if she runs after us we can slip inside. [The Wind's Grandmother stops at the gate.]

Wind's Grandmother—My dear little children, why did you run away? Don't you know me? I am your grandmother, and I have come many a weary mile to see you. The Children—Oh, no, you are not our grandmother; our grandmother has not such long, long nails and teeth. Her voice is gentle and not hoarse like yours.

Wind's Grandmother—Oh, what clever little children! No, I am not your grandmother, but I love little children, and if you will come out to me I will give you each a stick of barley-sugar.

The Children—No, no! Our mother will bring us some spice-cakes from market, and we are afraid of you.

Wind's Grandmother—Then tell me why you were crying so as I came along the road.

The Children—We cried because our little hats had blown into the tree.

Wind's Grandmother—Then I will get your hats for you.

[She stands under the tree and holds out her apron.]

Musical score for the Wind's Grandmother holding out her apron. Includes lyrics: 'Blow, winds, blow in the leaves of the tree. And never is so rough a road, Nor yer so shof a day. New-blowl the lit-tle hats down to me' and 'Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!'

[The hats fall into her apron.]

Now here are your hats.

The Children—Throw them to us.

Wind's Grandmother—No, I am too old and stiff, you must come and get them.

[The Children move toward her.]

The Children—Now hand them to us.

Wind's Grandmother—No, no; you must come nearer. (As the Children come closer she throws her great gray net of spider-web over them.) Now I have you! I have



been hunting all day for two disobedient children. Home with me you must go, and there I will turn you into weathercocks, for I am the Grandmother of the Wind.

The Children (struggling)—Oh, let us go! Please let us go, and we will never be disobedient again.

Wind's Grandmother—No, no. No use for you to scream and fight. I have you safe in my spider-web.

Jane sings:

Oh! little starling, hanging by the door, Have I not fed you every day? When our mother comes home then speak for us, For we will be far away.

Wind's Grandmother—Cease that noise. Your mother will never know what has become of you.

Jane sings:

Oh, little rose-bush, growing by the path, I have given you water every day; When our mother comes again then speak for us, For we will be far away.

[The Wind's Grandmother drags the Children across the garden, and at the gate Jane sings:]

Oh, little gate, I have latched you when You were banging, many a windy day; When our mother comes again then speak for us, For we will be far away.

Wind's Grandmother—Even if your mother seeks you she will never find where I live, beyond the seven rivers, beyond the seven hills and past the Forest of Shadows.

[She carries the Children out with her while they cry, "Oh, mother! mother! come soon to find us." The Mother enters.]

The Mother—What was that I heard? Jacob! Jane! Where are you?

The Starling—I know who came; I saw who came.

The Mother—Tell me, starling, who was it?

The Starling—Give me the bread you have in your basket and then I will tell you.

The Mother—That will I gladly do.

[She gives the starling the bread.]

The Starling—It was the Wind's Grandmother who came. If you would know more you must ask the rose-bush.

The Mother—Alas, alas! Tell me, rose-bush, what did the old witch do with my children?

Rose-bush—First, give me the milk you have in your kettle and then I will tell you.

The Mother—That will I gladly do.

[She pours the milk on the rose-bush.]

Rose-bush—She drew them to her with her net of spider-web and carried them away with her, but if you would know where she took them you must ask the garden-gate.

The Mother—Tell me, gate, where has the Wind's Grandmother taken my little Jacob and Jane?

The Gate—First rub my poor hinges with butter that they may not creak, and then I will tell you.

The Mother—That will I gladly do.

[She rubs the butter on the hinges.]

The Gate—The Wind's Grandmother has carried them far off, beyond the seven hills, beyond the seven rivers and past the Forest of Shadows.

The Mother—Now off I will go in search of them, and never come home until I find my dear little Jacob and Jane.

The starling, the rose-bush and the gate sing:

Musical score for the starling, rose-bush, and gate singing. Includes lyrics: 'Fare -well! Fare-well! Fare-well! you good and faithful mother'

Musical score for the children's song. Includes lyrics: 'you will sure-ly find them, The sister and the brother. There'

Musical score for the children's song. Includes lyrics: 'er such hills, or ri- vers But love can find the way.'

ACT II

Scene—The house of the Wind's Grandmother. Great stone fireplace with huge iron kettle. The Children are sitting on a bench and weeping. The old Witch stirs the pot and sings:

Boil and bubble, porridge-pot. Soot is inky, fire is hot. Chimney draw, and sparks fly up. Wind and flames together sup. Wind is hungry, fire is not; Boil and bubble, porridge-pot.



[The Wind is heard moaning far away in the Forest of Shadows. The sound grows louder and louder.]

Jacob and Jane (clutching each other.)—What is that noise?

Wind's Grandmother—That is the Wind coming home. Here, make haste and hide over in the dough-trough. If he sees you before he eats his supper there is no knowing what will happen.

[The Children hide in the dough-trough, and the old Witch puts the lid on it. Then she goes back to the porridge-pot. The Wind rushes in.]

Musical score for the wind rushing in. Includes lyrics: 'The Wind—Fe, fi, fo, fum! I smell human flesh and bone: Who has been here?' and 'Wind's Grandmother (scooping out the porridge into a bowl)—There was nobody here. A sparrow flew through the room and that is what you smell.'



The Wind—Fe, fi, fo, fum! I smell human flesh and bone: Who has been here?

Wind's Grandmother (scooping out the porridge into a bowl)—There was nobody here. A sparrow flew through the room and that is what you smell.

[The Wind looks under the bed and behind the bench. Wind's Grandmother (setting the bowl on the table)—Come! come! Your porridge will grow cold, and then you will not eat it. (The Wind, grumbling, drags up a chair and begins to eat.) Is it very dry down there on the green earth to-day?

The Wind—Dry as a bone, and as dusty as a mill. I have been coughing all day with the dust in my throat.

Wind's Grandmother—Methinks I had better give them a little rain before I go to bed. (She takes a great wooden bucket from the corner and sprinkles water out of the window. Voices are heard outside: "Run! Run! It is beginning to rain!") The Wind's Grandmother leans out of the window.) Now the wet roofs shine like glass! I can smell the wet earth. Now I will hang out the moon and my work will be done for the night.

[She takes from the cupboard a great bright globe and hangs it from the window.]

Chorus of Weathercock Children from the cupboard:

Musical score for the weathercock children's chorus. Includes lyrics: 'Here we are set on the shelf as high as the We stand on the steeples Up in the sky And the We turn and creak as the wind may blow, And moon and stars hang in the sky. Ah! Would that we were smoke from the chimney-pots floats by, We smell the smell of the thinner and thinner each day we grow. Oh, what good little children: eat ing too The bread and milk that good children do. soup and yet never a bite or a sup we get we'll be Master Wind if you'll set us free.'



The Wind—How noisy those weathercocks are. They ought to have another coat of varnish.

[He opens the cupboard door, and there stand the Weathercock Children in a row on the shelf. They sing:]

We turn and creak as the wind may blow, And thinner and thinner each day we grow. Oh, what good little children we'll be, Master Wind, if you'll set us free.

The Wind (counting)—Two and two are four, and one is five. Could you not find any more naughty children for me?

[Shuts the closet door.] Wind's Grandmother—Yes, I found two more. I have them in the dough-trough, and now that you have eaten your supper I will show them to you.

[She takes off the lid and lifts the Children out.] The Wind (feeling them)—Yes, they are good, strong, stout children.

Wind's Grandmother—You had better varnish them now, and set them on the shelf with the others. They slip about like mice, and I can hardly keep track of them.

The Wind—No, keep them for me to-night, and in the morning I'll varnish them. Now I must fly far over the sea to the Storm-King's castle. Good-by, grandmother, I will be back when the cock crows. [Exit.]

Wind's Grandmother—Farewell, grandson. (The Children cling together while the Wind's Grandmother puts away the porridge-bowl.) Now for bed. Oh, my poor bones. How weary I am.

[She ties a nightcap under her chin and crawls into bed. Her feet in loose slippers stick out at the foot.]

Jacob and Jane (sobbing)—But where are we to sleep?

Wind's Grandmother—Be quiet! Be quiet! You can sleep on the bench or on the floor before the fire; that is good enough for you. [Soft music.]

[The Witch falls asleep and begins to snore.]

Jane—Are you asleep, brother?

Jacob—No, I cannot sleep; I lie awake and think of our dear mother. Ah, Jane, if we had done as she said we never should have been here.

Jane—Brother, the Witch is asleep.

Jacob—Yes, I hear her snoring.

Jane—Do you see over yonder where that key hangs on the nail? If we climb upon a chair we can reach it, and then we can unlock the door and run away.

Jacob—No, no, sister, the old Witch would surely wake, and then she would punish us.

Jane—But, Jacob, if we pin the bed-covers down tight over her, so she cannot stir, then we need not be afraid.

Jacob—But where are the pins?

Jane—Over yonder by the fireplace a great red pin-cushion is hanging.

Jacob—Oh, walk softly, sister. Do not make a noise lest she should wake.

[They steal on tiptoes across the room, and take down the pin-cushion.]

Weathercock Children:

The winds, they blow, now high, now low; Far across the hills they blow. Pin and pin the old witch in. And so your way through the forest win.

Jacob—Sister, what was that?

Jane—I heard nothing.

[They take down the key and unlock the door. The Wind's Grandmother awakens.]

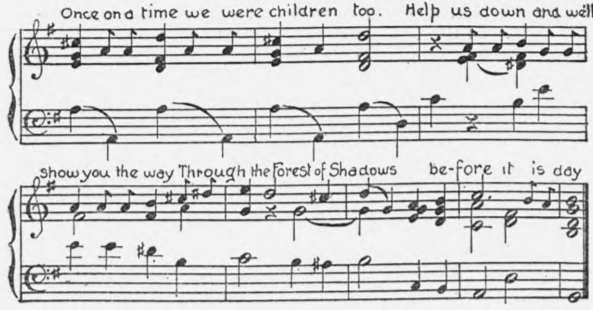
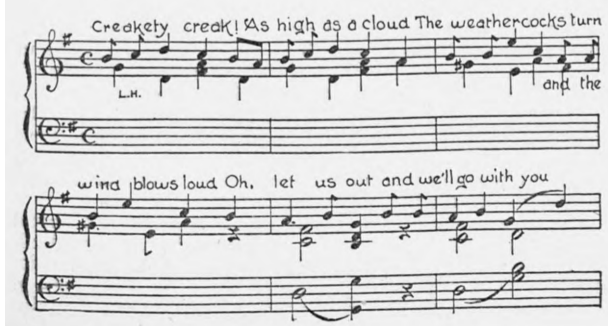
Wind's Grandmother—Oh, oh, oh! What has happened? I cannot stir, the bedclothes are so tight over me.

Weathercock Children:



Jacob—Hark, sister, I hear those voices again. Jane—They come from that closet, and they seem to be calling us. [Jacob and Jane open the closet.]

Weathercock Children:



Jacob—Make haste! Make haste! [They all run out into the night.] The Witch (from the bed)—Oh! the children are running away, and all the weathercocks too. Oh! if I could but get my hands out I would soon catch them. (A cock crows.) Hark! Now the Wind will come home.

[The Wind heard in the distance. The sound grows louder and louder, and he rushes in.]

The Wind—Come, get up, grandmother, and fetch me those children. I promised to have those new weathercocks up by noon, and we must get to work.

Wind's Grandmother—How can I get up? Here I lie pinned down as tight as a pea in a pod.

The Wind—Who has done this?

Wind's Grandmother—Those children I brought home with me last night. They have run away and taken the weathercocks with them. Take the scissors and let me out.

[The Wind takes a great pair of shears and rips up the bedclothes. The Witch tumbles out. She goes to the cupboard and begins to fumble about.]

The Wind—What are you looking for?

Wind's Grandmother—The pot of varnish. When we find the children we will varnish them up without any more ado about it.

The Wind—Yes, yes. Let us away before day dawns.

ACT III

The Forest of Shadows. The Mother is heard singing outside:



[The Mother enters.] The Mother—I have climbed the seven high hills, I have crossed the seven wide rivers, but the Forest of Shadows still lies before me. But what strange old witch is that who comes this way? By her long nails and her gray hair I think she must be the Grandmother of the Wind. [The Wind's Grandmother comes limping in. She puts down the varnish-pot grunting and groaning.]

Wind's Grandmother—Oh! my back is almost broken. [The Mother comes out from behind the rocks.]

The Mother—Good-morrow, grandmother.

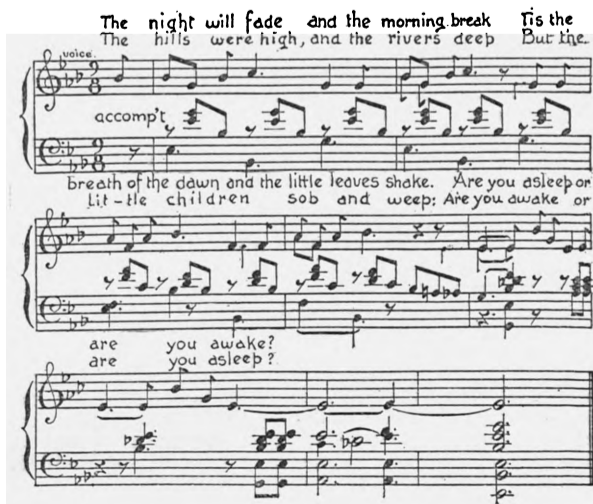
Wind's Grandmother—Good-morrow, daughter. Have you seen my grandson, the Wind, pass this way?

The Mother—No, I have not seen a branch bend nor a leaf stir. But whither are you going in the gray dawning?

Wind's Grandmother—I am in search of two children. Have you seen two children go along the road?

The Mother—No, no! None have gone by. But you are footsore and weary, so sit down, grandmother.

[The old Witch sits down while the Mother strokes her hair and sings to her:]



Wind's Grandmother—I am asleep. The Mother sings: The little bird sings in the top of the tree, And Love will find out the way for me, Asleep or awake, whichever it be. She is asleep. The Children sing outside:



[The Children come clambering in over the rocks, followed stiffly by the Weathercock Children.]



The Mother—Oh, my little Jacob and Jane!

The Children—Oh, mother! mother!

The Mother—Hush! Speak quietly! The Witch is asleep. (She sees the Weathercock Children.) Why! What are these?

Jane—They were naughty children who did not do as they were told, and so they were changed into weathercocks.

Jacob—Yes, but now they are sorry for what they have done, so we are taking them home to their mothers.

[The old Witch snores.]

The Mother—Hush! The old witch snores. Run, run my children, and hide back of those rocks. (The Children and the Weathercocks hide. The Mother dips the brush in the pot of varnish and varnishes the Witch.) She shall know how it feels to be made into a weathercock.

[The Mother hides behind the rocks with the Children. The Witch begins to stretch herself and waken.]

Wind's Grandmother—Oh, my bones and eyebrows! How strangely I feel. It is exactly as if I had been varnished and were changing into a weathercock. Oh, I cannot move! I cannot speak! Oh, oh, oh!

[She changes into a weathercock. The Wind is heard roaring outside. He rushes in.]

The Wind—Fe, fi, fo, fum! I smell the varnish-pot. (He finds the old Witch.) Whoever saw such a big weathercock before? No need to go farther. I'll just fly off with this, and put it on top of the highest steeple in the town.

[Goes off with the Grandmother Weathercock. The Mother and the Children run out from behind the rocks, followed stiffly by the Weathercock Children. Jacob and Jane jump about crying:]

Look! Look at the Wind carrying off his grandmother, and he never knows it. There she must sit on top of the spire, and creak and turn every time there is a breath of air.

All sing:





## THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

DECEMBER, 1896

### THE CHRISTMAS THAT LIES BETWEEN

**I**F OFTEN happens that the festival of Christmas has its most direct significance to us only at two extreme periods of our lives: when we are children and when we are aged. As children, we look forward to Christmas as the day of Santa Claus and of presents. It holds for us a sense of delight that no other day possesses. It is the one day of the year in the mind of the child which is distinctively its own. And it is. We never enjoy Christmas so much as when, as children, Santa Claus is a real being, whose track in his reindeer sleigh lies over the snow-covered roof-tops down the chimney, ending at the hearth beside the bed where we have hung our stocking. Then the time comes when we are told that there is no Santa Claus. And though our interest in the day remains the delight is never again the same. The mysterious charm of myth and legend has gone. How often is it, then, that the Christmas spirit takes a leap of years and we receive and nourish it again only when it finds us sitting aged at the Christmas hearth. The recollections and traditions of the day come to us then, and we love Christmas for its memories. In the one case, as a child, it is Christmas in the delicious perspective; in the other it is the day in quiet retrospect. But what of the Christmas Day that lies between the years of these extremes? Is the day only for man in his first and seventh ages?

**T**OO many parents dismiss Christmas from their lives when their children are grown. While the children are small there seems to be a reason for Christmas festivity. Once they have gone from the paternal roof, however, the Christmas spirit is all too apt to go with them. Particularly is this true where the children marry, find their homes in other cities and leave the parents in the old home. No sadder time comes into the life of a man or woman than when the Christmas spirit is permitted to be regarded as a thing only of the past. The day loses its delights, and its coming is deprived of all its beautiful significance. The idea that, although the children are gone from the paternal roof, the day can yet be made bright and happy for other children rarely presents itself. The world is not so fortunately constituted that some one is provided to make Christmas a happy day to every child. To thousands of children Christmas is but a name: its significance they have never known; its delights they have never known; its sweets they have never tasted. Surely if there are no children in our own homes their absence should recall, rather than allow us to forget, the existence of the children in other homes. In such remembrance lies the happiness of thousands who now allow Christmas to pass by with scarcely a thought of the day. If ever a day were given to us wherein to be happy and in which to add to the happiness of others it is Christmas Day. The Christmas Days of our own childhood and those of our children may glow with happy recollections, but the Christmas Days that we are living now should be made as fully freighted with happy moments and pleasant deeds as we can make them: happy moments for ourselves; pleasant deeds for others. No span of years can be bright which allows the Christmas spirit to lie dormant between childhood and old age. It is the Christmas of the present that we should enjoy and make bright. What of it if Santa Claus is a legend instead of a personality? In the hearts of thousands he is a living Patron Saint.

**N**O ONE, I think, can look at the pictures which Mr. Woolf has drawn on page seventeen of this issue of the JOURNAL without feeling a quick response at the heart-strings of his sympathies. They will tug at many a heart. For the moment the humorist has ceased to be, and the preacher stands forth. Few sermons could teach what these pictures so tenderly and yet so mutely convey. They reach out to us in a singularly direct way. And shall they reach out vainly? Only a few of us fully realize what one doll at Christmas may mean to a little child who has had nothing with which to play all the year round. To many of us a doll seems such a trifle. But to the poor little waif it means a day of sunshine and a happy heart, in which buds, perhaps, for the first time, the feeling of tender motherhood which God implants in every woman's heart. In every city, town, village and hamlet in this country there are these children hungry for the joy of clasping a doll to their warm little hearts. It is an inanimate thing which they would hold, but to them it would speak, it would laugh, it would possess a real being. Their little hearts yearn, and their thin arms are often outstretched in vain. Only a doll! Is there a single being in this world who would refuse a child that? It seems so fitting that every girl child in our land should have a doll at Christmas time. And every little girl in the land might have if each one of us would select a single poor child upon whom to bestow this blessing of childhood dreams. The opportunity is present with nearly all of us. It is simply the thought of doing. Shall we not do so this Christmas Day? Only one doll! Cheap in price, if you can afford no more. But buy a doll for some one little girl outside of your own home. Its coming will mean happiness untold.

**W**E MUST not allow ourselves to forget the true meaning of the Christmas spirit. It will bring happiness to us just in proportion as we bring happiness to others. To some the day will this year bring other than happy thoughts or memories. Sorrows are harder to bear on festal days than at any other time. But no sorrow should crush the Christmas spirit from our hearts. It is not in the amount that we do, or are able to do, that we shall find happiness for ourselves and for others. The simplest pleasures and acts oftentimes make the hearts of others overflowing with happiness. To fail to do something because you feel that you cannot do much is wrong. What seems ever so trifling to you may make some little heart sing all day long, which but for you might pass the day without a note of happiness. Don't grow impatient of the Christmas myth or legend. Keep it alive. God knows that we have few enough ideals in these investigating days of ours. Let us not disturb the Christmas traditions. It is a duty to ourselves to keep this day as unlike any other. And we can only do this by fanning into flame the smouldering embers of the Christmas spirit which is in every one of us. God implanted it there. It was good that we should have it, or He would not have given it to us. In childhood the fire burned brightly enough within us; in old age the light of Christmas will reflect in our faces and our natures. But in the meantime we must keep the spirit alive so that it may glow the warmer and softer in old age. Let us have an old-time merry Christmas this year: a real, old-fashioned, happy one. Let us make everybody forget that there is anything in the world but good-fellowship and happy laughter. To the sick let us bring forgetfulness of pain; to the sorrowful, the sweet balm of a happy smile; to the aged, loving thoughts of consideration; to the poor, a suggestion of the greater material blessings which are ours. Then, as we bring light to other eyes, color to other cheeks, happiness to other hearts, we shall be happy ourselves. The Christmas spirit will keep alive within us. Our years must be spanned, not with a Christmas at either end, but with an unbroken bow of happy Yuletides, the centre brighter even than the beginning and the end. Living memories must intertwine and link together the golden curl and the snowy lock. Then we will live in the full richness of the Christmas that lies between: the Yuletide of the present, the Christ Day that is now and here.

### ECONOMY IN THE CHURCH CHOIR

**I**T SEEMS a singular thing that so many of our churches, especially those outside of the large cities, constantly commit the error of economizing where economy can least be wisely made: in the choir. This occurred to me recently when reading of the opening exercises of a new church in one of our smaller cities. The church structure cost \$20,000; the society paid its minister \$2500; its janitor received \$1000; it had contributed \$6000 for a pipe organ, but its choir consisted of volunteer voices. In the report of the exercises in the case cited, it said that the services were of the pleasantest and most successful order—with the exception of the choir. That, said this report, was crude and untrained. Naturally! Subsequent inquiry of a personal character revealed the fact that the services were positively spoiled by the singing of the volunteer choir. "It jarred everybody," wrote my informant, who was present.

**I**T IS very difficult for some very excellent and otherwise broad-minded church people to realize that good music is one of the most powerful auxiliaries to successful church work. The truth of this latter statement is constantly demonstrated by the announcement of song services with promise of good singing and music. Empty pews have an astonishingly sudden way of filling up in response to such a bidding on the part of the church. Nor does such a condition reflect at all upon the capabilities of the minister or the attractiveness of his preaching. Music naturally appeals to a far larger number of people than preaching ever has or can, no matter how good its quality. Some of us may not altogether approve of this method of being attracted to divine service. But in a world where every person's taste is different we cannot, in the church any more than in any other institution, hold fast to an immovable theory. A church desirous of reaching the largest number of people and doing the greatest amount of good must adjust itself to prevailing conditions. If good music will attract where other attractions fail, why not employ this auxiliary? Aside from the magnet which a choir of trained voices may be to attract outsiders, it is, likewise, an additional link to heighten the interest and pleasure of regular church-goers. None of us are insensible to good music, and what more uplifting combination in music is conceivable than skillful fingers on the organ and the voices of a well-trained choir?

**B**UT good church music can rarely be had from a volunteer choir. And I say this with all due respect to the thousands who each Sunday throughout our country volunteer their services in divine song. There are innumerable cases where a paid choir is out of the question. I have known of such instances where the singing by volunteer choirs was good. But they are the exceptions; by no means the rule. And it stands to reason that this should be so. Excellence in any kind of work calls for study and preparation. A minister must study for years before he essays to preach. An organist must practice long and tediously before he can interpret the keys of the organ-board. So with the voice. To be a good singer requires years of study and training. And years of hard, practical work must follow the study period. This is true even where the person possesses natural vocal talents. In the volunteer choir we necessarily have none of this preparative work. I do not doubt that in many of our volunteer choirs there may be what are called "diamonds in the rough." But the most valuable of diamonds require polishing: their beauty is developed because of the process and their value enhanced. So with the voice: it must be cultivated, it must be trained. And this calls for infinite patience, time and money. Trained voices naturally cannot be expected to give the results of all this without compensation. And the fact that their services are asked by the church and in the cause of religion does not affect the justice of remuneration. Ministers and janitors are paid, and so should be our church singers if they have good voices.

To churches whose incomes do not warrant the engagement of a paid choir these remarks do not, of course, apply. Yet the fact, even in such cases, must not be overlooked that the more attractive a church makes its services, the more people will come to it and the more money will necessarily find its way into the collection baskets. But where a church is able to maintain a paid choir, and seeks to economize with volunteer voices, there is, in particular, a grievous mistake committed. Music hath charms, it has been truly said, and it has to every one. A church able to spend something on its music cannot afford to have aught but the best it is within its means to employ. Those who regulate the affairs of our churches should bear this fact in mind in connection with their approaching Christmas festivities and for their regular services in the new year before them. There would be far fewer empty pews in some of our churches during 1897 if there were better voices in the choirs.

### DOGS AND FEMININE AFFECTION

**I**T SEEMS unfortunate that so many women adopt a means of showing their affection for dogs which only harbors danger to themselves. A few years ago it was a common sight to see a woman allowing her pet dog to lick her face. But so much was written decrying this practice, and showing the positive evils of it, that it has, happily, become almost obsolete. Now, however, too often women allow their affection for dogs to take the form of pressing their cheeks against a dog's head, or burying their faces into the faces of dogs. It requires the exercise of very little common sense to see the dangers attending such practices. Again and again we read in the newspapers of a dog, being petted in this way, suddenly becoming vicious, by reason of too close a pressure, throwing dismay into a household by biting, sometimes disfiguring the face of a woman or child for life. Then we blame the dog. But the blame is misplaced. A dog has a certain canine intelligence, which, in all too many cases, we are apt to overrate. We seem to forget that it is the intelligence of the brute kingdom: it is not human. And the difference is marked. Intelligent as a dog may be, it has no judgment, and can exercise none. We may, in our affection for a dog, like to attribute human intelligence to the canine creation. But that does not make a dog a whit more than a dog. Capable of some things a dog is: of understanding certain things, but incapable of others, and one of these is the exercise of judgment. Women ought to remember this in lavishing their affection upon dogs. Not only should the actual danger be borne in mind, but likewise the unhealthful phase of it.

The most eminent physicians have conclusively shown that the practice of allowing the body of a dog to come into close contact with the human body is fraught with the greatest physical evils. The cleanest dog in the world is not without this objection. It cannot be. A dog's nose should never be allowed to touch any part of the human skin. The most casual observance of a dog's habits will show the reasons for this. In fact, from whatever standpoint one chooses to look at the matter—from that of cleanliness, health or bodily danger—the practice of petting dogs with close embraces of any sort is a positive wrong. Women cannot be too careful about this, either as the practice affects themselves, or, if they are mothers, their children. We can be fond of our dogs—many of them deserve human affection—but we should bestow this fondness upon them with a little careful regard for common sense. One point, of all others, cannot be too carefully regarded: the face should never be brought into close contact with a dog. A sense of cleanliness alone should forbid this, even if positive danger did not lurk in the practice.

### THE MEN IN WOMEN'S DOMAIN

**W**HEN this magazine was started, fourteen years ago, it was intended that in its literature it should appeal solely and directly to women. Not that its originator believed women to be a class apart from the rest of the human race for whom a special literature must be provided, but because there are a hundred and one things in a woman's life which are distinctively hers, and hers alone. And as no periodical of importance taking note of these elements existed THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL came to fill the vacancy. As "the proof of the pudding is the eating," so the magazine's success may be rightly taken as a sufficient guarantee that its policy is approved by the hundreds of thousands of women who, during these past years, have bought and read it each month. It is not now our idea to depart in any way from this original plan. The JOURNAL will always reflect the best elements of American womanhood.

Yet the men have come in. At first, we heard of a man, here and there, reading the JOURNAL. We smiled. Then we heard of others, and we wondered. The number has slowly grown until "it is no longer a theory but a condition which confronts us." Every copy of the magazine is now read by thousands of men. They not only read, but they write. They ask questions. The young men started with queries first, and a year or two ago it was thought wise to occasionally give this page over to a treatment of the "Problems of Young Men." The interest in this has grown beyond this occasional attention, and it now seems fitting to make a regular department of what was at first intended to be only an occasional feature. Hence, beginning with the next issue of the JOURNAL, "Problems of Young Men" will each month have a place of its own in the pages of the magazine, and be made a regular part of its contents. It will be conducted by the editor of the JOURNAL. In addition to this, another column will be devoted to men of maturer years. This will answer the increasing number of questions which have come to us from men, and will be entitled "What Men are Asking." This column will appear for the first time in the next (January) issue of the JOURNAL, and be conducted by Mr. Walter Germain, one of the best authorities on these matters. Mr. Germain has in other channels made his mark as a writer who understands men, and his column in the JOURNAL will quickly make this evident.

In this way the JOURNAL will strive, in a sense, to meet the demands and interests of its new and unexpected clientele of readers. It is a clientele of which we are particularly proud. It rather reverses the prevailing cry of to-day that the women are crowding into men's domain.



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

**A DUBIOUS "OLD KRISS"**

*By James Whitcomb Riley*

US-FOLKS is purty pore—but Ma  
She's waitin'—two years more—tel Pa  
He serves his term out. Our Pa he—  
*He's in the Penitenciarree!*

Now don't you never tell!—'cause Sis,  
The baby, she don't know he is.  
'Cause she wuz only four, you know,  
He kissed her last an' hat to go!

Pa allus liked Sis best of all  
Us children.—'Spect it's 'cause she fall  
When she 'uz ist a *child*, one day—  
An' make her back look thataway.

Pa—'fore he be a burglar—he's  
A locksmith, an' maked locks, an' keys,  
An' knobs you pull fer bells to ring,  
An' he could ist make *anything!*—

'Cause our Ma say he can!—An' this  
Here little pair o' crutches Sis  
Skips round on—Pa maked *them*—yes-sir!—  
An' silivur-plate-name here fer her;



**THE KING OF THE ROAD**

*By William L. Keese*

"Knights to his arms did yield and ladies to his  
face."—*Du Vall's Epitaph.*

TWAS the year sixteen hundred and sixty  
and eight;  
Hounslow Heath was the place, and the hour  
was late:  
The horsemen were waiting and list'ning—  
when "Hark!"  
Spoke the Leader's clear voice—"I hear wheels  
in the dark."

Then up rolled the Coach with its booty of  
gold,  
With the Knight and his Lady, so fair and so  
bold,  
And the Maid, apprehensive of what might  
befall,  
Should it chance they were stopped by that  
daring Du Vall.

Ah! What are those moving mysterious  
shapes?  
They're horsemen—they whisper—they throw  
back their capes—  
They form in half circle at word of command,  
While the Leader rides forward and bids the  
coach "Stand!"

Then the scream of the Maid drowned the  
oath of the Knight;  
But the Lady, unruffled, sat calm in the plight;  
Nay, rather than show that she felt the least  
fear,  
She played on her flageolet loudly and clear.

Then up rode the Leader, on hearing the tone,  
And in answer played deftly on pipe of his  
own;  
Then, dismounting, be bowed like a gallant of  
France,  
And begged for the Lady's fair hand in a  
dance.

"On the Heath here with me one coranto, I  
pray;  
I am sure that you dance quite as well as you  
play."  
The Lady stepped out with a smile on her face,  
And they danced the coranto with infinite  
grace.

What a scene! the Maid fainting; the Knight  
with hands bound;  
The gay courtly measure; the horsemen  
grouped round;  
There was everything there to be picturesque  
with,  
And it all lives again on the canvas of Frith.

'Twas the year sixteen hundred and sixty and  
eight;  
The Monarch was merry who ruled at that  
date;  
Charles the Festive was King of Court, Bower  
and Hall,  
But the King of the Road was the daring  
Du Vall.



**A BIT OF LIFE**

*By Clara J. Denton*

A MAIDEN sat within the door  
And sang as many times before.  
A man to daily toil passed by,  
No love nor pleasure lit his eye,  
But when he heard the merry song  
He whistled as he went along.

A woman by the window wept  
For one who in the churchyard slept,  
But when upon her hearing fell  
That tune she knew and loved so well,  
The flood of burning tears was stayed,  
And soon a song her lips essayed.

Her neighbor heard the tender strain,  
And softly joined the sweet refrain.  
Thus, all day long that one song bore  
Its joyousness from door to door.



Pa's out o' work when Chris'mus come  
One time, an' stay away from home,  
An' drunk an' 'buse our Ma, an' swear  
They ain't no "Old Kriss" anywhere!

An' Sis she allus say they wuz  
A "Old Kriss"—an' she allus does.  
But ef they is a "Old Kriss" why,  
When's Chris'mus, Ma she allus cry?

This Chris'mus now, we live here in  
Where Ma's rent's allus due agin—  
An' "she ist slaves"—I heard her say  
She did—ist them words thataway!

An' th' other night, when all's so cold  
An' stove's most out—our Ma she rolled  
Us in th' old featherbed an' said  
"To-morry's Chris'mus—go to bed,

An' thank yer blessed stars fer this—  
We don't 'spect nothin' from 'Old Kriss'!"  
An' cried, an' locked the door, an' prayed,  
An' turned the lamp down. . . . An' I laid

There, thinkin' in the dark agin,  
"Ef wuz 'Old Kriss,' he can't git in,  
'Cause ain't no chimbley here at all—  
Ist old stovepipe stuck frue the wall!"

I slept nen.—An' wuz dreamin' some  
When I waked up an' mornin's come,—  
Fer our Ma she wuz settin' square  
Straight up in bed, a-readin' there

Some letter 'at she'd read, an' quit,  
An' nen hold like she's huggin' it.—  
An' Diamon' ear-rings she don't know  
Wuz in her ears tel I say so—

An' wake the rest up. An' the sun  
In frue the winder dazzle-un  
Them eyes o' Sis's, wiv a sure-  
Enough gold-chain "Old Kriss" bringed to 'er!



An' all of us git gold things!—Sis,  
Though, say "she know it ain't 'Old Kriss'—  
He kissed her so she waked an' saw  
Him skite out—an' it wuz her Pa."

**THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING**

*By Clarence Henry Pearson*

IN THE ghostly light I'm sitting musing of  
long dead Decembers,  
While the fire-clad shapes are flitting in and  
out among the embers  
On my hearthstone in mad races, and I marvel,  
for in seeming  
I can dimly see the faces and the scenes of  
which I'm dreaming.

O golden Christmas days of yore!  
In sweet anticipation  
I lived their joys for days before  
Their glorious realization;  
And on the dawn  
Of Christmas morn  
My childish heart was knocking  
A wild tattoo,  
As 'twould break through,  
As I unhung my stocking.

Each simple gift that came to hand,  
How marvelous I thought it!  
A treasure straight from Wonderland,  
For Santa Claus had brought it.  
And at my cries  
Of glad surprise  
The others all came flocking  
To share my glee  
And view with me  
The contents of the stocking.

Years sped—I left each well-loved scene  
In Northern wilds to roam,  
And there, 'mid tossing pine trees green,  
I made myself a home.  
We numbered three  
And blithe were we,  
At adverse fortune mocking,  
And Christmastide  
By our fireside  
Found hung the baby's stocking.

Alas! within our home to-night  
No sweet young voice is ringing.  
And through its silent rooms no light,  
Free, childish step is springing.  
The wild winds rave  
O'er baby's grave  
Where plummy pines are rocking.  
And crossed at rest  
On marble breast  
The hands that filled my stocking.

With misty eyes but steady hand  
I raise my Christmas chalice;  
Here's to the children of the land  
In cabin or in palace;  
May each one hold  
The key of gold,  
The gates of glee unlocking,  
And hands be found  
The whole world round  
To fill the Christmas stocking.



**THE SWEETEST OF MEMORY'S BELLS**

*By Frank L. Stanton*

WILD is the way through the woodland;  
but there are the sweet fields of clover,  
The sighing, sad pines, and the jessamine  
vines, and the rill that leaps laughingly  
over  
The lilies that rim it—the shadows that dim it  
—and there, winding winsomely sweet,  
Is the path that still leads to the old home  
through rivery ripples of wheat!



And hark! 'tis the song of the reapers, and I  
know by its jubilant ringing  
There is gold in the gleam of the harvest and  
love in the hearts that are singing!  
And still as of old to the ether its music mellifl-  
luous swells,  
And the wind that sighs westward is swaying  
the sweetest of Memory's bells.

Let me pass through the wheat and the clover,  
O men and rose-maidens, who reap!  
I, who come from the sound of the cities, like  
a child to its mother would creep;  
For through long years of tears and of toiling,  
like harbor-bells over the foam  
Your voices far winging and ringing were  
singing me—singing me home!

And here, from the pain and the pleasure—  
from the sorrow and sighing, I flee  
As the birds when the storm-winds are blow-  
ing, as the ships seek the haven from sea:  
And I fancy the violets know me in gardens  
of beauty and bliss;  
And do not the red roses owe me the peace of  
the prodigal's kiss?

The sun is still bright at the portal: there the  
love-light all radiant shines:  
Heart! Heart! there's a face we remember in  
the tangle and bloom of the vines!  
Far off the glad reapers are singing—far off in  
the rivery wheat,  
And the arms of a mother are clinging, and  
the kiss of a mother is sweet!



*"Raised on it"*

Nestlé's Food builds firm, strong flesh and  
bone, gives healthful sleep and is safe.

Nestlé's Food does *not* require the ad-  
dition of cow's milk. Water only is  
needed in preparation for use.

The danger of disease being conveyed  
through the medium of cow's milk  
should be thoughtfully considered when  
choosing a food for your baby.

Consult your doctor about Nestlé's Food, and send  
to us for a large sample can, and our book, "The  
Baby," both of which will be sent free on applica-  
tion.

THOS. LEEMING & CO.  
73 Warren St., New York



Stranded Elastic Cord Over Fine Cone-bearing Pulleys

Chicago,  
Jan. 17, 1896.  
The best formula  
that I can give you for  
the production of a  
symmetrical form, per-  
fect natural grace of  
movement and poise,  
and a clear, transpar-  
ent complexion, all of  
which denote health  
and vigor, is **light  
exercise taken  
regularly.** A little  
instrument which is  
an invaluable aid in  
producing this exer-  
cise, with accompany-  
ing blessings, is the  
"Whitely Exerciser,"  
which I use and  
**heartily recommend to  
ladies.**  
Sincerely,  
LEOTTA.

**THE WHITELY EXERCISER**

furnishes the **only** means adapted for the use of ladies at home,  
giving all the movements which are necessary for **developing  
and beautifying** the person. Highest endorsements from  
physicians and prominent public men and women contained in  
our free pamphlet. Exclusive ladies' chart of movements,  
very instructive, by mail 10 cents. Wood pulley machine \$2.00,  
Standard cone-bearing, nickel-plated, \$3.00. Gymnasium machine  
\$4.00. Holiday machine, elegant design, \$5.00.  
**SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER.**—We will send either  
of the above styles, express paid, including book and ladies' chart,  
on receipt of price. Money returned if not satisfactory.

**WHITELY EXERCISER CO., 153 Lake St., Chicago**



Our 204-page Illustrated Catalogue will be of  
great service in making selection for Christmas;  
it is yours for the asking. Mention No. 7 (G).  
Prices ¼ less than elsewhere.

**Vantine's India Seats**



Strongly made in oak, cherry,  
birch, imitation mahogany and  
white enamel;  
solid tops; 5-ply veneer; beauti-  
fully finished.  
Our little book  
"Gifts," tells  
what to give for  
Christmas, free if you  
mention this magazine.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., 877 Broadway, New York

## THE YOUNG MAN ON THE FENCE

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

THE caption with which I introduce my concluding letter to young men is, perhaps, quite as pictorial as it is rhetorical. A picture, however, is, as a rule, fully as good as an abstraction culled from the dictionary, and will, in the present instance, serve much better than any one of the half dozen of long-limbed polysyllables that I have seriously considered calling into service.

When all has been said that admits of being said in regard to a young man's equipment for life, and in regard to what he ought to do and what he ought to eschew, it still remains a fact that his acquisitions and his achievements will depend principally on his way of looking at life and on the spirit with which he takes hold of life. He can deal with it at arm's length or he can grip it at short range. He can treat the world as an article of virtu to be elegantly inspected, or he can handle it as a practical commodity to thrust his hands into. He can approach it with an eye of half-supercilious interrogation, or he can come down upon it with a plump bound that means respect, confidence and the will to have frank commerce with it. There is enough in almost any young fellow to get a great deal into life if he has the disposition to construe things with a degree of seriousness, and by seriousness I do not mean sourness, but practical earnestness—the spirit, namely, that will prevent his looking upon the world as being little better than an ill-timed joke, awkward enough to make the whole thing uncomfortable, and ludicrous enough to excuse any sophisticated person from concerning himself much with it.

There is a good deal of this sentiment lying around among young men—more in the city, I imagine, than in the country. There is in them an element of intangibility that puts them beyond the reach of approach. Their nerves they take care not to keep wound up, so that they never quite see anything or hear anything or feel anything. They are cavalier, they have nothing answering to what the ordinary run of men understand as chivalry. With such it does not pass as good form ever to be particularly interested, or to let it be supposed that in their estimate one idea is more true than any other idea, even if it is as such so. There has, indeed, developed among them a class of young men who have carried the *nil admirari* spirit to such a point of refinement as even to discourage in themselves the betrayal of symptoms of intelligence. This polite idiocy is largely an affectation, although with sufficient native genius in that direction to prevent the assumption from proving painful or exhaustive. There is, however, an advantage in having society sprinkled with occasional invertebrates of this sort. They make admirable object lessons.

### INTELLECTUALLY AND MORALLY CHLOROFORMED

ANY one who has ever undertaken to stir public sentiment and rouse it to action knows to his sorrow what an element there is in a community of men who keep themselves so intellectually and morally chloroformed that no stab given at the spot where they are supposed to keep their mental and ethical sensibilities produces response. A person who is instinct with a spirit of self-commitment one can do almost anything with. If he will take the lids off his eyes you can show him something in such a way that his optic nerve will be set twanging. Or if he will take the cotton out of his ears you can make yourself audible to him and lodge with him some sort of an impression; but there is no way of bending your musket-barrel at such an angle as to hit the man behind the tree. A man's nerves must be made out of something beside yarn before he will be reached by a pin prick, and speakers and writers learn, after very little experience, that about nine-tenths of all their effectiveness is a matter of the quickness or the numbness of the cuticle men's thoughts and consciences are encased in. It is a great deal as it is in naval gunnery: in computing effects you have to take quite as much account of the thickness of the plating as you do of the size of the charge. There is a great deal abroad in the air, and I always feel like saying to young men: "Get off your sheathing and come and stand where the sun is shining and the wind blowing, and let every new impulse and latest influence work its own best and fullest work upon you."

EDITOR'S NOTE—The concluding article in Dr. Parkhurst's series addressed to young men, which began in the JOURNAL of February, 1896.

The spirit of indifferentism, of which there is so much, works with the power of a moral paralysis. We know that to the degree in which paralysis affects the optic nerve the eye ceases to be able to discriminate between black and white, between light and darkness. The interior paralysis of indifferentism operates in much the same way to confuse the vision with which we survey matters of truth and error, of right and wrong. There may remain still the consciousness of a certain difference between the two, but not a consciousness that draws any sharp lines between the two. What is true does not seem to it to be impressively true, and what is not true looks to it to be truth, only, perhaps, of a little less pronounced character. In its estimation, what is wrong would be also right could there only be some little change made in non-essential particulars.

### OBSTACLES IN THE WAY OF SUCCESS

THE quality of character I am just now dealing with is what, more than anything else, lies in the way of men's succeeding. The appearance is that only a comparatively small number of people ever quite realize what an easy thing success would be if only they made effective the means to it which they have already in hand. Differences among people in respect to efficiency are far less an affair of resources than they are a matter of getting those resources trained upon a particular point, and of getting that point so close to the eye and the heart that it shall be able to draw those energies along convergent lines, like a sun-glass that will convert ordinary temperature into heat by contracting solar lines to a focus. It is worth a whole fortune to get well stirred up, to get all the energies of one's being drawn out in warm intensity upon a single object. A good deal of the success of even a man like Saint Paul is due to that posture of mind and of life which he expressed when he said, "This one thing I do." He was wholly drawn in under the power of a single purpose. He was aglow with that purpose. Everything within him was combustible material, which he laid upon the crackling bonfire of that purpose. Success was, therefore, easy to him.

I was much interested recently in reading a biographical sketch of Sir William Herschel; it may be a long way from Paul to Herschel, but in the same way that the former of the two succeeded, because he let himself be monopolized by the power of the spiritual heavens, so the latter achieved an analogous success by allowing himself to be overwhelmed by the glory of the stellar heavens. It is not clear that either of these two would ever have been known as a great man if he had not given himself utterly away in a single self-consuming service. Either of these two heroes of history might have been politely interested in an amateurish and non-committal way in a thousand significant questions of achievement or of research, and have been inspired by none of them and have been a power in none of them. It is this same indifference to principles involved that keeps men from taking distinct sides in so many of the great controversies that are fought out on the political arena. The thing about this peculiar phase of political irresolution is not that it indulges in criticism, but that it hangs chronically on the off side of things and anchors itself to negations. The most direct way of getting rid of error is not to vituperate it or to go off in the corner and sulk over it, but to find something that is true and be tremendously committed to it.

### THE FOLLY OF STANDING STILL

A GOOD many young men seem to imagine, also, that it shows largeness of mind and width of view to recognize that no party and no sect has the monopoly of the truth, and therefore mildly and generously to take a little stock in every party and in every creed. When I encounter a man who begins by saying that he has never limited himself to any particular creed, for the reason that he considers that the truth has been pretty impartially distributed among all the creeds, I can agree with him that no sect has ever completely "cornered" the truth, but at the same time I shall instantly conclude that the particular person in question withholds adherence from any particular sect, not because he is so devoted to the truth that is in them all, but because he does not much care for the truth that is in any of them. Breadth of view is exceedingly often simply a euphemism for thinness and indifferentism of view.

### GETTING DOWN FROM THE FENCE

IT IS undoubtedly the case that men who step down from the political or theological fence, and stand upon the ground with all their weight on either one side or the other of the fence, are not always comfortable people to get along with, and they are liable to keep things stirred up in a way that is not conducive to the mental repose of such as unconcernedly and a little superciliously inspect the world from the topmost rail; but they are the ones, nevertheless, who really come in under the power of the truth, and experience the truth and are the arch-agencies for truth's extension and triumph. The attitude of the Divine mind toward all this spirit of intellectual dilettantism and moral insipidity is rather graphically expressed by the Apostle in his letter to the Laodiceans: "I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art luke-warm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

### BALANCING ON THE FENCE

THIS same irresolute temper tells seriously against a young man's likelihood of becoming fixed and robust in his moral character and purpose. Not much is to be expected of one with whom it is the acme of his moral and religious ambition never to be anything or to do anything that is particularly bad. A gentleman once said to me—and he is a person for whom I have a warm regard, and whose general life I believe to be considerably above the average—"I am not a Christian, but I am what might be called a pretty tolerably decent sort of a sinner." He was probably balanced on the fence in such a way as to keep him in easy reach of a good time, and at the same time near enough to what grew on the other side to foster self-respect, save his reputation and ballast his hopes of eternal life. The trouble with such a mental posture as his is that there is nothing in it to hold a man. There is not that in a negation sufficiently tenacious for a man morally to fluke into with any prospect that he will not drag his anchor. So long as righteousness does not impress us as inimitably magnificent, and unrighteousness as unspeakably abhorrent, we shall be at any moment on the edge of renouncing the first and espousing the second. We shall certainly slide unless we are grounded into something fixed, and when we slide we always slide down hill. The truth I am just now standing for is scripturally illustrated by the case of a man who undertook to become good by the purely negative process of trying not to be bad—the consequence of which was that the one devil that he expelled was replaced presently by seven fresh recruits, either one of which was a worse devil than the single one he had just parted with. It is well enough to resist the devil and to expect that he will flee in consequence, but unless the room he leaves vacant is filled up by something that is positively and constructively good, the emptiness will be a standing offer to him to return and move in himself and all his housekeeping appurtenances. Satan is in this respect like our common atmosphere, which always occupies every nook and cranny that is not otherwise preëmpted. It is a like personal irresolution which explains a large part of the indecision of young men upon religious questions.

### MAN IS THE MEASURE OF ALL THINGS

MORE than half of the time when I am approached by young inquirers anywhere between the ages of twenty and thirty, the first thing I am treated to is an inventory of their unbeliefs. What they do not believe has nothing immediately to do with the case. The only question germane to the situation is: Is there anything that you do believe, and if so what is it? Do you believe, for instance, that there is a God? That inquiry I find almost universally replied to in the affirmative. Now, then, are you carrying yourself in a manner consistent with your belief in a Divine Being? In other words, have you so entered into the real meaning of this belief of yours, and have you so put yourself under the power of that belief as to be swayed and managed by it and to become all that it is qualified to make of you? The question is not how long is your creed, but how intense is it, and with what completeness of intellect and heart and life have you committed yourself to it. The meaning of the world, the meaning of truth and the meaning of God will uncover themselves to you only so fast as you uncover yourself in heroic unreserve to the last revelation in which they stand waiting to commit themselves to you. There is as much on the earth and in the air as we personally put into the eye with which we do our beholding. The man is, indeed, the measure of all things, and the key with which to unlock the treasure-house of truth, goodness and power is placed in each young man's own purity of vision, sincerity of purpose and impassioned self-commitment.

## MEN'S Unlaundered Shirts

"TRUE MERIT" TRADE MARK.

Open back, and open front and back. Made of New York Mills Muslin, with 3-ply Union Linen bosom (set in), 3-ply wristbands and neckbands, extra full in size, thoroughly re-enforced; 36 inches long, felled seams, patent facing and gussets. 13½ to 18 inch neckbands, with five lengths of sleeves, 30 to 34 inches.

50 cents each  
\$2.95 per half dozen

In ordering by mail, state clearly the size of neckband and sleeve length required, and whether open back, or open front and back.

By mail, 75 cents additional per half dozen.

## MEN'S Collars and Cuffs

"TRUE MERIT" TRADE MARK.

COLLARS: Fine Linen, 4-ply, laundered. Straight, Turned Point, Bent Corner, Rolling Turn-Over and High Turn-Over.

SIZES, 14 to 17½ inches  
\$1.25 per dozen

CUFFS: 4-ply, Fine Linen, laundered. Reversible, Round and Square Corners. Reversible and Single Links.

SIZES, 9½ to 11 inches  
\$2.00 per dozen

When ordering by mail state plainly the style and size desired. Illustrated Circular of styles sent on request.

## James McCreery & Co.

Broadway and 11th Street  
NEW YORK

HIGHEST AWARDS WHENEVER EXHIBITED

# IMPERIAL GRANUM

PURE

NUTRITIOUS WELL-PREPARED  
EASILY DIGESTED  
THE STANDARD  
AND BEST-PREPARED

# FOOD

FOR  
INVALIDS

AND CONVALESCENTS

FOR DYSPLEPTIC DELICATE INFIRM AND  
AGED PERSONS

UNRIVALLED  
FOR NURSING MOTHERS  
INFANTS AND

# CHILDREN

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS — SHIPMENT DEPOT —  
JOHN CARLE & SONS - NEW YORK



Is it good form for ladies to use Perfumes?  
If LUBIN'S yes. No others are desirable.

All Counterfeit if without this stamp.

## Satin-Scent Perfumes

(Name Registered)

DAINTY, DELICATE, LASTING  
Extracts of real blossoms, secured in perfection only by my patent Cold Process.

Ounce size, any odor, 50c.  
Trial vials Grotto Violets and Crab Apple free for stamp.

Satin-Skin 25c. perfumed soap, sample cake (full size) by mail, 12c.

ALBERT F. WOOD, Perfumer  
689 Wood Ave., DETROIT, MICH.  
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED

## Russian Violets

On receipt of 35 cts. we will send you by return mail a package of Russian Violet Sachet Powder, which keeps its strength a long time and emits a most refreshing and delightful odor to faces, handkerchiefs, the corsage, stationery, etc. Address: Ben. Levy & Co., French Perfumers, 34 West St., Boston, Mass.

C. H. Parkhurst

**DROCK'S LITERARY TALKS**  
*Choice in Reading for Pleasure*

EVERY one who has the reading habit—and everybody reads—has one of two objects in view: to acquire information or to experience a mental pleasure. No matter how inferior the book read, when you sit down to read you intended to learn something new, or “to kill time,” which is a colloquial way of saying that you wanted to turn your mind into pleasant channels.

There is a certain type of mind that only gets pleasure out of reading when at the same time it is getting knowledge. That kind is the exception, and it reaches full satisfaction only by becoming what we call a scholar. For the mind seeking knowledge by reading the sign-boards are many in these days, and, instead of the way being narrow and arduous, there is no other highway in life quite so carefully marked out as the road to knowledge. In many little towns and cross-roads the State has marked the entrance to it with a schoolhouse which is free to everybody. And from there, up through the high school and the normal school to the college, the State lavishes money, and rich men and churches give millions to make the way plain and easy. In no other line of effort can so much be had for nothing as in the acquisition of knowledge. Even for those whose time is limited by the necessities of bread-earning, there are Chautauqua circles and University Extension societies. The world was never so kind to the inquiring mind as it is today.

But when it comes to the pursuit of pleasure in reading, there are few guide-boards except the book reviews and publishers' announcements. It happens that in this country the two are not very different. The newspapers that employ competent reviewers are the exception. But they do the next best thing, however: they tell what the honest publisher thinks he is giving the public in a book.

BUT any one who follows even a very well-edited book-column in the choice of books to read for pleasure is apt not to get the most even of the pleasure alone that ought to come from reading. From the necessity of the case only the newest books are in the column, and you cannot get the most pleasure from reading only the newest books all the time, any more than you could from dining every day on newly-invented dishes. Novelty is more cloying in the long run than a repetition of what has been proved good and nourishing by long trial.

I believe that every one who reads for pleasure, who thinks about the matter at all, wants to fill her mind with thoughts and images that are better than her own average thought—and by “better” I mean more amusing, pleasanter, more piquant, more intense—whatever the kind of book may be. That is what you mean by “diverting your mind”—turning it into another channel. When you read a book you follow part of the channel of some person's else mind. For the time being you live in the author's thoughts.

Now, when you go into the woods on a holiday, and paddle in a canoe along a stream, your pleasure is enhanced by the beauty of the stream—by the alders that brush its edges and the flaring sumac-bushes that burn at every curve. And when you float along the current of an author's dreams, in the book that he has written, you have a right to expect that there shall be beauty revealed at many turnings. An author has no more right to fill his book with the ugly thoughts of his mind than you have to cultivate what is unpleasant in your own thoughts and spread it before your friends when you meet for social enjoyment. When we do meet a person of that kind we say that he or she is “bad company,” no matter how choice the language in which the narrative is clothed.

And a book that is given over to the exploitation of ugly thoughts and images is “bad company”—the worst sort of company, for it not only spoils the hour that you give to it, but by association spoils many other hours.

I am not talking now of the morality of books—that is another question. This is a matter of what is called aesthetic emotion. You have a right to demand of a book that you read for simple pleasure, that it shall fill your mind with something of beauty that was not there before—whether it is beauty of thought, of imagery or of character.

AT THIS Christmas season it is pleasant to think that we can associate an agreeable memory with ourselves by the book that we give. We may even remove a false or disagreeable impression by the gift of the right book, or we can create the wrong impression. As a matter of fact most of us are more or less haphazard in the choice of Christmas books for others, just as we are in the choice of books for our own reading.

If you think a great deal over the choice of flowers and the arrangement of a bouquet that you send your friend, how much more should you consider the book that you choose for a present. The flowers soon wither and the perfume passes, but the book remains not only on the shelves but in the memory—and the perfume of it is indissolubly wedded to the giver. If we realized how often we walk through the memories of our friends, attended by the strange company who have stepped out of the books that we have given them, we should certainly shudder—and choose better next time. What a curious spectacle does a decent young woman present in the mind of her friend, associated with the memory of certain New Women who have stepped out of current fiction! Such an association is humiliating and degrading, and yet some very nice girls do not take thought to avoid it.

THE books that we give to children are often the hardest to choose, for it is impossible to put one's self in the attitude of a child. Our keenest memories of childhood are more than half compounded of the ideas and knowledge that we have picked up in maturer years. But there are certain books that have stood the highest critical test of the nursery—and grown-up folks have no standard of criticism half so severe. If a child does not like a book, that settles it—no sense of duty or high literary authority will make her read it. But the Congress of Critics among children has settled once for all that Grimm and Hans Anderson tell “perfectly lovely stories”; that “Alice in Wonderland” and Hawthorne's “Tanglewood Tales” are a perpetual delight; that Kipling's “Jungle Books” are almost as good as the circus; and that “Uncle Remus” is an ideal chum for winter evenings before the fire.

There was never so much attention and effort given by writers of the first rank to the making of books for children as now; and never before have publishers spent so much money on their artistic adornment. Indeed, the children have so much clean, beautiful, and wholesome literature put before them in these days that it must be a serious shock to them when they begin to read grown-up books to find what poor stuff we choose to read. Mrs. Burnett and Mrs. Wiggin have written books that have become classics for children, and John Kendrick Bangs's “Jimmieboy” stories have domesticated themselves at most firesides where there is a healthy boy.

The healthy boy is about the hardest specimen that we have to keep up with in the matter of books. He is out of the nursery before we know it, and changes his standard of taste every six months. The time that he is hardest to please is when the “Indian fever” strikes him. He won't let you read him a page of a “girl's story” then, and

woe be to him if a cheap story paper falls into his hands at this time! His taste in reading will get a wrench from which it is hard to recover. But if at that critical time a judicious aunt or sister presents him with Cooper's “Leather-Stocking Tales,” or some of Mayne Reid's stirring adventures, or Henty's historical fictions, the boy will get a taste for the real thing that will make him impatient ever after of what is tawdry and spurious.

And, if by chance, you should give him Stevenson's “Treasure Island,” he will bless you as long as he lives, and call it a red-letter Christmas, and vow that you are

the wisest of his aunts. On some long rainy evening he may even permit you to read him, out of gratitude, Stevenson's “Child's Garden of Verses,” and if you get him in his tender mood that book will make the boy a lover of real poetry for life. And in the same quiet and receptive mood you can read him “The Golden Age,” by Kenneth Grahame. He may tell you that that is the way “you grown-ups” look at things, or he may say “that's bully”—but at any rate he will have had a glimmering of what good writing means.

The boy has a lot of other good friends about whom he will tell you if you ask him—Kirk Munroe, and Trowbridge, and “Oliver Optic.”

The girl of the same uncertain age and tastes, it seems to me, has been rather neglected by our writers. I confess my profound ignorance of what girls like to read or what they ought to read. But I know that Sarah Orne Jewett, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Wiggin have written stories expressly for them, and I have confidence in the literary taste and judgment of anything that they set out to do for young girls.

WHEN it comes to the choice of a book for an adult man or woman you have the whole field of good literature to select from. What I have said in this paper about your own choice of books for pleasure should apply with equal force to your choice of a present for a friend.

In succeeding papers something will be said about choice in many kinds of literature and for various purposes. There is one general principle, however, that you can easily apply. Between the old book that has stood the test of years, and the new book, just out with a most enticing cover, it is always safe to choose the classic for a gift. Your friend will have a higher opinion of you, even if he has read it, and if he has not read it he will ever after associate you with a delightful memory.

THE very centre and life of a family reunion at Christmas-time often is, and always ought to be, a dear old lady who preserves in her warm heart the traditions and good will of at least half a hundred Christmases. It is she, and not Santa Claus, who really keeps the sacred fire a-burning on the Christmas hearth. Without her to pass the legend on to her grandchildren the Santa Claus myth would be in a fair way to perish in these cold scientific times.

And yet, with all our love for her, she is the hardest person on our list to choose a present for. Her wants are very few, and she never wears out any of her clothes. She prefers old things to new, at any rate.

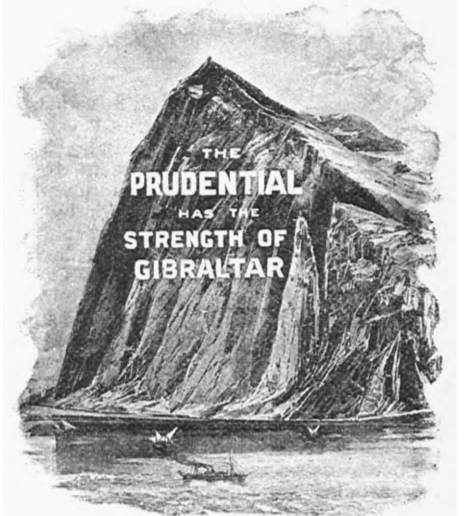
But there is one thing about her that is perpetually young, and that is her dear old romantic heart. If a girl or a boy wants sympathy in his first romance he goes to his grandmother every time.

So that if you want to please her give her a real good romance to read. She has no sympathy with modern realism and pessimism. She knows better, for she has lived her life deeply, truly, honestly, and she will tell you that it was good to have lived it. She believes with Stevenson that “this period for which we are asked to hoard up everything, is, in its own right, the richest, easiest, and happiest of life.”

You must give her a book with heart in it, and she will talk with you about it for months after. The permanent affections of home life—friendship, fidelity, patriotism—always please her, because she has tested them and found that they can be depended upon. I know one old lady who has read over and over again Barrie's “Window in Thrums,” Ian Maclaren's “Bonnie Brier Bush,” and Mrs. Barr's “A Daughter of Fife.” But then he lived in Fife before she met him—oh, so long ago—and these are the things they talked about when both were young. Now he is very far away, in the Land o' the leal, but at night when she sits nodding over the story of Jess and Hendry in Thrums, the old red chair is filled again, and he is there once more beside the Christmas ingle nook.

**The Prudential**  
**STRONG—**

with the durance of a granite ledge,



offers every form of  
**Life Insurance**

for men, women and children  
**Ages, 1 to 70**  
**Amounts, \$15 to \$50,000**

Premiums payable weekly, quarterly, half-yearly, yearly. The Prudential has Assets of \$15,780,000; Surplus, \$3,300,000; Income, \$12,500,000.

Write for information  
**The Prudential Insurance Company of America**

Home Office, Newark, N. J.  
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

**The Art Interchange**

FOR 1897  
More thorough, complete and interesting than ever. It is the highest authority on art matters, and as a practical household magazine it is indispensable. Each monthly number contains, besides its valuable information on all home matters and beautifully illustrated pages, large design supplements and exquisite fac-similes of oil and water-color paintings. Yearly subs., \$4; six mos., \$2. Single copies, 35 cts. **Subscribe now for 1897 and get unusual offer made below.**

- Illustrative Art
- Decorative Art
- Biographies of Artists
- Sketching
- Wood-Carving
- Home Decoration
- China-Painting
- Architectural Plans
- Oil and Water-Color
- Painting
- Pyrography
- Art Criticism
- Artistic Photography
- EMBROIDERY
- Art Notes and News
- Etc.

**SPECIAL**—The Christmas Number, containing the 2 lovely studies in color shown in this advertisement and 2 design supplements, will be sent as a specimen copy to any address for only 25 cents. Do not delay in sending for this elaborate holiday number. **The handsomest ever issued.**

CHRYSANTHEMUMS, Water-Color by Paul de Longpré, size 8x5 1/2. Price, 50 cents if sold singly.  
**THE ART INTERCHANGE, 152 W. 23d St., New York**

**What Are You Reading?**  
Anything more than novels and the daily newspaper? If not you are missing a great deal.

**THE FRENCH-GREEK YEAR**  
in the famous Chautauqua Reading Circle, begins Oct. 1. Try a definite plan and see how much pleasure it will bring into your life. Address, JOHN H. VINCENT, Dept. 33, Buffalo, N. Y.

**If you are Planning to BUILD**  
Our books of Designs and Plans will help you  
They will awaken ideas and furnish much helpful information. They are full of the latest up-to-date Designs and Plans. We have a new one, just out, showing 45 Beautiful Homes built from our plans. Will send it free. Simply say what priced house you are thinking of and inclose two 2-cent stamps for mailing.  
**GEO. F. BARBER & CO., 624 Gay St., Knoxville, Tenn.**

**PROF. A. LOISETTE'S World-Famed**  
Assimilative Memory System  
Endorsed by Educators, Scientific, Professional and Business Men all over the world. Abridged from six books to one. Handsomely bound, with portrait and autograph. Price \$2.50 American 10s. 6d. English. Prospectus and testimonials sent FREE. Address: A. LOISETTE, 287 Fifth Avenue, New York or 200 Regent Street, London, Eng.

**SHADE CARD For Embroiderers**  
Showing 360 Shades in which we dye our EMBROIDERY SILKS. Indispensable for Embroiderers. Sent for 20 cents. Address: The Brainerd & Armstrong Co., 6 Eulon St., New London, Conn.





## CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR WOMEN

By Frances E. Lanigan

WOMEN'S wants, if measured by their belongings, would seem to be almost innumerable, and of a kind which require constant renewing and replacing. Woman's interests and occupations require a greater number of small things for their equipment than do those of men, and Christmas gifts for them are, therefore, more easily prepared. Women's belongings have the further advantage of being useful as well as beautiful. A few articles suitable for such gifts are pictured and described upon this page.

All of them may be made with a very small outlay.

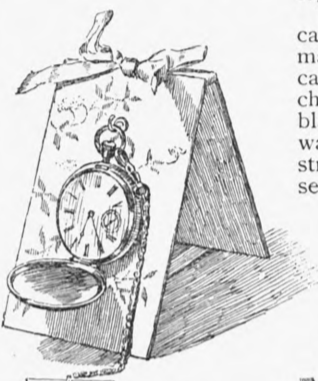
A pretty watch-stand may be made by covering one side of two pieces of cardboard, five inches long and three wide, with the material intended for lining. On another piece of material embroider or paint some design, and then apply this to one side of a similar sized piece of board. Cover a fourth board of the same size and shape with material to correspond to that containing the ornamentation. Then glue firmly together the uncovered sides of each of these pairs so that you may have two boards having each side of a contrasting or harmonizing color. Sew these firmly together at the top so that the lining sides shall be on the inside, and cover the place where the join is made with a bow of narrow ribbon. Screw into the ornamented board a tiny brass hook and the watch-stand is complete.

A useful darning-case is made by covering and lining two pieces of stiff pasteboard, six by four inches in size, with silk or linen of contrasting colors. This can be best done by covering only one side of four pieces of board, uniting the uncovered sides of these with glue just before completion. Then make cross straps of baby ribbon on the



A RIBBON HOLDER

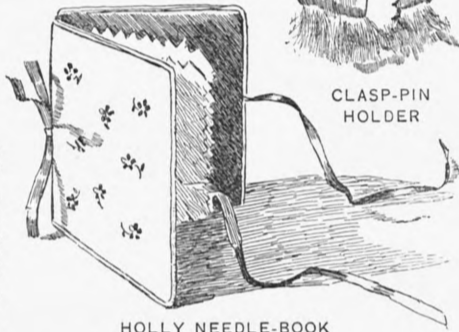
of blue silk and cover two circles of pasteboard the same size so that the embroidered linen will cover one face and the silk the reverse. Purchase two rolls of baby-ribbon, and place between the two covered pasteboard circles, using the silk face for the interior. With a sharp pair of scissors pierce two slits through the whole, covers, ribbons and all, and then with a bodkin insert blue baby-ribbon. Tie firmly at each side. Sew hangers of the same from each side, uniting with a bow and long ends. An ivory bodkin and a pair of scissors must be attached.



WATCH-STAND

A particularly pretty needle-book may be made by cutting two square pieces of pasteboard. Cover one side of each, the side intended for the outer cover, with white linen or silk, on which embroider tiny red holly berries. Line the reverse side with red surah silk and bind with a red or a white silk cord. Sew securely together after inserting small leaves of white flannel to contain needles of varying sizes. Cover this join with narrow red ribbon, ending in the centre with a bow having long ends and loops, and use ribbons of the same color to tie it together.

The latest fad in card-cases is to have them made to match the calling costume. A charming one made of black and white satin was recently seen. A strip of black satin, seven inches long and five inches wide, was used. To its four corners were stitched triangular-



HOLLY NEEDLE-BOOK

shaped corners of white satin, one and a quarter by two inches in size. A layer of cotton batting sprinkled with orrisroot, was tacked to the reverse side, and a lining of white surah silk added. Two other strips of black satin, five by three inches, were next taken, and two corners put upon each along one broad side. These pieces were similarly lined. Two flaps of white satin, also lined, were added to the ends of these pieces, making two apparent envelopes having satin corners and satin flaps. These were laid, lining side within, upon each end of the lined large piece and securely oversewed all the way around. This made the card-case in the form of two pockets. A black and white satin cord was then sewed on all the edges, cording also the two flaps, the whole forming a most useful and dainty card-case.

A useful case for holding shoe-buttons, thread, etc., is made by taking two strips of ribbon, seven inches in length by three inches in width. Make an inch-and-a-quarter hem at one end of each strip, and in this hem, an inch from the top, run a row of stitching, so as to admit a drawing-string. Midway between the ends sew the strips together, uniting them on each side as far as the casing, thus making a small bag. Half an inch below the foot of the bag make a second row of stitching, closing up one side of this division. Take a piece of stiff pasteboard, a trifle smaller than this opening in width and three inches in length, cover with flannel and then with ribbon, sewing a tiny ribbon loop to one end. In this place several needles of various sizes, suitable both for darning purposes and for sewing on the shoe-buttons which the bag



FOR SHOE-BUTTONS

end of the case should contain. At the two open ends of the ribbon make hems in which strips of whalebone should be placed so as to secure elasticity and firmness. Then sew the edges together, leaving an opening at the end, to hold the darning cotton.

A dainty little addition to the work-basket is a set of three pieces, emery-bag, pincushion and needle-case. They should be made of flowered silk, ornamented with narrow ribbon and bound with silk cord of a prettily contrasting shade. The needle-case may be either circular, square or octagonal in shape. The inner leaves of white flannel should be prettily button-holed or pinked about the edges. It should have ribbon ties. The cushion, which may be either circular or square, has no ornamentation other than the dainty binding of cord. The emery bag may be either heart or strawberry in shape, and finished with a tiny bow of ribbon. The three pieces should be connected by a narrow ribbon.



WORK-BASKET SET

A pretty gift is a clasp-pin holder, which is made by taking a strip of white flannel twenty inches in length and two in width. Pink the edges evenly. Then take a strip of satin ribbon the same length but a little wider. Midway between each end of the ribbon and flannel cut a slit large enough to admit the head of a tiny bisque doll. Gather both materials tightly at the waist, and tie a sash of narrow satin ribbon ending in bow and streamers about the waist. A similar bit of ribbon should then be tied about the neck, and a loop made at the back from which to suspend the holder. Clasp-pins of various sizes should be placed evenly in the flannel.

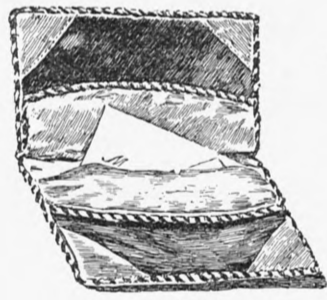
A useful chatelaine may be made by covering twenty-four small brass rings with single crochet, using for the purpose knitting silk of any color. Form a chain of these rings by running a narrow ribbon through them as shown in illustration. Pass the ribbon through the first ring from the front to the back; place the second ring under the first half way; bring the ribbon up under the upper part of ring number one; place ring number three under ring number two and proceed as before until all the rings are used. Allow the ribbon to hang a quarter of a yard below the last ring, and attach to it scissors, emery and needle-book. Sew a loop three inches in length to the upper ring and end



DAINTY CHATELAINE

with a small bow, under which sew a safety-pin with which to fasten to the belt.

Dainty blotters may be made of linen, silk or satin, and cut in the shape of a large circle, triangle, hexagon or octagon. Cut a



CARD-CASE



A FANCY BLOTTER

piece of heavy cardboard the shape desired, cover first with flannel and then with the material selected, on which should be either embroidered or painted some ornamentation appropriate to the occasion. Line with heavy paper, applied with glue. Then cut several pieces of blotting paper of a harmonizing color to correspond in size and shape with the cover, and tie together with ribbon.

A useful little present is a holder for the baby-ribbon which is so much used for lingerie. A unique one may be made by gilding or enameling three large spools which have been emptied of thread. Wind each with baby-ribbon of a different color, and hang together by ribbons of unequal length from a pretty flowing bow of wider ribbon. These cases are very simply made, and in addition to their usefulness are most charmingly ornamental for either bureau or dressing-table.

## Cosmeon

### for Christmas

"COSMEON" is a name we have given to toilet articles we make of aluminum. Aluminum is better than silver. It never tarnishes. It is lighter. It can be decorated as highly as sterling silver itself. And it costs much less. But we don't use aluminum, remember, because it's cheaper, but because it's so much better for toilet articles. The finish and color on Cosmeon articles should not be confounded with other aluminum goods. Nobody else equals the fine, white finish we give it.

**Cosmeon Brushes** for the clothes and hair are the best in the world, because they are the cleanest. The bristles are fastened in with air-tight, water-proof cement. No other brush at any price is as clean, or durable, or beautiful as the Cosmeon brushes. They can't become foul, because there is no place where the dirt can lodge. The bristles are the best that the world produces.

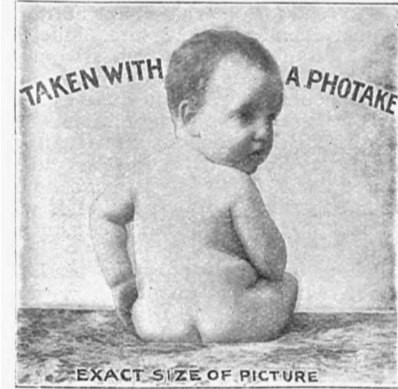
**Cosmeon Mirrors** are furnished with the finest French plate beveled glass. The glass is fastened so tightly that it cannot be removed without breaking it. It is put in to stay, and it stays.

There are Cosmeon Brushes, Mirrors, Combs, Trays, costing from 75 cents to \$4. You cannot take that much money and buy anything else so beautiful or so acceptable as a Christmas gift for either ladies or gentlemen.

Cosmeon articles are sold by most jewelers, druggists and fancy goods dealers. If you cannot find them we will supply you by mail. If you decide you would rather have your money than the goods, send them back and it will be sent by return mail, unless they have been especially engraved. Our handsome catalogue, giving full particulars, and pictures of all the various articles in the different styles of engraving, will be sent free to any address.

**Florence Manufacturing Co.**  
Pine St., Florence, Mass., U.S.A.  
COPYRIGHT-1896-BATES-WHITMAN CO. N.Y.

YOU CAN TAKE CLEVER BABY PICTURES AT HOME WITH THE PHOTAKE CAMERA



It takes superb interior time exposures and outdoor snapshots. Takes five pictures at one loading on glass plates. (No kinky films to handle.) Made of metal—handsomely finished—simple in construction—simple to operate.

Camera complete, with outfit for developing **\$25.00**  
6 Negatives and Printing 12 Pictures, for

Send 2c. stamp for Descriptive Booklet and Sample Picture.  
CHICAGO CAMERA CO., 5th Ave. and Randolph St., CHICAGO

### A Christmas Gift

your husband would Appreciate

The "Practical" Trousers Hanger and Press Keeps Trousers "Smooth as if Ironed"

It enables a closet arrangement as illustrated, which gives maximum convenience and room. **Set of 6 Hangers and 8 Practical Closet Rods, express paid, \$5.00.** Price (post-paid) of single Hanger, 75c.; of Rod, 25c. Descriptive pamphlet and fac-simile letters of duplicate orders (the most emphatic kind of testimony), mailed free. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

PRACTICAL NOVELTY CO., 429 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
OUR fixtures for Ladies' Clothing are just as convenient and satisfactory. Circular free.

A Set of 4 Skirt Hangers and 1 Closet Rod, \$1.00, postpaid.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR MEN

By Frances E. Lanigan



**M**EN are always pleased with simple gifts and are usually embarrassed when presented with expensive articles of any sort. The value to them of a gift is, as it should be with all persons, in proportion to its simplicity and usefulness and out of proportion to its cost.

An attempt has been made on this page to enumerate and describe a number of articles especially suitable as Christmas gifts for men. Most of them are of home manufacture.

A pretty pin-holder for a Harvard man is made by covering smoothly one side of a circle of thick pasteboard four and a half inches in diameter with crimson silk, and a similar circle with white linen, on which may be either embroidered or painted a Harvard pennant with decorations of crimson flowers, or simply "Harvard" in crimson lettering, if one's artistic talents are limited. Unite the plain faces of these circles, top-sewing securely all the way around, and placing at one corner a bow and hanging loop of crimson ribbon. Stick pins between the circles at even distances and the pin-holder is complete.

A useful present is a clipping-case. For this purpose purchase one of the bound cases of envelopes, and cover with a linen

cover, painted or embroidered with suitable ornamentation. Fasten broad strings of satin ribbon at the sides and tie in a bow. The outside covers of clipping-cases may be decorated in college colors, and the envelopes labeled with subjects, as "Art," "Poetry," "Music," etc.

A very useful medicine-case may be made by taking two pieces of linen, shaped somewhat like a four-leaved clover, having an oblong centre eight and a quarter by six inches in size. This should have on all four sides flaps with rounded corners, those at the sides and top having a width of four inches at the greatest breadth, and that at the foot measuring five and a half as it is supposed to contain a double pocket. Then take a strip of thin board eight and a quarter by six inches, cover on both sides with oiled silk, and place between the similarly-shaped centres. An interlining of oiled silk should be securely basted between the two pieces of linen. A row of machine stitching should then encircle and inclose the centre to hold the board firmly. Take a strip of the linen, fourteen and a half inches in length and two wide. Bind securely with braid, and ornament with a row of herring-bone at top and bottom. Sew each end to the centre piece one inch from the foot. Fasten every three inches, making five compartments. Then cut two pieces of linen to fit the flap at the foot, making one a half inch and the other an inch and a half shorter than this flap. Bind each along its straight edge. Then top-sew these about the rounded edges, the shorter one over the larger, thus making two pockets almost the length of the flap, one of which should

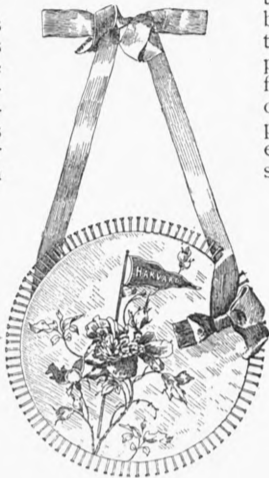
contain a tiny case of court-plaster, a flat roll of surgical twine, and the other lint, flannel and small bandages. Bind and herring-bone the whole case, and fasten with a ribbon to the corner of the upper pocket a tiny pair of scissors. Bullet-shaped pearl buttons, with a cord between, should hold the side pieces in place after the lower flap has been laid over the bottles. A piece of tape, forty-eight inches long, should be fastened to the edge of the upper flap to tie the whole securely.

A useful little present is an umbrella and cane strap. It is a shield-shaped piece of leather, five inches in length, through two openings in which is passed a small leather strap, twelve inches in length, with perforations for buckle an inch apart, to protect and hold securely the canes and umbrellas strapped within it. Another invention is a chain of either steel or silver similar to a key-chain, at one end of which is attached a match-safe.

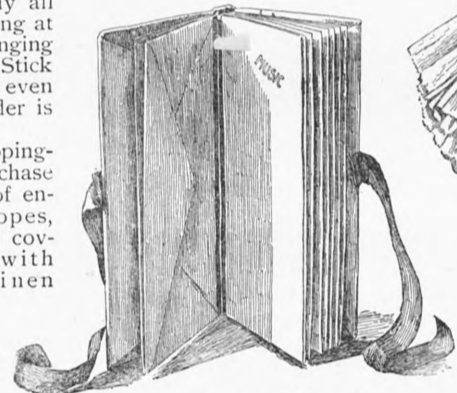
A shaving-paper case which may be developed in any college colors may be made from a jointed paper doll dressed with paper to represent a



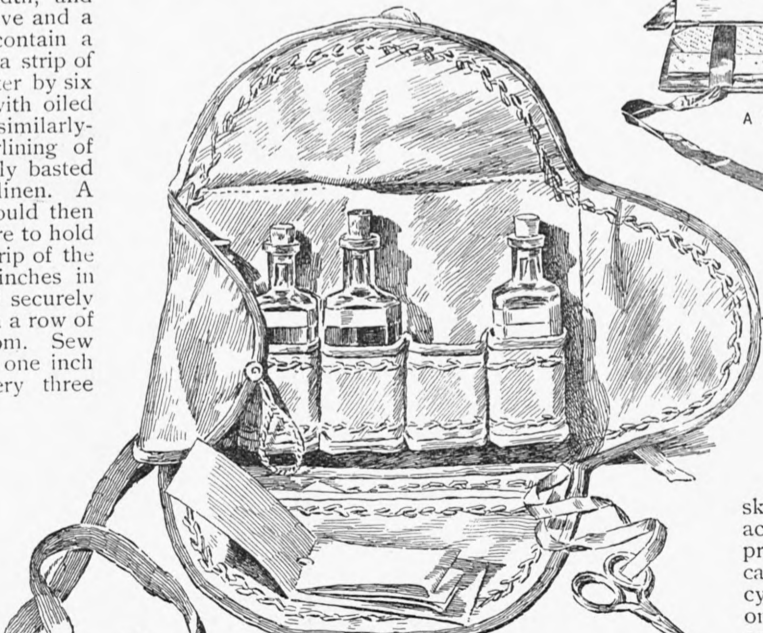
A CLIPPING-CASE



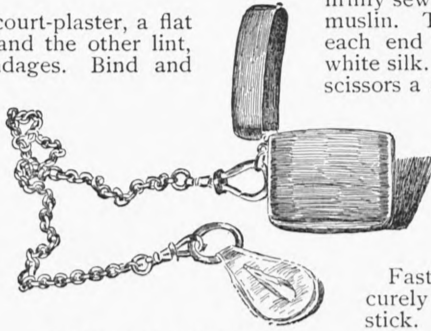
PIN-HOLDER



CLIPPING-CASE OPEN



A MEDICINE-CASE

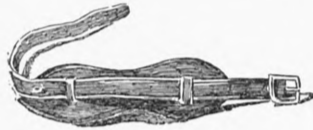


MATCH AND KEY CHAIN

end where the red ribbon is already sewed. Then lay the white over the red, and wind diagonally about the stick so that a red edge about an eighth of an inch in width will extend all the way down the stick beneath the white ribbon. Then take the two narrow strips of ribbon and wind over the white, placing the first an eighth of an inch beneath its edge,



SHAVING-PAPER CASE



CANE-STRAP

and the second an eighth of an inch below that.

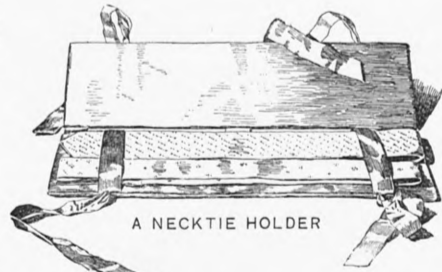
More elaborate gifts for men, which it should, however, be only the privilege of wife, sister or mother to bestow, are compasses, pencils, tobacco-boxes, cigar-cutters, key-rings, stamp-boxes, suspender mountings, matchesafes, etc., in silver.

Umbrellas and canes show but few novelties this season. A favorite fashion in the former is the securing of valuable Japanese carved ivories for the purpose of mounting as handles. These are united to the stick by a band of silver or gold, on which the monogram or the name and address of the owner is engraved in fine script. Buck horn is also extremely fashionable for both umbrella and cane handles, and an especially good effect is gained by its use in combination with gold mountings. In engraving, monograms are a favorite style although the convenience of having the name and address of the owner plainly marking an umbrella makes its proverbial disappearance less likely, and is therefore in favor. For the desk there is quite a bewildering array. The stamp-boxes, pen-trays, paper-weights, letter-clips and mucilage-bottles are all finished in dull silver and



MINT STICK SACHET

lacquered so as to prevent possible tarnish. Leather of all sorts is very much in evidence, and elaborately-equipped dressing-cases and traveling-bags invite the purchaser with a long purse. Snakeskin pocket-books, card-cases and cigarette-cases finished in dull silver are for those same purchasers. Tiny prayer-books of snakeskin, with small silver initials across the cover, are new. A pretty trifle in silver is a small oil-can specially adapted to the cyclist. The sides are flat; upon one is engraved a monogram and upon the other a figure upon a wheel. This may be attached to a silver key-chain and carried comfortably in a man's pocket.



A NECKTIE HOLDER

The Quad <sup>A Practical</sup> \$5 <sub>Camera for</sub>

AN UNEQUALED HOLIDAY GIFT FOR YOUNG AND OLD

Unequaled as a Camera at Three Times its Price



TAKEN WITH THE QUAD. FULL LENGTH - 2 WIDTH - ORIGINAL

Every Camera guaranteed. It alone has the quadruplex plate holder. It makes as perfect pictures as any Camera. For sale by all dealers, or sent on receipt of price,

\$5

Send 2c. stamp for sample picture and catalogue. "QUAD" Poster (in colors) 5c.

CLOSE & CONE, 818 Champlain Building, CHICAGO  
E. & H. T. Anthony, Eastern Trade Agts., 591 Broadway, New York

To all Unemployed Men

and Women who are willing to use their influence with their personal friends and acquaintances in explaining and showing the practical working of a very simple device recently patented, we will give an opportunity to earn some money.

Any intelligent man can earn from one to two dollars a day: an active man can earn more—a "hustler" can net \$5 to \$8.

Particulars, terms, prices, methods, advice and suggestions will be carefully given to the first one to apply (enclosing 2c. stamp) from each city, town and village in the United States. Address

PRATT FASTENER COMPANY,  
72 Lincoln Street, BOSTON, MASS.



- 310. Solid Silver-top Inkstand, . . . . . \$1.00
- 4132. Solid Silver-top Nail File, . . . . . .25
- 2171. Solid Silver Embroidery Scissors, . . . . . .75
- 749. Link Buttons (Silver, 25c.), Solid Gold, 2.25
- 6430. Cluster Ring containing 12 diamonds, any color centre stone, . . . . . 12.50
- 10137. Solid Silver-top Pungent, . . . . . 1.10
- 4158. Solid Silver-top Bonnet Brush, . . . . . 1.00
- 3180. Solid Silver-top Salve Box, . . . . . 1.00

Thousands of other equal bargains in our magnificent 100-page illustrated catalogue for Xmas, '96. Mailed FREE. Goods guaranteed, and money refunded if not satisfactory.

R. HARRIS & CO.

Jewelers and Silversmiths. Established 20 Years  
7th and D Streets, Washington, D. C.

A Present for a Lifetime

WINTER FIRESIDE COMFORT  
Sold Leather, Full Hair Cushions, and upholstered in finest manner.

EASY-CHAIRS AND COUCHES

From \$14.50 up  
The chair shown here at \$36.50 is a great bargain at \$30.00. (Never sold before for less than \$50.00.)

Shipped well packed, safe delivery guaranteed, on receipt of \$5.00; you pay balance on receipt after inspection.



This Elegant Window Chair,

Curly Birch or Mahogany Finish, Polished Wood Seat. Retail regularly for \$10.00. Tufted Silk Damask or Brocatelle Seat, \$6.00. Retail regularly for \$12.00. Fine Indian Stools, Curly Birch or Mahogany Finish, only \$2.00, good value for \$3.00. Shipped on receipt of price. Goods guaranteed. Illustrated Booklet Free, shows 50 choice selections.

M. M. CURRY, Box 794, Chicago, U. S. A.

Genuine Navajo Indian Blankets, common, small, to \$8, fancy colored, large, \$10 to \$35. Indian Baskets, \$1 to \$5. California Lion Skins, \$10 to \$15. Cash with order.  
M. HOWELL, Jr., 1109 W. Seventh Street, Los Angeles, Cal.



PLEASANT EVENINGS AT HOME

Some Suggestions from Clever Entertainers

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

By E. L. Drane

WAS very much mystified over the following invitation which reached me by mail the other day:

LYNDDHURST, November 6, 1896.

Dear Madam: I am making up a party for a winter tour in the United States. It will be very select, and I should like the pleasure of numbering you among the tourists. It will be perfectly safe for you to come alone as I shall have an unlimited number of chaperons on hand.

TEN CLEVER IDEAS

By Alice M. Kellogg

THE considerate hostess furnishes her mind with ideas for entertaining her friends when she issues invitations for an evening party with no less care than she bestows upon the preparation of the material elements for the same occasion.

Where a number of people meet for the first time a mutual interest is the best means for breaking the ice of unacquaintability. To bridge over the chasm of stiffness that often settles upon an evening gathering the following devices may be considered.

Topics for conversation may be suggested in an attractive form in the following way: Write down a list of subjects of the day, including those of local interest, on blank cards. A sample lot are given in the following: "Conundrums," "The Turkish Trouble," "Hearts," "The Latest Book," "Modern Philanthropies," "My Favorite Song," "People Who Have Impressed Me." Each gentleman present asks the ladies to converse with him on these topics, in turn, and secures their autographs upon his card.

OF COURSE, I accepted, and promptly at the hour mentioned I put in an appearance at Lyndhurst, arrayed in a traveling suit. Upon entering the hall I found a screened corner with the conventional ticket-window.

The tickets were of the regulation length, and printed on green paper as follows:

FUNVILLE, FROLICHTOWN AND FEATHERBRAIN RAILWAY THE GREAT NEW YORK ROUTE Davis Dyer, Receiver SPECIAL EXCURSION TICKET

RULES AND CONDITIONS

- This ticket is not transferable, reversible nor salable. It must be signed by the person to whom it is assigned. The company will not be responsible for cattle killed by the carelessness of passengers who throw sandwiches out of the window. Doctors are not provided, but if you have the grip it can be checked by the baggage-master. The porter is a pirate who deserves no quarter. If the ventilation is not sufficient tell your wife. You are prohibited in this State from standing on the platform. The conductor will not punch this ticket. The stations at which this train stops are: 1. Where all have been. [Boston.] 2. The greatest engineering feat. [Wheeling.] 3. An improvement on the ship which grounded on Mount Ararat. [Newark.] 4. A military defense, and a Paris dressmaker. [Fort Worth.] 5. A city whose end and aim is "go." [Chicago.] 6. Our board of city fathers, also a precipice. [Council Bluffs.] 7. An accident which results in a ducking. [Fall River.] 8. An exclamation, an appeal to maternity, a laugh. [Omaha.] 9. An opera encore. [Sing Sing.] 10. Named from the King of France who reigned from 1226 to 1270 A. D. [Louisville.] 11. A deceased farmer who was twice dictator of Rome. [Cincinnati.] 12. Named for an ancient city whose downfall after a long siege avenged the abduction of a woman. [Troy.] 13. A place for the lingerers. [Tarrytown.] 14. Named for the father of our country. [Washington.] 15. A high place, and what all children love. [Mount Desert.] 16. A superlative, and rushing waters. [Grand Rapids.] 17. A girl's nickname, and relations by blood or marriage. [Nankin.] 18. A purely American product, and a continuous structure. [Cornwall.] 19. A girl's name, and a Roman garment. [Saratoga.]

A GEOGRAPHY story can be elaborated from the following model, and prizes bestowed upon the persons who can give the most names correctly in place of the bracketed words: A [island south of Scotland] once came to this country to hunt, having the idea that a [city in Western New York] could be seen as soon as he landed. However, a [island southwest of Australia] he would not despise for game, and he felt certain that an [ocean west of Australia] would beset him on every hand. He was a [city in Scotland] fellow and often called by his friends [island south of Africa]. To his surprise [country in the western hemisphere] was not so barbaric as he fancied, and after scouring the [mountains in the western part of the United States] he met a lovely girl named [city in Italy] whom he persuaded to return with him and become a subject of [province of Australia]. The answers to the above are Man, Buffalo, Kangaroo, Indian, Sterling, Prince Edward, America, Rockies, Florence, Victoria.

A CONGENIAL employment for people whose thoughts turn to art is to recall in a stated time the names and painters of familiar masterpieces. Copies of these, numbered (prints or cheap photographs answer every purpose), should be displayed about the room as if it were an art exhibition, and guests provided with cards and pencils for noting down their guesses. Millet's "Angelus," Munkacsy's "Christ Before Pilate," Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," LePage's "Joan of Arc," Paul Potter's "Bull," Millais' "Princes in the Tower," may be included in a list of famous works.

MISQUOTED quotations afford mental occupation for lovers of poetry. Write out on slips of paper certain much-read verses from "Maud Müller," "The Psalm of Life," Tennyson's "Maud," Shakespeare's plays, Dickens' or Thackeray's novels, etc.; change a few words or even a whole line, and see who can recall the original rendering.

Another use for quotations is to twist pieces of different shades of green tissue paper into the shape of lettuce leaves, and place them in a salad bowl—having previously pasted upon each a short quotation, written distinctly on white paper—and pass them about as a salad, inviting each partaker thereof to guess the name of the author whose quotation adorns the lettuce leaf which he has chosen.

A DEVICE not too much used to still prove a novelty in many homes is the designating of each guest as he arrives with the name of some noted character. A card with the name upon it is pinned on the shoulder; this is referred to by the others in conversation, but is not examined by the wearer. From the remarks addressed to him he is to guess whether he is impersonating Buffalo Bill, Mr. Cleveland, the Duke of Marlborough, Chauncey M. Depew or some local celebrity.

Photographs of famous people, labeled with names that do not belong to them, may be handed about among a company of persons for correction. What seems at first glance to be a simple act of adjustment, calls for considerable study and a good memory. The portraits of Wagner, Beethoven, Paderewski, Rubinstein, Ole Bull, Whittier, Queen Victoria, Emperor of Germany, Gladstone, Shakespeare, Milton, Dickens, Tennyson, Scott, Burns, Longfellow, Washington, Lafayette, Napoleon, and others of known fame should be chosen.

WITH a child's blackboard and crayon impromptu drawings can be made of animals, each person taking a turn while the others guess the name of what is being portrayed. To call out more artistic skill and some historical knowledge each one may be asked to give his conception on the blackboard of an event in American history—the Boston tea party, Washington crossing the Delaware, Pocahontas and Captain John Smith, landing of the Pilgrims—which the rest essay to give titles to.

A "mock convention" can be carried out with all the ceremony of a real affair, and will evoke amusement and also prove instructive to the participants. A topic of popular interest is chosen before the time of meeting—woman's suffrage, capital punishment, emigration, etc.—and each guest is assigned to one of the United States as a representative or delegate. Officers are selected and parliamentary rules followed, and as the members appear and present their credentials they are shown to their places, and in due order give their views upon the subject.

As nearly all of the diversions described above require pencils and cards it is a good plan to keep a supply on hand. Ribbons and decorations on the cards add to their attractiveness, and if prizes are desired book-marks, magazine covers, calendars, frames, or any addition to the writing-desk or work-basket will be found popular.

A LITTLE SUGGESTION

By H. Castle

BELIEVING that the success of a social gathering depends largely upon how the evening begins, and that too often cliques are prone to gather in the different parts of the rooms while waiting for some one to make a start, I recently tried the following plan which worked most successfully: From a list of names to whom invitations had been extended we prepared, on small cards, enigmas or charades representing the different names. As the guests arrived they were each handed the card which had previously been prepared for them.

As each one saw his own name burlesqued, curiosity to know how the others had fared was aroused, and he therefore started at once to make a circuit of the room.

A MYSTERY TEA

By Elizabeth de Motte Carter

WHILE there is "nothing new under the sun" there are new ways of combining old things, and in this day of search after unheard-of and pleasing combinations the "Mystery Tea" seems particularly amusing.

Upon entering the room one of the entertainment committee hands you a card, with pencil attached, upon which are the numbers from one to ten, with a blank space after each. This is your menu card, and it is your duty to put a cross or check mark after each number you wish served to you, the first order being limited to five numbers, the second to two.

Having checked numbers one, two, seven, nine, ten, the serving waitress receives your card, and shortly after are set before you a glass of water, a roll, a piece of cake, a doughnut and an apple. Your second order reads five and eight, and you are given a cup of coffee and a toothpick.

Follow the waitress out into the kitchen and over the table, convenient to sight and rapid reading, is the following list:

- 1. Glass of water. 6. Pickle. 7. Cake. 8. Cup of coffee. 9. Doughnut. 10. Apple. 2. Roll, buttered. 3. Slice of tongue. 4. Piece of cheese. 5. Toothpick.

The numbers may be increased, or other articles substituted for the very modest ones listed here, but the idea in all cases is the same. One orders always in entire ignorance of what he will receive, and mystery prevails.

Pianos.

If there is any reason why you should buy any piano, there is every reason why you should buy the

Ivers & Pond

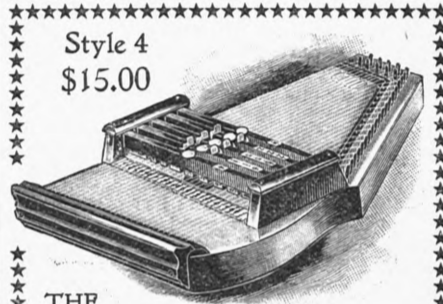
Not highest in price, but highest in quality. Handsome, musical, durable. It's as near the perfect piano as modern skill and modern progress have come.

An IVERS & POND Piano would make an ideal Christmas gift. Nothing more appropriate or more acceptable could be imagined.

Sold on EASY PAYMENTS. Our Catalogue, which will be mailed free, tells the story. Send for it.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO. 114 Boylston St., Boston

OUR OFFER. We will send our Pianos on trial, freight prepaid, if no dealer sells them in your vicinity, piano to be returned at our expense for railway freights both ways, if unsatisfactory after trial.



Style 4 \$15.00

THE Autoharp

Easy to Play—Easy to Buy

Any one can learn to play it. There are over 500,000 Autoharps in use. Nothing but real merit will secure such a phenomenal sale of any article.

Autoharp, style 4, has 11 chords permitting the most beautiful modulations. It is very handsomely finished. Instruction book, music and fittings go with each instrument. Price, \$15.00.

All Music Dealers sell this style, or we will send it prepaid upon receipt of price. Full satisfaction guaranteed. Write for our beautifully illustrated story, "How the Autoharp Captured the Family;" also catalogue.

ALFRED DOLGE & SON Department C, Dolge Building, New York Salesrooms and Studios, 28 E. 23d St.

F. A. O. Schwarz

THE LEADING

Toy Bazar

IN THE UNITED STATES

42 E. 14th St., New York

Unparalleled assortment of

Toys, Dolls Games

Etc., of every description, comprising many interesting Novelties. Personal selection abroad and Direct Importations enable us to offer the Latest European Specialties in our line at most reasonable prices.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Retail Only. No connection with any Toy Store on 6th Avenue, New York, or in Brooklyn.

HOWARD GUITARS AND MANDOLINS



are perfect instruments. Our own manufacture, absolutely guaranteed. We sell every musical instrument known, at manufacturer's prices. 128-page catalogue, free. All our goods have this trade mark.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO. 118 East 4th St., CINCINNATI

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

"A Visit to Uncle Sam"

The greatest parlor game of the age. "Takes you over the Great Lakes and visits every State; shows their coats-of-arms and capitals, and date admitted to the Union. Just the thing to keep the boys home these

LONG WINTER EVENINGS

For sale by Toy Dealers and Stationers, or sent, prepaid, for \$1.00. GARFIELD & CO., Louisville, Ky. Agents wanted in every township; no competition; write quick.

The EVERETT PIANO.

If not for sale by local dealer, write THE JOHN CHURCH CO., CINCINNATI or CHICAGO.

We Furnish INVITATIONS

for Weddings, Receptions, etc. Correct styles. High-class work. 50 for \$3.00, 100 for \$4.50. Express prepaid. Send for samples. FRANKLIN PRINTING CO., Louisville, Ky.

SOME IDEAS FOR CHURCH FESTIVALS

By Several Experienced Entertainers

THE LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE

By Minnie F. Fegley

THE time had almost come for our annual church entertainment, and what to do for entertainment we knew not.

We had one dress rehearsal necessary to the best arrangement of footlights, draperies, etc., and then, feeling satisfied that we could really entertain, we made arrangements for the printing of our tickets, which were afterward distributed among the Sunday-school children, to be sold for ten cents apiece.

AN EVENING WITH MRS. JARLEY

Wednesday, November ninth

IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BUILDING
Doors open at 7.30 Price, ten cents Refreshments Extra

WE THEN had a temporary stage erected, and upon the stage a representation of an immense picture frame, within which, when the curtain rose upon the evening of the entertainment, stood the persons who had undertaken to represent "The Ladies of the White House";

"The pictures which I will show you to-night, ladies and gentlemen, have been brought together from all parts of the United States. They have been chosen with infinite care and research solely for your amusement."

SHE then proceeded to call off the exhibits as follows:

"Exhibit No. 1.—The character of the woman represented in this picture was as beautiful as her face. Her husband was a President who exerted a strong influence over affairs of his day."

"Exhibit No. 2.—This is a woman whom the nation delighted to honor. She probably made more people happy during her occupancy of the White House than any other woman who has ever occupied that exalted position."

"Exhibit No. 3.—I hasten to assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that this was one of the ladies of the White House, lest you conclude from her headress that she represents a 'big Injun.'"

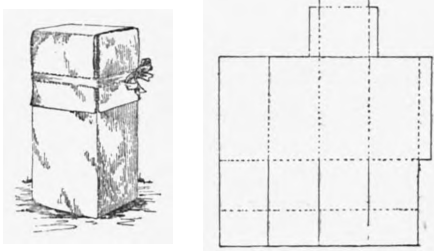
"A hero was her better half. Of our young country the strong staff. The British redcoats put to flight. He nothing did but what was right. He never on a railroad went, and never rode a bicycle."

At the close of the picture exhibition refreshments of a simple sort were sold to all who would buy.

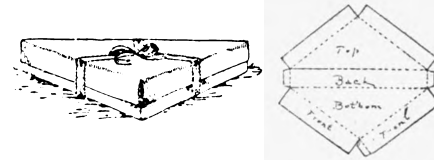
SOME DAINTY PAPER BOXES

By Webb Donnel

ANY one who has taken part in conducting a fair knows how profitable the home-made candy booth is, and how much more salable the candy is when put up in a dainty fashion.



for water-color painting or for drawing, can be made to take a multitude of shapes that are attractive, as the accompanying illustrations attest.



shaped little boxes, when filled with candy and daintily tied with white baby-ribbon, make a package that is as charming to look at as the contents are pleasant to eat.

the form that is to be cut flat from paper. The solid lines show where the cutting is to be done. The dotted lines show where the paper is to be folded.

It will be well before beginning to make any of these boxes to cut out a pattern first from brown paper and fold it together to see that it comes right; the pattern may then be used as a guide for cutting out any number of boxes.

the paper is cut and folded there remains only the pasting of the little flaps at the corners. As the candy in these boxes will be invisible the boxes containing each kind of sweet should be piled together with some of the same candy loosely heaped about the base of the collection, or, if preferred, the boxes may be labeled with the name of the candy which they contain.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

IS A charitable affair at which tea, coffee, chocolate, ice cream, sandwiches and cake are mingled with pleasant converse in aid of some church charity.

"The deed done for charity's own sweet sake To your conscience no lasting burden need make, You will be welcomed with feelings so hearty If you only will come to our 'birthday party.'"

"This 'birthday party' is given to you, 'Tis something novel, 'tis something new; We send you each a little sack, Please either send or bring it back With as many cents as you are years old— We promise the number will never be told, Kind friends will give you something to eat And others will furnish a musical treat. The Social Committee, with greetings most hearty, Feel sure you'll attend 'your own birthday party.'"

It is further explained that the little bag is intended to hold your contribution to the special charity for which the entertainment is given, which should consist of as many pieces of silver or copper coin as you are years old.

A SERIES OF CHURCH FAIRS

By Frances E. Lanigan

SERIES of monthly sales, known as "Household Sales," which may be arranged so as to concentrate all work offered, will furnish abundant opportunity for varied effect in decoration, and may be substituted for the elaborate church fair, which at times seems beyond the means of the congregation.

It may be well to have in January a "Parlor and Library Fair." As the announcement suggests, this sale will furnish a variety of things useful for such rooms, and the plan is flexible enough to permit the exercise of personal taste in the arrangement of all details.

At this sale tea, coffee and other refreshments might be sold; all the requisites for the afternoon tea-table also, as well as dainty lamp-shades, sofa-pillows, bric-a-brac, music, fancy chairs, etc.

St. Valentine's Day might be anticipated by having on hand a collection of valentines, as well as some dainty knickknacks suitable for valentine gifts.

IN FEBRUARY a "Nursery and Bedroom Sale" will furnish an entirely different, but not less attractive, line of articles. The ladies who preside in the "Nursery" might be dressed to represent the nursemaids of the different countries.

The "Nursery" might be made most attractive by the use of all sorts of colored prints as wall adornment, and by a collection of dolls and toys of all kinds, children's books and kindergarten supplies, as well as useful articles for children's wear and for the furnishing of both crib and carriage.

FOR March a "Dining-Room and Kitchen Sale" will admit of the sale of most delicate, as well as most practical, articles. The near approach of Easter suggests dainty and significant offerings, which can be so arranged as to lend the grace of sentiment to this practical occasion.

The "Kitchen Sale" may be made most attractive by the display of bright-colored tins and kitchen utensils. Dish towels of all sorts neatly hemmed, marked according to their uses, laundered and tied with bright ribbons in packages of six, cook-books, irons, iron-holders, stove-lifters, cake-turners, pie-plates, etc., would all prove salable.

The "Dining-Room Sale" may be more elaborate, and the display greater. China of all sorts, table linen, hemmed, laundered and ready for use, pictures, potted plants and jardinières, as well as a collection of cut and pressed glass. The chafing-dish might be conspicuous by its presence.

Few members of the congregation would care to serve at all these sales, but a careful canvassing of the people in any community or church would prove that most women would be glad to contribute to a similar series of church fairs.

A GREEK TEA

By Mary Solace Saxe

IN A COUNTRY parish, where the young people are largely called upon to pay off the church debt, a "Greek Tea" may be found a very successful novelty. Twelve young ladies, the taller the better, may be chosen to do the honors.

Four of these classic maidens receive the guests, four escort them into the tea-room, and the remaining four may preside at the tea-table, where the ribbon or flower decorations take the form of Grecian chains, and a Greek cake holds the place of honor.

During the reception a short program of music and recitations should be carried out. "Parthenia," the story of a Greek maiden, is an appropriate selection. Should it be deemed best to hold this entertainment in the evening tableaux could be introduced and a higher rate of admission charged.

Holiday Gifts

IN SILVER and GOLD

Order early to insure prompt delivery



SEND for our Fall Catalogue, NOW, containing hundreds of illustrations of the latest productions in Jewelry, Silver Novelties, Watches, Diamond Jewelry, etc. It will save you hours of hesitation in selecting a gift.

J. H. JOHNSTON & CO. Established 1844. 17 Union Square, New York



Size A, 15x12x7 inches, 44 teeth in comb, with 8 tunes, \$15.00; Size B, 21x14x9 inches, 58 teeth in comb, with 10 tunes, 28.00; Size C, 26x17x10 inches, 81 teeth in comb, with 12 tunes, 40.00; Style F, 28x17x12 inches, 162 teeth in comb, with 12 tunes, 75.00

F. G. OTTO & SONS, 44 to 50 Sherman Ave., Jersey City, N. J. Or can be bought from any Dealer in Musical Merchandise. Send for Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue.



ONLY \$25.00 A Most Fascinating Home and Hall Entertainer. A Charming Holiday Gift CHICAGO TALKING MACHINE CO. 107-109 Madison St. CHICAGO



The wheel of honest worth, light, strong, easy-running, superb in design and finish—the ladies' ideal wheel—the most acceptable holiday gift. Send for catalogue "L." THE WINTON BICYCLE CO. 118 to 148 Perkins Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

"Just hear dem bells a ringin, dey's ringin everywhere." THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY could not excell in sweetness and purity of tone. THE "New Departure" BICYCLE BELLS. The standard of excellence the wide world over. In 16 different styles and prices. All dealers sell them.

The New Departure Bell Co., Bristol, Conn., U. S. A. \$5.50 Buy this nice Antique Oak Desk, freight prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains. Send stamp for dainty catalogue of Ladies' Desks and Book Cases; we make many styles and sell on the same liberal terms as our Office Desks.

SPECIALTIES IN ANTIQUES Old furniture, china, silver, etc. Modern cut glass, silver and china. Miss MARY HARTON, 226 East 16th St., New York, purchasing agent. Correspondence solicited.



# DRESSES AS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

By Emma M. Hooper

WHEN selecting Christmas remembrances plan to combine the ornamental and practical so as to give as much pleasure and profit as possible to the one for whom the gifts are destined.

## PARTY GOWNS FOR GIRLS

EVENING dresses to wear to dancing-school and informal parties may be of silk-warp woolen goods at a dollar, of all-wool crêpe at fifteen cents, or of small-figured taffeta at a dollar or less.

## DRESSES FOR WEE ONES

IN GIVING frocks to small children either buy them ready-made or make them yourself, as a child can realize a new dress but does not attach much pleasure to a package containing a few yards of goods.

## DRESSES FOR THE BABIES

FOR babies there are so many pretty things that it seems folly to make them, except that it may be a labor of love.

Then there is a carriage robe of eiderdown bound with ribbon, and "Baby" worked on a wide piece of ribbon put diagonally across.

## COMFORT FOR THE INVALID

WHETHER you make or buy for the invalid there are certain articles especially directed toward her comfort: Sofa-pillows without number and of different sizes; a sofa-rug two yards and a quarter by a yard and three-quarters, of silk pieces, flowered sateen or cheesecloth wadded and tufted; shoulder shawls and crocheted slippers, and the little wrap called a nightgale to slip on over the nightgown, are all "must-haves."

## PRESENTS FOR HOUSEMAIDS

GINGHAMS, percales, serges, chevots, mohairs, etc., form the bulk of the dress lengths that are sold in separate packages for the holiday trade.

A pair of warm gloves, a hat neatly trimmed, warm overshoes and an umbrella are among the inexpensive gifts that many cannot afford to buy.

## ARTICLES OF LINGERIE

THERE is something very attractive about dainty underwear, and many articles of the kind are suitable for gifts that should be tied up in dainty packages with the narrow satin baby-ribbon, ten yards of which usually cost eighteen cents.

## SOME LITTLE THINGS

NOW that linen collars and cuffs are in again a set is welcome, or if possessed of a waitress or general servant who wears the usual livery of black with white collar and apron, give her half a dozen of each.

## GLOVES, VEILS AND RIBBONS

FLOWERS, candy and gloves are gifts to which but little importance is attached, yet gloves are an important item to young ladies.

## TAFFETA SILK PETTICOATS

MANY a girl would enjoy a silk petticoat if it did not cost so much, as it does not pay to buy the cheap ones under ten dollars, but if a gift reaches her Christmas morn of the material for one it will be a queer girl who will not make it up with thanksgiving in her heart.

## FANCY WAISTS FOR ALL

AN ODD fancy silk waist is the one garment worn by women and girls of all ages, and a dainty bundle inclosing the materials for one will never go amiss.

# The Keystone Clasp

Is on all our Waists, Belts, Hose Supporters, Side-Elastic Garters, etc., for Children, Women and Men. Easiest to adjust and cannot come unfastened accidentally.

A PAIR OF NEW HOSE FREE  
Silk, Lisle or cotton, in exchange for any torn in wear by the Keystone Clasp. This offer advertised for nearly a year in "The Ladies' Home Journal," not having been claimed by any one shows that the saving on hose alone makes it economy to buy our garments.

The "Feels-Well" Waist and Hose Supporter

Form-fitting, good waist-band with little Abdominal Supporter in front, which, with adjustable straps without changing position of buttons, makes them always in place for proper fit of garments.

Ladies' Style B Safety Belt and Hose Supporter

All our Waists and Hose Supporters are perfect Shoulder Bras. There is no dead weight or pull from the shoulders (as in other supporters) because the sliding straps at the back, through which the body oscillates, makes strain impossible.

GEO. N. BUCK MFG. CO., Mattcon, Ill.



Sold at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.75, \$2.00  
If your dealer does not keep them write to  
R & G Mfrs., 361 Broadway, New York

A Series of Books  
On the Latest Embroidery For 15 cents  
No. 1.—Our Jewel Book gives illustrations and instructions for the popular Jewel Embroidery.  
No. 2.—Our Delft Book reproduces the old Delft designs, with full instructions.  
No. 3.—Our Rose Book gives latest and best flower designs, particularly Roses.  
No. 4.—Our Bohemian Glass Book shows the latest thing in Embroidery; also some 36-inch Tea Cloths.  
ILLUSTRATIONS IN ALL THE BOOKS WITH FULL DIRECTIONS FOR WORKING, COST OF LINES, QUANTITY AND SHADES OF SILK REQUIRED.  
We Will Send any one of these books for 6 cents, or the whole series for 15 cents in stamps.  
ADDRESS The Brainerd & Armstrong Silk Co 6 Union Street, New London, Conn.

Mackintoshes from Maker to Wearer Direct  
OUR LEADER  
Usually sold from \$5.00 to \$7.50. Double texture, Worsled Henrietta, Fancy Plaid Lining, Double, Seamless, Detachable Capes, Inlaid Velvet Collars.  
Colors: Navy, Black, Garnet, Seal and Myrtle  
SIZES: Bust, 32-40 Length, 50-62  
Same in Misses, . . . \$3.25  
34-48 long, . . .  
Money back if you say so.  
Order early Samples if desired.  
BEDFORD RUBBER CO.  
91 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

TWO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS  
For Gentlemen: DECK CLOCK with postal rates on dial. Size, 3 1/2 x 3 1/2.  
For Lady: A Pair of Candle Sticks. Height, 6 inches.  
Either one finished in gold or silver plate, prepaid, . . . \$2.00  
H. D. PHELPS, Ansonia, Conn.

BABYLAND ENLARGED to 16 pages. 50 cts. a year. 6 months for 10 cts. All 10-cent orders must be sent on Special Subscription Blanks sent free to any address.  
ALPHA PUB. CO., 212 Boylston Street, Boston

GENEALOGIES COATS OF ARMS AND CRESTS  
Pedigree traced here and as to British ancestry. Searches made for Coats of Arms and Crests for stated fees. Arms painted. Book plates designed.  
Matthews & Wilberforce, 1012 Walnut St., Philadelphia. (Formerly connected with Herald's College, England.)

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "The Home Dressmaker," will be found on page 47 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



HOUSE GOWN  
AND  
VISITING COSTUMES

decoration, on each side of the front gore, extending above the knees, three rows of small, flat, brown velvet buttons.

The coat basque fitted at the back and was semi-loose in front, flaring to show the waistcoat, quite a long one of brown velvet. This had, just in the centre, its entire length, a very narrow double box-plait, which concealed the closing so carefully done with hooks and eyes. The shawl collar and revers of the basque were faced with the serge and outlined with a piping of brown fur. The inside collar, a simple stock of brown ribbon, was fastened at the back under a bow of the same. With this was worn, when the cool winds demanded it, a mink collar. Brown undressed kid gloves were in harmony. The bonnet was of brown felt, fitting well on the head and having its oval outline piped with black jet. On one side was a bunch of small brown feathers grouped so low that a fluffy effect was attained. On the other an aigrette of white, while the ties were of brown velvet. With this costume a mink muff, lined with brown satin, was carried.

FOR HOUSE WEAR

CASHMERE, Henrietta cloth and crépon are considered the proper materials for house wear. Those crépons having a long, deep wave not unlike

crape itself are specially fancied for elderly ladies. A crépon of this design made up for a lady who is rather tall and slender shows a flaring skirt which touches the ground, a draped bodice with a belt of black satin, and cuffs and collar of black satin.

Black velvet is essentially the dressy costume of the elderly woman. She may, with propriety, wear it at a dinner or a dance, at a wedding or a reception. If she is fortunate enough to possess some handsome real lace this may be used upon it, for to the elderly lady real lace is the hall-mark of gentility. A black velvet costume that is at once simple and elegant, has a full, flaring skirt with a slight train. The bodice is a jacket shape with semi-loose fronts, showing between them a waistcoat of black satin heavily overlaid with black jet passementerie. A folded collar of satin is the inner one on the waistcoat, while the shawl collar and revers of the jacket are faced with velvet, piped with jet, and have geometrical circles of jet set regularly upon them. The sleeves are of the velvet, full and drooping, and shape in at the wrists, where they are finished with pipings of jet, under which fall frills of point lace. The hair is rolled off the face in Pompadour fashion.

An elderly lady wearing mourning who wishes to appear at a wedding will assume a costume of dull black silk. The skirt has the usual flare and a slight train, and each seam is piped with a jet beading. The basque has a deep ripple, not a short one, lined with heliotrope satin. Down each side of the front is a strip of jet passementerie laid over heliotrope satin. The high collar is of heliotrope satin folded and fastened at the back under a flaring bow of the same fabric. The sleeves are the close-fitted wrinkled ones now in vogue, with caps of black silk edged with jet and lined with satin, extending well over the upper part of each. The hair is arranged high on the head, and a cluster of short, heliotrope tips is at one side fastened with a diamond pin.

The gloves are of pale pearl undressed kid. Wearing such a gown the elderly lady would be at ease, for she would know that she was suitably dressed. She would be a picture of well-bred and artistic dressing, looking the gentlewoman that she is.

SOME COSTUMES  
FOR ELDERLY LADIES

By Isabel A. Mallon

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

THE elderly lady should dress with dignity. Frivolous loops and ends of ribbon are out of place upon her costume. If she retains the coiffure that was fashionable when her years were not many she gains a certain individuality that is decidedly distinguished.

She should, above all things, choose her bonnet with care. It must not be so small as to make her look ridiculous, nor so large as to weigh her down. It should be the modified expression of the shape in vogue rather simply trimmed, preferably with ostrich tips and ribbon rather than flowers. In choosing her chapeau, however, the elderly lady must beware of weighting it with plumes, else her bonnet will look like a miniature hearse. The elderly lady need not wear all black, although if she has assumed mourning for the husband of her youth there is a certain dignity in never laying it aside. When she wears colors I commend the soft grays, pale heliotropes, the dark browns, and the dark, but rich-looking, greens that seem only possible in velvet or silk. In developing these materials into handsome gowns soft rather than severe effects should be aimed at. Trimmings that look frivolous are to be avoided, but there are always decorations that have an air of dignity. Then, too, the elderly lady if she is wise—and, surely, years have brought her wisdom—chooses for general wear quiet fabrics like cashmere, serge or Henrietta cloth, while for very fine toilettes she elects to have satin, silk or velvet. All these materials have an air of stateliness specially adapted to the elderly lady. They are rich and show it, they are more magnificent than dainty, and consequently well suited to the elderly matron.

In selecting a model for a gown the woman who yesterday kissed her granddaughter should not choose what is known as "the latest," but that which will best suit her style, and then have her dressmaker adapt it to her. If she is stout she should have the draperies so folded that the curves may be hidden, and if slender have sufficient decoration to hide the angles. The short, rather flirty-looking basque just now in vogue among young people, is not adapted to the elderly lady. It gives to her an air of aping youth which takes away from her dignity. Instead, the jacket or the stylish Louis Quinze coat is to be commended.

A VISITING COSTUME

A TYPICAL costume, to be worn for visiting by an elderly lady, has a skirt of black silk; it is made with the fashionable flare and barely escapes the ground. A long, fitted jacket of black brocade is worn above this, and just down the centre of the front is a jabot of yellow lace, this jabot reaching from the neck, where it is very wide, to the edge of the jacket, where it is narrower. On each side is a revers of white satin overlaid with yellow lace like the

jabot, and caught down with jet spangles. The sleeves are full, shape into the arms and flare slightly at the wrists, where they are edged with frills of lace. The collar is of white satin with a narrow, flaring turnover collar of black. The bonnet worn with this gown is a black felt with a small bunch of white feathers on one side, and high loops of black satin ribbon on the other.

THE COSTUME FOR GENERAL WEAR

SERGE or Henrietta cloth is in best taste for the costume that is to be worn on the street at any hour of the day. Serge, in dark blue, gray or dark brown, is in



good taste, while the Henrietta cloth is, of course, always black. An elderly lady whom I recently met looked the picture of neatness and good form in a costume of dark brown serge. The skirt had the usual flare, and showed on the foot as a

What Assurance  
Have You

besides the clerk's word—that other bindings are "just as good"



Are you willing to risk it at the same price?

SEE that the letters S. H. & M. are stamped on the back of every yard you buy from the reel. None other genuine.

ASK FOR THE NEW

S. H. & M. CORD EDGE

If your dealer WILL NOT supply you we will.

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free.

"Home Dressmaking Made Easy," a new 72-page book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of The Ladies' Home Journal, tells in plain words how to make dresses at home without previous training; mailed for 25c. S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City

High-Grade, Perfect-Fitting, Imported Corsets

PRIMA DONNA  
CORSETS Latest French Models



Elegance, Comfort and Durability

Every pair stamped with this TRADE MARK: PRIMA DONNA None other genuine. Prices from \$1 upward FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRY GOODS STORES FELLHEIMER & LINDAUER, Importers, 513 B'way, New York WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

Mamma's  
Old Dress

Should not be thrown away. Buy a package of Diamond Dyes—only 10c.—and with very little labor the original freshness of the gown will be restored in another color. It will be practically

Made New  
For Ten Cents

The Direction Book and 40 samples of colored cloth that are sent free will explain how easy and economical it is to use

Diamond Dyes

Sold everywhere. 10 cents a package.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

"ONYX"  
BLACK HOSE



"WE NEVER CHANGE COLOR"

"ONYX" brand is the standard for Black Hosiery and is especially noted for Shape, Elasticity and Durability.

LORD & TAYLOR, Wholesale Importers, guarantee every pair sold. If you cannot obtain at your retailer's communicate with

LORD & TAYLOR, Wholesale, NEW YORK

Christmas Handkerchiefs Send for CATALOGUE L. H. FIELD Jackson, Mich.



# THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Edited by Mrs. Margaret Bottome

## HEART TO HEART TALKS



**C**HRISTMAS is coming! So say the children, the happy, hopeful children. And we say Christmas is coming. But with what spirit do we say it? Are we more like little children this Christmas than we were last? Ah, I fear some of us are not traveling toward Bethlehem. We are neither wise men nor wise women if we are not following a Star of Hope that shall bring us not merely to where the young Child lay, but to the spirit of that young Child, for the Christ Child must be born in us! Did you ever think that after Pentecost the apostles spoke of Christ as the Holy Child Jesus? I think the most important question we can ask ourselves at the Christmas time is, "Am I more like a little child this year than ever before?" I like so much that expression, "a child of God." It shows how much there is yet to know. Children are not expected to know much while children. I think we might get so much comfort out of what we do not know, if we could only see the eternities ahead in which we are to grow into fullest knowledge. Do you ever think that we may have the spirit in us that was in Jesus from His birth—that was never absent from Him? Of course, the manifestations were more wonderful at certain times than at others. There was one time, you remember, when He said: "The spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." Was not that a beautiful mission? And Bethlehem meant, and still means, just that. Have you who are bruised ever been to Him to heal your broken hearts? Have you who are poor ever listened to His beautiful gospel? Have you ever realized what His coming into the world meant for you?



### THE BEST OF ALL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

**H**E CAME unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." As I write these words I think what a wonderful Christmas so many might have if they would only take for themselves God's Christmas gift to the whole world. Shall we be among those who receive Him? If we do the child heart will be ours; we shall be born again; we shall become like little children! It will be the beginning of a life you will never regret. Think of it as you see your children glad to receive their gifts. Remember that a Christmas gift is offered to you so great that all the gold and silver of earth cannot be compared with it—the gift of a Saviour! Will you receive this Christmas gift?



### WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH YOUR FUTURE?

**I** WELL remember when I was twenty-five years old that I stood before a mirror and looked at the few streaks of gray that had come in my very black hair. How old I felt that day! I said as I looked at myself in the glass, "You are a quarter of a century old! What are you doing with yourself? What are you going to do with yourself in the future, now that you are growing old?" The eyes looked thoughtful as I gazed into them, but no answer came, and I turned and looked at a little boy at my side, and I stroked his curly hair and wondered why the boy would grow to be. He is a man to-day, and I am over half a century old, but I do not feel as old as I did that day in the long ago, because I have since that time touched the shores of immortal youth; yet now my hair is all gray. I think there is usually much hurt in the minds of women when they face the fact that youth has gone. The attempt to make one's self look as young as possible does not seem wrong to me. But then there comes a time later on when, if there is perfect health and happy, bright spirits, the incongruity between the age and the way one feels may, under some circumstances, cause pain, and one may say, "I do not want to think of my age. If I could only take off twenty years; I am not as old as those figures indicate. I am younger than so many women not much more than half my age." I wish I could help some women that are feeling so.

### MY LOVE FOR WOMEN

**I** LOVE women, and my love for them increases as the years go on. I look out from my window and see the working-girls as they pass. The poor women that I know have a struggle in life, and I love them, and I always want to help them if I can, and so just now I want to help the women who know they are growing old, whose hair is so much whiter and so much thinner, and whose hearts are so young. My dear, dear friends, my sisters, I wish you could see how young you are—I wish you could taste the living water that would give you perpetual youth, that would make you rejoice, as a friend of mine, one of the grandest women of the world, rejoices that she is growing old. She sent me her picture a short time ago, and I wrote to her, saying, "Oh, you do not look as old as your picture makes you." She wrote back, "I do look just as old as my picture indicates—that is, my cocoon does and I am delighted. I just triumph in the thought that gradually that old cocoon is weakening and losing its power to hold me in imprisonment, and I often say to it, 'Ah, it has been your turn a good long while now, but my turn is coming, and then I shall give you one good shove off, and shall fly away to the place where you cannot come and can no longer have any power over me.'" And yet my friend is not what we call old at all, and is one of the noblest-looking women, but she has cultivated spirit life—the imperishable—and so must we. All flesh is grass—all beautiful flesh as well as ugly flesh—all is perishable, and, dear Daughters, if you do not obtain God's estimate of things, and cultivate a spiritual beauty you will surely find sooner or later that "Favor is deceitful and beauty vain."



### THE BEAUTY OF THE SOUL

**T**HIS body will get old, but there is a soul beauty that will strike through if we have cultivated the spiritual. I know an old lady who is perfectly fascinating to me—oh, the sweetness, the brightness of her face, the youthfulness in old age! But, as I once said to a class of young girls I taught in the long ago, "there is no time to be lost." I asked them if they would like to be beautiful when they grew to be old, and they all said they would. They all happened to be exceedingly plain. There was not a pretty girl among them. Well I said, "There is no time to be lost; you will have to begin immediately; it will take a lifetime to make you beautiful, and yet it can be done; but you will have to lead unselfish lives, you will have to scatter seeds of kindness, manufacture sunshine all the time, and then I promise you if you live to be old you will be lovely to look upon." Dear sisters, I am sure you can know, long before you pass on to the shores where all are young, the beginning of the everlasting life—the eternal youth, and you will know what it is to be a child in a kind of Divine childhood. You will always be your Father's child, and all the clinging dependence of childhood will be yours, and the line in the old song will be realized, "Make me a child again," and although the mother may not "come back from the echoless shore" the long-lasting arms of the One who says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you," will be around you. I have just received a letter from one who signed herself "Marah," which means "bitterness"; she is bitter because God has not met her needs. We come sooner or later to find out that God has made laws; they are written in our physical and mental constitution, and if they are broken we have to suffer the penalty. God intended that we should work for the good of others—good, honest, hard work for the benefit of those less favored than ourselves. This is healthy, and no one need tell me that God cannot make a heart happy that is truly given to Him. Do not tell me that the Fountain cannot supply your need of love, that you must have the streams. All streams are from the Fountain. No one in this world need say, "I am getting old and I must have love," with a God whose nature and whose name is love, offering to fill us with Himself. But you say, "I want human love." Well, you can have it if you give it. As Lucy Larcom said, "If the world's a wilderness go build houses in it." Look out for some more forlorn one. Do not act as if the only existence you have is an animal existence; above all, do not be such a fool as to do wrong. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "Remember the first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from Heaven."

### "I SHALL BE AN OLD WOMAN NOW"

**I** WAS so sorry to see the words; she had been so young. I could think of her only in connection with flowers. She was much younger than her husband, and now he had gone from her side, and she wrote the words: "I shall be an old woman now." Of course, I wrote her immediately, and told her how wrong it was for her to say, "I shall be an old woman now," to become old just as her husband had become young. Why the very thought that he had reached the land where they never grow old ought to have made her forget everything but the youthful husband that she would see ere long, and instead of it making her feel old it could and would make her feel young. We have, to my mind, talked too much of that Western slope, and the going down of the sun. I do not feel that I am facing the West at all—I am facing the East, the sun-rising, the morning light. The early Christians talked of the night being far spent and the day at hand, instead of talking of growing old. It is time we changed our tune and talked of growing young, for everything is reversed in this Kingdom to which we are going; we become more and more like little children; you see there the getting young—going toward, not childishness but beautiful childhood, and when our loved ones pass out of our sight into the land of perpetual youth, if we did the appropriate thing we should put on white instead of black, and wear the flowers that tell of the land of never-fading flowers.



### WHERE THE FLOWERS ARE

**T**HE first summer that the one left me who had walked by my side for nearly a lifetime I wore a white dress most of the time, and my dress influenced me—I am conscious of that now. In all I had read of the land where he had gone to dwell, whenever dress was spoken of it was always white robes, and my dress helped me. One day lovely pink flowers were sent me, and I had always worn flowers, and the one who had left me, it seemed to me, would hardly know me without flowers. So I was placing the flowers just where he had so often smiled when he saw them, when a friend at my side took them quietly from my hand and said they would not seem right, and she was correct. They would not seem right, but as I see it now it was right that I should wear them. He had gone where the flowers were, and why shouldn't I keep him company? I wanted to wear them in remembrance of him. I met a lady the other day who said to me: "Do remember us women in the JOURNAL who are no longer young—don't talk exclusively to the girls." And just here I can speak to you women who are no longer young. There is a power within your reach that will make you conscious of the tides of eternal life, but you will have to seek the gift—not in the way of earning it, or becoming worthy of it, but simply desiring it—and I assure you it will make a most desirable revolution in your life, first of all in your heart life; it will completely take away all envy. You will no longer envy those who have youth; you will be so sympathetic and concerned for them, for they have to pass dangers that you have passed, and you will or may have "a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize," and with your youthful feelings and your wide experience you will be able to help them. I think it was George Eliot who thought that the work of a lifetime was done in the last ten years of life, and it took all the life back of those ten years to make the ten years effectual. The Master did all His public work in three years. So to you women who say you are no longer young I say leave your age alone, and see your opportunity of being more, and doing more at this time in your life than ever before. But I do not, after all, think you will or can do so without a gift that you can have. I have spoken of it before, but I shall keep on speaking of it, for without it you will never come to your best.



### READING BETWEEN THE LINES

**I** HOPE those who have written to me will, at least, be able to read between the lines the answers to some sad letters that are lying on my desk before me. I beg of them not to doubt that there is a God. The only solution to the hard problems that confront us is that there is a God, and a patient God, who will yet stand justified before His creatures. Do take in the eternities ahead, and listen to such words as, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." He has your eternity of existence to look after, and all He denies you is only in the training for your immortal existence. Be determined that the highest in you shall conquer the lowest. Be a child of Eternity—a child of God!

Margaret Bottome

## BARGAINS

RIBBONS BY THE YARD AT WHOLESALE PRICES

In Four Grades (all silk) Satin and Gros-Grain.

GRADE	1 in.	1 1/2 in.	1 3/4 in.	2 in.	2 1/4 in.	2 3/4 in.	3 in.	ACTUAL WIDTH
FAIL.	4c	5c	6c	8c	9c	11c	12c	14c
GOOD.	5c	7c	8c	11c	13c	15c	17c	19c
BETTER.	7c	9c	11c	14c	16c	19c	21c	24c
BEST.	9c	11c	14c	17c	21c	24c	28c	30c

Glacé Moiré Ribbons, 3 1/2 in., 3 3/4 in., 4 1/4 in., 4 3/4 in., 5 in., 5 1/4 in., 5 3/4 in., 6 in. per yard. Send cash with order, specifying grade, color, width and quality.

**3 for 85c.** Finest French Curl OSTRICH TIPS

3 in bunch, middle tip 7 in. long, 4 in. wide. Two outside tips 6 in. long, 4 in. wide. Our price 85c.; regular price \$1.50.

**This Popular Fedora Hat** Finest French Felt. Trimmed with silk ribbon band and leather sweat band. Colors Black, Gray, Brown and Navy Blue. Price \$1.00.

**This Stylish Black Hat** \$5

Silk Velvet Trimmed with three large ostrich half plumes, Paradise aigrette, green velvet bow and Rhinestone ornament in front, back finished with black and green velvet rosettes. Rim finished with chenille edge. Can be made in any colors desired. Materials alone would cost you at least \$2.00. Our price \$5.00.

**\$4.75 Ladies' Mackintoshes, \$4.75**

Light weight, sleeveless, double texture, two full sweep (110 in.) seamless detachable capes, velvet collar, full skirt (86 in.). Outside English Cassimere cloth, either black or blue, fast colors, with dark plaid lining throughout. Handsomely made. In ordering send bust measure and length from neck to bottom of skirt, holding in at waist-line. All goods guaranteed strictly as represented; money refunded.

**C. C. WETHERELL**  
Wholesale Millinery  
136 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO

## LINENE REVERSIBLE COLLARS and CUFFS.

ARE NOT TO BE WASHED

Made of fine cloth in all styles. When soiled, reverse, wear again, then discard. Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs for 25 cents. They look and fit better than any other kind. ASK THE DEALERS FOR THEM. If not found at the stores send six cents for sample collar and cuffs, naming style and size. A trial invariably results in continued use. Reversible Collar Co., 55 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

## All the New Style SHOES

for Women and Men, either heavy or light weight, for fall and winter wear. Women's Fine Kid Skin, button or lace, any style toe. Men's and Women's Fine Calf Skin lace shoes for outdoor wear, in black, dark tan or maroon, with long, pointed toes, and heavy soles. Delivered free on receipt of  
Elsewhere you pay \$5.00. **\$3.50**

Your money back if not satisfied with fit, quality or style. "On a Comfortable Footing," our fall catalogue, free for the asking.

**MANUFACTURERS' SHOE CO., 145 W. Main St. Jackson, Mich.**

## "Jeness Miller" Shoe!

Mrs. Jeness Miller's Own Idea of Foot-Reform

The finest made, most perfect-fitting and most comfortable shoe ever produced by man. Highest grade materials only. State size and width, and whether "common-sense" or "dress" style is desired. Sent, prepaid, to any point in America. Only \$5.00.

An illustrated "booklet" with all particulars. Money refunded if desired.

**FREE**

**F. CROCKER, Sole Owner, Washington, D. C.**

## FLASHSKIN

Flashskin is the perpetual aurora borealis of the household. It takes tarnish from silver and all metals, puts a luster on leather, polishes furniture, makes glass doubly transparent and brightens the bicycle. Superior to compounds and cheaper than chamolis. Effective old or new, damp or dry. If your dry goods dealer does not have Flashskin write to **FLASHSKIN, 98-100 Bleeker Street, New York**

## THE WONDERFUL GAS BURNER

Gives 50 per cent. more light at same cost

Easily attached in place of usual burner. Won't wear out. Thousands in use. Only 25c. Sent postpaid. 6 for \$1.00; 3 doz. for \$5.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

**PRACTICAL NOVELTY CO., 429 Walnut St., Philadelphia**

## "Mizpah" Valve Nipples

will not collapse and therefore prevent much colic. The valve prevents a vacuum being formed to collapse them. The ribs inside prevent collapsing when the child bites them. The rim is such that they cannot be pulled off the bottle. **SAMPLE FREE by MAIL.** WALTER E. WARE, 512 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MR. MOODY'S BIBLE CLASS

By Dwight L. Moody



THE WORK OF THE MESSIAH

IT IS customary for any new ruler or leader to issue a manifesto setting forth the policy which he is going to pursue, and the special work he will seek to accomplish.

The prophet Isaiah, from whom the Master took His message, divides the work of the Messiah under four heads: the healing of the broken-hearted, preaching deliverance to the captives, restoring sight to the blind, and giving liberty to the bruised.



THE PROMISE OF A SAVIOUR

WHILE the promise of an avenger was made in Eden it is not recorded that anything more definite was promised to Adam and Eve. But to Abraham a clearer vision was given, for of him the Saviour said: "Your Father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it and was glad."



THE BRINGING OF GLAD TIDINGS

NO BETTER tidings were ever given to mortal man than that first Gospel message delivered to the humble shepherds on the Judean hills. There must have been a special solemnity about that night.

In the realms of another world those who had long looked for the promised redemption gaze down upon the scene. Prophet and law-giver, king and leader all look toward the One who shall make the atonement for their transgressions.

And as the shepherds watched and waited for the morn I imagine that their thoughts and conversation were on heavenly things. It may have been that they were talking over the strange rumors which they had heard regarding the son that was born to Zacharias, and how it had been prophesied that he was to become the "Prophet of the Highest."



THE SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP

A GENTLEMAN and his wife traveling in the Holy Land, while resting by the roadside became interested in a shepherd as he sought to lead his flock over a stream. In vain he called to his sheep to follow him through the shallow waters, and again and again he coaxed them on.

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

AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR

AFTER the Battle of Murfreesboro, in our recent war, as a member of the Christian commission I was stationed in the hospital. For two nights I had been unable to get any rest, and being really worn out, on the third night I had laid down to sleep.



THE GOSPEL A HEAVENLY PASSPORT

THE third purpose of Christ's coming to earth was the "recovering of the sight to the blind." With what loving compassion He restored that physical blindness, which then, as now, was the curse of Palestine.

But the recovering of sight to the physical blind was but an illustration of a still greater work of mercy. That spiritual blindness that had so misled the Jewish nation, it was His especial work to relieve. Nicodemus, himself a religious teacher of the people, was blind to the fundamental doctrines of which the Jewish rites and ceremonies were but types.

Finally, and most important, He sets "at liberty them that are bruised" by the conviction of sin. Let a human soul once behold itself a culprit before a perfect law and the crushing weight of guilt will never lift till Calvary's pardon is accepted.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ is all that we choose to make it. To some it means nothing; to others it means simply a Heavenly passport, but to all who appropriate it fully it means a living power.

He, alone, can fill the every need of a man, and with His friendship there can nothing lack. Well has an English hymn-writer expressed the all-sufficient Saviour:

"I need Thee, precious Jesus, For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and guilty, My heart is dead within. I need the cleansing fountain, Where I can always flee, The blood of Christ most precious, The sinner's perfect plea.

"I need Thee, precious Jesus, I need a friend like Thee, A friend to soothe and pity, A friend to care for me. I need the heart of Jesus To feel each anxious care, To tell my every trouble, And all my sorrows share."

Upon each individual then, at this Christmastide, it must depend how great the Gospel news will be. The fuller the appropriation of its blessing, the greater the Gospel becomes.

A CHRISTMAS IDEA

MOTHERS AND DOCTORS KNOW

that half the ills of children arise from their becoming chilled from kicking out of their night-dress or bed-clothes

THE PRACTICAL REMEDY AT POPULAR PRICES ARE

DR. DENTON'S Knit Sleeping Garments

A fine worsted fabric. Smooth and soft to the skin. With improved moose-hair feet, and cuffs that draw over the hands.

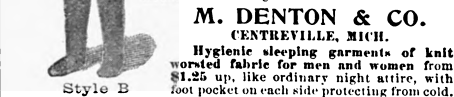
Style A, 1 Year Size, By Mail, \$1.10

Add 10 cents per Garment for each year. Sizes 0 to 5 open in back; 6 to 10, two-piece open in front.

Style B, 1 Year Size By Mail, 80c.



Style C, 1 Year Size, 50c. Add 10 Cts. for Postage. Add 5 cents per Garment for each size larger. Sizes 0 to 4 open in back; 6 to 10 in front.



The label of every bottle of genuine Farina Cologne bears the word

"Gegenüber."

See that this label is on the bottle you buy.



Send for free pamphlets to

Schieffelin & Co., Sole Agents, New York.

Sterling Silver Hat Mark, with name engraved, 50c.



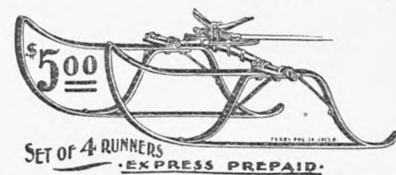
Sterling Silver Umbrella Mark, any initial, 20c.



Stamps taken. "Katalog" free

MCRAE & KEELER, Box J, Attleboro, Mass.

Snow! Sleighting!



This complete set of four runners, ready for use, quickly adjustable to fit the axle of any pleasure carriage, will track narrow and combines lightness with strength.

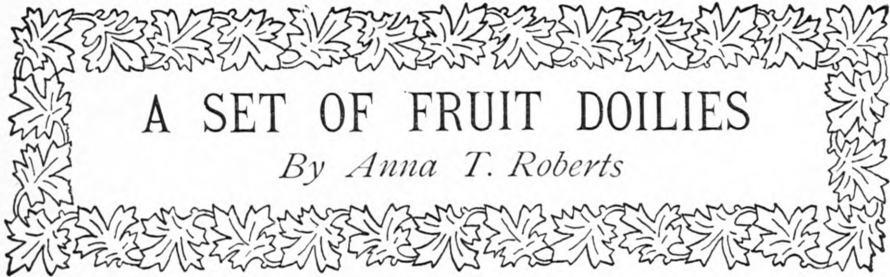
THE COLUMBUS CUTTER CO., Columbus Ohio

Advertisement for Skates, featuring 'Highest Award' and 'WORLD'S FAIR' logos. Text includes 'SKATES CATALOGUE FREE' and 'BARNEY & BERRY, Springfield, Mass.'

Advertisement for L. Shaw's hair products, featuring an illustration of a woman's head. Text includes 'L. SHAW Established 34 Years', 'WIGS, BANGS SWITCHES and WAVES', and '54 W. 14th Street, near 6th Avenue, New York'.

Advertisement for Wedding Invitations, featuring an illustration of a wedding cake. Text includes 'WEDDING INVITATIONS or Announcements, 100 Steel Plate script for \$4.00, 50 for \$2.75, complete, delivered, 100 Visiting Cards, 75 cts. Established 1874. C. C. DePUY, Syracuse, N. Y.'

Advertisement for Ladies' Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, priced at \$1.50 per dozen. Text includes 'One dozen 20c. LADIES' PURE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, postpaid \$1.50' and 'L. H. FIELD, Jackson, Mich.'



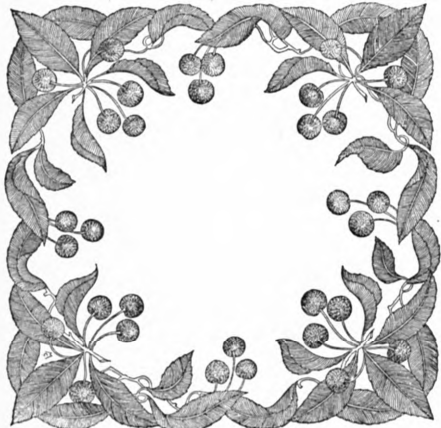
# A SET OF FRUIT DOILIES

By Anna T. Roberts

ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY THE AUTHOR



THE fruit doilies shown in the accompanying illustrations measure eight inches across and may be embroidered on linen or linen lawn. The latter material is quite popular, and is especially pretty when the doilies are to be used on a highly-polished table. The designs, when enlarged, are well adapted to the decoration of centrepieces, lunch and tea cloths, and are also appropriate for tray-cloths and sideboard covers. In enlarging the designs draw only one-fourth of the pattern, which can be repeated for the other sides.

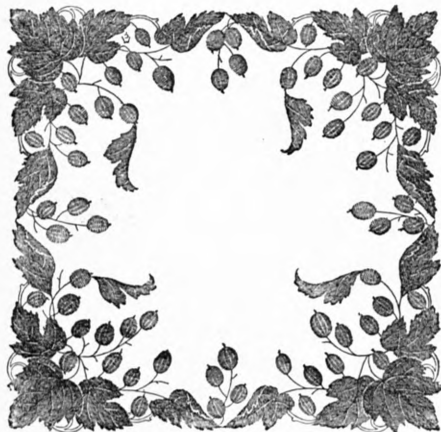


CHERRIES

If an oblong pattern is desired parts of the designs can be repeated or extended along to suit the requirements of the article to be embroidered. A person who is skillful with the pencil will not find it difficult to add here and there a few more clusters of the fruit or blossoms if a wider border be desired. These original designs of fruit are to be worked with the "Asiatic filo floss silk." This silk, being of such a fine quality, is well adapted to embroidering fruits, as it is necessary that each shade should blend well into the next to get a realistic effect. Artistic and beautiful results are obtained when the embroidery is done with the Asiatic filo floss silks.

If these designs are enlarged for lunch, tea cloths or table-covers, etc., they may be embroidered with the Roman floss, which is heavier than the Asiatic filo and fills up a given space much more rapidly, but where fine work is the object the Asiatic filo floss silk is preferable.

The design of strawberries showing the berries with blossoms and buds is arranged for a fruit doily. Select four or five shades of red silk. It is pretty to work some of the unripe strawberries in silks of a greenish tone. The little seed vessels,



GOOSEBERRIES

which are one of the characteristics of this fruit, are put in with gold-colored filo; use the same for working the little flower stamens, shading with darker yellow silk for the darker touches. Embroider the leaves in greens of a rather dull tone; sage or bronze greens are preferable, as the strawberries are so brilliant in coloring it will be much more pleasing to the eye to avoid greens that are crude and lack softness in color. Work the flowers with white silk and shade with soft gray-green.

Gooseberries are very effective when embroidered in an artistic manner. This fruit will be found rather more difficult to work than some of the other designs, but if the berries are studied in the natural

state before beginning the work, one will be enabled to get a very realistic effect as to coloring, shading, etc. Observe where the light and shade fall, and embroider the berries so they will appear round. Goose-



ORANGES

berries are green in the unripe state; as they ripen this color takes on a pinkish tone, blending into amber, copper and brownish tints. Carefully select the proper shades required for the work. The tip ends of the berries should be worked with dark brown. The fine stems that connect the gooseberries with the branches may be worked in copper or greenish shades, if preferred; these same shades may be used for the branch, thorns, etc. The leaves may be worked in shades of yellow or bronze-green silk, outlining the veins with the darker shades.

Oranges are especially pretty embroidered in their natural colorings. The fruit, as shown in the illustration, is purposely drawn smaller than it appears in Nature, so that it may be in keeping with the other designs of fruit selected for this

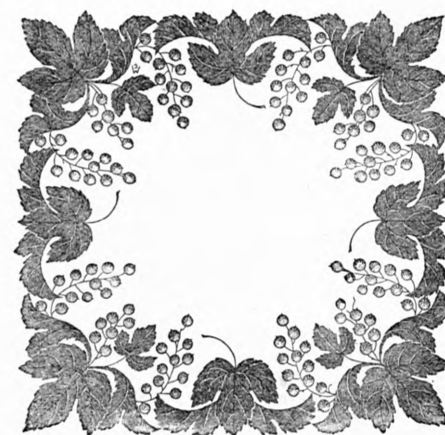


BLACKBERRIES

the shades of silk with care. The greater number of shades of the silk used the better results will be obtained.

Another way to work the fruit doilies is to embroider them in green and white. White and gold is also a very pretty combination. The leaves are first outline-embroidered, and the fruit, flowers and buds are worked solidly with the white, after which the whole design is outlined with the green or golden silk—in fact, any color one prefers can be used for this purpose. A still easier method of working the fruit doilies is obtained by working the whole design in outline embroidery in any color desired, merely outlining the veinings on the leaves and markings on the flowers, stamens, stems and buds. The Asiatic twisted embroidery silk is effective for this style of work.

These designs will be found useful for decorating china fruit-plates in the mineral colors. If square ones are selected the designs may be arranged as shown in the illustrations, but for the round plates a slight alteration will be necessary. The different fruits may be painted in their natural colors, or in monochrome if preferred, selecting warm shades of brown, red, "Delft" blue, etc. After firing outline the designs with gold.



CURRENTS

in bronze-green silks, or in shades of brown, merging into red or copper tones, as they appear in the autumn tints. These colors will harmonize well with the dull purple silks employed in working the ripe fruit. Select four or five shades of rather dull purple Asiatic filo for the ripe berries, while the unripe blackberries may be embroidered red or green, according to the individual taste of the worker. These doilies are intended to be cut out on the edge. The flowers, leaves, stems, etc., that appear on the outer parts of the design must first be buttonholed to give a firm finish to the edge.

Cherries may be embroidered in bright or deep red shades of silk, or in the mellow tones of the so-called white cherry, which is not white, but of a beautiful yellow or ivory tint, with a blush on one side of the fruit, which gradually blends into the ivory shades and produces a most beautiful effect if properly done. For this treatment three shades of the yellow and ivory silks are required, and for the blush side of the fruit four shades of pink merging into red are used. Of course, the more shades of silk selected the more realistic the work will appear when finished. The red cherries will be found much easier to embroider. If these are preferred use three shades of red filo floss silk. Work the leaves with bronze-green silk.

It is best for those unacquainted with the characteristics of the different fruits to study the coloring, form, etc., from Nature, or, if this is not possible, to procure a colored study of the fruit. Work the stitches to curve with the shape of the fruit, observing the shadows and reflected lights like one does in painting. This gives roundness to their form, and will produce realistic and artistic results if properly treated.

In embroidering fruit notice where the lights and shading come, and work the stitches so that they will appear round, avoiding flatness wherever it is possible to do so. When embroidering fruit select



## NEW Fancy-Work Book For 1896

Just Out Gives explicit instructions for embroidering tea cloths, centrepieces and doilies in all the latest and most popular designs, including Rose, Jewel, Delft, Wild Flower and Fruit patterns. It tells just what shades of silk to use for each design, as well as complete directions for working. Also, rules for knitting Baby's Shirt and Cap and crocheting Baby's Bonnet.

The book contains 96 pages and over 60 illustrations. Sent to any address for six cents in stamps. Mention "for 1896 Florence Home Needlework."

NONOTUCK SILK CO.  
8 Bridge Street, Florence, Mass.

Best and Largest Practical Art Magazine



## The Art Amateur

(Established 1879)

\$4.00 a year. Single copy, 35 cents. Color Plates and Easy Working Designs every month. Artists' Biographies, Art News, and Simple Lessons in Oil, Water-Color, Pastel, Tapestry, and China Painting, Designing, Illustrating, Carving, Pyrography, Embroidery, etc.

Special Offers To all who send \$4.00 (regular subscription price of THE ART AMATEUR) and mention this (L. H. J.) advertisement, we offer besides all the Color Plates included in the year's subscription, your choice of **Free Presentation Portfolios** of our 7 of **12 Exquisite Color Plates.**

Each portfolio contains from \$3.00 to \$4.00 worth of Studies and Pictures from costly Original Paintings by eminent artists. Thus: "Portfolio No. 1" gives 12 Flower Studies by Paul de Longpré; No. 2, Animals by Helena Maguire; No. 3, Figures by Albert Lynch, J. G. Brown, etc.; No. 4, Fruit, Flowers and Still-Life; No. 5, Landscape; No. 6, Genre, etc.; No. 7, China Painting Designs.

Instead of one of these Portfolios of Color Plates you may have **3 Months' Subscription Free.** That is, if you send \$4.00 you will receive for it 15 Months' Subscription to THE ART AMATEUR, instead of 12 months.

**\$1.00 TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER.** For one dollar we will send you THE ART AMATEUR for THREE MONTHS, and the valuable little Manual "Hints to Beginners in Painting." By sending ONLY \$3.00 more you will secure any one of the Portfolios and NINE MONTHS' subscription for 1897.

Specimen Number (with all Supplements), 25 cents. If L. H. J. is mentioned, Illustrated Catalogue of 300 Color Studies Free. MONTAGUE MARKS, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York



**BRIGG'S TRANSFER PATTERNS**  
20 latest designs—birds, flowers, fruit, figures—and set of initials, all for **4 cts.**

Would cost \$1.25 stamped to order. Catalog of stamped lines, 200 illus., free to all mentioning this magazine. C. S. DAVISSON & CO., 48 N. 8th St., Philadelphia

**Lovely EMBROIDERY.** We send Scalloped edge Linen Doily with pure Silk Floss to work. Also Stamping Patterns for other Doilies, Photograph Frame, Mats, etc. Only 18c. Address Walter P. Webber, Lynn, Mass. Box 1.

**1897 FANCY-WORK BOOK** Over 100 Illustrations. FREE for 2-cent stamp. A "YARD OF POPPIES" In all their beautiful colors for 10 cents. Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass. Box J.



# SELECTION AND FRAMING OF PICTURES

By William Martin Johnson

ONE, values, motifs, mean something, of course, but they are technical terms which should be kept in the studio, where they belong. They are confusing and should be avoided. Most people like to look at a picture for what there is in it, not to see how it is made. What do they care for a man's professional methods so long as they get results?

The most unfortunate part of it all is that people do not approach art properly. Once when in Rome I heard a man say that he could not see anything in the old masters, the young ones were more to his liking. I afterward met him in Paris, in the hands of the Philistines—the picture dealers. He bought largely. When I

flow? Is there any atmosphere in the painting? Can you put your hand around the bowl of roses or pluck one from the stem? These are the tests of a painter's facility with language. But more than this is

me learned as much as I have from my experiments."

In the selection of subjects consider where you are going to hang your picture. Do not put a copy of Rembrandt's "Anatomist" in a sleeping-room; there may be illness there some day. In fact, you ought to take pictures out of a chamber which contains a sick person. Nothing is more exasperating to a patient than the insistence of a picture. Again, Van Dyke's "Entombment" is hardly cheerful for a dining-room. Flowers or a trivial *genre* will not induce thought in a library. The nude is to be avoided always. Its propriety is open to discussion if nothing more. Keep to cheerful subjects. Let them be reminiscent if you like. If you enjoy travel a few good architectural examples are always in good taste. Are you romantic? Turn to Watteau, Lancret, Boucher. If you are domestic go to the Dutch and German schools. But do not be



A PORTRAIT BY REMBRANDT

required—it is the intellectuality behind the brush. Herein lies the difference between sublime art and the commonplace.

Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Albert Dürer were intellectual giants. Raphael was the refinement of artistic culture. Murillo's temperament enabled him to put into his

selfish; there are other people and perhaps children in your household; consider their tastes. Remember the educational effect of good art. A child will assimilate more from a picture than one thinks. The development of taste begins in very early childhood.

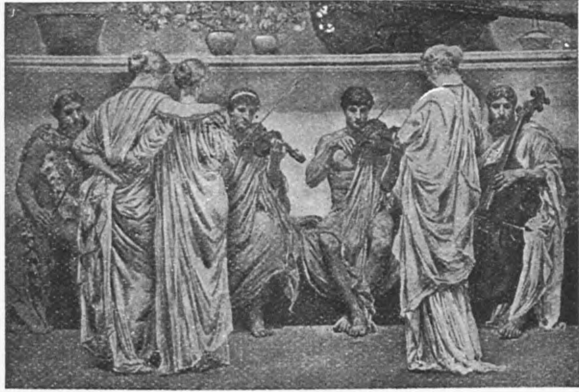


MME. LE BRUN



A FRANZ HALS

Frame your pictures simply. The frame should not be noticeable except where it is needed for decorative purposes. Oils require the gold



AN ALBERT MOORE

visited him later at his house, upon his return to this country, his importations had been hung. One in particular, a Brittany subject, occupied an important space. He pointed to it with great pride. "That picture," said he, "cost me twelve hundred dollars." "Why did you buy it?" asked I. "Because," replied he, "that painter gets as high as ten thousand dollars for some of his things. Don't you think I got a bargain?"

The value of a picture depends upon what there is in it for its possessor. A painting by an amateur may be more precious in your eyes than one of Raphael's cartoons. Therefore, sell your cartoon to the highest bidder, and when you outgrow the little painting buy back the cartoon if you have learned to see its beauty.

No one can tell you how to understand art without your seeing it, studying it, living with it, any more than any one can tell you how to tell good cloth from bad; you must first have had experience with cloth. Learn a language before you try to converse. But do not go so far as to imagine that you must learn drawing and painting before you can appreciate pictures. The less you



A MICHAEL ANGELO

pictures a marvelous sweetness and humanity which find a response in every heart.

De Neuville and Detaille can give the action and spirit of a battle because they loved such scenes. They were soldiers.

The sentiment of a picture should be wholesome. Do not go on record as a collector of morbid subjects. They may interest you, but you cannot possibly stand them for daily companions; their influence is pernicious. Avoid fads in art.

A good story is told of Monet, the impressionist: Monet recently

know about technique the more capable you will be of looking at a painting with an unprejudiced eye. Get at the artist's intention. Does he express an idea to you? Is he interesting in the way he tells his story?



JANE SEYMOUR BY HANS HOLBEIN

A RUBENS

Does he convince you of a truth? If the picture is that of a head does it impress you as having the characteristics of an individual? Does it look like a human being? Suppose a landscape is under discussion—do the trees sway, the clouds float? Does the sun shine and the river

ly painted a picture unlike those in which his peculiar mannerisms are apparent. One of his ardent followers asked him with fear and trembling if he had given up impressionistic painting. "Yes," said Monet, "and I hope the men who have copied



A LEONARDO DA VINCI

(not gilt) frame. The shadows in a gold frame are neutral and do not interfere with the color scheme of a painting. Aquarelles should be given usually a wide white mat,



A MURILLO



A MODERN ITALIAN EXAMPLE

graphs either with a mat or without; this, of course, depends upon the size. The flat oak moulding stained a dark green and close up to the photograph is good, or use a gray or green mat *passepartout*. Engravings, etchings or drawings are more satisfactory in black frames. They seem to lend color to pictures in monochrome. The reproductions on this page are some of the best examples of the work of famous artists.



This Shoe is an

## "IRON CLAD"

It is one of the shoes advertised by Dugan & Hudson as being the best shoe made for Boys and Girls. They are stylish and durable and cost no more than any good shoe costs. Every "Iron Clad" Shoe has the name Dugan & Hudson on sole and lining, and a guarantee ticket attached.

Ask your dealer for them, and if he has none in stock write us, and we will tell you where to get them. Send for our book

"MODERN IRON CLADS"

Mailed free. It tells all about our shoes.

DUGAN & HUDSON, Rochester, N. Y.

## JAEGER

Standard Underwear of the World

Made from the Finest Pure Wool, under the supervision of Prof. Dr. G. Jaeger, is always of one standard quality, producing the finest and softest undergarments. Beware of imitations! The genuine have



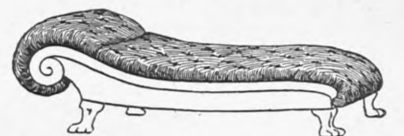
Dr. Jaeger's Portrait Stamped upon them

These garments can be made to order if desired. Explanatory and Descriptive Catalogue and

Price-list sent free by mail, on application.

DR. JAEGER'S  
SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO.  
MAIN RETAIL STORE:  
176 Fifth Ave., below 23d St., New York  
Sole Representatives in the United States

## A Lighted Match falling upon a couch upholstered in PANTASOTE



will not cause a conflagration, as would be the result in the case of the ordinary leather imitations made of rubber or celluloid compounds and dangerously combustible. These imitations also peel, scale, rot and fade. Pantasote does not. It is water-proof, stain-proof, looks exactly like leather and wears longer.

A piece 17x17—enough to cover a dining-chair seat or footstool, sent, with gimp and nails to match, for 25c.

A Large Sample Free; enough to make a fine Sewing Case, if you send a 2-cent stamp and the names of the upholsterers and furniture dealers in your vicinity.

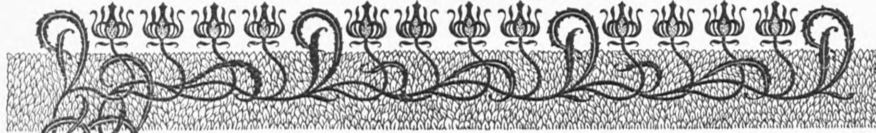
PANTASOTE CO., 35 Leonard St., N. Y. City



Never Slips, Tears or Unfastens in use  
THE Velvet Grip Hose Supporter  
CUSHIONED BUTTON CLASP  
IS ITS OWN BEST ADVERTISER  
GEORGE FROST CO.  
551 Tremont Street BOSTON, MASS.

Thimble, Needles, Thread  
Always just where you want them  
Attach the "H. & M." Combination PINSTITCHER, THIMBLE and SPOOL HOLDER to your table, lap-board or sewing-machine. Lightens the task of sewing. Invaluable to every woman. Handsomely nickel-plated. Price by Mail, 25 cents. Stamps taken. CIRCULAR FREE.  
HUEBEL & MANGER  
286-290 Graham Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Patented

Send for Catalogue CHRISTMAS HANDKERCHIEFS L. H. FIELD Jackson Mich.



## GIRLS AND THEIR CHRISTMAS-GIVING

By Ruth Ashmore

**S**O SOON as the holly wreaths are seen on the streets, and the great toy shops begin their wonderful displays of beautiful toys, when the book stores are running over with marvelous editions of interesting tales, my thoughts go very far back, and I see three children, a girl and two boys, being brought in from the country to spend the money that had been so carefully hoarded since the early summer days. I can even see the list that the little girl holds in her hand—a long list in sprawling writing—of the presents that she means to buy. It is headed by "A little tray to hold mamma's rings"; then comes "A small purse to hold car tickets, with, if I can afford it, a silver 'S' upon it." This evidently was for the head of the house, who had a use for railroad tickets as he went in and out on the train every day. Then there followed a book for one boy, a game for another, a toy for the baby, an apron for the cook, a present for some child friend, and a box of sweets for "mammy." There was careful shopping done in those days. Every penny had to be considered, and there were very merry times when the boys must go to the end of the store and not look at what sister was buying. There was another time when the dear mother was urged to go away entirely, so that the three could buy the gifts intended for her with a certainty that she would know nothing about them.

### SUITABILITY IN GIVING

**I** DON'T suppose that either of these children had much over a dollar to spend, and I know that it had all been very carefully saved. Sweets had been given up; the boys had sold to their grandmother the hickory-nuts they had collected; and there were never three happier children in the world than these who spent their money for the pleasure of others, unless, indeed, the height of happiness was reached when, on Christmas morning, they gave, with the Christmas greeting, the gifts they had bought with so much joy. In their hearts was the real spirit of Christmas. There was no questioning as to whether the recipient would like the gift, for due thought had been given to it, and it was understood that the present was at once something that had been longed for and which was suitable. One year all the money was put together, and for the mother was bought a gold thimble; another year, when "mammy" was in deep trouble, the greater part of the money was taken to buy her a black frock, but young as these children were they never would have made the mistake of giving the gold thimble to "mammy," or of buying something so useful as a gown for their mother. They learned the law of suitability in the giving of their gifts.

### THE GIFT WHICH IS A BURDEN

**T**HERE is no value to a gift which is given with the hope of receiving another in exchange for it. That gift which goes as a burden is lacking in the Christmas spirit. Generosity is false when it is forced. The American people are spoken of as being generous to a fault, and, in a way, this contradictory phrase tells the truth. Real generosity cannot be a fault, but that false spirit called "generosity," which incites you to give when you cannot afford it, which urges you to give, or which suggests to you that you give so that your gift may be talked about in high places, that is not even generosity to a fault. It is a combination of vanity and meanness. It is true that there are too many households in which Christmas gifts are a tax. For weeks after the great festival either the household is worried by unpaid debts, or perhaps, worse still, is not troubled by the money that is due, or else it is hampered in every way through paying for extravagant Christmas gifts. That Dorothy, who is a musician, cannot take her lessons as often as she wishes, because she felt that to a rich relation an expensive picture must be given; that Tom, who is studying to be a civil engineer, cannot have the expensive books or tools that he needs, because it was thought wise to give a wealthy friend a rich piece of silver; or that for a month the mother herself must economize in her household accounts, stint the table and have the rooms only half warm, because so much money had been paid out for the piece of cut-glass that was given to a friend who had fine bachelor apartments and could not be offered a cheap present—all this is wrong, and, indeed, it is all vulgar.

### DO NOT GIVE EXTRAVAGANTLY

**T**HE rich aunt, getting the expensive picture, will, naturally enough, conclude that these relations, since they can spend so much money on a present, do not need her help. The wealthy friend will hesitate at sending the course ticket for a concert that she had intended to give Dorothy, for she will think, properly enough, that since they can afford to send her such a rich present they need nothing of this sort; while the bachelor friend, who had thought of offering a beautiful box of roses as his Christmas greeting, will look at the cut-glass bowl and decide, "If I send anything it will have to be equally handsome; if I send nothing, nothing will come to me next year, and I sha'n't have to go deep into my pockets again."

If, instead of the picture, there had gone to the aunt a bunch of violets and a note breathing forth in its pleasant words the spirit of Christmas, she would have been grateful and understood. If the friend had gotten a dainty pillow, or a sachet, or a pretty bit of knitting, or any dainty thing that she could not make herself, she would have thought lovingly of the gift and the giver, and in return sent with a glad heart that which she wanted to represent her. And for the bachelor—well, he would have appreciated a wreath of holly, a bunch of mistletoe, or some tiny trifle that did not cost much and which could have been put about his room. Do not give that which you cannot afford.

### SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED

**"B**UT," says Dorothy, "what shall I give to my rich friend? She has all beautiful things, and I cannot offer her any imitation." You are right in that, my Dorothy, but there is something you can offer that your friend will be glad to receive, and for which she will give you sincere thanks. Best of all, it may be something that is the work of your own hands: the befrilled pincushion that the dexterous needle embroidered, the dainty doilies that your artistic pencil designed, and which money cannot buy, the painted or embroidered photograph-frame, or, if you are not mistress of the needle and the pencil, then there is the inexpensive book, the dainty little glove-buttoner or paper-knife, or any one of the hundred pretty things that do not cost much and which will come into your friend's every-day life and remind her of you. There may go a blossom with a note of good wishes, or, if your purse is very light of weight, there may be simply the pleasant note expressing your good wishes. One never makes a social error by giving to a rich friend a trifle, provided it is not an imitation and has an individuality of its own.

### TO THAT OTHER FRIEND

**D**OROTHY puts to me another question: "What shall I give to my poor friend?" Do not give her anything so gorgeous that it will become a burden to her. Do not send to the friend living in the hall bedroom of a boarding-house—as I knew a foolish, but over-generous, woman to do—an easy-chair elaborately covered with rose brocade and having thrown over it a point lace scarf. I do not mean by this that you are to give her presents that tell of their usefulness or her needs. Do not send her the gift that makes her sit down and wonder if you would have dared to have sent it to a richer friend, but give her what to her are the luxuries of life: the dainty evening gloves, the pretty fan, or, if she is fond of places of amusement or of pictures, and goes often to the play or the exhibition, a good pair of opera-glasses. If you think she has none you may send her a tasteful brooch or some other pretty trifle in jewelry; or, if you are only spending a little money, and most of us have only a little to spend, my Dorothy, then try your very best to think of what you know she would like, and what she would not feel at liberty to buy for herself, no matter how much she longs for it.

If, after thinking for a long time, you cannot decide what she would like best, and you know her well enough to leave to her the choice of the gift, then send her the money that she may spend it for herself. But make this money look more like a chosen gift, and less like that which is so hardly earned by her; trouble yourself to go to the bank and put it in gold, or at least in a new banknote, and inclose it in a tiny little purse. There never was a woman who did not like to receive a gift done up to look unlike the ordinary bundle; so, some of your money put in tissue paper and narrow ribbon to wrap your Christmas presents in and tie them with.

### A REALLY GENEROUS GIRL

**I** AM going to tell you of one girl. One year it was impossible for Geraldine to spend any money. She could not be generous and honest. And life had been sufficiently hard with Geraldine to teach her that she was happiest when she was honest. To be sure, she usually gave trifles; but it was impossible at that sad time even to buy these trifles. There had been doctors' bills and medicine, and, saddest of all, the undertaker to be paid. So Geraldine looked at her purse and shed many tears because she could remember nobody with a gift. Then she brightened up and thought a bit, and when Geraldine thought there was usually a result. She counted the money in her purse. She looked over her list and then she divided it into two, one consisting of those friends who were out of town, the other, of those who lived in the same city with her. The money which she could spend bought some paper that looked like parchment and which folded once to fit into its big, square envelope. It bought, in addition, some narrow ribbon the color of the holly berries, and on the paper Geraldine wrote in old-fashioned words her wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Then she addressed the envelope, wound the ribbon around it, and sealed it at the back with red wax, as letters used to be made safe with silk and wax in the days of the Troubadours. The envelopes that went out of town had a plain envelope over each so that the postman might not see the quaint device.

To those that were to go to city friends Geraldine carefully tied, in the corner of each sheet of paper, a spray of mistletoe, and below that wrote her greeting. Sealed and tied like the others these needed no outer wrappers, and as Geraldine had hired the services, for a couple of hours on Christmas morning, of the boy whose business it was to tend to the furnaces, and who was always glad of any little extra money, her good wishes were delivered by messenger. And everybody who got Geraldine's greeting was made glad by it, for in the few words that she said there lingered, like a perfume, the spirit of Christmas, and he who got the greeting was made the better thereby. And Geraldine herself never got so many Christmas gifts before or after; for, as one dear old spinster wrote her: "If you had sent me anything in the way of a bought present I should not have had the courage to send you my simple little gift; but as you were sweet enough to realize how I felt I am emboldened to offer you the little hood that I knitted for you and which I hope you will like." I tell you the story of this one girl that you may have the courage to imitate her in being honest, and, also, that her example may suggest to you the wisdom of giving with sincerity, and that it may warn you of the folly of giving extravagantly. There is a lack of honesty in the gift that should not have been given. The learning to be just before one is generous is a hard lesson, but one that all girls should try very hard to learn, particularly at this season of the year.

### THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFT

**I**F YOU had the wealth of the world you could not equal that first Christmas gift. And you can only imitate it by making your gift a pure one, and giving it with love. You want to share, this Christmastide, your faith, your hope and your charity with those you love. You want to make your very "good-morning" tell of that good morning that came so many hundred years ago when the little Child first awakened on this earth. You want to think of the gifts that were brought to Him and what they typified. You want to have your heart full of joy, and love, and hope—so full that it will brim over and the rest of the world share it with you. You want to tell, in your speech and in your eyes, and from your heart, of the gladness of the time. You want to make this gladness go out to some one who is in grief. These are the days when you must needs give of your good things, and among all your possessions there is nothing so good as a belief in God and a hope for the future. That was what the little Child came to tell about. Surely the Christmastide is the feast of all others that appeals to women, and as the story is told again and again by the bells as they ring, by the carols as they are sung, by the preacher from the pulpit, we know that "Unto us a Child is born," and peace and good will reign all over the land. Let peace and good will be in your heart, and from you they will go and spread all over the land. It is to the women, thank God, that the happiness of the Christmastide specially comes. And women are generous, else one of them never would have given her Son to die that all might live. She gave to all the world her only Son—the gift that meant eternal life.

The bells are ringing in the Christmas morning, and I pray God to bless all my girls wherever they may be and give them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 45 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

**J. D. Chicago**  
**Waist**  
Price \$1.00  
Dealers or by Mail



Allows perfect freedom of motion. Wear one and discover what real comfort means.

Graceful Comfortable Popular Price

Fitted to Living Models

Made of fine Sateen—Black, White or Drab. Clasp or Button Front. Sizes, 18-30 waist measure. Ask your dealer for the "G.-D." Waist. If he hasn't it send us \$1.00, together with size and color desired, and we will send you one prepaid. Take no other.

GAGE-DOWNS CO., Chicago, Ill.

### AMERICA'S FAVORITE

**F. P. CORSETS**



**CREATE HANDSOME FORMS**

Will give the wearer satisfaction all the time. If not for sale at your dealer's send us \$1.00 and we will mail you a pair, postage paid.

BIRDSEY, SOMERS & CO.

Manufacturers, 85 Leonard St., New York



THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY'S  
"SILVER PLATE THAT WEARS"

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

TRADE MARK ON SPOONS, FORKS, ETC.

TRADE MARK ON TEA SETS

MORE POPULAR EACH SEASON.

**STERLING BICYCLES**

"Built like a watch"

STERLING CYCLE WORKS, CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENCIES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES.

PLANTS FOR SUNLESS WINDOWS

By Eben E. Rexford

PLANTS having richly-colored flowers are generally preferred to those having white or light colored flowers, but sunshine is necessary for such plants, and their growth in sunless windows is impossible. One of the best winter-flowering plants we have is the Chinese Primrose. In selecting it for the shaded window get only the white varieties. The favorite variety is the double white, but the single kinds are lovely. Individually, the flowers are small, but they are borne in clusters of considerable size, and the general effect is fine when a well-grown plant is in full bloom. In growing this plant well it is quite necessary to have the crown of the plant an inch or two higher than the soil at the

are attractive in themselves, and when to these are added the pure white beauty of the so-called flowers, we have in it an ideal plant for the purpose under consideration. The White Azalea gives a vast amount of pleasure if the room in which it is

to within a foot of the pot, and in a short time new branches will be sent forth, and these will bear flowers of as fine size and as great profusion as a young plant would be likely to give. No plant can be renewed more easily, or with better results. Perhaps the most satisfactory plant of all for the purpose under consideration is *Fuchsia speciosa*. If it is kept from blooming during the summer it will begin to bloom as soon as brought into the house in fall, and from that time on its slender branches will be laden with drooping racemes of flesh-white and rosy flowers. Give it a sandy loam and frequent showerings.



ROMAN HYACINTH

able quantities, will run away from the crown. It must have good drainage and a light, sandy compost, with some fibrous matter mixed in. Remove the flowers as fast as they fade.

ANOTHER most excellent plant for a shady location is Pri-



PHOENIX RECLINATA

dainty blossoms, of purest white for the most part, but sometimes softly flushed



RUBBER PLANT

Lily (*L. Harrisii*) are valuable plants for use in shady windows. The Calla is a very satisfactory flower to grow in shade. Its great, luxuriant leaves



THE WHITE AZALEA

sides of the pot. The soil should slope away from the centre so that water, when applied in considerable quantities, will run away from the crown. It must have good drainage and a light, sandy compost, with some fibrous matter mixed in. Remove the flowers as fast as they fade.



ASPIDISTRA

mit fresh air daily, and keep the temperature of the room quite low. Shower the plant well two or three times a week, taking pains to get the moisture where it will do most good—on the under side of the leaves.



BEGONIA OLBIA

with pearly lilac, with a lemon-yellow eye, in little clusters at the extremity of long and slender stalks. It must have a great deal of water. Water it liberally and it will flourish and give you a constant succession of delightful flowers. The white Roman Hyacinth and the Bermuda

bath to keep its foliage clean, and it will bloom profusely. When its branches seem to have exhausted themselves by the constant production of flowers cut them back



DRACAENA

rich soil, just enough water to keep the soil moist, and a weekly bath to keep its foliage clean, and it will bloom profusely. When its branches seem to have exhausted themselves by the constant production of flowers cut them back



THE CALLA LILY



ARGENTEA GUTTATA



PRIMULA OBCONICA

never be so dry and warm that the element of vitality is exhausted. Ad-

THE common white *Petunia* makes a really charming plant for use in shaded windows. It is of the easiest culture. Give it a moderately



LATANIA BORBONICA

range in which to make selection. The Rubber Plant does well in shade. So will nearly all the Palms, of which two of the best for this purpose are the *Latania Borbonica* and the *Phoenix Reclinata*. The best Ferns for sunless windows are the *Sword Fern*, and *Pteris tremula*. *Aspidistra lurida variegata* is a favorite plant for use in any place where there is not strong light. *Asparagus plumosus* is a plant having beautifully arching and spreading branches, fine as mist as to foliage, and dainty as lace in texture, yet having the merit of standing heat and dry air well. *A. tenuissimus* is a climbing variety that is in all ways an improvement on *Smilax*. *A. Sprengeri* is a new sort. Give it a sandy loam, a moderate amount of water, and frequent showerings. It is an especially decorative plant.



PTERIS TREMULA



FUCHSIA SPECIOSA

AMONG the Begonias *Argentea Guttata* is one of the best. *Carrieri* is a good sort, blooming with greatest profusion in midwinter. *Olbia* is a variety with immense leaves of

dark bronze-green, shaded with velvety tones of a deeper color.



SWORD FERN



CHINESE PRIMROSE

Dresses, \$7.

Cloaks, \$3.50



THE stylish garments which we show in our advertisements give you only a hint of the many which we illustrate in our Catalogue. To every lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost, we will mail, free, our handsomely illustrated Winter Catalogue of Ladies' Suits, Cloaks, etc., together with more than EIGHTY SAMPLES of the materials from which we make these garments. We make every garment to order and guarantee the perfection of fit, finish and style. We pay express charges to any part of the world. Our Catalogue illustrates:

- Stylish Dresses and Tailor-Made Suits, \$7 up.
- Separate Skirts, \$4.50 up.
- Bicycle Suits, \$6 up. Jaunty Capes, \$3 up.
- Nobby Jackets, \$3.50 up.
- Fur Capes, \$6 up. Plush Capes, \$7.

We also make finer garments and send samples of all grades. Write to-day; you will get Catalogue and samples by return mail.

Our customers frequently ask if we will send our Catalogue and samples to their friends. We will, with pleasure.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO., 152 and 154 West 23rd Street, New York.

Webster's International Dictionary

Invaluable in Office, School, and Home.

A thorough revision of the Unabridged, the purpose of which has been to display not the provision of material for boastful and showy advertisement, but the due, judicious, scholarly, thorough perfecting of a work which in all the stages of its growth has obtained in an equal degree the favor and confidence of scholars and of the general public.

The Choicest of Gifts for Christmas.

IN VARIOUS STYLES OF BINDING. Specimen pages sent on application to G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.



Do you Consider

Quality?

If so, you want

The "Rapid"

HOOK AND EYE

Why?

Because

- 1.—It is strong.
- 2.—It is well finished.
- 3.—It is "Rapid" to sew on.
- 4.—It is "Rapid" to hook and unhook.
- 5.—It is manufactured from wire 1/2 size larger than any other of same number.
- 6.—It is manufactured from best quality of brass wire and will not rust.
- 7.—It contains many points of superiority.

A valuable present will be sent you on return of first empty card and dealer's name of whom purchased.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

"RAPID" Hook and Eye Co. 190 Canal St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

BURPEE'S SEEDS GROW

We will mail FREE, to any address,

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1897

A handsome book written at Fordhook Farm. It tells all about the best seeds that grow. Hundreds of illustrations; new vegetables and rare flowers painted from nature. Send a postal card TO-DAY for this—

The Leading American Seed Catalogue 10 Cts. will buy the complete new book

SWEET PEAS—UP-TO-DATE

Fully illustrated, it gives all the latest information on how to grow successfully and have an abundance of bloom, with complete descriptions and all needed information on SWEET PEAS—up-to-date.

It has just been written for us by the Rev. W. T. Hutchins, the well-known authority.

25c. buys seven Superb Sweet Peas for 1897, including Eckford's new Crown Jewel and Little Dorrit, which alone cost \$1.25 each in England last year. This is the best collection we have ever offered. Nowhere else can such grand Novelties in Sweet Peas be had for so little money. Write to-day,

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA



## A PAGE OF CHRISTMAS DAINTIES

By Several Experienced Women

**T**HE skillful cooking and carving of game undoubtedly adds to the pleasure of the guest at a dinner-table, for game seems preëminently to be composed of such delicate limbs and tender flesh that the inapt carver of it appears to very great disadvantage. The carving of game is not difficult, but should be elegantly and deftly done. As game is almost universally served as a dainty, and not as a dish to stand the assaults of an altogether fresh appetite, it is not usually cut up entirely, but only those parts which are considered the best flavored and primest are served. Of wild duck the breast alone is considered by epicures worth eating, and slices are cut from this lengthwise.

### COOKING AND PREPARING

**I**N COOKING game—especially in roasting and broiling—always be careful to keep a clear fire. Let the game be done a bright brown, but not overcooked, or the fine flavor will be destroyed. It should be continually basted and served beautifully frothed. Wild fowl require a much shorter time to cook than domestic poultry. Wild ducks should be carefully plucked, drawn and quickly washed. To remove the fishy taste so objectionable in wild fowl, plunge several times into boiling hot water, to which has been added an onion and a little salt. Truss ducks by running a skewer through the middle of each leg, after having drawn them as close as possible to the body, to plump up the breast, passing the skewers quite through the body. Cut off the head, and secure the neck inside the body; cut off the pinions at the first joint; bring these close to the body and skewer carefully. Stuff ducks with a sage and onion dressing. Place them in a pan, and set in a very brisk oven; baste frequently with melted butter. The outside of the birds should be nicely browned and yet the flesh be juicy and full of gravy. They require from twenty to thirty minutes' baking according to size, but if overdone the birds will lose their flavor. Five minutes before serving dredge them lightly with flour, and baste well with butter—this to make them look frothy and plump—and serve quickly and hot, with orange sauce made as follows: Place one pint of good beef stock in a saucepan, add to it a sliced onion, the rind of half an orange, and a few leaves of basil. Let these simmer very gently for twenty minutes, add cayenne and salt to suit the taste, with a grating of nutmeg and the juice of three oranges; strain. Incorporate an ounce of butter with a dessertspoonful of flour, add to the boiling sauce. Let it boil up once, when serve.

### SALMI OF DUCK

**C**UT the breast of some roasted ducks into neat fillets; place in a flat dish, sprinkled well with allspice, cayenne and salt if necessary. Pour over the slices enough orange juice to half cover the pieces of duck, and dot with an ounce of butter broken into small bits; shake quickly over a brisk fire until thoroughly hot, when serve expeditiously.

### FICASSEE OF DUCK

**A** DUCK that has been previously roasted makes a dainty luncheon dish. Cut into neat pieces and place aside until wanted. Put the bones and trimmings into a stewpan with four shallots and a pint of stock or gravy; let simmer for a quarter of an hour; strain. Melt one ounce of butter, and dredge in a dessertspoonful of flour; when well blended pour in the gravy; give one boil, add the juice of one lemon and a dash of cayenne pepper. Lay in the pieces of duck, and let the whole gradually warm through, but not boil.

### RAGOÛT OF DUCK

**H**AVING thoroughly prepared a large duck season it inside with salt and pepper and truss it. Roast it in a hot oven for twenty minutes, and let it acquire a nice brown color. Put it into a saucepan with sufficient well-seasoned beef stock to cover; slice and fry in butter two medium-sized onions, and add these, with four sage leaves and a few leaves of lemon thyme, to the stock. Simmer very gently until the duck is tender, when remove it carefully; strain the gravy and thicken it with a little butter and flour blended together; boil up and serve with the duck.

### ROAST PARTRIDGE

**P**ARTRIDGES for roasting should be young and carefully plucked, drawn and washed. A very delicious method of serving partridges is to cover the breasts with thin slices of lemon (removing all the rind), and then encase the birds in thin slices of bacon secured with strings or skewers; place in a hot oven, and baste frequently; cook about twenty-five minutes; serve with clear gravy, to which is added some allspice and lemon juice. Bread sauce is frequently served with roast partridge. Serve with currant jelly.

### BROILED PARTRIDGE ON TOAST

**P**ARTRIDGES broiled make a delightful course at a luncheon served on delicate squares of toasted bread. After preparing the bird with great nicety, divide and flatten it with a meat bat, dip in melted butter, and broil over a clear fire. Serve with mushrooms prepared as follows: Take a pint of mushrooms, and pare them neatly, removing the stalks; as they are pared drop into water, to which has been added some lemon juice to preserve their color. When all are prepared take them from the water, drain well, and put them in a saucepan with three ounces of fresh butter, white pepper and salt to taste and the juice of half a lemon. Cover them closely and simmer for twenty minutes; then sift in a dessertspoonful of flour, and a very little cream—about four tablespoonfuls will be sufficient; add a little grated nutmeg, and serve hot, garnished with parsley.

### POTTED GAME

**P**ARTRIDGES, quails and the smaller woodcocks are very dainty when potted. Pluck and draw the birds, and bone them. Pound some mace, allspice, white pepper and salt; mix together, and rub every part of the birds with this. One must use one's own discretion as to proportions. Pack the birds as closely as possible in a baking-pan, with plenty of butter, and cover with a coarse flour and water crust. Tie a paper over this, and bake for rather more than an hour and a half. Let the birds get cold, then remove the crust, and pack the game in a large jar, and cover with melted butter. They will keep for a long time if always carefully covered with butter, and may be eaten cold or broiled.

### A GAME PIE

**T**HE most simple method is to make what is generally called a timbale. To raise the crust from a pie with the hands is a difficult task, and can only be accomplished by skilled and experienced hands. Therefore the raised pies are usually made in a mould, and have the advantage of being more easily made than where the paste is raised with the hands. Make a stiff, short crust; to every pound of flour allow half a pound of butter, the yolks of two eggs and half a pint of water. Work it up very smoothly. Butter a raised pie-mould and line with the paste. Previous to making the crust, bone the game—partridge, quail, woodcock, or whatever is to be used—and rub well with pounded mace, allspice, pepper and salt; then spread over all a layer of forcemeat made by chopping two ounces of ham, one teaspoonful of parsley and the peel of half a lemon; mince very fine, add a seasoning to taste of salt, cayenne and mace; blend all thoroughly together with six ounces of breadcrumbs. Beat two eggs, work these up with the other ingredients, and use as directed. Roll the fowl over the forcemeat. Line the pie with forcemeat; put in the game, packing it in well; wet the edges, put on a cover of paste, pinch the edges together; brush over with the beaten yolk of an egg, and bake in a moderate oven for four hours. In the meantime make a good, strong gravy from the bones; pour it through a funnel into the hole at the top, and the pie is ready for use. If the pie is to be eaten cold the gravy must be considerably reduced before it is poured into the pie, as, when cold, it should form a firm jelly, hence it is wise to use a knuckle of veal in making the jelly. Should the pie acquire too much color in baking cover with a piece of brown paper, as the crust should not in the least degree be burned. Mushrooms, truffles or oysters may be added to enrich the flavor of these pies. These pies are more frequently served cold than hot. The cover is sometimes carefully removed, leaving the perfect edges, and the top garnished with bits of bright aspic and sprigs of fresh parsley, which gives an exceedingly pretty effect.

### A CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKE

By Margaret MacLeod Brown

**A** DELICIOUS Christmas cake may be made by creaming together one pound of sugar and three-quarters of a pound of butter; add nine well-beaten eggs and two tablespoonfuls of molasses in which a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved; a wine-glass of milk, one pound of flour, one pound each of currants and raisins, two ounces of citron, one grated nutmeg, and one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon. This quantity will make two large loaves.

### CHRISTMAS CURRANT BUNS

**T**AKE four pounds of fine flour, add a little salt, and mix it with yeast and warm water, as if making bread; then set it in a warm place; when risen work into it half a pound of good, sweet butter that has been warmed slightly, and let the sponge rise again for about half an hour. While the sponge is rising the fruit must be prepared and put into a dish by itself to warm before being added to the sponge. Take two pounds of best raisins, stoned and cut in halves; two pounds currants, washed and thoroughly dried; one-half pound each of candied orange and lemon peel, cut in thin slices; half a pound of almonds, blanched and cut in strips. In a separate bowl mix with half a pound of soft sugar one ounce ground ginger, one-half ounce each of ground cinnamon and allspice, a small teaspoonful salt, a quarter teaspoonful cayenne pepper, and the grated yellow rind of a fresh lemon; then add the spice to the fruits and rub well in among the dough, and set it by the stove to keep warm. Take whatever tins you intend to use, butter them well and let them warm thoroughly. Then take the dough, leaving about one-third of it in the bowl (to be used in covering the bun). Work this larger portion of dough and the fruit together to form a smooth mass. Roll out the remaining piece of dough very thin and line the tins with it (keeping part to form a lid). Lift in the mixture and make it level on the top (the tins should be only two-thirds filled); wet the edges of the paste lining, and lay on the thinly-rolled covers. Brush all over the top with beaten eggs, then prick the top with a fork, and pierce with a long skewer in several places down to the bottom of the tins. Let the buns stand to rise again for half an hour; then put them in the oven to bake slowly for from two to three hours.

### WEST INDIA GINGER CAKES

By Anna Alexander Cameron

**B**OIL for twenty minutes one quart of the very best molasses with a large cupful of yellow sugar. Stir into it one pound of fresh butter, one pint of West India preserved ginger with one teacupful of the syrup from it, and one tablespoonful of pounded and sifted race ginger. Remove from the fire. Sift two or three quarts of flour into a large tray bowl, make a hole in the middle of it and pour in the ingredients. When cool enough to handle mix with as much flour as it will take up into a pliable dough; roll out thin, cut into round cakes and bake crisp and brown.

### THREE MUSHROOM ENTRÉES

By Eliza R. Parker

**A** DELICIOUS entrée for a Christmas dinner is roast mushrooms, which may be prepared as follows: Trim and peel large mushrooms, wipe dry on a soft towel. Chop up the stalks and any broken pieces remaining, add a teaspoonful of minced parsley, a little pepper and salt, with one small tomato peeled and chopped fine; put in a small pan with a tablespoonful of heated butter, and stir over the fire for five minutes. Fill the mushrooms with the mixture, place them carefully in a buttered baking-dish and set in a hot oven ten minutes; baste with melted butter. When done garnish with sliced lemon and serve.

### BROILED MUSHROOMS ON TOAST

**C**AREFULLY prepare some large mushrooms and broil them on a wire broiler over a clear fire for about twelve minutes; season with salt and pepper, and place them on thin, square slices of hot buttered toast. Serve with a sauce made of chicken stock, thickened, strained, and seasoned with a little lemon juice and finely-chopped parsley.

### MUSHROOMS IN PASTRY

**R**OLL delicate puff paste very thin. Line some small deep patty-pans with it, and bake in a very hot oven. Remove carefully from the pans and fill with the following mixture: A dozen chopped mushrooms, the pulp of one tomato, a tablespoonful each of butter and cornstarch with two of thick cream. After mixing well set over the fire, and stir until thick.

LOOK FOR THE BRAND BURNED IN THE SKIN.

**A GREAT SURPRISE**  
THE DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN THE ORDINARY FANCY HAM  
AND  
*Armour's* "Star" BRAND

WONDER WHICH THE BEST HAMS ARE?  
READ YOUR ANSWER IN THE "STAR"  
(AND SEE THAT YOU GET IT!)

ARMOUR & CO. CHICAGO

"Its contents had been scooped up in half a dozen steel head-pieces, balanced betwixt their owner's knees, while with spoon and goblet of bread they devoured their morning meal."  
—COSAN DOYLE'S "THE WHITE COMPANY."

**Ox-Tail Soup**

WHITE LABEL SOUPS

Few People have tasted an Ox-Tail Soup that is **Absolutely correct**. It is difficult to make, and even the best chefs can't catch the exact flavor unless they have made soup-making a special study.

There are twenty-one distinct ingredients and flavors to a correct Ox-Tail Soup. These must be combined and harmonized under certain conditions which are known only to the professional.

We put up Ox-Tail Soup (and 19 other varieties) in tins under our "White Label Brand"

We guarantee each variety to be absolutely correct.

Our Little Book, "Soup Etiquette," sent on request to any one giving name and address of nearest grocer who sells White Label Soups.

ARMOUR PACKING CO., Kansas City, U. S. A.

HAVE YOU TRIED THE NEW Breakfast FOOD?

**Cream of Wheat**

It is not only one of the most delicate and delicious breakfast dishes, but being composed almost entirely of pure gluten, is especially recommended FOR PERSONS OF WEAK DIGESTION

The North Dakota Milling Co., Sole Manuf'rs  
Grand Forks, N. Dak.

CUSHMAN BROS., 78 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK, AGENTS  
Sample and 200-page cook-book, free, if you mention this magazine

**THE "GEYSERS" HOT APPLIANCE**

Saves Life and Suffering

Endorsed by all the medical profession, and used in the leading hospitals and sanitariums. At druggists or

THE HOT APPLIANCES CO.  
CHAS. W. SPURER, JR., MANAGER  
26 Cortlandt St., N. Y.  
AGENTS WANTED

Throw away the clammy poultices, wet cloths, hot water bags, etc., which grow cold as soon as applied, and therefore do more harm than good.

The Geysers Hot Appliance automatically supplies heat to any degree, uniform or gradually increasing, to any part of the body, producing results never before attained. Gives immediate relief in cases where hot water bags are utterly useless, and where all former methods have failed or where heat (wet or dry) is required.

Send for Illustrated Descriptive Circular

**Family Records** Should be kept in one of  
**MATHISON'S LIFE DIARIES**

Send for Circulars  
J. MATHISON, 47 Winter Street, BOSTON

**STAMPS** Start a collection. Greatest fun on earth. Best monthly paper (12 No.'s) and 100 stamps, all different kinds, 15c. Stamp Publishing Co., 57 Nassau Street, New York City

"A perfect type of the highest order of excellence in Manufacture"

# WALTER BAKER & CO'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Pure - Delicious - Nutritious  
Costs less than one cent a cup

LA BELLE CHOCOLATIÈRE

**The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette**

*July, 1896, says:*

Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A., have given years of study to the skillful preparation of cocoa and chocolate, and have devised machinery and systems peculiar to their methods of treatment, whereby the purity, palatability and highest nutrient characteristics are retained. Their preparations are known the world over, and have received the highest endorsements from the medical practitioner, the nurse and the intelligent housekeeper and caterer.

**The Homœopathic Recorder**

*July, 1896, says:*

These badly-prepared cocoas are the ones that people "get tired" of, something that rarely happens if a properly-prepared cocoa, such as Walter Baker & Co.'s, is used. It is at once a delightful food and nourishing drink, and it would be well for humanity if there were more of it consumed and less tea or coffee.

**The New York Polyclinic**

*July 15, 1896, says:*

The use of a thoroughly reliable preparation of cocoa should be universally encouraged, and it is the consensus of opinion among medical men as well as laboratory workers that the breakfast cocoa manufactured by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., not only meets the indications, but accomplishes even more than is claimed for it.

**The Maryland Medical Journal**

*June 20, 1896, says:*

The long-standing reliability of Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa enables physicians to prescribe it with thorough confidence in its highly valuable nutritive effects and full assurance of its purity and wholesomeness.

**The Dominion Medical Monthly**

*June, 1896, says:*

Pure cocoa acts as a gentle stimulant, and invigorates and corrects the action of the digestive organs, furnishing the body with some of the purest elements of nutrition. The firm of Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., of Dorchester, Mass., put up one of the few really pure cocoas, and physicians are quite safe in specifying their brand.

**The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal**

*July 16, 1896, says:*

Walter Baker & Co.'s cocoa has stood the test of more than one hundred years' use among all classes of people, and for purity and honest worth is unequalled.

**The Health Magazine**

*July, 1896, says:*

The food value of this article has so long been known to physicians and the public that it has become in a great many homes a staple article of the dietary, not only for invalids, but for persons in health as well.

**The Army and Navy Journal**

*July 11, 1896, says:*

The cocoa made by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., is shown by chemical analysis to be absolutely pure and of high grade. The exquisite flavor and odor of the pure product are preserved unimpaired, and it can truly be said to constitute a perfect type of the highest order of excellence in manufacture.

**The Journal of the Military Service Institution**

*July, 1896, says:*

The full strength and the exquisite natural flavor of the raw material are preserved unimpaired in all of Walter Baker & Co.'s preparations; so that their products may truly be said to form the standard for purity and excellence.



REGISTERED TRADE MARK

**FREE SAMPLE OF BREAKFAST COCOA.**

*A copy of Miss Parloa's Choice Receipts, with other matter relating to the food value of Cocoa and Chocolate preparations, and a sample of Breakfast Cocoa, will be sent FREE, on application to Sample Clerk B, Walter Baker & Co.*

BE SURE THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE  
Made by **WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited.**  
ESTABLISHED 1780 **DORCHESTER, MASS.**

CHRISTMAS IN THE CHURCH

By Mrs. Lyman Abbott

**C**H RISTMAS is preëminently a church festival. The Puritans, seeing only the superstitions and disorderliness with which Christmas had become encumbered, strove with all their ardor to destroy it, but happily did not succeed. The argument sometimes used against it, that the birthday of the Child Jesus is not known, and therefore cannot be observed, does not prevail against the almost universal longing to celebrate in some way this great event. So we are not surprised to learn that in the first centuries of the Christian era Christians, though generally celebrating the Nativity, were not unanimous in the time chosen for the festival. At least a part of the early church observed the sixth of January, not only to commemorate the Epiphany, or the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, but also the birth of Jesus, and it was not until the end of the fourth century, perhaps not until the beginning of the fifth, that the present date, December 25, was generally accepted. One of the important pieces of evidence in fixing the time when the church in the East began to celebrate the Nativity as a festival by itself is a homily of Saint Chrysostom's, supposed to have been delivered to the people of Antioch on December 25, A. D. 386. In it he speaks of his gratification at the large congregation there assembled, and congratulates the people upon the progress made through their zeal in establishing this new festival which they had borrowed from the Western church. The "Christmas season" is sometimes used to designate the time between December 16 and February 1, more often the fortnight between December 24 and January 6. During all this period there was formerly, and still continues to be, a spirit of joy and festivity which entitles it to be called "the holidays." The vigil of the Nativity, or as we now call it, Christmas Eve, was observed from the first with exceptional devotion, perhaps because the birth of our Lord occurred in the night. Unlike other vigils it continued through the night, and made, with Christmas itself, one great solemnity.

THE PRACTICE OF SINGING CAROLS

**T**HE liturgies of the church have furnished musical composers with great themes. The old masses and the later anthems are a rich mine to the lover of fine music. There is scarcely a church so small and so remote as not to have some special Christmas music, however simple and even crude it may be. The practice of singing Christmas carols does not date much prior to the fifteenth century, although the song of the angels, "Gloria in Excelsis," has been called the first great carol. Many of the early carols preserved to this time are so quaint and even fantastic that we are surprised to find they are not older than they are. They seem to belong to the childhood of the race. Modern ballads, so "semi-articulate," so crude in their commingling of the fantastic and the sacred, would quickly sink into oblivion. Indeed, in our own land and time we are rapidly losing the negro songs, which have many characteristics of the early carols. Most of the carols, interesting as they are, could not be used now either as religious or as merry-making songs, but they better represent the feelings and thoughts of those times than any studied history could do.

Those were days when men were not accustomed to self-restraint—they had not learned the reserve of modern culture, and they spoke out in song and tale their feelings with a surprising freedom. Reverence, and what seems to us almost profanity, are expressed in the same breath. It is a fair question whether stolidity has not come in with refinement, so that with the coarse and sensuous there has also been lost the heartiness and buoyancy of cheerfulness which is so fit a handmaid of religious devotion.

There is a pleasant custom in some households of teaching the smaller children a carol to sing early Christmas morning for the waking of parents and older friends. Dressed in the choristers' white vestments they make a pretty picture going around the quiet house in the dark winter morning singing:

"Christians awake, salute the happy morn,"

or, "Awake, glad heart! get up and sing!  
It is the birthday of thy King."

Sunday-schools never sing more heartily than when they are given some rousing Christmas hymns. They sing out lustily, "Ring the Merry Bells," "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," "Once in Royal David's City," and that most beautiful of all our modern carols, Phillips Brooks' "O, Little Town of Bethlehem."

THE CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

**T**HE carol naturally leads to the "laurel, box and holly," the "holme, ivy and bayes" which were used to deck the houses and the parish churches "against the feast of Christmas." In common with many of our religious customs this "trimming of the temples with hangings, flowers, boughs and garlands was taken of the heathen people, which decked their idols and houses with such array." The Druids, with much ceremony, gathered the mistletoe from the oak to distribute among the people, by whom it was hung over the doors and other entrances to propitiate the sylvan deities who therein might find shelter from the winter frosts and storms. It was, perhaps, the remains of this Druidical custom which is described by a writer of the last century. He says of the Cathedral at York, England, that "on the eve of Christmas Day they carry mistletoe to the high altar of the Cathedral and proclaim a public and universal liberty, pardon and freedom to all sorts of inferior and even wicked people at the gates of the city toward the four quarters of Heaven." But the mistletoe is not now considered an appropriate plant for church uses, and so the cypress and the yew, from their association with death and the grave, are not good Christmas greens. Although any and every kind of evergreen tree or shrub at hand seems to have been used for dressing churches and houses, not all kinds were even at the time thought appropriate. An old verse runs:

"At Christmas men do always ivy get  
And in each corner of the house to set,  
But why do they then use that Bacchus weed?  
Because they mean them, Bacchus-like, to feed."

DECORATIONS FOR HOUSE AND TABLE

**A**ND such an emblem of unlimited indulgence of appetite and extravagant feasting would not be inappropriate where the peacock was dressed for the table. When well cooked this bird was allowed to cool a little, and then his skin, with its fine feathers, was again wrapped around him, his beak gilded and he was ready to be carried to the Christmas dinner-table, not by menials, but by ladies. A well-prepared boar's head, which was the great Christmas dish, and still continues to be the *piece de resistance* at the Christmas dinner of Queen's College, Oxford, is barbaric in its richness, and other specialties, "Frumenty," "plum porridge" and "mince pies," give us the impression of "riotous living" instead of a Christian feast. The "holme," an evergreen oak, laurel and bay were all freely used, but the still favorite holly was the most desirable of all. Its appropriateness is explained in an old carol, "The Contest of the Holly and the Ivy," a part of which I quote:

"The holly bears a blossom  
As white as the lily flower,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
To be our sweet Saviour.  
"The holly bears a berry  
As red as any blood,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
To do poor sinners good.  
"The holly bears a prickle  
As sharp as any thorn,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
On Christmas Day in the morn.  
"The holly bears a bark  
As bitter as any gall,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ  
So to redeem us all."

HOME AND CHURCH REUNIONS

**O**F THE home enjoyments—the reunions, the gavety, when grandparents, parents and children join in simple games, the stocking hanging with the hope of sweetmeats from Kriss Kringle for the good children and the fear of a rod from Pelnichol for the bad ones, the exchange of gifts between the dear family friends—of these things, with the curious customs which have been in the past attached to these household Christmas entertainments, I must not stop to speak. It is of the church day and the religious aspect of it that I want to say most. For I think we need to emphasize the sacredness a little more, lest in the celebration we forget the thing we celebrate. Too often the Sunday-school has a "Christmas festival," which might as well be a May Day party or a Fourth of July frolic. It should not be forgotten that it is a religious occasion; that if it means anything it means the most wonderful and holy fact—God coming under the ordinary human limitations as a sublime object lesson. We ought not to dare to celebrate it at all if we do not do it reverently. And especially in any entertainment provided for children let us be quite sure we are not leaving out the Christ Child, and giving them only the manger, the straw and the cattle.

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

**T**HERE are charming cantatas written which give an opportunity for the children to take part, but that means patient work for the trainer and the children. Such entertainments should be given early in the evening, and care should be taken to avoid exciting the vanity and the self-consciousness of the young participants. Wise mothers object to their children's coming into such publicity, and in order to meet their objections a skilled and sensible leader should be secured—one who will teach the children their parts without unnecessary demands upon their play time, who will regulate the tempers and allay the passions which are sure to be aroused unless the small people are well guarded. First of all impress upon them that they are to consider the pleasure of others, not their own, and that selfishness can have no part in Christmas pleasures. The decorations and other accompaniments must be suited to the place and should be kept within a limited expenditure. When it can be done the trimming should be a labor of love. A party of young people going to the woods in quest of greens, and joining in their arrangement in the church, may have the best of wholesome "fun," and they may share their treasures with the sick in home or hospital. One who has never tried it has no idea how much of winter beauty there is in field and woods. All shades of brown and gray are shown in the dead flowers of the weeds, bright berries hang on tree and shrub, green vines creep under the dead leaves, and the varieties of evergreens are, of course, at their best. If there is no holly there will, perhaps, be laurel, which is very beautiful, and there is in almost every locality some hidden plant which only discloses itself to the true lover of Nature.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

**T**HE Christmas tree should be a spruce or fir if possible, with full and regular boughs. The dressing of it is a matter of taste. But for the danger attending it every one would wish to have the tree brilliant with lighted candles. In city churches electric lights may be used with good effect. In an account of a German Christmas tree, written by S. T. Coleridge, it is said that the great yew bough was fastened to the wall, adorned with candles, and when the candles had burned down and the needles of the yew began to sputter and burn the delight of the children was unbounded. It was apparently the intention that the bough should burn as a culmination of the enjoyment. But that is not desirable now, so every precaution should be taken to avoid it. A pan of water should stand near, and at least two tall persons should be provided with a pair of tongs, upon the ends of which wet sponges are securely fastened. A small blaze can in this manner be immediately quenched.

A German friend tells me that the true Christmas tree is "not a mere show, decorated for the momentary amusement of children. It is a sublime symbol of the soul life of the Germanic people for a thousand years." It should not be laden with gifts, but should stand as a centre to them as they are arranged on white-covered tables around the tree. The tree itself is "the celestial sun tree." The fir stands for the ash, the lights for the lightnings flashing overhead, the golden apples, the nuts and the balls point to the sun, the moon and the stars, while the sugar and *papier maché* figures of animals have each their place in the symbolism. Upon this heathen tree shines the Star of Bethlehem; among its branches is cradled the Holy Child in the manger, and on its topmost bough rests the Christ Child. Thus, as the German households are called together around this glittering tree by the hymn, "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht!" they see their ancient festival Christianized.

THE GIVING OF PRESENTS

**I**N THE giving of gifts remember the injunction to do it with simplicity, and give hoping for nothing in return. Remember the humble servants of the church, the sexton or janitor, and the woman who washes the dishes at the tea-drinkings, in the shape of some useful article which is more of a luxury than the recipient could afford to buy. A gift to the pastor of some coveted book, or an inspiring picture, or a cushion for his chair, a fur collar or gloves if he is in a cold region—how many things there are, useful in themselves, which will warm his heart if they go to him with the affection and the Christmas greetings of his people.

Does it not fill us with new strength to find what a host of Christmas lovers there have been. How innumerable is the company of those who do in their hearts give honor and worship to the Blessed Lord, and how many are seeking to follow Him in their lives.

"What can I give Him,  
Poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd  
I would bring a lamb,  
If I were a wise man  
I would do my part,  
Yet what I can I give Him,  
Give Him my heart."

Arnold's Knit Night Drawers

Knit cotton fabric; excellent quality



50 cents and upwards, according to size.

Fleece-lined garments, 75 cents upwards.

Arnold's Lounging Robes advertised in last month's "Ladies' Home Journal," described fully in complete free catalogue of Arnold's Goods.

NOVELTY KNITTING CO.  
312 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.



"JUST AS EASY"

to remove the cake from the tin without a crumble. That's when you use the

IMPROVED

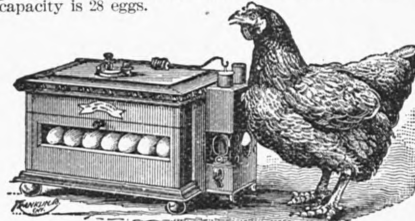
Perfection Cake Tin

Prevents leaking of batter, saves time and trouble. 3 round, or 2 square tins can be bought for 50c. If your dealer don't keep them address the manufacturers

C. SIDNEY SHEPARD & CO.  
Buffalo, N. Y. Chicago, Ill.

THE WOODEN HEN

This ingenious little hot water incubator enables poultry raising to be done on a small scale. Its capacity is 28 eggs.



To any one mentioning this magazine a full description of the Wooden Hen, together with large illustrated catalogue describing the

MODEL EXCELSIOR INCUBATOR

will be sent free by the manufacturer,  
GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.



The New . . .

Triumph

Meat Cutter

Expressly for family use; cutting parts of forged steel; easily cleaned; pays

for itself every 6 months. Receipt book of numerous dishes made with cutter, free to any address.

The Peck, Stow & Wilcox Co.,

Box B, Southington, Conn.

A SAFETY DOCUMENT FILE

For Christmas, is the newest and most useful present. It keeps valuable documents and private papers safe. Classified clippings better and cheaper than any Scrap-book. Enamelled Metal Case. Splendid lock with two flat keys. Durable Manila pockets, removable. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.



A. C. BARLER MFG. CO., 104 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.



Cake

Easily removed without breaking. Perfection Tins require no greasing. Round, square and oblong. 2 round layer tins by mail, 35 cents. Catalogue FREE.

Agents wanted. Richardson Mfg. Co., D St., Bath, N. Y.

PLAYS

SPEAKERS - For Home and School. New Catalogues FREE. DEWITT, Rose St., N. Y. DIALOGUES

# CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

Twenty Pages Every Week. Full of Bright Pictures. Published Every Wednesday, 52 Times a Year, at the Bible House, New York City. Louis Klopsch, Proprietor.

## Radiant with Colors Beautiful and Bright!

ALWAYS up to Date, Always Fresh, Always Breezy, and Pre-eminently the Brightest and Best Family Paper in the Wide Wide World, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Beautifully Printed in Many Bright and Cheerful Colors, Presents Weekly a Literary and Pictorial Treat, Surpassing in Originality, Uniqueness, Variety, and Attractiveness, the Brilliant Achievements of its Illustrious Past.



Dr. TALMAGE'S Marvelous Sermons and Stirring, Epigrammatic Editorials. IRA D. SANKEY Contributes every Week Charming Music for the Home Circle. AMELIA E. BARR has Written for us the Brightest Serial Story of the Age. Hon. SELAH MERRILL, Eight Years U. S. Consul in Jerusalem, will Supply Profusely Illustrated Articles on "Modern Street Life in the Holy City."

Pastor THOS. SPURGEON of London offers Helpful Suggestions on "How to Make the Most of Both Worlds." Rev. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, only Son of our Editor, Supplies some Interesting "Experiences of a Young Minister." Gen. JOHN EATON Describes "Mormonism of the Present Day," Richly Illustrated. FANNY CROSBY, the Blind Poet, will dictate the Story of some of her Famous Hymns now Sung in every Land and in every Tongue.



A THOUSAND Beautiful PICTURES, a THOUSAND Helpful ANECDOTES, a THOUSAND Interesting QUESTIONS and ANSWERS, a THOUSAND SUGGESTIONS for Christian ENDEAVORERS, and a THOUSAND GOOD THINGS for Good People of all Ages Everywhere.

## Do You Want This Superb 1897 Library?

Of course you cannot Properly Appreciate the Exceptional Attractiveness of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD until you have Enjoyed for awhile its Weekly Visits. It will make your Home so much Brighter and Happier that you will Heartily Thank us for having Induced you to Subscribe, and best of all, you will Never Again be without it. With a view of interesting you in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we will on Receipt of only \$3, send that Matchless Paper for One whole Year, 52 Times, and with it, All Charges Prepaid, this Superb 1897 Library.



## 10 Elegant Christmas Gifts

- Titles and Authors of the 10 Charming Books Constituting our 1897 Library:
1. THE WEDDING RING, T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.
  2. THE SECRET OF A HAPPY HOME, Marion Harland
  3. HOW TO SUCCEED, Orison Sweet Marden, MD
  4. RECITATIONS FOR THE SOCIAL CIRCLE, James Clarence Harvey
  5. WINTER EVENING TALES, Amelia E. Barr
  6. NOTABLE EVENTS OF THE 19TH CENTURY, J. Clark Ridpath, LL.D.
  7. HOLIDAY STORIES FOR THE YOUNG, Margaret E. Sangster
  8. THE LAND WE LIVE IN, Henry Mann
  9. THE FAIRY LAND OF SCIENCE, Arabella B. Buckley
  10. MANY THOUGHTS OF MANY MINDS, Louis Klopsch, Ph.D.

This Magnificent Library consists of TEN SPLENDID BOOKS, each a LITERARY GEM, and all BEAUTIFUL Specimens of Artistic Book-making. It is the FINEST Production of its Kind in the World, and was Specially Prepared for Lovers of PURE, Wholesome, and VELLUM Cloth, with RED and GILT Titles, and Neatly Packed in an Unusually Attractive BOOK-CASE. Shipped in a Special Box, Ensuring Undamaged Delivery. ALL CHARGES PREPAID.



## Do Not Miss this Great Opportunity

Last Year Over 25,000 Orders were Received After our First Supply was Exhausted. Now, as this Year's Magnificent Production Infinitely Surpasses in Every Respect last Year's Excellent Library, we have made much Larger Provision; but we warn you Not to Delay Unnecessarily. If intended for Christmas, better order now, and we will ship to reach any address on any given date. Send \$3 and get THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for One Year—52 Times—and this Magnificent Library, All Charges Prepaid. Goods now ready for Shipment.

The Christian Herald 191 to 197 Bible House, New York City.

# CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

Twenty Pages Every Week. Full of Bright Pictures. Published Every Wednesday, 52 Times a Year, at the Bible House, New York. Louis Klopsch, Proprietor.

## One Thousand Pages Full of Sunshine!

THE Mission of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is to Make the World Brighter, Better and Happier, and Every Home which it Enters Feels its Blessed and Helpful Influence. Don't Keep Out the Sunshine, for it Brings with it Life, Light, Joy and Happiness. Get Your Share of it by Inviting the Weekly Visits of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.



Dr. TALMAGE'S Marvelous Sermons and Stirring, Epigrammatic Editorials. IRA D. SANKEY Contributes every Week Charming Music for the Home Circle. AMELIA E. BARR has Written for us the Brightest Serial Story of the Age. Hon. SELAH MERRILL, Eight Years U. S. Consul in Jerusalem, will Supply Profusely Illustrated Articles on "Modern Street Life in the Holy City."

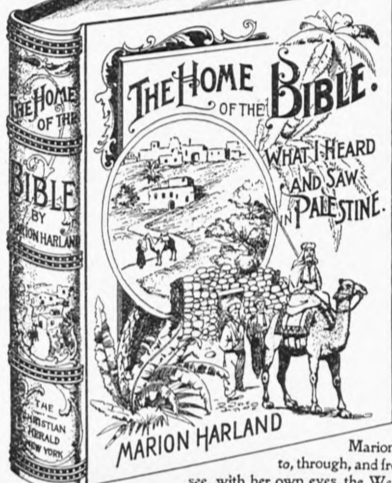
Pastor THOS. SPURGEON of London offers Helpful Suggestions on "How to Make the Best of Both Worlds." Rev. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, only Son of our Editor, Supplies some Interesting "Experiences of a Young Minister." Gen. JOHN EATON Describes "Mormonism of the Present Day," Richly Illustrated. FANNY CROSBY, the Blind Poet, will tell the Story of some of her Famous Hymns now Sung in every Land and in every Tongue.



A THOUSAND Beautiful PICTURES, a THOUSAND Helpful ANECDOTES, a THOUSAND Interesting QUESTIONS and ANSWERS, a THOUSAND SUGGESTIONS for Christian ENDEAVORERS, and a THOUSAND GOOD THINGS for Good People of all Ages Everywhere.

## Marion Harland's Greatest Book FREE!

In order to Convince you that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the Brightest and Best Paper, if you will send \$2 TO-DAY, we will send you THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for ONE WHOLE Year, and a Beautiful Cloth and Gilt Copy of the "THE HOME OF THE BIBLE," which will delight the eye, and bring joy to the heart of its Every Possessor. It is from cover to cover an Oriental Picture Gallery of Surpassing Beauty, Replete with Delightful Pictorial Surprises.



## Over Two Hundred Beautiful Pictures

The Holy Land, with all its Scenic Attractions, its Odd and Quaint Customs, its interesting People, and their peculiar Dress, are brought within Eye-Range of the Reader to be Gazed at again and again with Never-failing Interest. This Magnificent Book of Palestine Travel, with its Wealth of Information and Illustration, just the Book for a Holiday Gift, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the brightest and best Paper in all the World, for one whole Year—52 Times—together for only \$2.

The "Home of the Bible" by Marion Harland, contains 446 Extra Large Pages of Large Type, and Measures, when Open, 9 x 15 inches.

## A Superb Christmas Present!

"The Home of the Bible" is very elegantly bound in Rich Silk-finished Cloth, Turkey Red, with artistic Side and Back Stamp. It weighs about THREE Pounds, and is sent to All Parts of the country, All Charges Prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for One Year, or 52 Times, for only \$2.

There are very few books, indeed, which Excel in Attractiveness, as a Christmas Gift, this Magnificent Production of Marion Harland, who traveled over 20,000 miles to, through, and from Palestine and Syria in order that she might see, with her own eyes, the Weird, Strange, yet Intensely Interesting Scenes which she so Graphically Describes in this Charming Volume. Her "Day with the Lepers," her Description of an "Oriental Wedding," a thousand and one other things contribute to make this Unique and Richly Illustrated Work Peculiarly Attractive to Intelligent People everywhere.

MONEY REFUNDED IF TOO LATE. The Christian Herald 191 to 197 Bible House, New York City.



# CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

Twenty Pages Every Week. Full of Bright Pictures. Published Every Wednesday, 52 Times a Year, at the Bible House, New York. Louis Klopsch, Proprietor.

## Only Paper in the World Edited by Dr. Talmage

THERE is Nothing Sombre, Nothing Doleful, Nothing Gloomy about THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. On the Contrary, it is so Attractive, so Charming, so Helpful, so Interesting, so Entertaining, so RADIANT WITH BEAUTIFUL COLORED PICTURES, so Sunshiny, and so Bright, that you Cannot Afford to do Without it, Except at a Positive Loss to Yourself and Family.

### A FEW OF OUR SPECIAL FEATURES:



Dr. TALMAGE'S Marvelous Sermons and Stirring, Epigrammatic Editorials. IRA D. SANKEY Contributes every Week Charming Music for the Home Circle. AMELIA E. BARR has Written for us the Brightest Serial Story of the Age. Hon. SELAH MERRILL, Eight Years U. S. Consul in Jerusalem, will Supply Profusely Illustrated Articles on "Modern Street Life in the Holy City."

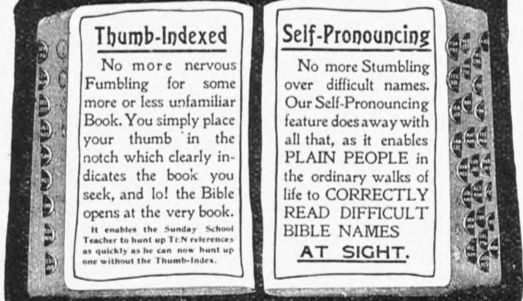
Pastor THOS. SPURGEON of London offers Helpful Suggestions on "How to Make the Best of Both Worlds." Rev. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, only Son of our Editor, Supplies some Interesting "Experiences of a Young Minister." Gen. JOHN EATON Describes "Mormonism of the Present Day," Richly Illustrated. FANNY CROSBY, the Blind Poet, will dictate the Story of some of her Famous Hymns now Sung in every Land and in every Tongue.



A THOUSAND Beautiful PICTURES, a THOUSAND Helpful ANECDOTES, a THOUSAND Interesting QUESTIONS and ANSWERS, a THOUSAND SUGGESTIONS for Christian ENDEAVORERS, and a THOUSAND GOOD THINGS for Good People of all Ages Everywhere.

## Look at This 1897 Thumb-Indexed Bible!

The BEST, Most COMPLETE, Most DURABLE, and Most CONVENIENT BIBLE, Containing ALL the Most Recent Helps. With a view to interesting you in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we will on Receipt of only \$3, send that Matchless Paper for one whole Year—52 TIMES—and with it, All Charges PREPAID, a Superb International SELF-PRONOUNCING Teachers' Bible, Large MINION Type, DIVINITY CIRCUIT American LEVANT Binding, RED UNDER GOLD. Edges, Silk-Sewed, and, MARK YOU (for No Bible like this CAN be Elsewhere Offered) it is



Leather Lined, with Thumb-Index. Don't forget the Leather Lining and Thumb-Index. The one Doubles the Life of the Book and the Other Doubles its Usefulness. This Wonderful Bible and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for One Year—52 Times—TOGETHER FOR \$3.

The SAME Bible, in EVERY RESPECT, SAME TYPE, same Red under Gold Edges, SAME DIVINITY CIRCUIT, same American Levant (but WITHOUT the Leather Lining and Thumb-Index) is offered for \$2.50. The SAME Bible, in EVERY RESPECT, SAME TYPE, same Red under Gold Edges, SAME DIVINITY CIRCUIT, same American Levant (but WITHOUT the Leather Lining and Thumb-Index) is offered for \$2.50.

WITHOUT the Thumb-Index, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for One Year—52 Times—TOGETHER FOR ONLY \$2. BOTH BIBLES have CONCORDANCE, MAPS and ALL the HELPS Illustrated, and MEASURE, when open, 9 x 13 INCHES. You cannot find anywhere a More Suitable HOLIDAY GIFT than one of these Beautiful Teachers' Bibles, and if you intend to Gladden the heart of PASTOR, Superintendent, TEACHER, Scholar, CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORER, Epworth Leaguer, or Christian Worker generally, here is your Opportunity. IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED, we will REFUND YOUR MONEY. Premium and Paper may go to the Same or each to a Separate Address.

## Do Not Delay, Act To-day, or You may be Too Late

The making of Thumb-Indexes consumes much time. It is intricate, tedious, and very slow work. We placed our order for these Bibles over a year ago, and when our Present Stock is Exhausted, no more Thumb-Indexed Bibles can be supplied this year. Therefore, if you expect to get one, Order it Now. To-day the Golden Opportunity is yours, to-morrow it may be gone. MONEY REFUNDED IF TOO LATE. Address The Christian Herald 191 to 197 Bible House, New York City.



# CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

Twenty Pages Every Week. Full of Bright Pictures. Published Every Wednesday, 52 Times a Year, at the Bible House, New York. Louis Klopsch, Proprietor.

## A Delightful Treat, 52 Times a Year!

SOME Papers are Occasionally very Charming, but THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is Always so Brimful of Bright Pictures, very Beautifully Printed, and Abounding in Attractive Literary Features, it is Just the Paper Calculated to Bring Happiness and Joy to Every Member of Your family 52 Times a Year.

### A FEW OF OUR SPECIAL FEATURES:



Dr. TALMAGE'S Marvelous Sermons and Stirring, Epigrammatic Editorials. IRA D. SANKEY Contributes every Week Charming Music for the Home Circle. AMELIA E. BARR has Written for us the Brightest Serial Story of the Age. Hon. SELAH MERRILL, Eight Years U. S. Consul in Jerusalem, will Supply Profusely Illustrated Articles on "Modern Street Life in the Holy City."

Pastor THOS. SPURGEON of London offers Helpful Suggestions on "How to Make the Best of Both Worlds." Rev. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, only Son of our Editor, Supplies some Interesting "Experiences of a Young Minister." Gen. JOHN EATON Describes "Mormonism of the Present Day," Richly Illustrated. FANNY CROSBY, the Blind Poet, will tell the Story of some of her Famous Hymns now Sung in every Land and in every Tongue.



A THOUSAND Beautiful PICTURES, a THOUSAND Helpful ANECDOTES, a THOUSAND Interesting QUESTIONS and ANSWERS, a THOUSAND SUGGESTIONS for Christian ENDEAVORERS, and a THOUSAND GOOD THINGS for Good People of all Ages Everywhere.

## Margaret E. Sangster's Superb Book Free!

We are so Thoroughly in Earnest in the matter of making you Acquainted with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that if you will send us TWO Dollars, you shall not only receive that Matchless Paper for One Whole Year—52 Times—but we will also send, All Charges Prepaid, Margaret E. Sangster's Superb Book, entitled, "HOME-LIFE MADE BEAUTIFUL." There is no Authoress in this Country More Popular, More Beloved, and More Respected than Margaret E. Sangster, who needs no introduction to the reading public.



## It will Bring Sunshine to the Heart

of every one into whose hands this Magnificent Volume may fall, for in its pages Mrs. Sangster discusses the Ideal and Practical Sides of Home-Life in all its Kaleidoscopic shifting phases. "WHEN TO MARRY," "The Children," "DOMESTIC FRICTION," "Financing in the Household," "Famous Men in their Home-Lives," "The Wives of Great Men," "Backward Children," "Young People and their Lovings," "The Growing Girl," "Husbands and Wives as Partners in Business," "Settling on a Profession," "HOW TO START YOUR SONS IN LIFE," are a few of the Topics, all TREATED PLAINLY and Colloquially.

## A Very Charming Holiday Gift

Stories, HOUSEHOLD RECIPES, AMUSEMENTS, RECREATIONS and Games find a place in this Book, which is Beautifully and PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED from Lid to Lid. It Contains 446 EXTRA LARGE PAGES, printed from Large Type, ELEGANTLY BOUND in Silk-finished Cloth, with emblematic Side and Back Stamp in Gilt and Colors, WEIGHS THREE POUNDS and MEASURES when Open 9 x 15 inches. This is the

Home Book of the Day, the Family Book of the Age, and one of the Most Blessed Books of this Generation. If you want to make a Father, or a Mother, a Daughter or a Son, Exceedingly Happy, or if you want to be Happy yourself, get this Book, and you will be surprised to find how much it will do towards making Home-Life Sweeter, Sunnier, Brighter, and Healthier. Remember we send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for One Year, 52 Times, and this Grand Book, Prepaid, for TWO DOLLARS.

The Christian Herald 191 to 197 Bible House, New York City.



## HOME-MADE TAFFIES AND CARAMELS

By Nellie Willey

**T**HE old-fashioned taffies which our mothers used to make have been replaced in many households by the more elaborate French bonbons; but for those who still like the old-style candies I will give a few good receipts. If possible, have a candy-hook; it is so much easier to pull the candy over a hook than with the hands only. A sharp-pointed meat-hook makes a good candy-hook. It should be fastened to the wall of the room. Lard is better for greasing the pans than butter. If the taffy is just right very little grease will be necessary to keep the hands from sticking to it while it is being pulled. For this purpose butter is better than lard; do not use flour. Pull the taffy while it is warm; if a hook is used the taffy may be handled while quite hot. When making taffy proceed as follows: Put over a brisk fire one and a half pounds of coffee A sugar and half a pint of water; stir until dissolved, then add one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Do not stir again. If the sugar collects on the inside of the pan wipe it off with a damp cloth. When "crack" is reached pour into greased pans. While cooling throw the edges of the candy toward the centre, until all is cool enough to pull. Flavor by pouring half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract on the candy while it is being pulled. Pull until white. Lemon taffy is made in the same way; it is colored a light yellow by the addition of a little caramel sugar, liquid curcuma or saffron color. Flavor with half a teaspoonful of lemon extract.

## STRAWBERRY TAFFY

**C**OOK the same as vanilla taffy; color pink and flavor with strawberry extract.

## PINEAPPLE TAFFY

**T**HE plain taffy, unflavored, is used for this. When cooked, take out half of it, add pineapple flavor, pull until white, and form into a large, flat cake. Color the other half a bright pink, pull that, and place on the white candy in fine stripes.

## CHOCOLATE TAFFY

**C**OOK the same as vanilla; when in the pan cooling, add to the centre of the candy one and a half ounces of the chocolate used for frostings, melted over the steam of a teakettle. Throw the edges of the candy, as it cools, over the chocolate, until the chocolate is well worked in.

## NEW-STYLE MOLASSES TAFFY

**O**NE pound of granulated sugar, one pound of glucose, and one and a half teacupfuls of New Orleans molasses; cook not quite to "crack," set off the stove and stir in one-third teaspoonful of soda; flavor with peppermint or vanilla by pouring the essence (not too much) on the candy while it is being pulled.

## DELICIOUS CREAM TAFFY

**O**NE teacupful of granulated sugar, half a teacupful of molasses, one teacupful of cream or milk, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil over a brisk fire, stirring all the time to "crack." This may be poured over nuts or not, as desired. It may possibly curdle in cooking, but it is not spoiled by that.

## COCOANUT TAFFY

**O**NE pound of coffee A sugar, one pound of glucose or one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Cook to "crack," add half of a freshly-grated cocoanut; stir until the candy cracks when dropped in water, but if held a moment forms a hard ball again. Pour out at once; when cool pull until white.

## SALT WATER TAFFY

**P**UT one pound of granulated sugar, three-fourths pound of glucose and one teacupful of water in a pan over a good fire. Stir until it begins to boil, no longer; then wipe the sugar grains from the inside of the pan with a damp cloth. When the candy has boiled a few moments add three-fourths pound more of glucose, and boil without stirring until "crack" is reached; add one ounce of salt and pour on greased pan. When cold pull until white and glossy. This candy may be pulled into strips and cut with scissors or a sharp knife in pieces about three inches long, then wrapped in waxed paper to keep it fresh. Salt water taffy makes an agreeable change from plain taffy. It is particularly popular with small children.

## HICKORY-NUT TAFFY

**O**NE and a half pounds of coffee A sugar, just enough molasses to color, and one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Cook to "crack," and pour into greased pans. When the candy has cooled somewhat throw over it one pound of chopped hickory-nuts, and fold the edges of it over the nuts. Continue this folding until the nuts are well mixed into the candy. Put on a greased marble slab and roll very thin with a greased rolling-pin. Mark into squares and break up when cold. Walnut taffy may be made the same way, substituting English walnuts for hickory-nuts. Brazil-nut taffy, also, omitting the molasses.

## PEANUT CANDY

**A** VERY simple candy is made as follows: Melt granulated sugar over a slow fire, using no water, and stirring all the time until the sugar is melted. (It turns brown in melting, but does not burn if carefully stirred.) When the sugar is melted pour it over the peanuts, which should be ready, in a greased pan. This candy can be in the pans cooling in ten minutes from the time it is started. Many people who entertain informally will be glad to know of a good candy that can be made in a hurry. Peanuts for the candy can be bought already shelled, but not roasted. They are better if roasted just before the candy-making. The thin skin of the peanuts can be removed or not, as desired.

## OLD-STYLE MOLASSES TAFFY

**I**N A PAN holding at least six quarts, place one and a half pints of granulated sugar and half a pint of water, and set over a brisk fire. Stir until it boils, then add one quart of New Orleans molasses; stir until it boils again, then add a piece of butter half the size of an egg and half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Continue to stir carefully until when dropped in cold water it will break and crack when taken between the fingers. (This degree of cooking is called "crack," and is to be reached in all taffy-making, unless otherwise specified.) Pour the candy into greased pans; as it cools throw the edges toward the centre until it is all cool enough to handle. Pull until it is a bright, golden yellow, and cut with a pair of scissors or sharp knife into pieces the size of a hickory-nut. Use no soda.

## HOME-MADE CARAMELS

**H**OME-MADE caramels, properly made, are a delight. Glucose is used in the best caramels, and, contrary to general belief, is, if pure, not harmful. It is usually made of corn, and is a clear, colorless, thick syrup, perfectly tasteless. A caramel without glucose does not have the chewing quality which most caramel lovers desire.

When the candy becomes quite thick in cooking, have some one else try it, as you must not leave it an instant. When it can be dropped in ice water and snaps when taken up between the fingers, but if held a moment goes back to a hard ball, it is done. This degree of candy-cooking is called "soft crack," and is used unless otherwise specified in all caramel receipts. Pour the candy into buttered pans so that it will be three-fourths of an inch thick. When cold turn on a buttered pan or tin, larger than the one in which it was cooled, and cut with a sharp knife into three-fourths-inch squares. Caramels should be of the consistency of firm cheese.

## HONEY CARAMELS

**A**RE made by cooking to "soft crack" two pounds of coffee A sugar, two pounds of clear-strained honey, and two pounds of glucose.

## COCOANUT CARAMELS

**U**SE the same proportions and process as for vanilla cream caramels, with the addition of half of a freshly-grated cocoanut when the candy begins to boil, and one teaspoonful, instead of half a teaspoonful, of cream of tartar.

## SOFT CHOCOLATE CARAMELS

**O**NE pound of granulated sugar, one-fourth pound of "frosting" chocolate, half a teacupful of milk, and piece of butter the size of an egg. Stir all the time over a slow fire, and cook until it is brittle when dropped in ice water. This is the chocolate caramel usually made by home candy-makers. The cutting of caramels is the hardest part of the work, as the candy is so stiff the hand gets tired in a short time.

## MAPLE CARAMELS

**O**NE pound of coffee A sugar, half a pound of maple sugar, half a pint of rich cream, or half a can of condensed milk. Heat slowly, and when it begins to boil add one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar and two ounces of butter. Cook slowly, stirring all the time to "soft crack." Pour into greased pan.

## PULLED CARAMELS

**C**OOK two pounds of sugar, two pounds of glucose, two quarts of cream, and two ounces of butter to "soft crack." Pour in a greased pan; when nearly cold place on a hook, or use the hands, and pull as nearly white as possible. Form into a thick sheet in a tin, and roll with a rolling-pin until of even thickness. Mark and cut up when cold.

## NUT CARAMELS

**P**REPARE vanilla, maple or chocolate caramels as previously described. Have ready in buttered tins a number of English walnuts, hickory-nuts, almonds or filberts; pour half the candy over the nuts, then add more nuts, and pour the balance of candy on them. Cut with a thin, sharp knife when cold. Strawberry caramels may be made in the same manner, flavoring and coloring with strawberry extract.

## CREAM CHOCOLATE CARAMELS

**T**WO pounds of granulated sugar, half a pound of glucose, two ounces of paraffine, two ounces of butter, one pint of cream, one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar, four squares of melted "frosting" chocolate; mix together and cook over a slow fire, stirring every instant until the candy is brittle when dropped in ice water. The chocolate should be cut up and melted over the steam of a teakettle.

## VANILLA CARAMELS

**T**O HALF a can of condensed milk add half a pint of sweet cream, and stir well. Strain and be sure there are no lumps in it, and add three-fourths pound of granulated sugar and six ounces of glucose. Put the mixture in a thick, round-bottom pan, over a slow fire, and stir all the time. As the candy cooks it will gradually turn brown, but if constantly and evenly stirred it will not burn. This makes a good chewing caramel.

## CHOCOLATE CARAMELS

**O**NE can of condensed milk, half a pint of sweet cream; mix and reserve one-fourth pint of the mixture. To the rest add one and a half pounds of sugar, three-fourths pound of glucose, and cook over a slow fire until half done, then set off the stove. Break up two and a half ounces of the chocolate used for frosting and put it into a basin with a little water; put on the fire and when hot add the reserved cream, a little at a time, until the chocolate is dissolved; strain into the candy which has been cooling, and set on the fire again and cook to "soft crack."

## VANILLA CREAM CARAMELS

**P**UT into a pan three pounds of granulated sugar, one pint of rich cream, or, better still, one can of condensed milk. (If the latter is used add one pint of water, and thoroughly mix and strain to remove lumps.) Add the cream to the sugar and place on the fire; stir constantly, and when it boils add a full half teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-fourth pound of butter. Cook slowly, stirring all the time, occasionally wiping the sugar grains from the inside of the pan with a damp cloth. Cook to "soft crack"; set off the stove and add a dessertspoonful of vanilla extract; pour into greased pan. Be sure your cream of tartar is fresh.

## VANILLA OPERA CARAMELS

**D**AMPEN a clean tin or dripping pan by sprinkling with a little cold water. Put over the fire one and a half pounds of granulated sugar, half a pint of cream, or half a can of condensed milk, and one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Stir until when dropped in water it can be gathered in the fingers into a soft ball; add half a dessertspoonful of vanilla extract, and pour into the dampened pan. When perfectly cold stir with a large spoon or butter paddle, keeping it all together as much as possible. When it is a smooth mass gather in the hands and knead as bread is kneaded for some time. Sprinkle powdered sugar on a pan, lay the candy on it and roll with a rolling-pin until it is half an inch thick. Chocolate opera caramels may be made in the same way. When the candy comes to a boil add half an ounce of melted chocolate.

The foregoing receipts make good candies. The directions are plain and there will be no trouble if they are carefully followed. Therefore, if you do not have success the first time, consult the receipts again, and follow the instructions very carefully in detail, even if some of them seem to you unimportant or superfluous.

Established 1780

WALTER BAKER &amp; CO., Ltd.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

The Oldest and Largest  
Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE

COCOAS

AND

CHOCOLATES

on this Continent

No Chemicals are used in  
their manufactures.

Baron von Liebig says Cocoa Preparations of good quality agree with dry temperaments and convalescents; with mothers who nurse their children; with those whose occupations oblige them to undergo severe mental strains; with public speakers, and with all those who give to work a portion of the time needed for sleep.

Buyers should ask for and be sure  
that they got the genuine

WALTER BAKER &amp; CO.'S

goods, made at

DORCHESTER, MASS.



EVERY ONE ENJOYS

the rare flavor and solid nutriment of

VAN CAMP'S Boston  
PORK and BEANS Baked

Prepared with Tomato Sauce

Delicious either hot or cold. Can be heated in two  
minutes. At your grocer's. Send 6 cents to pay  
postage for sample can or postal card for booklet to

VAN CAMP PACKING CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

The Months with an "R"

the time for using

CURTICE BROTHERS'

"BLUE LABEL"

Ketchup

EQUALED BY NONE

SOLD BY GROCERS

Write us for priced catalogue and souvenir de-  
scriptive of our Canned Fruits and Vegetables,  
Preserves, Jellies, Jams and Meat Delicacies.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO., Rochester, N. Y.

A Spoonful  
of  
Somatose  
GIVES  
Vigor and Health

Somatose is a Perfect Food, Tonic and Restora-  
tive. It contains the nourishing elements of meat.  
Prepared for invalids and dyspeptics and those  
needing nourishment and a restored appetite. May be  
taken dry or in water, milk, etc.

At Druggists in 2-oz., 1-4, 1-2 and 1 lb. Tins  
Pamphlets mailed by Schieffelin & Co., New York, agents  
for Farbenfabriken vorm. Friedr. Bayer & Co., Elberfeld.

Quick  
as a  
Flash!

WHITMAN'S  
INSTANTANEOUS  
CHOCOLATE

HOW TO USE IT } Take three des-  
sert-spoonfuls to  
a cup of boiling  
water or milk. Stir briskly  
a moment, and your Choc-  
olate is ready to serve. Put  
up in 1 lb. and ½ lb. tins.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son  
Sole Mfrs. Philadelphia

LOTS OF EGGS  
when hens are fed green  
cut bone, cut by the  
Improved '96

MANN'S  
GREEN BONE CUTTER  
the standard of the world. 12 sizes,  
\$5 and up. C. O. D. or on trial. Cata-  
logue free if you name this magazine.  
F. W. MANN CO., Millford, Mass.

BOOK FREE All are troubled with vermin in  
the field, the garden, the poultry  
yards or the household. For 2c.  
stamp, we send, postpaid, book of 50 pages, entitled  
"Vermin and Vermin Exterminators"; also "Diseases  
of Poultry and Stock," with recipes, formula, etc.  
GEO. H. LEE CO., Mfrs., Exeter, Neb.



# "Our Christmas Gift"



**FOUR MASSIVE VOLUMES**  
 Each 9x11 in., 3 in. thick,  
 5359 pages,  
 3000 illustrations,  
 250,000 words defined,  
 50,000 Encyclopædic topics,  
 Weight of set about 40 lbs.

## This Great Special Offer Will Never Again Appear

We fully intended to restore prices to regular rates—\$42.00 to \$70.00 a set—on November 30, but so many thousands of letters have been recently received asking for an extension of time until Christmas, that we have decided, as a further means of advertising this marvelous reference library, to continue our Great Special Offer until that time.

While acceding to this almost universal demand, we wish to announce for the last time that our Introductory Distribution will positively terminate on December 24, and forever after the prices of our world-famous Encyclopædic Dictionary will be \$42.00 for the Cloth style, \$52.50 for Half-Russia, \$60.00 for Full Sheep, etc., with absolutely no discounts nor rebates of any kind.

**NEVER AGAIN** will there be such an incomparable opportunity to secure a complete, practical, and thoroughly up-to-date reference work of the very highest class. Not to heed this final announcement will be to neglect an educational proposition that deservedly commands the instant attention of everybody—old or young—who is ambitious to rise in the world of business or society.

FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT NOTHING COULD BE MORE APPROPRIATE OR SENSIBLE

### A Perfect Home Educator for Young and Old

It is the latest, greatest and only up-to-date Dictionary, containing nearly twice as many defined words as the largest "unabridged," including thousands of the very newest terms and definitions, such as "vitascope," "Roentgen rays," "skiagraph," etc., which cannot be found in any other reference book on earth. It is a condensed, practical Encyclopædia of universal information; treats over 50,000 important subjects, including the latest inventions and discoveries, which is 20,000 more than are covered by other Encyclopædias costing from \$50.00 to \$200.00. It is the only reference book in existence that contains satisfactory and up-to-date encyclopædic treatment of such important, live topics as bimetallicism, tariff, battle ship, germ theory, money, wages, Christian Endeavor, appendicitis, steam navigation, Arctic explorations, shadow photography, etc. It is highest in scholarship, the editorial staff being made up of the most famous educators, scientists and specialists of this generation, including Huxley, Proctor, Morris, Hunter, Estoclet and a hundred others of international renown. It is superbly illustrated with brilliant chromatic plates in 17 colors, scores of superb full-page engravings in monotone, and 3000 wood-cuts in the text—a genuine triumph of art! It is an ornament to any library, being beautifully printed from new plates on a superior grade of book paper, from sharp, clear type, and substantially bound to last a lifetime.

### Better than a College Education

The Encyclopædic Dictionary is an intensely practical work. The information it imparts will fully prepare young men and women for the battle of life. Ability to parse Greek and Latin is doubtless a desirable accomplishment, but accurate, up-to-date knowledge concerning the arts, sciences and inventions of to-day is far more essential to the success of either business man or mechanic. These very features of the Encyclopædic Dictionary, which make it an absolute necessity in every household, have led to its adoption in Public Schools from Maine to California, and have caused it to be

### Universally Accepted as Standard Authority Wherever English is Spoken

Do not postpone the placing of your order a single day, for delay may mean disappointment. Remember, the payment of only One Dollar secures immediate possession of this superb reference library, and you have the full use and benefit of it for a whole year while paying the balance at the rate of a few pennies daily. Note that our terms, given below, allow you ten days in which to make a thorough examination. If you then feel dissatisfied you can return the set and your first payment will be cheerfully refunded. Could anything be more fair?

ILLUSTRATED BOOK of 112 Specimen Pages, Colored Plates, etc., FREE UPON REQUEST

From a very recent review in

#### The New York World

To have this great storehouse of universal information in the family library is to have at hand the means of acquiring a liberal education at a very slight expense.

### HOW TO ORDER

Send \$1.00 to Syndicate Publishing Co. (address below), and the entire four handsome volumes, bound in cloth, will be forwarded. Every month thereafter send \$1.50 for twelve months, making a total payment of \$19.00 (regular price of this style \$42.00). If Half-Russia style is desired the monthly payments are \$2.00 until \$25.00 is paid (regular price of this style \$52.50). If full sheep style is wanted monthly payments are \$2.50 until \$31.00 is paid (regular price of this style \$60.00). The first payment in any case is only One Dollar. To any one wishing to pay all cash we allow a discount of ten per cent. and furnish the book-case free of charge; otherwise, the book-case is \$1.50, which must be paid in advance. This allowance is practically cost of keeping the account

From the Christian Herald, edited by

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

The people of America are to be congratulated upon the happy result of this vast educational enterprise, because of the grand opportunity afforded to secure a work of almost priceless educational value at a merely nominal cost.

if purchased on monthly payment plan. We always recommend the Half-Russia binding as the most serviceable. (When ordering, be sure to mention style of binding wanted.) Understand, the complete set of four volumes is sent after the first payment of \$1.00, which gives you the use of them for a year while paying the remainder at the rate of only a few cents a day. All freight or express charges must be paid by the purchaser. That you will be entirely satisfied is shown by our willingness to send you a valuable set of books upon payment of only \$1.00. Books Guaranteed as Represented or Money Refunded if Returned Within Ten Days. We refer to any Bank, Newspaper or Commercial Agency in Philadelphia. Agents Wanted.

In ordering, mention that you saw this advertisement in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. All orders and correspondence must be addressed to

**SYNDICATE PUBLISHING CO., 236 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia**

## THE GARDEN PARTY OF AN EMPRESS

(CONTINUATION FROM PAGE 9)

remembers that she never wore a European dress until within recent years, and grew to maturity without her little feet touching the bare earth.

Considerably taller than the average woman of Japan, Her Majesty presents to the gaze all those attributes which her people hold to be most expressive of patrician beauty. Of slight figure, straight in outline, she has the delicate waist, sloping shoulders, slender neck, and long, pale face to be seen only among the nobility of Japan. Her features, especially the nose, are more decided than one is accustomed to find. She has the long eyes and brows, and the jet black hair, growing in that arch upon the forehead, which, suggestive of the beloved Mount Fujiyama, is considered a crowning beauty in Dai-Nippon. The Empress has also the exquisite hands of the Japanese gentlewoman, and her tiny feet lose nothing in beauty by being encased in sharply-pointed European shoes. Her Majesty wore a rich, very soft brocade, of native manufacture and the purest silk. It was of a delicate golden-brown, with figures in the same color, representing roses and chrysanthemums, and made in the prevailing European style, with large sleeves and full skirt. Her bonnet was a little French affair in delicate colors, and she carried in her hand a large parasol which harmonized with her gown.

The Ladies-in-Waiting were dressed in similar style, for the most rigid of the recently-introduced Court laws is that all Japanese women shall appear before their sovereign dressed in European fashion. The more conservative of the women among the old nobility resent this so much that rather than adopt a toilette which is to them both distasteful and uncomfortable, they exile themselves from Court festivities—a fact which easily explained the very great preponderance of men at this garden party.

As the Royal cortège passed by the Empress cast a glance, quick and searching as lightning, to the right and to the left, apparently to see that no one was neglecting to pay homage, which consisted of the most profound salutations of which the guests were capable. Apparently Her Majesty was pleased at the manner of her reception, for a slight smile touched her red lips, and she inclined her head now and then most graciously. As soon as the last of the suite had passed the ladies and gentlemen fell into line and slowly followed the Royal party through the long and fairy-like walk of trees and flowers and running streams, until a large, open sward was reached. Over its rich, green surface was extended a long marquee, under which ran tables liberally decorated with flowers, fruit, confections, flags, and marvelously-made dishes.

At one end of the marquee was raised a canopy of Japanese flags, shading a low dais, on which the Empress took her stand during the presentations of the Ministers of the foreign Legations. So strict is the code covering these occasions that no Minister could present any member of his family excepting his wife, and this much to the disgust of various pretty nieces, sisters, etc. During the ceremony the families and officials of the Legations formed into a semi-circle before Her Majesty. Etiquette at the Japanese Court demands that no one shall remain seated within sight of the Empress, nor yet allow Her Majesty to detect a curious or observant gaze directed at her. In consequence of this the guests remained standing in groups chatting among themselves during the official reception, at the conclusion of which refreshments were served to the Empress. Hardly had she tasted a bonbon before the guests were invited to be seated at various little tables scattered about the lawn, under the shade of noble trees, and exquisitely decorated with flowers, in which, however, the cherry blossom bore no part, though it was suggested in various delightful forms of confectionery.

The gentlemen present, aided by servants in livery, brought food and wine from the long tables in the marquee to the ladies. Everything was not only cooked but served in strictly European style.

While refreshments were still being served a signal was given announcing the departure of the Empress. The tables were instantly deserted, and the guests again formed in line, while Her Majesty, surrounded by the most distinguished women of her Court, and preceded by the Master of Ceremonies, made her exit over the famous bridge and disappeared in the shades of the mighty trees. The visitors then returned to their seats, and for an hour or two the scene was a most lively and animated one. As the shadows grew longer they strolled across the enchanting grounds, toward the fascinating little tea-house, where *café noir* was served in true English fashion; then through the great gates out into that real and brilliantly picturesque Japan one rejoices to find in the streets of old Tokyo.

## THE STORY OF MY LIFE

(CONTINUATION FROM PAGE 14)

when M. Mocquard came to the rescue, and offered me his arm to reach the presence of the sovereigns. At breakfast I was placed near the Emperor, and during the whole meal we conversed on the intelligence of animals. After breakfast the Empress took me for a sail on the lake in her gondola. The Prince Imperial, who had made me several visits at By, was with us. On the whole my visit was most enjoyable, but I think I disappointed the Princess Metternich, who seemed to watch with amusement for some betrayal on my part of a lack of familiarity with Court manners.

During the war the Prussians occupied Moret and the neighborhood. By was not spared. Judge of my astonishment when one day in November I received a safe conduct for my house signed by Prince Frederic Charles, and twenty bags of wheat shipped to me from Odessa. My good friend Gambard, then Consul of Spain, had not forgotten me; it was to him I owed the bags of wheat, which were very welcome, for most all the peasants of By with their cattle had taken refuge at my place. But the safe conduct I tore in two, not wishing to accept from the victorious army favors not shown to my less fortunate countrymen. During the armistice my house was visited by a German Prince, but I did not wish to see him. During all these months I had no heart for work; I merely read, thought a great deal and hoped. When peace was restored and life began again I set to work desperately. My mood was then turned toward the study of large felines. I sketched a good deal at the Jardin des Plantes, at the circus, even in traveling menageries, wherever I could find lions and panthers.

The health of my poor friend Nathalie had been giving way for some time past, so we decided to spend our winters in the South. I built a villa at Nice, where every year, from December to March, we enjoyed sunshine and flowers. The friendship of the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha contributed to make these sojourns most agreeable. One morning she brought her nephew, the Prince of Wales, to see us. I found him most amiable. Later he called on me at By with the Princess of Wales and one of his daughters. On that occasion the Princesses, who had a camera, took several photographs of me. It was at Nice that I met Dom Pedro and the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier.

On the twenty-fourth of June, 1889, death took from me Nathalie, the noble and sainted woman who had been my dearest friend. The terrible sorrow almost broke my heart. It was a long time before work could soothe the bitterness of this parting. Not a day passes but my thoughts turn in gratitude toward that soul that in life had been so near my own. May her memory be blessed!

In 1893 President Carnot visited me several times and prevailed upon me to send some of my work to the Chicago Exposition. My exhibit there was the occasion of my being named Officer in the Order of the Legion of Honor. Will it seem very vain if I add here that I have scored a goodly number of honors? In 1865 Maximilian and Carlotta sent me the cross of San Carlos from Mexico. In 1867 the Academy of Fine Arts of Antwerp appointed me a member; I received from Alfonso XII the brevet of Commander in the Order of Isabella the Catholic, and from the King of Belgium that of Knight in the Royal Order of Leopold; in 1894 the King of Portugal made me Officer of the Most Noble Order of Santo Jacobo; but my nomination, that same year, to the grade of Officer in the Legion of Honor, I confess, went straight to my heart.

My life is that of a peasant. I wake with the day and lie down to sleep almost at nightfall. Early in the morning I stroll in the garden with my dogs or drive my pony cart through the Forest of Fontainebleau. Toward nine o'clock I take my seat before the easel and work until half-past eleven. Then I breakfast quite simply, and afterward smoke my cigarette, as I run through the daily papers. I resume my work at one o'clock, and at five I go out for a walk. I love to see the sun sink behind the trees of the forest. My dinner is as simple as my breakfast. I finish the day by reading. The books I prefer are those of travel, hunting or historical works. Often I read the Bible.

Before commencing a picture I study my subject exhaustively, prefacing this work with conscientious studies from Nature. I look for the exact sky and the exact ground that will suitably frame the subject, and not until then do I commence work on the canvas. The ever-present desire to bring myself nearer to truth, and an incessant research after simplicity are my two guides. I have never grown tired of study. It is to-day, and it has been during my whole life, a happiness to me, for it is with persistent work alone that we can approach the unsolvable problem of ever-changing Nature, the problem which more than any other elevates our soul and entertains in us thoughts of justice, of goodness, of charity.

# The Ease and Simplicity

with which

## Armour's

### Extract of BEEF

can be used are among its chief attractions.

Anyone can make delicious Soup or really palatable Beef Tea, and at a minimum expense, with Armour's Extract. No trouble or mystery about it.

Send for our little book, "Culinary Wrinkles;" mailed free upon application.

## Armour & Company Chicago



## "Job's Birthday

—the date be cursed!" So a tired-out and exasperated woman speaks of Monday—wash-day. And so, probably, would every woman who celebrates it so often in the old-fashioned, wearing way. Though why they do it, when there's a better way that can't be found fault with, is a mystery.

You'd better celebrate the death of the day, by using **Pearline**. You wouldn't recognize it with its ease, comfort, cleanliness, short hours, economy in time and in things washed.

Don't let prejudice against modern ideas stand in your way. Don't wear yourself out over the wash-tub just because your ancestors had to.

**Millions NOW USE Pearline**

## A Third Little Story for the Tea Table

A menace to health are the adulterated, nerve-disturbing teas of China and Japan. The Teas of India and Ceylon are strictly pure. Made of young leaves the whole plant. When using India or to put in the pot—**only about half of and Japan teas.** This is because of "two cups in one." **Use fresh boiled the tea to draw more than three taste,** and you will have perfect tea, or perplexity in life which cannot be upholding and invigorating beverage. It is less stimulating and more refreshing than coffee. It and sleep are not like the first cup because of its nature's sweet restorers." You may will like, and then you want it, and there is no relapse. Al- ways buy "Cey- lon or India Tea" (or a blend), the it may seem most econom- adulterated with leaves which only serve to make bulk. They infuse deliciously.



**Ceylon TEA**

**India TEA**

Imported into North America { 1894, 5,379,542 lbs. 1895, 9,283,144 lbs.

**THE LUCKY CURVE** in the feeder of the **GEO. S. PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN**

is simple yet invaluable. Can't explain here. So write for beautifully illustrated catalogue and solve the question, what to buy for Christmas. **THE PARKER PEN CO., 10 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.**

**BANNER OIL HEATER**  
 \$6.00  
 FREIGHT PAID  
**NO SMOKE NO ODOR**  
 COMFORT FOR COOL DAYS  
 Will heat a room from 15 to 20 feet square perfectly in the most severe weather. Our patent double drum gives twice the radiation of any oil heater made. Indicator shows exact amount of oil in fount. Burns till oil is exhausted. Outside ratchet controls flame perfectly. Handsomely made and the most powerful oil heater ever offered for the price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. When not kept by dealers, will send, freight paid, on receipt of \$6. Our book of points on stoves and lamps free.



2 ft. 6 in. high  
 No Chimney to Break

**THE PLUME & ATWOOD MFG. CO.**  
 New York—Boston—Chicago  
 FACTORIES: Waterbury and Thomaston, Conn.

**It's Very Easy**  
 to paint wrong, if you haven't the right paint. Wrong paints are those which contain too much or too little pigment, oil or dryer.

**PATTON'S Pure Liquid PAINTS** are made in the right proportions, of the proper materials to give best results—great covering capacity—long life—lasting colors.

\$1.50 a gallon. Freight paid to any R. R. station east of Denver. Patton's House Painting Model, 10 cts. New—letters-patent pending. "How to Increase the Size of your House with Paint," mailed free.

**JAS. E. PATTON CO., Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.**  
 Also PATTON'S PAINT (White Paste form), same quality.

**HOMESTUDY**  
 of Book-keeping Penmanship Business Forms, etc.  
 and our instruction By Mail, opens for young men and women positions of trust and responsibility at good salaries. The kind of knowledge that pays is the best for any young man or woman. We also teach **Shorthand, Letter Writing, etc. BY MAIL.** It is at once the most pleasant and inexpensive method of securing a practical business education. Trial lesson 10c. A fine Catalogue free. Address:

**BRYANT & STRATTON COLLEGE**  
 No. A-2 College Building, BUFFALO, N. Y.

**Architectural DRAWING**  
 Architecture  
 Plumbing & Heating  
 Mechanical Drawing  
 Steam Engineering  
 (Stat., Loco. & Mar.)  
 Electrically  
 Civil Engineering  
 Surveying & Mapping  
 Mining & Prospecting  
 English Branches

**TO WORKINGMEN PROFESSIONAL MEN YOUNG MEN**  
 and others who cannot afford to lose time from work. Send for Free Circular and References Stating the Subject you wish to Study, to The International Correspondence Schools, Box 831, Scranton, Pa.

**STUDY Journalism AT HOME**  
 Reporting, Editing, all branches of newspaper and literary work

**BY MAIL.** taught. Students everywhere. Takes only your spare time. Practical work from the start. Improved methods. Best results. Catalogue Free.

**The Sprague Correspondence School of Journalism**  
 No. 12 Telephone Building, Detroit, Mich.

**CHRISTMAS GIFTS**  
 \$2.00 for 5 quires paper and envelopes, embossed with 2-letter engraved monogram.  
 \$1.00 for 50 engraved plate visiting cards, name only.  
 Circulars showing samples, 6 cents.

**I Print My Own**  
 Cards, Circulars, with \$5.00 Press and save money.

**Make Money printing for others.** Our \$18 Press prints a newspaper. Type setting easy, printed rules. Send stamp for catalogue, presses and supplies to the factory.

**KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

**Natural Beautiful Motherhood**  
 Send for sample pages, free. Address  
**JENNESS MILLER PUBLICATIONS, Washington, D. C.**

**BABY OUTFIT**—all patterns used. Sent for 30 cts. Short clothes, same price. Full directions and Latest styles. A nice stocking pattern sent with each set.

**COMBINATION PATTERN CO., 12 Poultney, Vt.**

**RARE California and Japanese Bulbs, Plants and Seeds.** Send for our 48-page beautifully illustrated Catalogue giving full description and information. Established 1878. Address, H. H. BERGER & CO., San Francisco, Cal.

**Christmas Handkerchiefs**  
 SEND FOR CATALOGUE  
**L. H. FIELD**  
 Jackson, Mich.

**LITERARY QUERIES**  
 BY THE LITERARY EDITOR

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

**ADELINE**—See answer to "California."  
**M. H. H.**—Miss Julia Magruder's story, "The Violet," has been published in book form.  
**SUBSCRIBER**—The nearest living relative of Louisa M. Alcott is Mr. F. Alcott Pratt, of Concord, Massachusetts.

**BOOKWORM**—The Swedish system of physical training is explained in the "Handbook of School Gymnastics," by Baron Nils Posse.

**LEX**—James Hogg, the Scotch poet, was called "The Ettrick Shepherd." He was, in early life, a shepherd, and was born in Ettrick.

**FAXIE**—The author of "Kismet" is Miss Julia Constance Fleming, whose pseudonym is "George Fleming." "Kismet" means "destiny" or "fate."

**LOWELL E.**—The Earl of Beaconsfield's wife died December 15, 1872. (2) Robert Louis Stevenson was married in 1879 to Mrs. Fanny M. Van de Grift Osbourne.

**C. L. V.**—Joseph Pennell's "The Illustrations of Books: A Manual for the Use of Students," gives detailed information as to the various methods of illustrating.

**A. B. C.**—For some years past John Ruskin has lived in retirement, because of failing health, at Brantwood, Coniston, near London, in which city he was born in 1819.

**MARJORIE DAW**—Charles Dickens' unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," was to have been published in twelve monthly parts, but only six were completed when he died.

**TWO SISTERS**—*Sexta-feira*, meaning literally "sixth-day," would be rather a pretty name for a literary society meeting on Friday evenings. It is the Portuguese for "Friday."

**OCITA C.**—  
 "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams,"  
 are the last lines of Bryant's "Thanatopsis."

**DOUBT**—All manuscript should be carefully written in ink, on one side of the paper only, leaving a margin of about an inch and a half on the left. The sheets should be of a uniform size and be numbered.

**DALLAS**—I cannot in this column advertise any one of the newspaper syndicates by giving the information requested. If you will send stamped envelope with your personal address you will be answered by letter.

**INQUIRER**—The poem entitled "What I Live For," beginning with the line, "I live for those who love me," is by G. Linnaeus Banks. If you will send your personal address and return postage a copy of the poem in full will be mailed you.

**ALLEGHENY**—The verses upon St. Gaudens' bas-relief of Robert Louis Stevenson ending as follows:  
 "Life is over, life was gay;  
 We have come the primrose way,"  
 are Stevenson's own, addressed to Sidney Colvin.

**ALLIE LEE**—The author of "Men as Lovers" compares making love with playing whist, and since Hoyle is a standard authority on whist as well as other games, making love "according to Hoyle" means "according to the most approved system."

**MARY ANN**—"The City of the Living," by Elizabeth Akers Allen, was published many years ago in a volume of the author's poems which is now entirely out of print. It is not contained in the more recent collection, "The Silver Bridge and Other Poems."

**E. M. M.**—L. T. Meade is the pen-name of Mrs. Lillie T. Meade Smith, an English woman, the author of "A Sweet Girl Graduate," published in 1891, and a prolific writer of stories for girls. Several new works from her pen were published during the past year.

**CLARENCE C.**—Any one who wishes to study the habits of insects harmful to vegetation should have, first of all, Hyatt's elementary and yet thoroughly scientific manual, "Insecta," and with it either Packard's "Entomology for Beginners" or the same author's more exhaustive work, "Guide to the Study of Insects."

**H. U. G.**—The proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention," can hardly be traced to one independent source. The idea was expressed by Persius, the Roman satirist, about 60 A. D., and is found, in the precise form now quoted, in Richard Franck's "Northern Memoirs" (printed in London, 1694), and in various later English writers.

**GUY D.**—Among the most convenient manuals of parliamentary law specially adapted to the use of literary and church societies are Harriette R. Shattuck's "Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law," Maria F. Pritchard's "Parliamentary Usages: or Woman's Clubs and Deliberative Bodies," Olive Thorne Miller's "The Woman's Club," and the standard "Cushing's Manual, Condensed."

**FRANK N. T.**—It is hard to define Sir John Lubbock's religious belief more particularly than he does for himself in his essay on "Religion," where he quotes with apparent approval the answer of Hillel to the man who asked to be taught the Law in one lesson. Hillel said: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you; this is the whole Law, the rest merely commentaries upon it."

**MARGARET**—Thomas Henry Hall Caine, the famous author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," etc., was born at Runcorn, Cheshire, England, in 1853, and was trained for the profession of architecture. This he abandoned in 1880 for journalism, and in 1881 went to London, where he lived in the house of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, on terms of close intimacy with the gifted poet-artist. Caine's first markedly successful novel was "The Deemster," published in 1888. His home is on the Isle of Man. He visited Canada and the United States in November, 1895.

**CALIFORNIA**—The poem containing the quotation asked for is entitled "What Rules the World," and was written by William Ross Wallace, who was born in Lexington, Kentucky, about 1819, and died in 1881. The first stanza ran:

"They say that man is mighty,  
 He governs land and sea,  
 He wields a mighty sceptre  
 O'er lesser powers that be;  
 But a mightier power and stronger  
 Man from his throne has hurled,  
 And the hand that rocks the cradle  
 Is the hand that rules the world."

(2) An article on the study of French appeared in the JOURNAL for January, 1895. The best way for one with some knowledge of the language to continue studying alone is to get an interesting book, preferably one of which there is a good English translation, and work it out with grammar and dictionary, referring to the translation when necessary.

**JUST PUBLISHED**  
**THE GREAT NEW COOK BOOK**  
 By Marion Harland and Christine Terhune Herrick  
**The National Cook Book**  
 Sent to Readers of The Ladies' Home Journal for only \$1.27 net postage prepaid

**A NEW WORK IN EVERY RESPECT. NOT A REVISION OF OLD MATERIAL**

*Read What the Authors Say*

**Special Features:**  
**ONE THOUSAND RECIPES**  
 Over 600 absolutely new.  
**SALADS**  
 Over 60 varieties, many of them new.  
**APPETIZERS**  
 30 varieties.  
**SANDWICHES**  
 Over 20 new kinds.  
**CHAFING-DISH RECIPES**  
**FOREIGN DISHES**  
 French, German, Spanish, Italian and even East Indian and Syrian.  
**SAVORIES**  
 Many of them entirely new.  
**CHILDREN'S DIET**  
 A special department.  
**FAMILIAR TALKS**  
 Helpful and suggestive.

**THE** thousand recipes in this volume represent seven years of accumulation and selection of material which we believe will be of value to our sister housekeepers. We have collected these recipes from all quarters of the globe, and adapted them to the American kitchen, making patient test of each before admitting it to our store of available matter. Circumstances have brought both of us into constant and close association with housewives all over this dear land of ours. We have made them, their needs, their ambitions, and their capabilities, a study, and in offering **The National Cook Book** to them, have more than a mere author's interest in our readers. They are our fellow-workers and friends. Recollections of the gracious acceptance they have accorded to former works have cheered us in the endeavor to prepare the very best Manual of Practical Cookery ever put upon the American market. We bespeak for it a fair trial in the hundreds of thousands of homes and kitchens in which "Common Sense in the Household" has found a loving welcome and has proved itself a trustworthy friend.

Order by mail of the publishers, mentioning **THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL**  
**CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153-157 Fifth Ave., New York**

**Study Law at Home**

If you are Studying in a Law Office or alone, or if you would like to Study Law, either for general information or culture, or in order to fit yourself for practice or to help you in your business—and if you cannot go to College you should Study under the direction of **The Sprague Correspondence School of Law, of Detroit, Mich.** Lessons given by mail—3 courses—a Preparatory Course, a Business Law Course and a Regular Two Years' College Course. This school is the original school in this line—eighth year—lessons thorough and in printed form. Tuition within the reach of all. It fits Students for examination for the bar—Its methods are approved—Its instructors competent. It is the largest Correspondence School in professional lines in the World—Students and Graduates in every State and Territory and in Foreign Countries—Hundreds of Students admitted to the bar and practicing successfully—One thousand autograph testimonials on file. Has the friendly support of the regular law schools and leading law educators. Its Course includes Daily Lessons, Text Books, Quiz Books, Examinations, Reviews and Illustrative Cases. No sluggard can do the work, but any ambitious man or woman of average intelligence can **A New Class Starts the First of Every Month**

You can go as fast or as slow as your time allows. We offer also to Lawyers unsurpassed facilities for review. Men and women in all walks of life—busy men and women—are doing the work successfully.

**See our Testimonials as Evidence. Here is a Sample**  
**J. COTNER, JR., Sec. and Treas.,**  
 Sprague Correspondence School of Law, Detroit, Mich.  
 DEAR SIR:—On the sixth of August, 1894, I studied my first lesson in Blackstone under your instruction. It was my first experience with the law. I followed your course of instruction and on Dec. 13, 1895, I filed my application for admission to the bar. Saturday, Feb. 23, 1896, the examination began, which lasted for three hours, and was continued to Monday, March 2, 1896, when I had two hours more. The examination (which was very rigid) was conducted by a committee of four of the brightest and ablest attorneys of the Kansas City bar (one being a professor in a Law School) in open court and in the presence of the Judge. On March 4, 1896, the committee reported that I had passed. On March 7, 1896, Judge Dobson gave me a certificate which admits me to practice law in the several courts of Missouri. So you see that I stood the fire of the examination for five hours, and I had only been studying for about nineteen months. I write this, thinking that you are more or less interested in the success of your students. I am willing to, and will take great pleasure in recommending your school to all young men who are unable to attend a regular Law School. In conclusion I would like to thank you for what you have done for me. Hoping your school will reap the success that it deserves, I remain as ever,  
 Yours, very truly,  
**BENJAMIN CANNON HOWARD.**

Also, as an indication that distance makes no difference, we cite the case of **EVAN W. ESTEP**, of Honokaa, Hawaii, H. I., over 9000 miles from Detroit, who has finished the two years' course and who writes us as follows: "I am happy to say that I am satisfied with your treatment in every way." We have students in Canada, England, Germany, Cuba, China and nearly every foreign country.

We send free upon request a handsome Catalogue of particulars and a book filled with testimonials gathered from every part of the country and numbering nearly 500.

**THE SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW**  
 No. 131 Telephone Building, DETROIT, MICH.

**BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for 1897**  
 Tells the plain truth about  
**The BEST SEEDS that Grow!**  
 Hundreds of illustrations, remarkable Novelties, painted from nature, it is known as "The Leading American Seed Catalogue." Mailed FREE to all.  
**W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**  
 See our other advertisement on page 35 of this issue

**Home Amusements**  
 are best. And the best home amusement is furnished by a McAllister magic lantern or stereopticon. A perpetual source of delight and instruction to children and of pleasure to their elders.

**McALLISTER'S Magic Lanterns AND STEREOPTICONS**  
 are made in various styles and sizes—that bring the cost within everybody's means.

A veritable cyclopedia (250 pages) of magic lantern knowledge mailed free to any one that writes for it.

**T. H. McALLISTER**  
 49 Nassau Street, New York  
 76 Washington Street, Chicago

**VOSE ESTABLISHED 1851 PIANOS**

Highest Award Columbian Exposition  
 Celebrated for their Pure Tone, Elegant Designs, Superior Workmanship and Great Durability. Sold on easy terms. Old instruments taken in exchange. Catalogue and information free.

**VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.**  
 174 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

**WE WANT TO SEND YOU OUR PIANO BOOK FREE.**

**A NEW SOUVENIR**  
 work of art illustrated in Ten Colors. Worth its weight in Gold. We pay charges and send it FREE, all you have to do is to ask for it to-day, please. Remember this is the old-established house of CORNISH & CO., the only firm in the world selling exclusively from Factory to Family direct. A single instrument at wholesale price. We save you from \$25 to \$250. Write at once to **CORNISH & CO.,** (Established 30 yrs.) Box A, Washington, N. J.

**CURLING FUN!**

No more burnt fingers or hair. No heat or moisture required.

**Rushforth Hair Curling Pins**

the common-sense curlers, are what you want. Set of 6 sent, postpaid, for 15 cents; 6 sets for 75 cents. Big inducements to good agents. Terms and samples, 4c.

**THE RUSHFORTH PIN COMPANY, Lawrence, Mass.**

**NO DIRT LEFT**

In clothes washed with the "BUSY BEE WASHER," 100 pieces in one hour and no hard work done. That's the record. AGENTS WANTED. Exclusive sale. Write for terms.

**LAKE ERIE MFG. CO., 118 E. 18th St., Erie, Pa.**

**TEAS** To Readers of the Journal  
 Send this "ad." and 10c. in stamps, and we will mail you a 1/2 pound sample best T imported, any kind you may order, 5 pounds fine Family Teas on receipt of \$2.00 and this "ad."

**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.**  
 Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York

**EARN MONEY** Selling National Patent Dish Washer. Best made, simple, durable. Price low. Over 60,000 sold. Washes and dries dishes in two minutes. No muss, slop, scalded fingers or broken dishes. A child can operate. Everyone warranted. Sell on merit. One sold lays foundation for ten more. Every hotel, restaurant or family buy. Write for catalogue, wholesale prices and agency.

**World Mfg. Co., (N 4) Columbus, Ohio.**

To reduce our stock of MUSIC we will send by mail **Them That You Saw Me**, full sheet music size, all parts complete, vocal and instrumental, together with 70 other pieces for only 40 cents, or 8 lots for \$1.00. Money back if not suited. 100 songs, words and music, for 5 cents.

Address **L. HATHAWAY**, 339 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

**20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps)**

**THE HUMAN HAIR**  
 Why it Falls Off, Turns Gray, and the Remedy.  
 By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.  
 A. T. Long & Co., 1013 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 "Every one should read this little book."—*Athenaeum*.

**THE PROFIT** to be derived from the poultry business and many things of value to poultry men, together with a full description of the **MONITOR INCUBATOR**, is contained in 80-p. catalogue. Send 4c. stamps.

**A. F. WILLIAMS, 57 Race St., Bristol, Conn.**

**\$300.00 To Embroiderers IN CASH PRIZES**

Send Two-cent Stamp for Particulars  
 Address **THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.**  
 6 Union Street, New London, Conn.

**Bedford Trading Co.** 1197 Fulton St. Brooklyn, N.Y.

General Purchasing Agents for all obtainable wants for Home, Farm or Factory. Correspondence solicited. References furnished. Write us.

**MUSICAL HELPS AND HINTS**

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

P. F.—There is a book called "Philosophy of the Voice," by Lunn, which may be of use to you.

ALLAN—The cradle song, "Dream, Baby, Dream," by W. W. Gilchrist, may be ordered through any music dealer.

A. G.—We do not know of any piano compositions by Richard Stahl. You can, however, obtain piano arrangements of his "Said Pasha" and "Sea King."

TWO GIRLS—Paderewski's "Menuet Moderne" appeared in the JOURNAL of October last. A copy of the JOURNAL containing it will be forwarded you for ten cents.

A. G. B. M. AND OTHERS—We do not believe that satisfactory progress can be made in the study of any instrument without competent instruction, unless in very exceptional cases.

F. P.—We know of no bass songs written with C as the highest note, and would advise you to select certain songs suited to your style and have them transposed so as to suit your voice.

T. H.—Bussoni, the music teacher, lives in Berlin, and may be addressed care of Bote & Bock, music publishers. Owing to his delicate health and frequent concert trips he is only an irregular instructor.

VIOLIN STUDENT—Hohmann's "Practical Violin School" is published in five parts at fifty cents each. Wichtel's "Young Violinist" is sold at one dollar and twenty-five cents, and "The Violin and How to Master It" at seventy-five cents.

D. K. H.—There have been comparatively few good composers of organ music, and although of recent years a great deal of organ music has been published the entire field of legitimate organ compositions occupies but limited space.

E. S.—The following are selections of the kind you request suitable for the guitar:

- "Little Sinners' Waltz," Jacobs
- "Regimental March," Eno
- "La Veta Schottische,"
- "Waltz of Love,"
- "Here They Come" (March), Frey

O. B.—The following are simple and attractive compositions suitable for piano or parlor organ:

- "Garland March," Dorn
- "Styrienne," Dorn
- "Meditation," Leybach
- "Romance in F," Volkmar
- "Romance in G," Volkmar
- "Vesper Hymn," Hewitt

C. R. A.—We believe that it would require at least from two to three years' instruction to prepare for operatic singing. The instruction fees would probably range between five hundred and one thousand dollars. There are teachers in America who are especially competent to give such instruction, and who make operatic training a special division of their teaching. Besides this there are also schools or conservatories where this branch of work is especially considered. We would advise you to try either private or conservatory teaching.

JERRY—There is always a field for good musicians as teachers and soloists, and we do not consider that at nineteen, with the fundamental training in music of which you speak, one is too old to continue serious study. There are undoubtedly excellent musical schools, as well as cultivated teachers, in the far West, but our advice would be that the young man go to New York, which, as the metropolis, contains the best, both in the way of instruction and musical opportunity, that this country affords. We do not consider European "finish" necessary, although it is very valuable.

SEVERAL INQUIRERS—The questions which would be asked a candidate for an instructor's position in a musical conservatory would depend upon two things: the rank and standard of the institution and the position applied for. A teacher of piano, violin, voice culture, etc., would be required to give satisfactory evidence of her complete knowledge of the rudiments and technique of the subject she proposes to teach, and should have, also, some knowledge of harmony, thoroughbass, counterpoint and composition. She should be able to answer any reasonable questions on the above subjects, or in her special line of work.

J. S. B.—There is an excellent little book compiled by Everett E. Truette which contains a well-graded list of studies and pieces for the organ. There is, however, no graded work of which we have knowledge which corresponds to Matthews' celebrated work for the piano. We append a graded list of compositions, with the hope that they may be of service:

- Grade 1, Rink's Organ School—Part 1. (Best's edition.)
- Grade 2, Twelve Short and Easy Voluntaries, Books 11, 12, 13—Smart.
- Grade 3, Rink's Organ School—Part 3.
- Grade 4, Eight Little Preludes and Fugues, Book 8 (Peters' edition)—J. S. Bach.
- Grade 5, Forty-four Pedal Studies (edited by S. P. Warren)—Schneider.
- Grade 6, Rink's Organ School—Parts 4, 5, 6.
- Grade 7, The Art of Organ Playing—W. T. Best.
- Grade 8, Sonatas 2 and 4—Mendelssohn
- Grade 9, Some of the Fugues from Book 4—J. S. Bach.
- Grade 10, The remaining Sonatas of Mendelssohn, and also the greater Fugues of Bach contained in Books 2 and 3.
- Grade 11, The trio Sonatas of J. S. Bach, the Sonatas of Merkel, and last, but by no means least, the Sonatas and other works of Rheinberger.

JOHN BROWN—It is always extremely difficult to recommend songs to a person of whose range and quality of voice and of whose instruction nothing definite is known. However, we append a list of barytone songs which we hope may suit your voice and abilities:

- "Widmung," Schumann
- "Ich Grolle Nicht," Schumann
- "Der Nuss Baum," Schumann
- "Du Bist Wie Eine Blume," Schumann
- "Who is Sylvia?" Schubert
- "Am Meer," Schubert
- "The Erl King," Schubert
- "Die Forelle," Schubert
- "The Wanderer," Schubert
- "Ich Liebe Dich," Grieg
- "Dio Possente," Gounod
- "Sing, Smile, Slumber," Gounod
- "Ho Messo Nuove," Gounod
- "Maid of Athens," Gounod
- "Sweet Wind That Blows," Chadwick
- "Bedouin Love Song," Chadwick
- "Bid Me to Live," Hatton
- "Good-Night," Rubinstein
- "Thou Art Like Unto a Flower," Rubinstein
- "Oh, Loving Heart," Gottschalk
- "Sweet Evening Star," Wagner
- "Traume," Wagner

"THE ONLY DENTIFRICE of International Reputation"

**Sozodont**  
 FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

The Complete and Perfect Dentifrice is that which presents both-liquid and powder in one package

Absolutely pure, it preserves the Teeth, sweetens the breath and hardens the Gums

I recommend it to every body—Miss

The lady whose portrait is presented here is known to the American public, and is a constant user of Sozodont. What this remarkable dentifrice has done for her it will do for any woman in the land who will employ it regularly, the liquid daily, the powder twice a week. (The above portrait and corner design are copyrighted.)

A sample of the liquid by mail for three cents.  
 Address **HALL & RUCKEL**, New York, Proprietors of Sozodont, Sozoderma Soap and other well-known preparations for the toilet.

"I never knew what it was before to be dressed without knowing I had anything on." So writes Robert J. Burdette, referring to the

**LEWIS UNION SUIT**

In wearing the Lewis Union Suit the constant annoyance of the undershirt working up and the drawers working down is avoided, thereby insuring a

**Perfection of Comfort**

not obtained in two-piece suits. The Lewis Union Suits are made of the finest grade materials and by skilled workmen, insuring a perfect fit from neck to ankle, and the garments do not draw or wrinkle.

**Cheaper than Two-piece Suits**

of the same quality and finish, the Lewis Union Suits are made in all desirable kinds and weights of materials, in all popular shades, beautifully tailored and trimmed. The treatment of the yarn makes these garments the nearest non-shrinkable that it is possible to produce, and they retain their natural softness and elasticity for years.

ASK YOUR DEALER for the Lewis Union Suits. Don't accept any substitute said to be as good, but write us, and we will fill your order or refer you to a dealer. Our patented improvements are not found in any other make.

**LEWIS KNITTING CO., 200 Union Street, Janesville, Wis.**

**"ALASKA" FIBRE GARMENTS**

PORT HURON FIBRE GARMENT MFG. CO. DETROIT MICH.

PRICE LIST  
 Vests, 50c., \$1.00, \$1.50  
 Coats, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.00  
 Drawers, \$1.00, Skirts, \$1.75  
 Blankets, 75c., \$1.00  
 Chest Protectors, 25c. to 45c.

**EVERYBODY KNOWS** The wind and cold repelling quality of ALASKA FIBRE GARMENTS. They are endorsed by leading physicians as health-preserving, and the warmest, lightest, most durable and cheapest garments in the world. They are lined and covered with muslin or sateen of several grades, in all sizes, for men, women and children. Illustrated Catalogue Free, showing all their forms and uses with price. If your dealer does not keep them send your order to us.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

**PORT HURON FIBRE GARMENT MFG. CO., 142 West Larned Street, Detroit, Mich.**

SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS  
BY RUTH ASHMORE

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

H. N.—Louisa M. Alcott never married.

PHIELMA—The birthday stone for June is the agate.

NANCY—White ribbon will trim the white India silk most effectively.

TACOMA—When the path is narrow the gentleman should walk behind the lady.

M. AND W.—A gentleman, when walking with a lady, takes the outer side of the street.

F. R. L.—A young man should not begin a letter "Miss Grace," but "My Dear Miss Robinson."

CLORINDA—After a dinner you should call on your hostess within ten days. Make this call a short one.

LILLIE—Both pink and yellow may be worn by a blonde. Heliotrope and pale blue are becoming to brunettes.

M. A. E.—Rose-colored chiffon will make a dainty dancing dress. (2) Jelly, coconut, or any layer cake is eaten from a fork.

A. C.—Even if the correspondence is of a "purely friendly character" it should not exist between a married woman and a young man.

RIVERSIDE—Leave your card in person, writing on it, "With kind inquiries," when sickness or death has entered the household of a friend.

M. J. G.—When "Mr. and Mrs. Brown" call on "Mr. and Mrs. Robinson" they leave one of Mrs. Brown's and two of Mr. Brown's cards.

INTEREST—White, unruled paper, note size, folded once to fit the envelope, is correct for invitations—indeed, for general social correspondence.

MARIE B.—Thin wafers and tea form a sufficient collation for the every-day "four o'clock tea." Olives are only served at luncheon or dinner.

R. M. B.—Custom permits the usage of the title "Madam" in a business letter to an unmarried woman, as "Miss Mary Robinson, Dear Madam."

L. C. A.—A young man may, with perfect propriety, wear a buttonhole bouquet. Just now there is a fancy for a single flower—a gardenia being specially liked.

MAURICE—As she had an elderly lady to act as chaperon the young girl committed no impropriety in giving a house party composed of ladies and gentlemen.

ANGELICA—It would be very improper to accept so costly a gift as a diamond ring from a gentleman to whom you are not betrothed and whom you never expect to marry.

E. S. H.—Young girls should not wear diamonds. (2) It would be very unwise to invite to one's home a young man whose manners and morals were known to be decidedly bad.

SABINA—One has no right whatever to read a postal card addressed to another without permission, certainly not before it has been seen by the person for whom it is intended.

A. F. R.—A menu for a wedding breakfast may consist of lobster à la Newburg, chicken croquettes, salads, sandwiches, bride's cake, small cakes, sweets, coffee and lemonade.

ANNIE—Bridal presents may be acknowledged as soon after their arrival as possible. It is not necessary to wait until after the wedding before writing your thanks for a wedding gift.

E. A. R.—Turning down the corners of a visiting-card, meaning that the call was made in person, is no longer in vogue. (2) Few young girls make their *début* until they have passed eighteen.

Q.—A curious leap year custom is that if a gentleman refuses the proposal of marriage made by a lady he must give her "a silken gown, or one of velvet, well trimmed with fur or ribbons."

PATTY—Extreme redness of the face is usually due to a tight bodice, shoe, glove or stays. Tight clothing compresses the organs, and then the face, the thermometer of the body, becomes congested.

W. L.—It is quite proper, when writing a letter, to write upon the first and third pages crosswise, and upon the second and fourth pages lengthwise; this method is very common and facilitates reading.

ESTELLE—As the gentleman was not calling on the member of the family who opened the door, and had no acquaintance with her, he did right in offering his card and asking for the person he wished to see.

BRUNETTE—Queen Elizabeth had red hair; Mary Stuart had fair hair; Lucretia Borgia, Lady Macbeth, Catherine de Medici, Marie Antoinette, Anne of Austria, and the Princess de Lamoignon were all blondes.

MAUD—At a church wedding the usher escorts each lady to her seat, offering his arm, which she should accept. If a party of ladies are together each should wait her turn to be properly conducted to her place.

E. R. H.—It is not in good taste to give a great number of dances to one young man, and then, as you say, "to sit out with him" during many more. It is never quite refined to announce one's likes and dislikes so publicly.

R. E.—A small orange-wood stick (they may be bought by the dozen) is most desirable for pushing down the skin that grows at the base of the finger nails. Use this after the nails have been well scrubbed with hot water and soap.

C. K. I.—When an engagement of marriage is broken all presents and letters should be returned. No matter how attached you may have grown to some special gift it should not be retained, but be sent with everything else to the giver.

E. M.—It is not right, during business hours, for you to talk with your friends over your employer's telephone and waste his time chatting with them. Your employer is not severe, but only just, when he reprimands you for such unbusinesslike behavior.

PHYLLIS AND OTHERS—To reduce the flesh, to which you object, you must exercise with great regularity and not permit yourself to sleep during the day. Take no food that contains much starch (rice, potatoes, oatmeal, fresh bread, etc.), avoid all sweets, and give up chocolate and coffee.

MYRTLE—When two ladies are introduced it is not necessary for either to rise; a bow and a smile from each is sufficient. (2) A lady bows first to the gentleman whose acquaintance with her is slight, so that he be made aware of her willingness to recognize him and continue the acquaintance.

I. I.—Simply but firmly announce to the young man who has been so impertinent to you, that unless he mends his manners you will be forced to end your acquaintance with him, and, also, that you will take good care that all your friends, who are his, shall know exactly why you take such a decided step.

A SUBSCRIBER—Dried beef is eaten with a fork; when eating cheese cut off a small piece, put it, using your knife, on a bit of bread or biscuit, and convey it to the mouth by your fingers. An invitation to an afternoon tea does not require a regret, but a card by post to represent you when you are unable to be present.

E. H. B.—The fashionable visiting-card for a lady is rather long than square, and quite thin. Three sisters could use a card having "The Misses Floyd" upon it. If separate cards are preferred that of the eldest sister would read "Miss Floyd," the card of the second "Miss Dorothy Floyd," and of the third "Miss Eleanor Floyd."

CAMILLA—In all cities but Washington the old residents call upon the strangers. (2) After having been away from a town for a long time it would be wise to send cards to your friends; these cards would tell of your return and give your address. (3) Even if you do not go to the dinner or luncheon you must make an after-call.

M. C.—There would be no impropriety in sending flowers to an old friend, a gentleman, who is ill, but I would not advise the sending of flowers, even if you have a garden full of them, to those men friends who are quite well; for, though you might mean to send the blossoms only as an ordinary courtesy, your action might be misconstrued.

M. W. AND OTHERS—Have your poem or story typewritten. Address it simply to the editor of the magazine to which you send it. It will reach the proper person, even if it is not addressed to him personally. Write your name and address in the plainest way possible at the top of the first page, and inclose a sufficient number of stamps for the return of your manuscript.

W. H.—When you are unable, through indisposition, to make the visits that are due, you should send your visiting-cards to represent you. Nothing need be written on the cards, but tact would be shown in writing a note to some friend who goes among the same people, telling the reason for your apparent lack of courtesy. Then the cause for your non-appearance would soon be generally known.

TORONTO—The turning down of the corner of the visiting-card has gone out of fashion; when this custom was in vogue it meant that the card was left in person. (2) In calling on a married lady and her daughter you would leave two of your own and three of your husband's cards; your own cards would be for the ladies, and your husband's cards would be two for the ladies and one for the gentleman of the house.

TWO READERS—If a gentleman whom you know wishes to meet a friend of yours, write a note asking her if she is willing to have him presented to her, and requesting her to set a time when you may bring him to her home and introduce him. If, without any special reason, she should refuse to make his acquaintance, let him think that you have been careless about asking her, rather than hurt his feelings.

SWEET PEA—The stranger who paid your fare, when, after entering the car, you found your purse was lost, had no right to claim an acquaintance with you. You should have asked his name and then returned him the money by mail with a few words of thanks. That should have ended the affair. However, if, presuming on his act of politeness, the man should call, you may, with perfect propriety, refuse to see him.

LOUISE—Even an ordinary note should have one's address and the date upon it. A business letter to a stranger, asking for an answer, should have a self-addressed, stamped envelope inclosed, so that the recipient may be put to as little trouble as possible. Abbreviations are not in good taste. As you are in so much doubt about correct spelling I would advise your having one of the numerous books on common mistakes in spelling on your desk.

CIVIL SERVICE—Brush your hair twice a day, being careful to use brushes that are absolutely free from dust. About once a week rub vaseline well into the scalp. Once a month shampoo your head, washing the hair well and drying it thoroughly, with tar soap. This treatment should keep the hair in good condition and prevent its falling out. (2) A man has no right to conclude that mere politeness from a woman who has refused to marry him is encouragement.

ETHEL G.—When calling, a gentleman leaves a card for each lady for whom he inquires. (2) An invitation should be answered according to its wording; if it is in the third person the acceptance or regret should be worded in that fashion; while, if it is informally written, the answer should be in the same tone. (3) If it is impossible, owing to absence from the city, for you to make the proper call after being entertained, your card should be sent by post to represent you.

R. M. L.—A simple preventive against the appearance of wrinkles is this: Saturate a soft towel in very hot water, wring it and apply it to your face, keeping it there for at least twenty minutes. Then dry the face very gently. This must be done just before going to bed. When traveling, as your skin is so sensitive, do not bathe your face except at night and in the morning, and when you do throw a few drops of tincture of benzoin into the water, so that it may be made soft and agreeable to the skin.

Y. L.—It is not necessary to have the parlor darkened on your "at home" day. Have everything looking as pretty as possible, some fresh flowers here and there about the room, and, if you are fortunate enough to have an open fire, let it be bright and suggestive of the warmth of your hospitality. (2) The woman who is overdressed at an afternoon reception is much more uncomfortable than she who is gowned with the simplicity of a Quaker. A well-fitting wool gown, a becoming bonnet, a fresh pair of gloves, and you are suitably dressed as a visitor.

STUDENT—The palmist says that long fingers are a sign of refinement. A short, stubby hand argues a lack of sensibility; a thin thumb, rather small, denotes weakness. Strength of character is shown by the thumb asserting itself over the other fingers. If the thumb curves backward its owner is obstinate. The thin palm shows a refined, cultured nature. The thick one a coarse but strong individuality. (2) Never speak of people by their initials; if you cannot mention names leave the story untold. (3) After a dance take your partner back to her mother or to her chaperon.

LUCY L.—As you paint well, why not make for your mother a double frame to inclose your own and your children's photographs? One that I have seen lately was made of green velvet paper, and upon it were painted here and there, in a carelessly artistic manner, apple blossoms; above the photograph of the mother was written (in painted letters), "This is the mother, as all may see"; and, in the same style, about the picture of the children was lettered, "These are her children, one, two, three." The glass was put over in *passapartout* fashion, the binding being of the green velvet paper.

BARBOUR'S Prize Needlework Series, No. 5



Just Issued  
110 Pages  
Profusely  
Illustrated

Barbour and Progress are synonymous. Barbour's Prize Needlework Series No. 5 surpasses any previous publication in this line. It not only embraces a great variety of new designs in lace-making and embroidery, but possesses an educational value. "The Antiquity of the Linen Industry," with illustrations of the stone whorls and ancient flax embroidery, is of especial interest; and the cover design is a beautiful and correct representation of the ancient method of spinning. There are color-plates of embroidery made with Ulster Floss, original and charming designs which ladies will delight in reproducing. The book is artistic in every way.

Also, a new book entitled "Lace Book, a Hand-Book Illustrated," giving special instructions for making Torchon or Bobbin Lace.

Book No. 5  
Illustrated Hand-Book } By Mail, 10 cents each  
Books Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4

THE BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY  
218 Church St., NEW YORK 68 South St., BOSTON  
110 Franklin St., CHICAGO 410 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA  
519 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO  
814 Lucas Ave., ST. LOUIS 118 E. Sixth St., CINCINNATI

See  That all your Linen Thread carries this Trade-Mark.

LOWNEY'S  
Chocolate Bonbons

"NAME ON EVERY PIECE"

DAINTY DELICIOUS PURE

Sample Package, 10 cents in stamps. { If not obtainable of dealers we will send on receipt of price: 1-lb. box, 60c.; 2-lb. box, \$1.20; 3-lb. box, \$1.80; 5-lb. box, \$3. Delivered free in U. S.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., 89 Pearl St., BOSTON

HOME PORTRAITURE,

Views of the snowy landscape, with its leafless trees and fields of glistening ice, and flash-light pictures of congenial friends gathered about the warm fireside in the long winter evenings, all add to the charms of amateur photography.



It's easy, too, with our Film cartridge cameras. They load in daylight, have fine achromatic lenses, improved rotary shutters, set of three stops, and are beautifully finished. Booklet Free.

KEEP THEM IN MIND FOR CHRISTMAS.

Pocket Kodaks, } \$5.00  
Bullets, . . . } to  
Bulls-Eyes. . . } \$15.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.  
Rochester, N. Y.

Hosted by Google

**"I'se In Town, Honey"**

**AUNT JEMIMA'S**

**Pancake Flour**  
Self-Rising. Ready for Use

The best of  
**Wheat, Corn and Rice**  
carefully prepared. Makes a breakfast dish that surpasses all others in flavor and healthfulness. It is absolutely free from adulteration. A sterling product. Sold by all grocers. Not genuine unless it is in a red box.

**Here's Our Guarantee.** Buy a package of Genuine Aunt Jemima's Self-Rising Pancake Flour and if you do not find it makes the best cakes you ever ate, return the empty box to your grocer, leave your name, and the grocer will refund the money and charge it to us.

Send 4c. in stamps for Life History of "Aunt Jemima" and her Pickaninny dolls. Address "Advertising Department."

**R. T. DAVIS MILL CO., St. Joseph, Mo.**



**SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS**

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

Questions of interest to mothers will be cheerfully answered on this page.

**E. M. O.**—A pretty way to finish the neck of a slip for a little girl, to be worn with a guimpe, is to stitch a narrow band around it, letting the point lap over in front for an inch, and sewing on it three tiny buttons, with which it is supposed to be fastened. A little dress made in Paris was finished in this way and looked very well.

**MABEL C.**—A toy which has amused many little children is a rudely-carved representation of a man and a bear, each with a hammer, with which they strike alternately an anvil placed between them. The figures are fastened on parallel sticks, which, on being pulled at either end, move each in turn and bring down the hammers with great precision.

**Mrs. J. G.**—The prettiest handkerchiefs have a narrow hemstitched border with the initials embroidered across one corner. It is the fashion just now to have the letters rather small. It is also a fad to have them in the owner's handwriting, traced on the linen by herself and then embroidered. This would add to their value if the handkerchiefs were to be used as a gift.

**Mrs. B. S. T.**—Warm underclothing is particularly necessary for a child who suffers from rheumatism. If the knees are affected let him wear knitted knee caps under his stockings. When there is much pain bathe the parts in hot water in which washing soda has been dissolved, and wrap them in flannel. Warmth and rubbing will sometimes give relief for the time being.

**ANXIOUS MOTHER**—Bow-legs sometimes become straight as the child grows older and stronger. Bathe them night and morning with salt and water, rubbing them thoroughly and pressing with the hand on the outside of the curve as if to press them straight. This must be done gently and without the least violence. The little bones are soft, and careful manipulation, long continued, will be of use.

**Mrs. JOSEPH K.**—To raise your skirt from the ground during the muddy walking in autumn sew four straps of the same material as the dress to the waistband of the skirt. Make a buttonhole in the point of each. Place buttons on the back and side seams of the skirt at such a distance that when the straps are buttoned on them the skirt is sufficiently shortened without the trouble of holding it up.

**MARIE**—A key-chain will prevent your losing your keys and so having to spend time in looking for them. You can procure a steel one for twenty-five cents, and very pretty silver ones with key-rings attached, which, of course, are much more expensive. (2) A pocket is indispensable to the mother of a family. If you cannot induce your dressmaker to let you have one wear a chatelaine bag at your side to take its place.

**Mrs. B. S. T.**—Children who dislike milk alone will sometimes take cocoa. Make it half milk and half water. Dissolve the cocoa in the proper quantity of boiling water, add this to the hot milk and let it come to the boil. Do not cook it longer. Hot milk is sometimes taken when cold would be refused. Heat but do not boil it, as the taste of boiled milk is objectionable to some fastidious palates. Sugar or salt may be added as desired.

**Mrs. R. M., Jr.**—"Preparation for Motherhood," which can be procured through the Literary Bureau of the JOURNAL, will answer your questions. You will find there directions for preparing the wardrobe for a baby, and also suggestions for your own dress. If you are fond of sewing it is best to make the little garments at home. You will find advice as to patterns and materials in the book mentioned, as well as many useful hints for your own use.

**MOTHER**—A chatelaine watch that would be a useful gift for a girl of sixteen can be procured for a few dollars. The most serviceable are the black ones of oxidized steel. The pin is of the same material, sometimes relieved by a little gold. One pretty pattern, rather newer than the bowlink, represents a gold pin stuck through an oxidized ribbon. Do not choose a very tiny watch; the larger ones keep better time, and are more reliable.

**EDNA L.**—Give your children a small weekly allowance and let them learn to manage it themselves. The only way to teach them the value of money is to let them have the experience of using it. To find that they have to do without things they want if they waste it and leave themselves without the wherewithal to buy them is a valuable lesson. Remember "lightly comes, lightly goes," and do not replenish the stock if it is exhausted before the proper time.

**PERPLEXITY**—The safest way to carry extra money in traveling is in a small bag slung across the shoulder under the dress. It can be made of stout linen drill about ten inches long by six in width. This will hold a letter of credit or checks without musing them unduly. The strings should be a yard and a quarter long, double—that is, drawing from each side. This permits the bag to hang easily at the side, where it is safe and well out of the way. At night it may be worn around the neck without inconvenience to the wearer.

**ALICE N.**—A mixture of cotton and wool, or merino, is preferable to silk for children's underwear. All wool is very irritating to a sensitive skin, and many children cannot wear it without positive suffering. It also has the disadvantage of shrinking when washed. Gauze merino is suitable for summer wear, and silk and wool gauze undergarments can be obtained, but a thicker quality is necessary for the autumn. Combination suits are less bulky than two garments, and give more freedom, as there is no band about the waist.

**MYRTLE K.**—A silver court-plaster case containing strips of court-plaster of different colors is a useful gift. It is very convenient to have at hand in case of slight injuries. (2) A postage stamp cut in two lengthways and applied over the wound will stop the bleeding from a small surface cut, but it soon comes off. To bind a cut finger use a bandage less than an inch wide. To dispense with string to fasten it on, split the end of the bandage for about three inches, pass one end behind the other, twist it around the finger and tie the ends together.

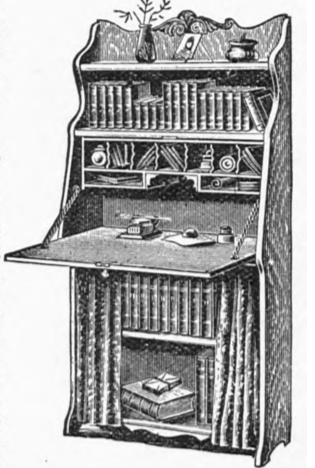
**VERMONT**—A Tam o'Shanter or round Scotch cap is a pretty head covering for a girl of six. They can be procured in almost any color. Navy blue or gray is the most becoming to a child whose hair has a reddish shade. The Glengarry cap, or Scotch bonnet, is worn only by boys, the Tam o'Shanter by boys and girls alike. Either can be made at home with a good pattern. If you make a Glengarry for your boy bind it with braid and let the ends be of the same material. Streamers of ribbon wear out very quickly and are pulled off easily, besides boys, as a rule, object to anything which seems to make them appear girlish.

... TAKE A COMBINATION BOX OF THE ...

**LARKIN SOAPS** On Thirty Days' Trial. From Factory to Family.

And get a "Chautauqua" Desk Free. *Most Popular Ever Made.*

Number in use exceeds any other one article of furniture. Has gladdened half a million hearts. Solid Oak throughout, hand-rubbed finish. Very handsome carvings. It stands 5 ft. high, is 2 1/2 ft. wide, writing bed 24 in. deep. Drop leaf closes and locks. A brass rod for curtain.



... OR A ...

**"Chautauqua" Rocker and Reclining Chair**



It can be adjusted to any position, and changed at will by the occupant while reclining. A synonym of luxurious ease and comfort. It is built of oak, polished antique finish, with beautifully-grained three-ply veneer back. The seat, head and foot rests are upholstered with silk plush in crimson, old red, tobacco brown, old gold, blue or olive, as desired. It is very strong and perfectly simple in construction. It is fully guaranteed. Our soaps are sold entirely on their merits with a guarantee of purity. Thousands of families use them, and have for many years, in every locality, many in your vicinity.

**OUR GREAT COMBINATION BOX.**

100 BARS "SWEET HOME" SOAP . . . \$5.00	1-4 DOZ. LARKIN'S TAR SOAP . . . .30
Enough to last an average family one full year. For all laundry and household purposes it has no superior.	Infallible preventive of dandruff. Unequaled for washing ladies' hair.
10 BARS WHITE WOOLEN SOAP . . . .70	1-4 DOZ. SULPHUR SOAP . . . .30
A perfect soap for flannels.	1 BOTTLE, 1 OZ., MODJESKA PERFUME . .30
12 PKGS. BORAXINE SOAP POWDER (full lbs.) 1.20	Delicate, refined, popular, lasting.
An unequalled laundry luxury.	1 JAR, 2 OZS., MODJESKA COLD CREAM .25
1-4 DOZ. MODJESKA COMPLEXION SOAP . .60	Soothing. Cures chapped skin.
Exquisite for ladies and children. A matchless beautifier.	1 BOTTLE MODJESKA TOOTH POWDER .25
1-4 DOZ. OLD ENGLISH CASTILE SOAP . .30	Preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, sweetens the breath.
1-4 DOZ. CREME OATMEAL TOILET SOAP .25	1 PACKET SPANISH ROSE SACHET . .20
1-4 DOZ. ELITE GLYCERINE TOILET SOAP .25	1 STICK NAPOLEON SHAVING SOAP . .10
<b>All for \$10.00.</b>	<b>THE CONTENTS, BOUGHT AT RETAIL, COST \$10.00</b>
(You get the Premium you select Gratis.)	<b>PREMIUM WORTH AT RETAIL \$10.00</b>
	<b>\$20.00</b>

Subscribers to this Paper may use the Goods 30 Days before Bill is Due.

After trial you—the consumer—pay the usual retail value of the Soaps only. All middlemen's profits accrue to you in a valuable premium. The manufacturer alone adds Value; every middleman adds Cost. The Larkin plan saves you half the cost—saves you half the regular retail prices. Thousands of readers of this paper know these facts.

If after thirty days' trial you find all the Soaps, etc., of unexcelled quality and the Premium entirely satisfactory and as represented, remit \$10.00; if not, notify us goods are subject to our order, we make no charge for what you have used.

Many people prefer to send cash with order—it is not asked—but if you remit in advance, you will receive in addition to all extras named, a nice present for the lady of the house, and shipment day after order is received. Your money will be refunded without argument or comment if the Box or Premium does not prove all expected. We guarantee the safe delivery of all goods.

Booklet Handsomely Illustrating other Premiums sent on request.

Estab. 1875. Incor. 1892. **THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.**

FRAGRANCE FROM THE ORIENT

**Rieger's Parzival Perfume**

(Made by Wm. Rieger at Frankfort-on-Main, Germany.)

Surpassing in delicacy, permanence of odor and elegance of package. Persons of exquisite tastes adopt Parzival permanently after a single trial.

Lending Perfume to the Flowers

If not sold by your dealer, an ounce bottle sent, prepaid, on receipt of \$1.00, or sample phial for five cents postage.

**Marshall Field & Co., (Sole Agents for U. S. and Canada) Chicago**

**"DO NOT STAMMER"**

The PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTE, established 1884 by Edwin S. Johnston, has won a world-wide reputation. It has no branch anywhere, and at no time has had any connection whatever with any other school. Since its organization the location has never been changed, and from childhood Mr. Johnston has resided in the same block. After forty years' intense suffering from stammering, and persistent personal effort to effect a cure, the present method was formulated. The most enthusiastic endorsers are those who were most skeptical before they had witnessed its remarkable results.

**EDW. S. JOHNSTON**  
Stammered 40 yrs. Founder and Principal

**CASPAR C. GARRIGUES**  
Stammered 15 yrs. Associate

Bishop **CYRUS D. FOSS**, M. E. Church, Phila., writes: "I have seen Mr. Johnston's work and have talked with some persons he has treated, and several ministers who have known him for years. I believe him to be a thoroughly reliable person. I am sure he has wrought many remarkable cures." Hon. **JOHN WANAMAKER**, Ex-Postmaster-Gen., U. S., in reply to an inquirer says: "I am acquainted with Mr. E. S. Johnston, who was a faithful stammerer. He cured himself, and I have seen a great many others whom he has cured. I have confidence in his treatment." Prof. **HORATIO C. WOOD, M. D., LL. D.**, University of Pa., writes: "I have seen remarkable cures made by Mr. Johnston, and have no doubt as to their permanency." Endorsed also by Prof. Harrison Allen, M. D., University of Pa.; Col. M. Richards Mucklé, 52 years Manager of the Philadelphia Public Ledger; Drs. A. C. Bournonville, A. G. B. Hinkle, D. F. Woods, J. Berens, and H. W. Halliwell, Secretary Board of Education, Philadelphia. To these may be added the names of many other prominent physicians and ministers, also pupils cured. Send for 60-page book to the

**PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTE, 1033 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

**A JADED APPETITE**  
is quickened by the variety and tooth-someness of the dishes which can be prepared with a new

**PERFECTION CUTTER**  
Mrs. Rorer, in Kitchen Knacks with recipes, explains it all. Mailed free.

**NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., PHILADELPHIA**

**Save Stove Work**  
by using the ready-to-use Stove Paste:—

**Enameline**

This should save you at least a week of your time in a year.  
The brightest gloss at least labor.  
All dealers. Get the Genuine.

**TRY IT FREE**

for 30 days in your own home and save \$10 to \$25. No money in advance.

\$60 Kenwood Machine for \$23.00  
\$50 Arlington Machine for \$19.50  
Singers (made by us) \$8, \$11.50, \$15, and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight. Buy from factory. Save agents' large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials Free. Write at once. Address (in full), **CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 West Van Buren Street, B-3, Chicago, Ill.**

**ON TIME**  
to first applicant in each locality, a pair of the **FAMOUS O. I. C. hogs**

**TWO weighed 2806 lbs.** Sold for breeders first 1/2 this year.

DESCRIPTION FREE  
**L. B. SILVER CO., Cleveland, O.**

**Turkish Baths**  
at home—just as delicious and healthful dry steam, vapor oxygen and perfumed baths as you can get anywhere. Use the **Improved Turko-Russian Folding Bath Cabinet**. Wonderfully beneficial to circulation, complexion and general health. Send for descriptive circular free. **MAYOR, LANE & CO., 128 White St., New York**

**WALL-PAPER**  
Samples mailed free. Prices from 2 1/2c. to 8 1/2c. a roll, 8 yds. **KAYSER & ALLMAN, 932-934 Market St., 418 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA**

**NEVER BEATEN**  
In all the many shows in which it has participated, there must be something in the superiority of the **RELIABLE INCUBATOR**. Self regulating, entirely automatic, you put in the eggs, the Reliable does the rest. All about this and many things of value to the poultry man in our new book. Send 10c. for it. **RELIABLE INCUBATOR & BROODER CO., QUINCY, ILLS**

**SEND 15c.** For sample of **LADIES' LINEN HANDKERCHIEF**  
Worth 25 cents. **L. H. FIELD, Jackson, Mich.**

**BEST & CO** \*\*\*\*\*  
**PHILIPPINE BAZAAR** Hygienic Shoes  
**For Children**

The felt foundation excludes moisture and prevents the danger of taking cold where children go from warm rooms to the open air in cold weather without rubbers.  
 Chill proof—damp proof—light and dressy—they are the best possible for Fall and Winter wear, \$2.35 to \$3.75, according to size.



Catalogue containing 700 illustrations of things for children, and more than 700 Reasons why the "Children's Store" is the place to buy them, for 4c. postage.

60-62 West 23d St., N. Y.

**Save \$8 to \$20**  
 on SUITS or OVERCOATS  
 MADE TO ORDER  
 FROM \$10 UP

We make every kind of garments from \$10.00 to \$40.00 equal to those sold elsewhere for \$18.00 to \$60.00, and save the buyer the difference because we do our business by mail for cash, saving expense of traveling men, expensive store rent, and by buying the finest selections of woolsens and trimmings in large lots. Every garment made to order, fit guaranteed. Sent C.O.D. with privilege of examination and trying on before you pay for them. We pay express charges. New fall and winter catalogue with samples, fashion plate and tape measure sent free. Dept. 3, KRAMER & CO., 115 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

**She is Earnest**

That bright, practical writer, Fanny Field, is in earnest when she says, "I know several women who not only support themselves and families from the profits of poultry raising, but are putting by money for 'the rainy day' that may come in the future. What these women have done others may do, provided they go to work rightly and stick to it." She then adds further, "when their chickens and eggs are raised they will bring just as much in market as though a man raised them."  
 Poultry and egg raising is a light, pleasant occupation for which women are specially adapted. All any woman needs to know of the poultry business may be learned from

**Farm Poultry**  
 and the book "A Living From Poultry."  
 The paper costs \$1.00 a year, semi-monthly; six months, 50 cents. Sample copy and the 25-cent book above named sent postpaid to any address for only 12 cents in stamps.  
 I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 30 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

**Send \$2.00 for a large FUR RUG**  
 5th YEAR  
 We have sold these rugs. They are 5 1/2 feet long by 33 inches wide. Colors: white, light gray and dark gray. They have long silky fur and are comfortable, luxurious and elegant. We also have the most beautiful Glossy Black Fur Rug, same size, for \$3.00. Your money back if not satisfied. Illustrated Carpet and Curtain catalogue free.  
 The Krauss, Butler & Benham Co., Columbus, O.

**"Tyrian"**  
 on Rubber Goods is a guarantee of quality.  
 COMBINATION FOUNTAIN SPRINGER AND HOT WATER BOTTLE.  
 Six Hard Rubber Pipes, Holds 2 Quarts.  
 Sold at Drug and Rubber Stores. If you fail to find it, we will send one direct for \$2.00  
 OUR SPECIALTIES: Syringes, Atomizers, Nipples, Plant Sprinklers, Hot Water Bottles, Air Cushions, Rubber Gloves, Sheeting, Letter Bands, Etc.  
 Our pamphlet, "WORTH READING," free  
 TYER RUBBER CO., Andover, Mass.

Ask your druggist for "TYRIAN" Rubber Goods for they are the Best.  
**PARKER'S ARCTIC SOCK**, best for RUBBER BOOTS. Absorbs perspiration. Recommended by Physicians for house, chamber and sick-room. Made in Men's, Women's and Children's. Ask shoe dealer or send 25c. with size to J. H. PARKER, 109 Bedford St., Boston, Mass. Room 1. Take no substitute. Parker Pays the Postage.

**Ladies Earn Money**  
 Selling our HYGIENIC COMFORT BELT and SUPPORTER. Sells at sight. Button clasps that can't cut the stockings; double "hook" fastener front and back for special use; easy to fasten and unfasten, but can't unfasten themselves. Not sold at stores. Sample by mail, sateen 35c., sateen-silk hose supporter, 60c., satin, \$1. Colors black and white. Give waist measure. Agents wanted. Circular free.  
 JULIA M. BROWN, 92 La Salle Street, CHICAGO

**BABY'S HEALTH WARDROBE**  
 Complete outfit, 30 cut patterns Infant's long, or 25 first short clothes, full directions, sealed, 46 cts. Hints to Expectant Mothers and description New Maternity Nightgown free with patterns.  
 MRS. J. BRIDE, P. O. Box 1265, BOSTON, Mass.

**HOME DRESSMAKING MADE EASY**  
 A book upon the cutting, fitting and making of gowns, and becoming colors. Postpaid, 25 cents.  
 MISS EMMA M. HOOPER, 320 West Fourteenth St., NEW YORK

**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.

MRS. JONES—Your skirt must be four yards and a half wide and had better be five in width.

D. C. B.—It is correct to gore a skirt of gingham, and it is equally correct not to put two gored edges together in wash fabrics. Gore both sides of the front and one side of the other widths, putting the gored and straight sides together.

DECEMBER BRIDE—An inexpensive white silk wedding gown may be made of figured taffeta having glove sleeves and fichu drapery of white chiffon; round waist and high, draped puff of silk, with corselet belt and collar of four-inch ribbon.

MILLIE D.—Read answer to "Mourner" for hints for a first gown in deep mourning. (2) Send me a stamped and addressed envelope for the information you desire, giving me your bust, waist and hips measure, also length of waist under the arms.

BEST GOWN—Broadcloth will be a material much in favor this fall and winter for best gowns, especially in golden-brown, gray, dark green, grayish and bright dark blue. (2) Such gowns may be trimmed with fur, braiding, velvet, changeable silk and narrow passementerie edgings.

MRS. M. F.—You are correct in thinking that ostrich feathers can be made over. Several thin ones may be combined in one or a cluster, puff pom-pom, etc., and a quantity can be made into a boa. (2) Addresses cannot be given in this column, but send me a stamped and directed envelope and I will send you a feather-maker's address.

F. S.—The blue silk that is too short in the skirt may be lengthened by piecing it down with blue lining of just the same shade if you cannot possibly match the silk; then cover the piecing with a ruffle of three-inch blue taffeta ribbon, with a ruche at the top of two-inch ribbon. Another plan would be to cover the piecing with a band of blue ribbon overlaid with cream guipure lace insertion.

MOURNER—For the deepest mourning necessary for a widow select jet black Henrietta, trim with collar and vest or yoke and revers of crape. If any crape is used upon the skirt let it be a band from five to ten inches deep set up an inch from the lower edge. The second dress can be an all-wool or silk-and-wool crepe cloth without any extra trimming. For plainer wear, for stormy days, etc., an imperial or English serge tailor-made gown may be used with a small bonnet and short veil of nun's veiling or waterproofed crape.

ZOE M.—For an inexpensive evening dress get white cotton crepe at fifteen cents; line with percaline at ten cents, and trim with ruffles of chiffon at sixty cents, on the short sleeves; have a ruche of chiffon around the low neck, and a wide corselet belt of pink satin ribbon two inches wide. This belt should be seven inches wide over a percaline lining carefully fitted and boned, with the ribbon then in overlapped rows, fastening under two lengthwise bows on the left over a row of hooks and eyes. Such a gown need not cost over six dollars and a half.

MRS. A. R.—Costumes for elderly ladies are written of certainly twice a year in the JOURNAL, but you have probably overlooked them. In this issue of the JOURNAL you will find hints for home and street gowns for persons of your age. (2) In a boarding-house the dress can be a pretty wrapper for the breakfast, and the same for luncheon unless you change your dress in the meantime to go out. It is customary, however, for the ladies to change their gowns for the evening meal for a neat street suit, inconspicuous silk costume or a silk waist and silk or woolen skirt.

MARY A. S.—You forgot to give any address in your letter. A waist of striped black satin to wear with different skirts should be cut with a slight point back and front; the back having tiny plaits to use up the waist-line fullness; the front is finished in the same manner. Add large revers from the shoulder, square and edge with white insertion of a vinelike pattern without edge. Large sleeves, lace ruffle on edge; collar of fancy colored ribbon or of black satin covered with the insertion; loose vest of white chiffon. Edge lower part of the waist with a bias fold of satin lined with crinoline.

ADELAIDE—Grease stains may be removed from a black serge skirt with naphtha rubbed on with a piece of black cloth. Remember that naphtha is very explosive and do not use it near a light or fire. If the spot looks dull after thus cleansing rub it with a little warm water and ammonia. (2) The new sleeves for the winter season were described in the October issue of the JOURNAL. They are close-fitting nearly to the shoulder, where a small puff, epaulette ruffles, etc., meet them, or they are close to the arm-size, with a draped puff falling back and front of the arm, but showing the close part to the shoulder between.

BLUE—A changeable pink and green silk waist could be trimmed with cream lace, pink or green ribbon. (2) A skirt to wear with different silk waists will most appropriately be made of figured black satin or of moiré; the latter material is rapidly coming into style again. (3) You can have a black satin skirt and sleeves, with a waist of colored chiffon, velvet or bright figured silk; crush collar then of the brilliant color in ribbon, and a corselet belt of four-inch black satin ribbon in two overlapping rows over a thin lining, well boned, and shaped to the figure, perfectly round or slightly pointed in front; fasten on the left side in two short lengthwise bows. These belts are made of ribbon or piece goods, as satin, velvet, silk, etc.

FALL BRIDE—The present style for skirts is a five-yard, six to nine gored one, with narrow front fitted without gathers or darts, and the fullness massed at the back in three or four godet plaits. (2) Leg-of-mutton sleeves will be worn by those of conservative taste, but it is no longer called a novel or stylish model. The moderate design for the fall sleeve is a close-fitting coat shape to the shoulder without being so tight as to be uncomfortable; at the top there is a draped puff over the arm but not under it, and sometimes in the centre it is draped sufficiently high to show the under sleeve to the armpit. Then another change is to make the coat sleeve with gathers up the inner seam, forming cross wrinkles up the arm, hence the name of mousquetaire sleeve, after the long kid gloves. This style of sleeve gives breadth to the figure but not height. (3) For a white satin wedding gown let the skirt have a demi-train of eighteen inches; interline all around to a depth of fifteen inches above the ground with the proper stiffening. If you have an abundance of lace form a jabot down each seam and intersperse them with flowers. Round waist and sleeve puffs of satin, with ruche above collar, chemisette and mousquetaire sleeves of white chiffon; corselet belt and collar of white moiré taffeta ribbon four inches wide. Use the lace—six inches is a good width—for wrist ruffles and jabot on sides of chiffon chemisette or as a fan-shaped cravat bow.



"So ends the bloody business of the day"  
 The Odyssey of Homer

**For Christmas and Mid-Winter CAPES and JACKETS**

there is nothing that will protect one from the North wind and severe storms as will the GENUINE FIBRE CHAMOIS waterproofed by the RIGBY PROCESS.  
 Remember that goods waterproofed by the RIGBY PROCESS are guaranteed absolutely impervious to water, and yet owing to their peculiar treatment do not in any way retard natural respiration, as would a rubber garment. Also be sure that what you buy is clearly stamped "FIBRE CHAMOIS, guaranteed waterproof by the RIGBY PROCESS," as no other is genuine. The waterproofed goods cost no more than the unproofed goods.

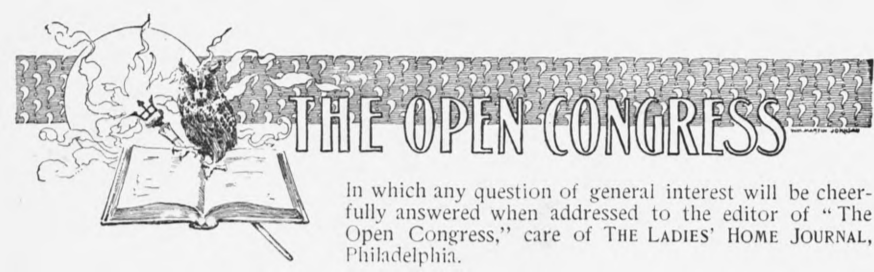
**Don't buy your Cloak at retail** when you can obtain the very finest that can be produced from the manufacturers at about half the price asked by retailers. Our beautiful Fall and Winter catalogue No. 27, showing over two hundred styles in Cloaks and Furs for ladies and children, together with a complete variety of cloth samples, will be sent to you free upon request.

221 310 114

The three Cloaks illustrated above, like the other two hundred in our catalogue, are remarkable values, and cannot be duplicated anywhere at such prices.  
 No. 221, Cloth Cape, \$5.75, worth \$12.00, is made of finest black Kersey; has velvet inlaid collar, is heavily stitched with silk, has immense sweep. Finest workmanship throughout. 27 inches long.  
 No. 310, Plush Cape, \$7.50, worth at least \$15.00. The plush is of fine grade, best Thibet fur edging. Heavy black Soutache and jet braid, all lined with changeable and plain silk; immense sweep. 24 inches long.  
 No. 114, Jacket, \$7.50, worth \$12.50. Exactly as illustrated. Of fine beaver, in black or navy blue. Fancy collar, and back and front heavily trimmed with Soutache braid and silk buttons. Magnificent value. 25 inches long.  
 It will pay you to write immediately for catalogue and samples No. 27. You run no risk in buying from us. Everything is sent subject to your approval, and the money will be refunded if not satisfactory. Remember we manufacture everything ourselves. Our Cloaks are everywhere famed for style, fit and wear.

**EDWARD B. GROSSMAN & Co**  
 178 STATE ST. CHICAGO.

**NUBIAN** PERCALINES SATINES SILESAS  
 or NUBIAN Linings of any kind for Waist or Skirt. They are Fast Black and WILL NOT CROCK  
 Positively unchangeable and of superior quality. Nothing else so fully satisfies the highest requirements. Inexpensive enough for any dress.  
 It is not enough to ask for "Fast Black" dress linings, because many such that retain their color may crock the underclothing or discolor by perspiration.  
**Nubian Fast Black**  
 Look for this on every yard of the Selvedge.  
 AN ELEGANT AND SERVICEABLE GIFT!  
 THIS solid (14-k.) gold Fountain Pen, in stub, medium or fine points, handsome, chased, hard rubber barrel, with filler (fully warranted) complete, by mail, \$1.00. Complete catalogue free. VICTORY MANUFACTURING CO., Cleveland, O.



In which any question of general interest will be cheerfully answered when addressed to the editor of "The Open Congress," care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

**BART**—Admission to the British Museum is free.

**G. R. N.**—The game of whist is of English origin.

**DEDHAM**—The Dogs of War are Fire, Sword and Famine.

**MARGARET**—The birthday stone for March is the bloodstone.

**WARRENTON**—The Johnstown flood occurred on May 30, 1889.

**G. E.**—"That Old Man Eloquent" was Isocrates, the Greek orator.

**BENTON**—The salary of a United States Senator is \$5000, with mileage.

**GUSTAVE**—Benjamin Franklin is buried in Christ Church Cemetery, Philadelphia.

**G. R.**—St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City is built entirely of white marble.

**VANCOUVER BAY**—The Secretary of State is the custodian of the seal of the United States.

**E. M. J.**—Sir John Millais died in London on August 13 of this year. He was born in 1829.

**JEANNIE**—The name "Niagara" is of Indian origin, and signifies "Thunderer of the Waters."

**D. P.**—Mr. Edwin A. Abbey was born in Philadelphia in 1852. He resides near London, England.

**EDMUND S.**—The buildings comprising the Bank of England cover an irregular area of eight acres.

**T. C. P.**—The large aqua marine in the Field Museum in Chicago was found in Stoneham, Maine.

**JAMES S.**—The letters "R. R. T. A." on a white button stand for "Railroad Temperance Association."

**BLANCHE**—General Grant was sometimes called "The Silent Man." (2) Bismarck "The Man of Iron."

**A. N. W.**—The only woman's face that has ever adorned United States paper money is that of Martha Washington.

**M. B.**—The Republic of Hawaii was formally inaugurated and Sanford B. Dole proclaimed President on July 4, 1894.

**O. H.**—F. S. Church's painting of the Canadian side of Niagara Falls is in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington, D. C.

**MR. S.**—There is a Free Labor Bureau, which is supported by several philanthropists, at Cooper Union, New York City.

**BERKELY**—Stamped envelopes that have been misdirected will be redeemed upon application to the Post-Office Department.

**VAN BUREN**—Central Park, in New York City, is two and a half miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide; it covers 862 acres.

**T. M.**—The Duke of York is the only living son of the Prince of Wales. (2) Fanny Kemble died in England in January, 1893.

**S. P. C.**—The "reply postal-card" was first issued in 1892. (2) The postage-due stamps are all the same in color, a dull reddish brown.

**ANTI**—The loss of property caused by the tornado at St. Louis in May last has been estimated by expert assessors to have been \$10,239,000.

**R. E. N.**—The outstanding principal of the public debt of the United States on January 1, 1891, was \$183,038,050.80; in 1891 it was \$1,546,961,695.61.

**WESTERNER**—The Greek words in the device on the JOURNAL'S editorial page signify "purity, enlightenment and contemporaneous interest."

**MONTGOMERY**—Matilda Heron, the actress, died in New York City in 1877. She was married to Mr. Robert Stoepel in 1857, and by him had one child, a daughter.

**GREENCASTLE**—Barney Barnato is at present residing in London. He is about forty-three years of age, is happily married and has several children, one of whom is a son.

**C. J. W.**—The American vessels that were in the naval parade at the opening of the Kiel Canal in June, 1895, were the New York, Columbia, San Francisco and Marblehead.

**NETTIE**—The colors of the United States Military Academy at West Point are gray and black, gray predominating. (2) The colors of Cornell University are carmelian and white.

**GIBSON**—William Hamilton Gibson was born at Sandy Hook, Connecticut, in 1850; he died at Washington, Connecticut, July 16, 1896. (2) Baltimore was incorporated as a city in 1796.

**SCRANTON**—Melton-Mowbray, of "pork pie fame," is a town of Leicestershire, England. (2) The "Mammoth Cave" is situated in Edmonson County, near Green River, in Kentucky.

**OLD TIMER**—The "Dead Rabbit Riots" was an outbreak in Mulberry and Bayard Streets, New York City, in July, 1851, between two gangs known as the "Dead Rabbits" and the "Bowery Boys."

**H. A.**—The phrase you quote, "Del mal el menos," is Spanish for "Of evils choose the least." (2) Mr. John Wanamaker's winter home is in Philadelphia; in summer he resides at Jenkintown, Pennsylvania.

**GOSHEN**—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was buried behind the chapel of the Theological Seminary on Andover Hill, at Andover, Massachusetts. Her grave was made between that of her husband's and her son's.

**GEORGIANA**—Literally the French phrase "*fin de siècle*" means "suitable to the close of the century," but the general acceptation of the term is that it applies to any person or thing that is up to date and progressive.

**MANY INQUIRERS**—We cannot answer personal questions concerning actors and actresses in this department. Persons desiring such information will be answered by mail when a stamped self-addressed envelope accompanies their questions.

**GREGORY**—The first convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew's was held in Chicago on October 23, 1886. (2) The badges of the order are a St. Andrew's cross pin of gold and red enamel, and a black silk lapel button with a red St. Andrew's cross woven on its face.

**SEVERAL INQUIRERS**—"The bewildered Congressman from Alabama," mentioned in ex-President Harrison's article in the December, 1895, JOURNAL, was Representative James E. Cobb, of Alabama. Having been diverted from the order of his remarks in debate he said: "Mr. Speaker, where was I at?" hence, the expression which is so often incorrectly quoted as "where am I at?"

**ELLA M.**—The "Margaret Louise Home," in New York City, was founded as a "temporary home for Protestant self-supporting women." The liberal endowments of Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard and the Vanderbilts have made it possible for the managers to furnish accommodations to business women at an almost nominal price. Application for rooms must be made by letter in advance. Guests may not remain longer than four weeks.

**RUTH**—The following rhyme,  
"Carriages without wheels shall go  
And accidents fill the world with woe;  
Around the world thoughts shall fly  
In the twinkling of an eye."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The world to an end shall come  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one,"  
has always been known as Mother Shipton's prophecy.

**RUTH R.**—The maiden name of President Monroe's wife was Elizabeth Cartright, of Mrs. Van Buren, Angelica Singleton, of Mrs. W. H. Harrison, Anne Symmes; of Mrs. Tyler, Julia Gardiner; of Mrs. Taylor, Margaret Smith; of Mrs. Fillmore, Abigail Powers; of Mrs. Pierce, Jane Appleton. President Arthur was a widower when he entered the White House, his wife having died the January before his nomination to the Vice-Presidency. She was a Miss Ellen Lewis Herndon, of Virginia.

**EVANSTON**—Quite a number of positions in the Indian service are not classified under Civil Service rules. The Commission has announced that applications will be accepted for examinations for disciplinarians, teacher of industries, industrial teacher, kindergarten teacher, farmer, assistant matron, nurse and seamstress. The examinations may be taken at the times and places shown in the printed schedule for other Indian service examinations. Applications for examination blanks may be made to the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

**K. P.**—The seat of Government during the Colonial period was in the city of New York. The Legislature held its sessions at the fort on the Battery during the early portion of the period, and subsequently met in the City Hall. Occasionally sessions were held at Jamaica. New York was nominally the capital during the Revolution, but the occupancy of the city by the Royal troops compelled the Legislature to meet at Poughkeepsie, Kingston and Albany. After the evacuation, sessions of the Legislature were held at these places or in New York. Albany has been the capital of New York State since 1797.

**W. V. L.**—The "Fortnightly Review" is authority for the statement that there "is only one scientific definition for the term Boer—it signifies a European by descent, whose vernacular is the Taal, and who uses familiarly no literary European language. It does not denote race, of necessity; the Boer may be French, Dutch, German or of any other blood—one of the most widely-spread Boer families is Portuguese—neither does it of any necessity denote occupation; the Boer is often a farmer and stock-owner, but he may also be a hunter, trader, the president of a republic, or of any other occupation—he remains a Boer still while the Taal remains his only speech."

**J.**—The following rules about the endorsing of checks will answer your questions: 1—Sign your name across the back of the check at the top. 2—The top of the back is the left end. 3—Sign your name just the same as it appears on the face of the check. If "J.," write "J.," if "Chas. C.," write "Chas. C." If erroneously spelled on the face, endorse both ways: first the wrong way, then the right. 4—If you merely wish to show that the check has passed through your hands, write only your name. 5—If you wish to make it payable to some particular person, write above your name, "Payable to — or order." 6—If you wish to deposit the check, write above your name, "For deposit."

**MALINE**—Gems are generally bought and sold by the weight called a carat, which is equal to about 3.168 troy grains. It is usually divided, however, into four diamond or pearl grains, each of which is .7925 of a true grain. Fractions of a carat are also known as fourths, eighths, sixteenths, thirty-seconds, and sixty-fourths. The weight of the carat formerly differed slightly in different countries, and this diversity finally led a syndicate of Parisian jewelers, goldsmiths and gem dealers, in 1871, to propose a standard carat. This was subsequently confirmed by an arrangement between the diamond merchants of London, Paris and Amsterdam, fixing a uniform weight for the diamond carat.

**L. J. V. CEPHAS**—Unclaimed domestic letters received in the Dead Letter Office are opened for the purpose of return to the sender. Such as are found to contain inclosures of value are carefully recorded and returned to senders or delivered to the parties addressed, as far as practicable. Letters which do not contain some inclosure of value are, as soon after their receipt as the business of the office will permit, returned to senders, when the letters disclose the names and addresses of such senders. When the names of writers do not appear, or their addresses are incomplete, the letters are destroyed. Letters containing money or other articles of value which have failed of restoration to the owner are placed on file to await application. Those containing money may be reclaimed within four years. Parcels of merchandise are held two years, if not sooner delivered, and are then sold at auction. Unaddressed parcels and such as are found loose in the mails and received at the Dead Letter Office more than six months prior to the annual sales are included in such sales.

**OGONTZ GIRLS**—The etiquette of the ceremony of presentation at Court is very strict. If the Queen holds the drawing-room in person her hand must be kissed in the following manner: the person who is being presented places her right hand, from which the glove has been drawn, beneath that of the Queen, and sweeping down touches her lips to the Queen's hand as she makes her courtesy. Peeresses and daughters of peers are excepted in this ceremony. The regulation full Court dress, which must be worn, is, according to the printed rules, low bodices, short sleeves, and trains to dresses; train not less than three yards in length, oftener much longer. To wear a high-necked Court dress needs a special permission from the Lord Chamberlain. The bodice of this high Court dress may be cut square or heart shaped in front and high at the back, or cut down three-quarter height. These dress regulations are issued from the Lord Chamberlain's office, and must be adhered to. Plumes are imperative wear, and must be worn to be clearly seen on approaching Her Majesty. A married lady's plume is three white feathers, and the unmarried lady's two white feathers; lappets of lace or veils of tulle are also *de rigueur*. Colored feathers may not be worn, although in deep mourning black ones are admissible. Black or gray gloves may be worn by persons in mourning; otherwise white gloves must be worn.

# For the Well and Sick

**Quaker Oats Rolls.** One Bake in hot oven fifteen to  
cup Quaker Oats Porridge, twenty minutes.  
one cup Graham flour, Quaker Oats Gruel.  
two cups wheat flour, Two tablespoonfuls  
one teaspoonful salt, half Quaker Oats, one-  
a cake compressed yeast, quarter teaspoonful  
dissolved in two cups salt, one quart  
warm milk. Mix boiling water.  
all thoroughly together, Boil one hour,  
together overnight; in the strain and serve  
morning roll out with cream or  
half an inch in milk, or  
thickness, cut with without  
large, round cutter, fold either, if so  
through the centre, desired.  
wash over with milk, Sugar can  
let rise again, and bake be added if  
in hot oven fifteen desired. A  
minutes. strengthening  
food for invalids.

**Quaker Oats Gems.** Quaker Oats Water.  
Pour one cup boiling water. One tablespoonful Qua-  
over one cup Quaker Oats, ker Oats, half of a lemon  
and let stand one hour; and one tablespoonful  
then add half a cup cold sugar. Pour on one  
water or milk, two cups quart boiling water and let  
wheat flour, two tea- it stand for three hours, then  
spoonfuls baking powder, strain  
one-half teaspoonful salt. Quaker Oats Stands Alone!



# Quaker Oats

SOLD ONLY IN 2 LB. PACKAGES

**\$100 THERMOMETERS FREE**  
for 30 days  
to Consumers of  
**DUNHAM'S COCOANUT.**

Mail us the TRADE-MARKS cut from the FRONT and BACK of ONE package DUNHAM'S SHRED COCOANUT (any size) accompanied by 20 cts. in stamps, and we will send, postpaid, to any address in the United States a handsome 12-inch one-dollar thermometer, like this cut, with no advertising marks, and WARRANTED to be ACCURATE and RELIABLE.

The package must be bought from a retail grocer, and his name mentioned; also describe how you used the cocoonut, and state whether you have used it before.

This offer is good for 30 days only, and is made for the purpose of ascertaining the greatest possible number of ways of using Dunham's Cocoonut.

Dunham's is the original "shred" cocoonut. 12,000,000 packages are sold annually by 400,000 retail grocers, in 10, 20 and 40 cent packages only.

Address Premium Department, Dunham Manufacturing Co., 5, 7 and 9 James Slip, New York, N. Y.



**COTTOLENE**

Since the art of cooking was originated, there has been no food product so successful in every way as **COTTOLENE**

Genuine Cottolene is sold everywhere with trade-marks—  
"Cottolene" and steer's head in cotton-plant-wreath—on every pail.  
Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, New Orleans, Montreal.



**Earn a Bicycle**

We want to introduce our TEAS, SPICES and BAKING POWDER. You can help us as did the young lady in the picture.

Just go among your friends and sell a mixed order amounting in total to 175 to 200 lbs. for a Ladies' High-Grade Bicycle, 26 or 28 inch wheels; 75 lbs. for a Boys' Bicycle; 100 lbs. for a Girls' Bicycle; 180 to 200 lbs. for a Gentlemen's High-Grade Bicycle, 26 or 28 inch wheels; 30 lbs. for a Fairy Tricycle; 50 lbs. for a Waltham Gold Watch and Chain or a Decorated Dinner Set; 25 lbs. for a Solid Silver Watch and Chain; 10 lbs. for a Solid Gold Ring.

These articles are within the reach of many Ladies and Gentlemen and of many bright Boys and Girls. We pay the express or freight if cash is sent with order. Write your full address on postal for catalogue, order sheet and particulars.

**W. G. BAKER, (Dept. E.) Springfield, Mass.**

