

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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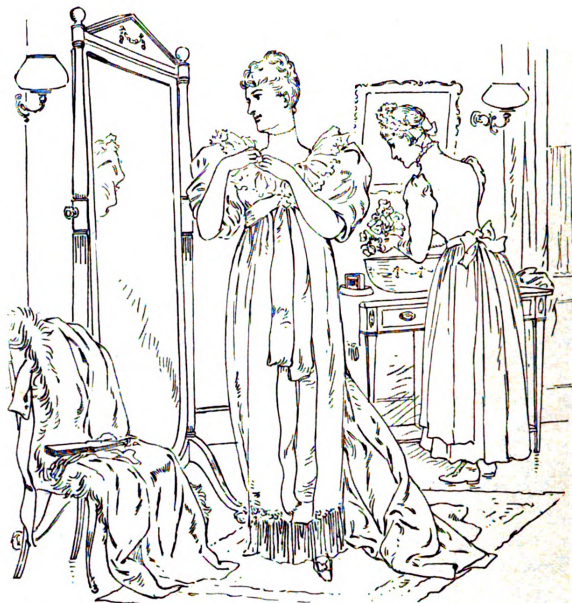
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# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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"Mrs. Winterbourne had risen to greet them as they stepped from the carriage"

## THE GATHERING OF THE WINTERBOURNES

By Marjorie Richardson

[With Illustrations by Irving R. Wiles]



HE old Camford station carriage, drawn by a melancholy black beast with a wisp of a tail and a scraggy mane, moved slowly along the causeway. The horse lifted his feet heavily as though a four-pound weight were attached to each hoof, and scuffed through the dust, sending clouds of the gray powder through the paneless windows of the old hack. Jeffrey Winterbourne leaned far back in his corner of the carriage and wiped the grimy tears ostentatiously from his eyes.

"Yes, dear," said young Mrs. Winterbourne sympathetically, "I know the dust is awful, and the horse too—" putting her head out of the window and glancing at the gently ambling steed. "Whipping seems to do no good either. It just makes him go up and down a little faster in one spot and doesn't urge him ahead any. But what can you expect in a deserted little village like this?"

"Oh," yawned Winterbourne, "I don't complain of the horse. It is the natural gait for him to assume after serving for the last twenty years in funeral processions—and of course that is the only use a horse could possibly be put to here—but I can't help thinking of the cruise we have been done out of, all on account of an old lady's whim. Why couldn't she have raffled off the heirlooms? Saved no end of bother—and fighting, too, I fancy."

"Now, Jeffrey," returned his wife a little sharply, "I hope you mean to show more diplomacy than that while we are at 'The Locusts,' or every one will think you take no interest, and some little insignificant thing that no one else cares for will be shoved off on us, and you know I have set my heart on having the picture of your great-grandmother Winterbourne."

"A dowdy-looking girl with china blue eyes, shoulders shaped like an hour-glass, dressed in a table-cloth or some window curtains, and the canvas so black now that it looks like a spirit picture. No, Nina, I sha'n't work for that. You'll have to fight for the Copley yourself if you want it. The only thing I really care for is the silver punch-bowl Aaron Burr gave my great-grandmother on her wedding-day. Now that—halloa! are we at 'The Locusts' at last?" he exclaimed suddenly as the carriage lumbered into a driveway bordered on each side by lines of overhanging locust trees. "Nina, get on your company smile, for there is step-grandmamma on the veranda with her adoring relatives gathered about her." Mrs. Winterbourne had risen to greet them as they stepped from the carriage on their arrival.

On the death of old Philip Winterbourne, his second wife had come into the possession of a number of valuable relics, which, the will specified, she was to dispose of exactly as she saw fit.

Now, as she never did anything in the

way one naturally expected her to, the heirlooms had not been hers a month before she wrote to the Winterbourne grandchildren, requesting their immediate presence at "The Locusts," the old homestead in Camford.

Although the unpleasant duty of distributing the relics had been imposed upon her—so the letter said—she had decided to throw off the responsibility by allowing the heirs to divide the things up among themselves.

"Your grandfather," she had said in conclusion, "left this task to me, instead of doing it himself, because—as you well know—it is a Winterbourne trait to avoid everything disagreeable."

"His second marriage," Jeffrey Winterbourne had pointedly observed at the time, "belies that remark."

Mrs. Winterbourne's summons had been obeyed instantly. The heirs flocked at once to the old homestead. Mr. Sydney Winterbourne, sighing with dyspepsia, left his comfortable bachelor quarters at Salem at the first call without a protest. Young Mrs. Pendleton Morgan—née Sally Winterbourne—supported by her husband, deserted Philadelphia the day after the receipt of the letter. Even Miss Dorinda Winterbourne turned her face on Boston a month earlier than was her custom, and stooped to inhale the less intellectual air of Camford. And after a good deal of grumbling, Jeffrey Winterbourne, with his young wife, had given up a two weeks' yachting trip, and obeyed the peremptory orders of his step-grandmother's letter.

There they all were on the veranda, sitting in the stiff-backed chairs provided by their hostess, looking like so many stone images of the Egyptian kings—an incongruous little party.

"So kind of you, grandmamma," Mrs. Jeffrey said sweetly after the first greetings were over, "to give up these old Winterbourne heirlooms that you must prize so highly."

"Yes, it is an unusually thoughtful thing for any one to do," acquiesced Mrs. Pendleton Morgan hastily.

"But I am sure we all appreciate the

sacrifice," put in Miss Dorinda, with a sideways simper at her-elderly relative, "don't we?" casting a soft, appealing glance at the group on the piazza.

"Eminently," replied Mr. Sydney Winterbourne, his speech rendered a trifle unintelligible by the pepsin tablet on his tongue.

"No sacrifice at all," said Mrs. Winterbourne bluntly, without looking up from her knitting-work. "It is all on my own account, for I did not want the trouble of willing the things away. Besides that, it upsets my nerves to have people waiting around for me to die. Now don't trouble to disclaim that, any one of you. I know the remarks that would have been made: 'I shall hang the Copley there, after my step-grandmother dies,'" mincing the words out in a thin, high voice. "I shall have punch served in the old Aaron Burr punch-bowl if my step-grandmother ever goes off,"—this last in a deep growl with an off-hand shake of the head that sent the iron-gray curls on either side of her temples bobbing up and down. "Don't try to soften the world down for me. I know it well."

There was a snap in the old lady's eyes and a flame in her cheeks that made one as wary of entering into an argument with her now as in the years gone by.

"—er—that punch-bowl is a fine bit of silver," remarked Morgan hastily. "Do you remember it, Jeffrey? Why not all come in and take a look at the whole collection? Grandmother has spread them out in fine array for us."

"That's right," said the elderly woman, rising briskly and leading the way into the library. "To business at once. The quicker the choice is made, the better."

She threw up the window-shades with a snap, and the slowly setting sun filled the room with an amber glow that touched the punch-bowl aslant, giving its gleaming sides an extra burnish, and shone full on the treasured Copley, bringing out the quaint picture of Theodora Winterbourne clearly on the dark canvas. The painting was leaning against an old gilt harp, the property of the same Theodora Winterbourne—and bits of antique furniture, old silver pieces and bric-à-brac were scattered about the room.

"You know that this portrait," said Miss Dorinda, putting her hand caressingly on the frame with a touch of ownership, "was in the house on Beacon Hill—my home, you know—at the time of the evacuation of Boston. Sir Jeffrey Winterbourne Winterbourne—Theodora's father—was a Tory,

"Why then," exclaimed Nina Winterbourne eagerly, "if it is the romance of the thing that we are to consider, I think Jeffrey should have the Copley, for he bears the very name of the old Tory who owned it, don't you know, 'Sir Jeffrey Winterbourne Winterbourne'?"

"Only 'mister,'" put in Jeffrey plaintively from the other end of the room where the three men were examining the old punch-bowl with covetous eyes. Then: "Well, what have you decided about the portrait? I am rather inclined to think it should go to the oldest heir."

A pink flush spread over Miss Dorinda's face, and she became suddenly absorbed in making out the inscription on an old snuff-box.

"There is no oldest heir when it is a woman," grunted Sydney Winterbourne under his breath. Then aloud: "The portrait does not concern me at all, but I own I want the punch-bowl."

"So do I," announced Jeffrey calmly.

"And I," put in Morgan.

"You forget; you are not a Winterbourne," reminded Sydney. "You have no right of choice."

"But I have," cried Sally vivaciously, "and I think the Copley should go where old families are recognized and appreciated, as they are only in Philadelphia. There is a space in our gallery where Penn's ancestral portraits are hung just large enough for this picture—and it is a conspicuous place for it too, and in a fine light. If this comes to me I don't care anything about the punch-bowl."

"Nor I. It is so suggestive of—liquor," shuddered Miss Dorinda.

"Remarkable characteristic of a punch-bowl," breathed Jeffrey. "Why not toss up for these two relics that are in such demand?" he added addressing the entire group.

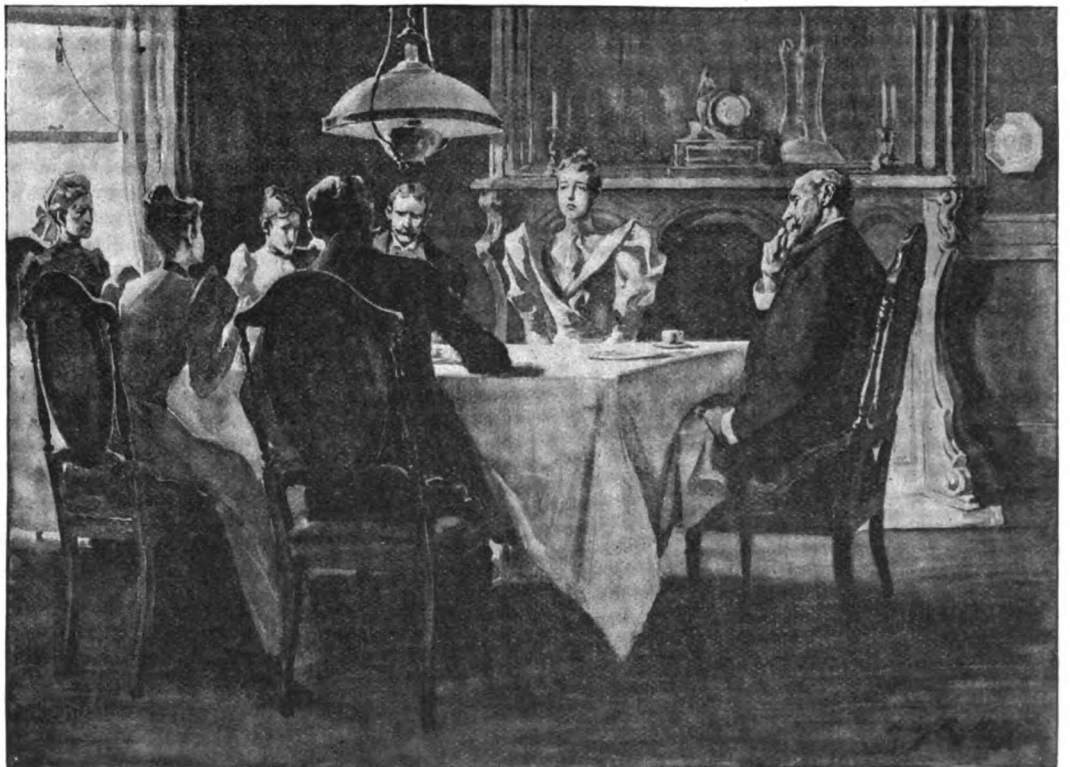
"Oh," said Nina with a protesting little cry. "No! you might lose."

"Of course, if you gamble, some one must lose," observed her husband in despair.

"I am sorry to interrupt this agreeable little family conclave," broke in old Mrs. Winterbourne suddenly, her sharp eyes glancing from one flushed face to the other. "But tea is ready. You can resume your discussion immediately afterward, you know."

The evening dragged itself wearily away until by eight o'clock the monotony became unbearable to Jeffrey Winterbourne.

"There is some sort of a town meeting



"You are too flippant, cousin Jeffrey," said Miss Dorinda peevishly

you remember, and this picture was taken from the walls when he left the city. It has always seemed to me that—that it ought to be restored to its old place," looking around for assent at Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Jeffrey Winterbourne.

"In other words," said Mrs. Morgan with a direct glance at her Boston cousin, "you think that you ought to have it?"

"Well, from a sentimental point of view—yes," murmured Miss Dorinda,

over in Daneville," he confided to the two men. "I saw a notice posted up as we came through. What do you say to walking over? It will take us a good hour, but it is a fine night and these rural autocrats are sometimes amusing, besides—" he added *sotto voce*, "Daneville has the inestimable advantage of not being 'The Locusts.'"

His suggestion met with instant favor. "But, Jeffrey," complained his wife

nervously, "you won't be home till eleven or twelve, and with all this silver spread out, and no man in the house—"

Old Mrs. Winterbourne gave an indignant sniff.

"Rubbish and gammon, Paulina," she said. "I should like to know if I am not capable of taking care of my own house? The silver will be put in the safe, and at night I always keep two loaded pistols on the hall table at the head of the stairs."

"How accommodating of you," exclaimed Jeffrey. "I leave my punch-bowl in your charge then, grandmother, and I bid you all good-night with a feeling of perfect security," and in another moment the three men were tramping along the country road toward Danville.

The women thus deserted tried drearily to keep up a conversation until the great clock in the hall struck ten. Then Sally Morgan rose with alacrity.

"Good-night," she said. "This is my bed-hour in the country. Would you mind if I lighted the lamp in the library for just one minute, grandmother?" she added in a lower tone. "I want to see how my—how the Copley looks by evening light."

"We will all come," said Miss Dorinda eagerly. "I wish to look at it again myself."

Old Mrs. Winterbourne lighted the lamp and then moved energetically about the room locking the windows and putting some of the most valuable silver pieces into the small safe which was built into the wall near the chimney-place.

The other women stood silently before the portrait.

"If it comes to me, I shall have the frame changed," said Sally Morgan at length, rubbing her finger critically across the tarnished gilt. "Cipher gets up delightful old-fashioned frames if you are willing to pay for them. Now, cousin Dorinda, don't look so shocked, and Nina, you are only a connection by marriage. There is no need of your drawing down the corners of your mouth like that. You know very well that such a worm-eaten old specimen wouldn't be tolerated anywhere—except, perhaps, in Boston," she added under her breath. Miss Dorinda was heard to murmur something which sounded like "vandal."

"Nonsense," cried Sally in her sprightly way. "You shall see how much better one of Cipher's frames will bring out that picture. Here, Nina, help me draw it forward a little, will you, I want to see if I can get any music out of this old harp. The strings seem to be really in very good condition."

She screwed up several of them and struck a hoarse, wailing chord.

"Horror," she cried, putting both hands to her ears. "Lean the picture back again. This harp will never do for anything more than a rest for its mistress' portrait."

"I thought ten o'clock was your bed-hour, Sarah," remarked old Mrs. Winterbourne from the doorway.

"Yes, grandmother, we are coming," cried Sally putting out the light hastily and groping her way into the hall. "How drowsy country air makes one," she said, stifling a yawn as they all ascended the stairs together. "There is no need of sowing sleep-seed here. I shall be dreaming in five minutes."

And true to her word, she was dancing the minuet with Aaron Burr before the others had put out their lamps—priding herself on the grace of her courtesy, and listening to his whispered flatteries with an eager ear. It seemed to her that she had been asleep a long time when Nina's voice close to her ear roused her.

Young Mrs. Winterbourne was standing in the moonlight beside her bed and was shaking her violently.

"For mercy's sake," she was saying between her chattering teeth, "wake up, Sally. We're being robbed."

Mrs. Morgan sat up in bed, and with her woman's first instinct opened her mouth to scream, but Miss Dorinda's hand was pressed on her lips.

"Don't be a simpleton," said the spinster in a harsh whisper. "You don't want to lose everything we have. The thieves are down in the library picking the lock of the safe and the men are not back yet. If they hear a sound they will just take what they can and leave. They'll probably murder us too," she added hastily as she saw by Sally's expression that that thought brought only relief.

"Can't we call grandmother?" moaned Mrs. Morgan helplessly.

"No, we can't. Her room is in the wing, and besides we have no time to lose. We must go down at once and—shoot them."

The spirit of '76 was speaking in Miss Dorinda now. The simpering spinster of the afternoon had made place for the resolute woman determined to protect her property.

"I was going down for a glass of water," she continued, "and from the hall I distinctly heard the click of their tools. Nina has the big musket which hung in the front chamber. I have one of the pistols and here is the other for you. Don't hold it by the muzzle, child!"

"We must creep down to the library door," quavered Nina Winterbourne, "and

wait till we hear the sound again, then we must all fire; and for pity's sake don't have hysterics, Sally."

Shivering and breathless, but too frightened to rebel, Mrs. Morgan followed the two women as they stole noiselessly down the stairs till they reached the library door. Then came an awful moment of waiting. The solemn "tick, tick" of the hall clock only made the silence all the more terrible. Miss Dorinda raised her pistol and listened. Suddenly there came from the library an unmistakable sound—a scraping noise followed by a sharp click.

"Fire," shrieked Miss Dorinda discharging her pistol. There was a roll like heavy musketry from Nina's weapon, followed by a loud crash, for Mrs. Morgan's nerves had deserted her completely, and instead of firing she had thrown her pistol in the direction of the safe.

There was a sound of something breaking—a heavy fall, and then all was still.

Jeffrey Winterbourne was fitting the latch-key to the front door when the deafening uproar arose and died away. He dashed into the house in a second's time, and hurriedly lighted the hall-lamp so that Sydney Winterbourne and Morgan, who had been loitering behind, caught sight of the strange scene immediately after they heard the report of the pistols. Sally Morgan lay in a dead faint on the hall floor and Nina Winterbourne crouched against the wall with both hands pressed over her eyes. Miss Dorinda stood straight and firm beside them, gazing, by the aid of the sudden flood of light, into the library. Several frightened-looking maids were peeping over the balusters, and old Mrs. Winterbourne's voice could be heard calling anxiously from above, inquiring the immediate cause of the commotion.

Miss Dorinda glanced around once mechanically at the little group of pale-faced men and then looked back at the corner of the library.

"Sally strung up the harp last night," she said in a strange voice. "She forgot to loosen the strings again and the dampness snapped them one by one. We thought it was burglars breaking into the safe. We have protected our property, and we have ruined—my Copley."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well," began Jeffrey the next morning at breakfast, breaking the silence that had ensued ever since the gathering about the table. "As yet we have not accomplished the errand which brought us all together at 'The Locusts.'"

"'The Locusts,'" repeated old Mrs. Winterbourne in derision. "Better for the time call it 'The Hornets.' When I asked you here I supposed you would each show some amiability and divide the relics as fairly as possible."

"But, grandmother," expostulated Miss Dorinda with gentle irritability, "don't you think it was natural for us each to want the heirloom of the greatest ancestral value in the Winterbourne family?"

"No—can't understand it at all. I am a Jones," returned the older woman sharply. "From what I have always heard these heirlooms have brought nothing but quarrelling ever since they left their original owners. But the Copley will never be fought over again," she added a trifle triumphantly.

"Of course the most desirable thing to be had now is the punch-bowl," remarked Mrs. Morgan.

"Oh, why don't you still take the Copley, and tell the old families of Philadelphia that the canvas was punctured by the bullets fired by the descendants of William the Conqueror, and that you would rather part with the picture than the holes?" proposed Nina rather venomously.

"The punch-bowl would be an acquisition," began the Boston off-shoot.

"Oh, cousin Dorinda," rebuked Jeffrey, "think of the liquor it has held! On the night of Theodora Winterbourne's wedding, Aaron Burr filled his glass from it with the toast: 'Our country-women—for whom we would die—but for whom we should die,' and then proceeded to die by drinking to each country-woman present. Think of it, cousin Dorinda."

"Ye-e-s, I know, but I could turn it into a flower-bowl and keep it filled with roses—"

"I am the eldest male Winterbourne," interrupted Sydney gruffly. "It should be given to me and cause no ill feeling either."

"Reflect a moment on the horrible indignation the contents of the flowing bowl would give you," reminded Jeffrey. "Though, perhaps, in making the punch you might omit the lemon and sugar and spirits, retaining only the hot water."

"You are too flippant, cousin Jeffrey," said Miss Dorinda peevishly. "We shall never come to a decision if you rattle on like this."

"It is an absurd idea any way, leaving the choice to us," grumbled Sydney. "Grandmother, you did wrong in not interpreting the will more literally."

At this rebuke a dangerous light shone in Mrs. Winterbourne's eyes, and the flame deepened to crimson on her cheeks, but she merely pressed her lips together and took no part in the discussion that followed. The grandfather—heretofore always spoken of with the reverence amounting almost to

awe, which the descendants accorded to every Winterbourne ancestor—was now severely censured for the careless disposition of the heirlooms. His wife was also blamed—as openly as the relatives dared in the elderly woman's presence—for shirking the duty thus placed upon her. Then when all of that was left behind, and the punch-bowl brought up again, the conversation grew more and more heated. Miss Dorinda wept scalding tears when her claims were derided. Mr. Sydney Winterbourne lapsed into a surly state of gruffness when his demand was pronounced preposterous. Mrs. Pendleton Morgan grew speechless with indignation because no one would even listen to the punch-bowl being carried to Philadelphia; and the whole group turned fiercely upon Jeffrey when he serenely announced that if he did not receive the coveted bowl he would insist on having it sold for old silver. There seemed to be no way of satisfying the claimants. Four Winterbournes clamoring for one heirloom made the position difficult.

In the midst of the fracas old Mrs. Winterbourne, with a resolute step and erect head, left the dining-room. She went directly into the library—decision written in every line of her face—and seized the silver bowl in a firm grasp. A moment later she was in the kitchen, emptying a large iron boiler of the hot water it contained. Then, with ruthless hands, she slid the venerable punch-bowl into the pot sideways, and placed it on the stove.

"I have carried out the directions of the will now to the letter," she said, grimly watching the bowl dissolve into a shapeless mass, as the old persecutors viewed the writhings of the martyrs. "It will never cause any more dissension or discussion. I have disposed of this heirloom as I saw fit."

#### POST-GRADUATE COURSES FOR WOMEN

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY, B. A., LL. B.



ONE of the most significant and satisfactory signs of progress to be credited to our century is the rapid and remarkable development in the facilities afforded for the higher education of women. How interesting it would be if the most intellectually ambitious woman of the year 1800 could revisit the glimpses of the moon for a brief space, that we might take her the rounds of Newnham and Girton in England; of Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Bryn Mawr and Radcliffe College in the United States, of Toronto and Dalhousie Universities, the Donalds Institution, and Mount Allison College, Canada, where the fair girl freshman either has it all her own way or is free to enter into unhandicapped competition with her brother, man! With what growing wonder and delight would our ghostly guest recognize that her brightest hopes, her strongest desires for the advancement of her own sex, had been more than fulfilled, and that the stigma of intellectual inferiority so unjustly laid upon her had been removed forever!

The eagerness with which woman has seized her opportunity, and the almost startlingly good use she has made of it, are no less notable than the fact of its being afforded to her. It would seem as though the previously pent-up ambitions of the sex, having at last found a proper outlet, were rushing forth in a volume, whose strength is the greater because of the long restraint, and which may, after the novelty has a little worn off, abate in some degree. Indeed the men may hardly be blamed if they should seek to comfort themselves with some such view of the case, for they certainly have of late been badly worsted in many a hard-fought field.

THE extraordinary success achieved by Miss Fawcett at Cambridge, when she won the unparalleled rank of Plus Senior Wrangler, is fresh in the minds of all. But she by no means stands alone. Miss Piercy, of the University of London, recently distanced all her fellow-students in the medical examination; Miss Diana Thomas led the highest class in English, and Miss Margaretha Stoer held the same place in French; Miss Jane Holt was *facile princeps* in experimental physics, and the names of other ladies were to be found upon the honor lists.

The same story comes from kindred institutions. Miss Fleury won first place in the Medical School of the Royal University, Ireland, and Mdle. Belasco, a beautiful Roumanian girl, the highest honors of the Law School; while to take an illustration from our own side of the ocean, at Toronto University, Miss Louie Ryckman, a bewitching blonde in the early twenties, led her class throughout her whole course, and wound up by taking high rank in two distinct lines of honor studies, her achievement finding fitting reward in an important educational appointment commanding a large salary. In all these cases the two sexes met in unrestricted rivalry. It was a fair fight with no favor shown. The glories won by the girls are, therefore, dimmed by no qualifications, nor marred by any shortcomings.

NOT only so, but if any general conclusion may be drawn from the experience in England in connection with the recent University Extension movement it would appear as if the women were determined to surpass the men in numbers as well as proficiency. At the Cambridge higher local examinations held not long ago, forty-one women and only three men presented themselves as candidates; at Bradford there were twenty-four women and one man; at Leeds, thirty-five women and two men; at Manchester, forty-three women and one man, and at Liverpool, fifty-nine women and one man.

The desire and the fitness of the fair sex for university work have, therefore, passed entirely out of the region of experiment, and become established beyond all cavil. Wherever the doors have been opened to the ladies they have hastened to enter, and they have entered to stay. There is a door, however, into a still wider sphere of intellectual attainment that yet remains jealously closed against them, and at which they have thus far knocked in vain. Retreating step by step before their patient, determined onset the men have surrendered one after another of what they consider their peculiar privileges until they have made a last stand at the solitary one remaining—they exclude their petticoated rivals from the post-graduate courses.

A lady graduate, with honors of Toronto University, desiring to prosecute special branches of study beyond the facilities afforded her there, sought admittance to Johns Hopkins, and her application was met with a polite but firm rejection. Clark University proved equally inhospitable. The women's colleges could not take her any farther than she had already gone. So she was compelled either to abandon her design or cross the ocean in order to prosecute her studies at the University of London, where the way was widely open.

Here, then, is a state of affairs that demands immediate attention. Why should women be excluded from the benefits of the generous provision that has been made for the prosecution of post-graduate studies? Whatever argument might be adduced to justify this exclusion would undoubtedly apply with equal force to admitting them to the universities. But this has been done in spite of opposing argument and vested prejudice, and the results have turned both into laughing stocks.

It would be interesting to know the real reasons that inspired the authorities of Johns Hopkins in barring the door of their institution against a woman. Have masculine skepticism as to feminine capacity for advanced study, and masculine dislike of feminine competition here finally entrenched themselves?

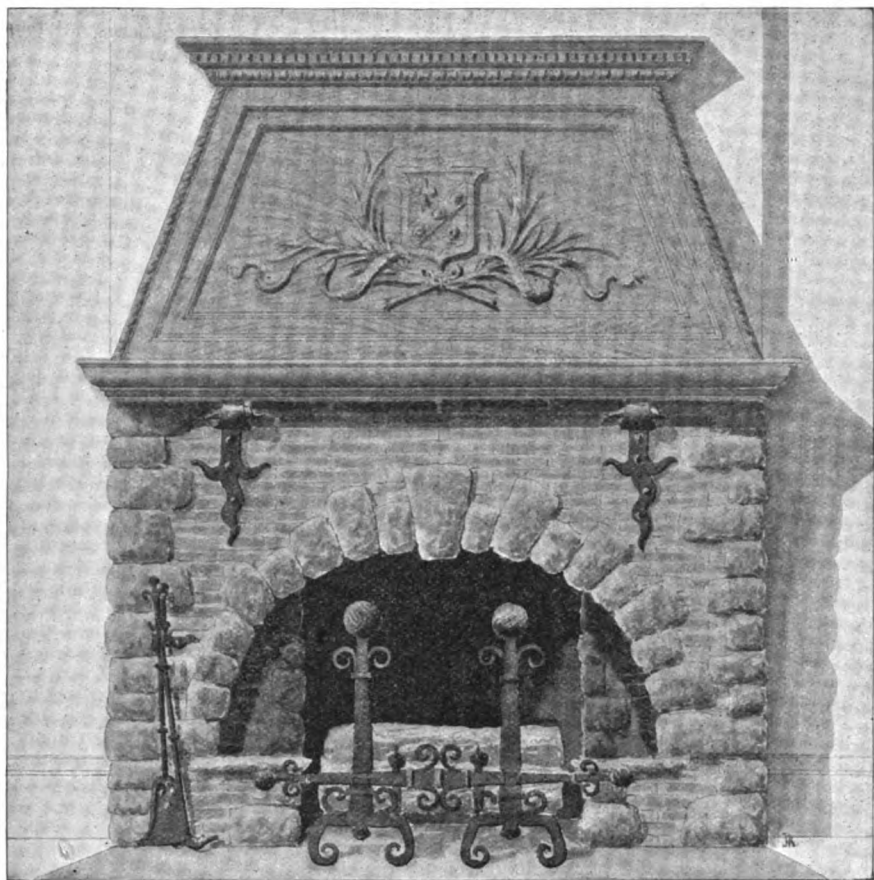
IT is not enough at this day that a girl may go to college, complete a curriculum as liberal as that provided for her brother, and graduate with as high honors as he. Her opportunities should not end there. If she sees fit to put before herself a life of scientific research, rather than one of domestic felicity, they should go as far as any institution of learning can take her. There is no reason why women should be content with positions as teachers in high schools, preceptresses in academies, or even professors in ladies' colleges. They ought to be free to allow their ambition to soar as high, yea, as a seat within the mystic circle of Johns Hopkins itself, and to quote the expressive phrase of dear old Dan! Peggotty, "I can't say no fairer than that."

That this freedom will ere long be theirs is no more a matter for doubt than the existence of the Washington Monument, and in the meantime it is very satisfactory to note that with characteristic enterprise women have already in some degree taken the matter into their own fair hands. I refer to the European scholarship lately founded by the alumnae of fourteen of the colleges admitting women to their classes. This fellowship is worth five hundred dollars a year, and is to be granted, not upon competitive examination, but the judgment of a competent committee, to a girl graduate of not more than five years' standing who wishes to further prosecute her studies in England or upon the continent.

The intention is not to award it to one whose aspirations point toward law, medicine or theology, but to one who might have in mind a professorship in a woman's college, or the pursuit of independent investigation along scientific or literary lines.

The ladies to whose liberality this fellowship is due have set their so-called lords and masters a noble example, and one which is to be hoped will not fail of due effect. Woman should stand on a perfect equality with man in every sphere of intellectual endeavor. No barriers should be placed in her path. Whether the ballot be woman's right or not the privilege of post-graduate study unquestionably is, and neither she nor those who sympathize with her must be content until this is opened to her in the fullest degree. By way of conclusion a good way of bringing this about may be suggested: Let it be a condition of future bequests or donations to the universities that they admit the women to their post-graduate courses.





AN ARTISTIC DESIGN FOR A HALL FIREPLACE (Illus. No. 7)

## THE MANTEL AND THE FIREPLACE

By J. Harry Adams

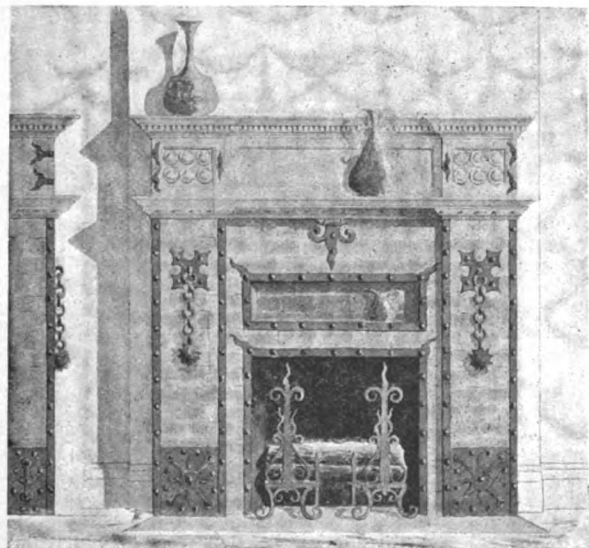
ONE of the reasons that some houses contain such unsightly affairs at the chimney-place is because the mantels and fireplaces are the last things thought of when building a house, and consequently instead of having them de-



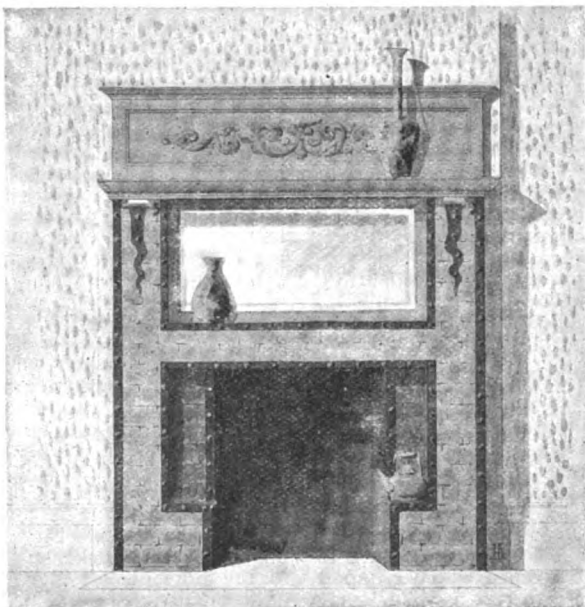
LOUIS XV STYLE (Illus. No. 3)

signed to match the interior they are, as a last resort, purchased from some dealer and placed in position without regard to their surroundings.

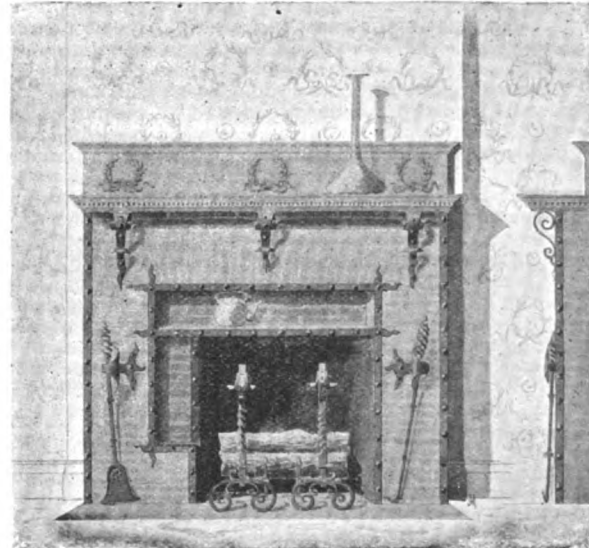
On this page are a few illustrations of tasty and comparatively inexpensive mantels, some of which can be made by any cabinet-maker or good joiner carpenter, while others of brick, tile and iron may be constructed by a manufacturer of mantels and fireplaces. All the designs here given are of the latest and most popular styles.



THE PURE DUTCH MANTEL (Illus. No. 4)



THE TERRA VITRIA DESIGN (Illus. No. 5)



IN BRICK AND WROUGHT IRON (Illus. No. 6)

### A LOUIS XV MANTEL

IN Illustration No. 3 is a suggestion for a pretty mantel suitable for a reception-room; a daintier or more beautiful style could not be designed. This mantel to look well should have a white and gold finish; the mirror in the top should not be beveled, but of the very thinnest French plate glass, while the facing to match should be of white marble or onyx or of a very delicate pink Numidian marble.

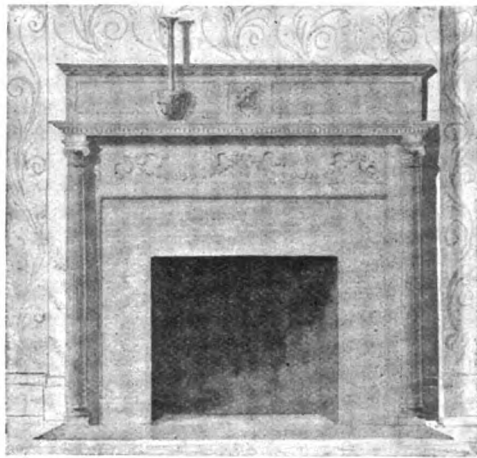
The frame around the fireplace opening will look best gilded, while the iron linings to the fireplace may be brass-plated instead of black, which would lend too great a contrast to the light coloring of the mantel and white facings.

### THE MANTEL ORNAMENTATION

MANTELS in this style are generally made of white wood or cherry with the ornaments of papier maché or other composition over which the paint or enamel is placed. For mantel ornamentation papier maché has proved a very superior composition, and where a few years ago but little of it was used, at the present time it plays an important part in the decoration of mantels and furniture, as well as walls and ceilings, as it is far less expensive than wood-carving and a more artistic feeling can be obtained in the modeling.

### A SPECKLED BRICK MANTEL

IN Illustration No. 6 is shown a suggestion for a narrow Tiffany or speckled brick mantel with wrought iron angles, frames, brackets and jamb hooks and with a wood shelf and top board. There are several styles of bricks suitable for this purpose that can be selected at a tile or fireplace ware room, and are of several colors, such as red, buff, salmon and cream; red or buff will harmonize best with the black iron trimmings, and should be set up with mortar that is tinted the same color, so the joints will not be too prominent. The iron frames and angle irons are to be studded at intervals of four or five inches apart with irregular-shaped bolt heads to lend them an artistic appearance, and the top board should be decorated with three nicely-carved wreaths and ribbons to line with the brackets under the



THE OLD COLONIAL MANTEL (Illus. No. 1)

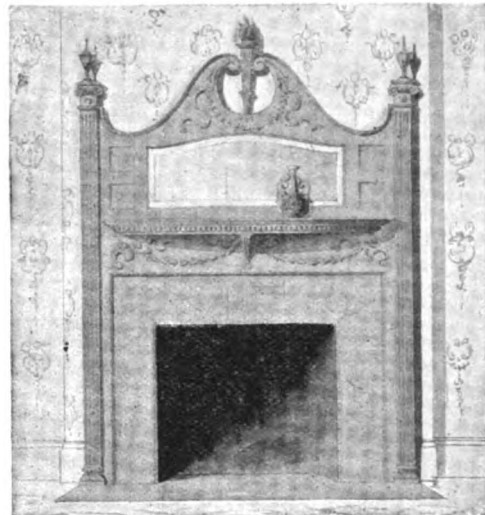
shelf. This mantel, if built into any room, will be a very unique and attractive affair. It is suitable for a hall, a dining-room, a library or a smoking-room.

With the addition of a pair of andirons and some logs any room which contains this mantel and fireplace will be particularly attractive and comfortable. A pile of fireplace cushions will enhance its charms.

### AN INEXPENSIVE MANTEL

IN Illustration No. 5 is given an idea for a mantel of terra vitria tile with wrought iron trimmings, a mirror in a recess and a shelf and top of wood. As the lines are simple it will be found an inexpensive mantel to build. The Renaissance decoration on the panel of the top is to be carved, also the small leaves at the corners of the shelf.

A pleasing combination of colors for this mantel would be to have the tile a rich old orange, the iron a dead black and the woodwork of oak a medium antique color. Another can be obtained by having the



THE MODERN COLONIAL DESIGN (Illus. No. 2)

tile a rich olive green, the metal parts of old brass and the woodwork of mahogany. Any one of these combinations makes an effective and extremely handsome mantel.

### OLD DUTCH MANTEL

ANOTHER idea, and for an old Dutch mantel of tile, metal and wood, is suggested in Illustration No. 4, and to carry out the effect in the true form the tile should be either a bottle green or an old blue; the metal frames, studded with bolt heads, can be of either brass or iron, while the wood shelf and top should be of oak or mahogany. The doors of the small cabinets at either end of the shelf should have in each six old Dutch bull's-eyes of colored glass leaded together. The hinge straps and escutcheons on them are to be of the same metal the tile work is bound with. The balls at the ends of the side chains are cast affairs and studded with spikes to lend them an antique appearance, while the plates at the bottom, and fastened to the face of the side piers, are to be of sheet iron decorated as the drawing shows.

This style of mantel is very quaint and original, and gives a decidedly unique look to a room.

### HANDSOME HALL MANTEL

IN Illustration No. 7 is a design for a handsome hall mantel suitable for a country house. The base is to be of Tiffany brick and matched stone with a rock face; the upper part is of wood with a shield, wreath and ribbons carved in high relief on the panel of the top.

This mantel will not look well made less than seven or eight feet long and should be at least eight feet high.

The arched opening with the hobs, one at either side, is a pleasant feature in a fireplace, and departs from the stereotyped idea of a square opening or a half-round top so frequently seen.



## LIVING BEYOND THEIR STRENGTH

By Mrs. Van Koert Schuyler



**T**HAT half the world that "gets up, works, and goes to bed," would doubtless be surprised to learn that women of the privileged classes know what fatigue means, and yet there does exist a form of ariness, resulting from overtaxed nerves, more intense, more depressing, than any known to tired muscles.

A woman should recognize the fact that she has her limit of power, just as much as a steam engine, and to go beyond it to strain and injure that most marvelous of all machines—her body—sometimes it repairs. Her mission in life is to make her happy—to be its sunshine, its comfort and its conscience, but how can a man be just to the children, who are weary from exuberance of health and spirits, when every sound causes her nerves to vibrate painfully because they are tense from overstraining?

AMMA is "cross" is often the children's verdict under these circumstances. When her husband returns, after the fatigues and annoyances of his day, what does she offer him but the dregs of her patience? A wife's influence largely depends upon trifles, and few men are insensible to the charm that lies in ready smiles, in smiling good humor, a cheery manner and a sympathetic listening to what they have to say.

A woman should never be too tired to smile.

Brilliant women, good women, beautiful women have failed where commonplace women of amiable disposition have succeeded in keeping their husbands' love and enjoyment; their entire devotion.

Men look for a home whose atmosphere is restful and cheerful, and no woman, no matter how tired, can be its piracy. It should therefore be laid down as a principle that one has no more right to live beyond one's strength than one has to live beyond one's income.

HERE is no doubt but that the life of a woman in normal health, at the present time, is a complex one, and in the large measure the demands made upon time and strength are legion. It is no wonder that many fall by the way.

Her house must be clean and orderly, her garret to cellar, which entails most nate and unrelaxing supervision. There must be no waste in the kitchen, no shirk; nor slurring of duties in any department of service. Her table must be well and artfully supplied, for she is the caterer; her children well brought up, for she is responsible for their morals and for their manners—from the care of their immortal souls to the care of their nails. She must give them, not only her attention, but her companionship, that her influence may be fully felt. She must see to it that their dress and her own shall be selected with a view to securing the best results with the least expenditure. She owes it to her husband that every dollar shall do its duty, that the measure of church work is expected of her, not only by her pastor and fellow-worshippers, but by her own sense of right, and her sympathy and charity are called for by many private cases of want and sorrow, if she has a heart and a conscience.

she be so fortunate as to have her mother living it is but the happiest ending of duty and pleasure to devote much of her time to that best of friends, and other members of the family expect a share of her attention as their just due. Her husband's relatives must not be neglected, nor must she be forgetful to "do the kindnesses." Friends and acquaintances call and their visits must be returned. The obligations of society are exacting, and she cannot ignore them without injustice to herself and her children, who, ever, will look to her for the social standing; that shall open to them the doors of hospitality and friendship for both pleasure and profit. Friends in affliction, friends recovering from illness, friends to whom a new joy has come, those about to go on a journey or those lately returned, all have an especial claim upon her. She must "rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep." Her health requires regular outdoor exercise and time must be found for that. To be "au courant" of what is going on in the world, she must skim the daily papers, read the latest news, books, and notable magazine articles. She is expected to know about the latest "fads," and if she be not a member of some class or classes for the cultivation of her mind, if she does not attend lectures on biology, the Delsarte method, etc., she is regarded as quite hopelessly behind the age. Time for the study of music or art, if she has been blessed with these talents, must also be found.

**D**OUBTLESS this life of constant activity is an attainable one to a woman in robust health. She may accomplish much by systematizing her duties and pleasures, but one whose nerves are delicate, to whom the daily routine of living is already a tax, must recognize her limitations and live within them. It is by a careful sifting and choosing that the unnecessary may be eliminated, and strength husbanded and leisure secured for that which shall bring the largest return of happiness and usefulness.

Worry is a prolific source of nervous fatigue, and one of its commonest forms is that of "borrowing trouble," as it is called. It has been justly said that "no one ever sank under the burden of to-day," but it is when that of to-morrow is added that the weight becomes unendurable. God promises no strength to bear what He sends until He sends it.

**S**OME one has said, "I have been surrounded by troubles all my life long, but there is a curious thing about them—nine-tenths of them never happened!"

I once heard of a lady who wrote down in order the particular fears and anxieties which were harassing her, inclosed the paper and sealed it, hoping by this kind of mechanical contrivance to be enabled in some sort to dismiss the subject from her mind. The paper was put away and forgotten. Several months later it came to light, when she found that not one of the fears therein set down had been realized, and the difficulties had all been smoothed away before she came to the time for their solution.

**A**MONG the minor sources of worry most women would rank the servant question first, perhaps. There are women who become almost ill over the delinquencies of their servants, or even over the necessity of discharging them—not feeling equal to coping with the possible impertinence or objections that the delinquent may advance.

Human nature is much the same, however, whether in kitchen or parlor, and one lady whom I know said to me, "I have kept house for twenty years and I have never had any trouble with servants. I always endeavor to treat them as I should wish to be treated were I in their place. I show them that I do truly wish to make them happy, and expect and receive in return their most faithful and devoted services. I never allow myself to find fault when I am irritated, nor in the presence of a third person, and I believe in praising and commending whenever it is possible. I speak to them with the same courtesy and cordial friendliness of manner that I should appreciate were I living with strangers away from my own people, and I find that it exorcises bad tempers and discontent like a very magic. I relieve myself of much care by throwing it upon them, looking to each for perfection in his or her department—not on the ground that it is my right, but because of my faith in them individually, as willing and anxious to do their best to please me. If I am sometimes disappointed—it does not happen very often—I remember my own faultiness and reflect that one cannot expect all the cardinal virtues at from fifteen to thirty dollars per month." This may not solve the problem, but it may be suggestive as the real experience of one woman, and peculiarly fitted, I think, to those to whom "the grasshopper is a burden."

**T**HERE is a vexation, an impatience, an exaggerated importance attached to little things that grow apace if uncontrolled, and we become the slaves of anxieties and annoyances of every kind. Such feelings are as contagious as the small-pox, and the peace and happiness of a whole family are often temporarily destroyed when the mother and mistress loses her serenity.

Some women's lives are necessarily overcrowded. Their position, ability or selfishness has made them responsible for the interests of others which may not be neglected, though they faint under the daily burden.

To such I would say don't brood over the matter, or fall into the habit of pitying yourselves. Improve every opportunity for rest, and rest absolutely. Force yourselves to eat regularly—the human machine must have fuel. Fresh air is the best possible tonic, and a half hour spent in a public park brings more refreshment than an hour in the confusion of city streets. Nature is a gentle mother, and soothes while she strengthens.

Our great Captain's eye is upon you—"praise God and take courage."

We must not be so busy talking, and planning, and teaching ourselves, that we forget to listen to what God may have to say to us. Tired women who "go apart into a desert place to rest a while" may learn deeper truths and lead worthier lives than the "many, coming and going, that have no leisure so much as to eat."

**A** GREAT nerve doctor, famous in two continents, says that "Every woman whose nervous strength is at all depleted, or whose life is an active one in many directions, should devote a half hour to an hour of every day to absolute rest isolated from all. Her room should be darkened and orders given that she shall not be disturbed, when, with closed eyes and relaxed muscles, she shall lie prostrate, hushing herself to all busy thoughts and cares, and striving to attain to a condition of quasi inanimity. Even ten minutes so spent will be a refreshment, and the busiest life may spare that much from its activities, since one is thus made capable of longer endurance."

The physician before quoted thought that the most convincing argument he could advance to recommend his plan of a regular noonday rest was that it is the best way known to science to brighten young eyes and retard the dreaded coming of wrinkles to the middle aged.

In this busy rush of life we all need to pause now and then to take breath. We are too busy planning for happiness in the future to enjoy life in the present. As Sydney Smith says, "We are, in our search for happiness, like an absent-minded man looking for his hat, while all the time it is on his head." We are so busy getting ready to live, that life is over before we have time to realize what we have.

## WHEN THERE IS A SURPLUS

BY ALICE BARTRAM



**P**ERHAPS there is no happier time in the housewife's life than the day in which she begins to realize that the hardest part of her home-making is passed.

After struggles and self-denials business prosperity makes it possible for her to indulge her individual taste and fancies. Now the question confronts her, "What shall be done with the surplus which remains after the legitimate needs of housekeeping have been satisfied?" In the first place, it is well to bear in mind the probability that in a few years, at most, a new home will be required to express the new fortunes of the family. In our American civilization few men and women end their domestic life in the house in which it was begun. It seems to be an almost national instinct to save and plan in the early days of matrimony against the time when a home shall be bought or built. It is wise, therefore, for the housewife to have this end in view, and act accordingly. There are two old sayings, the truth of one of which emphasizes the fallacy of the other. The first and true one declares, "It is better to have a large income and a small house than to reverse the conditions"; the second tells us that "It is better for a man to lodge in excess of his fortunes than beneath them." The first point, then, is to remain in the small home until there is a good working surplus, instead of moving into larger quarters with no margin for increased expenses.

**F**OREIGN writers on domestic economics declare that Americans have no idea of comfort. It is, at least, suggestive in this connection to remember that "The Columbian Association of Housekeepers" have discovered that the American family spend a larger proportion of their income upon their clothing than on their homes, and more for the furnishings of their parlors than for the proper equipment of their kitchens. The second point, therefore, for the housewife to consider is that the legitimate use of the surplus is to increase the comfort of her home, not the splendor of her own personal belongings. In other words, dainty laces, diamonds and handsome furs should be the last or crowning expression of prosperity, not the first indications of success. A well-appointed home is the only suitable background for rich and expensive clothing, and a woman makes not only a financial mistake, but an aesthetic blunder, when she encourages her husband to give her elegant ornaments before she is able to dress in keeping with them. In the third place, it is wise to remember that "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment." There is no more proper use to which to devote the surplus than that of saving the strength and physical well-being of the housewife. It is better to have a competent, well-trained maid at increased wages than to be tormented with cheap labor and consoled with plush chairs in the parlor.

Granted, however, that the housewife does stay in the old, plain home until, without anxiety or debt, she can move to a handsome house on a more fashionable street, and there yet remains a surplus. What shall she do with it?

First remembering Mrs. Whitney's saying, "Elegant serving is the soul of living," let her increase and beautify to as great an extent as possible her table furnishings, for several reasons. First, for the educational effect upon her children; second, for the more perfect exercise of the grace of hospitality, and third, for the reason that when the new home comes it is the greatest of helps to have a suitable collection of table furnishings to place in it.

**F**URNITURE desirable for one house is often very ugly in another, and will look shabby when surrounded by new woodwork and walls, and no matter how good a shopper the housewife may be she will regret investing in curtains and portières that in a year or more are hopelessly out of fashion. Good silver, like wine, improves with age. Start your collection not with the souvenir after-dinner-coffee spoons of the day for occasional use, but with forks that are a necessity at least twice a day. Buy a dozen of medium size, then, when you can afford it, a dozen large, massive ones, and relegate the former to breakfast, tea and dessert use. Two dozen of each are not too many. Then buy knives of two sizes, and table and tea spoons to correspond. When you have secured a proper, practical equipment in this direction consider the matter of the larger articles of furnishing. Instead of putting money in fragile china, or investing in so-called "complete decorated sets," buy silver-plated vegetable dishes, soup plates, platters and tureen. Their first cost is not much greater than that of good china; they will last a lifetime, and are especially desirable, because they keep their contents hot to the close of the meal. By selecting the plainest designs a set may be purchased, one piece at a time, and yet make a harmonious whole. Two platters, one tureen, two oval and two round dishes will meet the demands of the ordinary family. The round dishes are equally suitable for puddings and entrées, and by buying two porcelain pans for each dish can easily be made to do extra duty. After these purchases are made accessories may be secured in the shape of after-dinner-coffee and orange spoons; oyster, fish and salad forks, with sugar-sifter, tongs, teaball and cheese-scoop. There are almost countless dainty little things which cost less than a tidy or painted milk stool adorned with ribbons, the possession of which stamps you as a cultivated, refined housewife, and without which your table, no matter where it may be spread, will lack that air of refinement so essential to good serving. In spite of the allurements of harlequin sets in bright coloring there is nothing more satisfactory than gold and white china in Copeland, Wedgwood or Minturn. If at any time in the future you aspire to pink luncheons or green dinners you will have a harmonious background to work with, instead of clashing colors to reconcile.

Crystal is an investment never regretted by the prudent woman. It should often be substituted for silver, especially where absolute cleanliness is hard to attain. Receptacles for sauces, preserves, milk and butter should be of this ware, and there is no more beautiful salad-set to be found than a cut-glass bowl with plates to correspond. These plates may be purchased separately, and in the end will not cost any more than those of handsome china.

**A**FTER the table is furnished there are two other sources to which the surplus may be directed with profit. The first is the purchase of good pictures. These should never be bought to fill up a space on the wall, but for their intrinsic worth. Nothing so betrays a lack of culture or its possession as the character of the pictures to be seen in the home. It is better to have one good painting, which age will improve and the growing reputation of the artist increase in value, than to have your walls crowded with impossible water-colors in gorgeous frames, and cheap etchings and crayons which are simply the fad of the hour. By frequenting galleries and studios, instead of blindly relying upon the stock of the so-called art departments of dry goods stores, you can buy often at the same cost a picture which will be a joy forever, instead of a miserable makeshift.

Rugs are satisfactory things in which to store some of the housewife's savings. For the ordinary purchaser the Anatolian, Carabagh, Daghistan and Cashmere are the best. Age and service give them a velvety sheen, and subdue their coloring to artistic beauty. It is greater economy for the housewife to cover the shabby carpets of the old home with these, instead of investing in floor coverings which will be useless in the new house.

**I**T seems hardly necessary to speak of one use for the surplus—the highest and best of any mentioned—the buying of books. No home can be truly furnished without them, and if the mother, instead of frittering many little sums away on bonbons and sweetmeats for the children, would store some of the surplus in standard works and good periodicals there would be less danger of dyspepsia, physical and mental. By buying one book a month a library can be built up, and the expense scarcely noticed.

There is no surer test of character than prosperity. You cannot judge of people while their actions are controlled by necessity. It is only when power and opportunity are given to them that they reveal themselves. The day when the surplus is put in her hands is the day in which the housewife is weighed in the balance, and found either wanting in judgment or rich in the true estimate of values.



MISS MARIA'S FIFTIETH

By Octave Thanet

[With Illustration by Alice Barber Stephens]



MISS MARIA KEITH was sitting at afternoon tea on her piazza. Miss Maria (as the whole town calls her, in an affectionate familiarity dashed with pride, for Miss Maria is a great personage in the little university town) always serves afternoon tea. That is one reason why we admire her; she has traveled and known the great—at least the moderately great, in other lands; she speaks two modern languages besides her own, with extreme correctness as to grammar and a perfectly unconcerned English accent, which, indeed, is so frank and proud that it quite overquells criticism; and if any foreigner of distinction comes to our town we always bring him to see Miss Maria. No longer young, she has the composure and readiness of an accomplished woman who has always been admired. She is tall and of a magnificent bearing, and if her thick hair is gray the silvery shades only enhance the fresh delicacy of her complexion and refine her rather large but well-cut features. Her beautiful dark eyes are as brilliant as they were when the college students used to sit up nights to write poetry about them, and her beautiful smile is gentler now than it used to be. Miss Maria may be a little imperious, but there is no kinder nor more generous woman living, and why should she not like her own way, as the saying is, when her way in most cases is such a thoroughfare of sense and virtue?

Miss Maria's sister, Mrs. De Forest, lives with her in Miss Maria's house, which is one of the show houses in town, Miss Maria being a wealthy woman. The house faces the college campus and is the only one in the block. That implies a yard of noble dimensions, even for the West, where we covet space and cannot breathe too close to our next-door neighbor. It is a picturesque yard with its ancient trees and velvety turf and the tall hydrangeas that simulate perpetual bloom, thanks to a vigilant gardener and his greenhouse. The house is an American architect's fantasia on the mediæval theme of an Elizabethan plaster and timber house—all in wood but the timber effect emphasized by paint. Instead of the contracted and incommensurate porch of the original mansion a deep veranda runs half

around the house, expanding in front, and its floor of stained and waxed pine is protected by a rough stone wall which creeping plants wreath with lovely tints of green. A hospitable company of roomy armchairs and luxurious wicker-work "rockers," clustered about a shining tea-table equipage, cause more than one party of students to loiter as they pass.

Miss Maria sat at the head of the table. On a chair near her lay a gorgeous tangle of shifting hues, scarlet and gold and dull-tinted greens, Miss Maria's embroidery that the sun was blazing. On either side the stately hostess sat Mrs. Caroll, wife of the president of the university, and Mrs. Allison, wife of the dean of the medical school. They were both comely women. Mrs. Caroll had an air of distinction; Mrs. Allison was little and graceful and always wore bright colors. Opposite, Mrs. De Forest shrank out of view in a low chair, behind a brilliant hibiscus. Really five years younger than her sister she looked older. She did not resemble her sister. Miss Maria had the mien of a queen, or rather the popular notion of a queen, for real queens often are dumpy, and sometimes stoop. Her noble head reared itself above her stately shoulders in magnificent lines; she "walked the goddess"; and it may be mentioned casually that the Chicago artist who made her gowns understood how to harmonize her character and her presence. But Mrs. De Forest always wore widow's weeds, caring only to have them of rigid neatness and comfortable to wear. She was a thin woman, narrow-chested and prone to slump together in sitting; and she never, Mrs. Allison maintained, had enough whalebones in her dress bodies. She had been

pretty in her youth, but now the hair beneath the widow's cap was grown thin, though black as ever. Her face had an habitual dull pallor and was lined and hollow-cheeked; it looked like a burned-out face. The eyes were the beautiful Keith eyes; but a wholesome mirth sparkled in Miss Maria's eyes, and these eyes were listless and sad.

In truth they had wept themselves dim, since they saw Virginia De Forest's husband and little son shot dead at her feet during an attack by Indians. Every one knew the story of Captain De Forest's last fight, and it was usual to drop the voice telling the tale, as one ended, "When the rescuing party got up to them Mrs. De Forest was loading and firing with the men. They do say she killed an Indian herself. Poor thing, she has never recovered from her blow."

The intense affection that she had lavished on her dead she transferred to her only sister. Her fortune was equal to Maria's, and what she did not spend in charities she loved to squander on Maria's fancies. Half the rare old etchings that were Miss Maria's delight Mrs. De Forest had bought to surprise her. She decked her sister with gems. She insisted on

and there were gooseberry jam and plum cake and Scotch short bread.

"It's all just as nice and indigestible as it can be," says Miss Maria jubilantly, "do eat a lot!"

"But what do you suppose it will do to us?" laughs Mrs. Caroll.

"Nothing," Miss Maria replies firmly; "an occasional spree like this doesn't hurt; take a muffin, see how hot they are and the butter just sozzling round. I wish I dared offer one to those students going by."

Mrs. De Forest, who had been comsedly hemming dish-towels—her work for leisure hours was always of the strictly useful type, and her single bit of fancy was crocheting wash-rags—looked up, and glanced at the little group of young men approaching. The men were all rather shabbily clad, evidently belonging to the poorer class of students. As they trooped by another young fellow came around the corner. He was of another type, which was visible as much in his manner and carriage, as in his neat gray suit and silk shirt. He lifted a smart straw hat, with the university gold and crimson about its crown, and smiled frankly while he bowed.

A stranger would have seen that all four women eyed him with carefully-suppressed eagerness. In the two visitors the interest was purely a vivid curiosity, but in the sisters it had a character of pain. Mrs. De Forest returned the coldest recognition to his greeting. Miss Maria smiled and made the first half of a gesture of invitation, but dropped her extended arm, shutting the forefinger of beckoning in with the others on to the palm of her hand, and cast a

way, the birthday comes next month. You remember I promised you a party, and a party I am going to have. It will be just before commencement and every one will be here and I shall have a very pretty party. I have always held that there ought to be some time, some marked time, when a woman should definitely announce herself as no longer young, and fifty seems a natural milestone. After fifty I shall change my style of dress; my old lady clothes are making. They will be like the clothes that I wear now only a little graver and a little richer, and—I shall wear caps!"

"Caps!" cried Mrs. Allison, "good gracious!"

"Certainly," said Miss Maria, "caps are very becoming to me as well as suitable to my declining years. Oh, I assure you I don't intend to make a frump of myself."

"But caps," Mrs. Allison pursued feebly. "I can't think of your pretty hair in caps. Mysie" (Mysie was Mrs. Allison's married daughter who had lived much in England and had what the people in Wiatoc called notions) "Mysie is wild to have me put on caps, but I tell her when my hair goes I shall scud under bare poles. You see"—apologetically—"Doctor hates to see me in them; he knows I am getting on in years, but he hates to confess it. And as for you, Maria, if you had a husband—"

"But as I haven't a husband," said Miss Maria composedly, "at least I can have caps." She reached for the plate of cake and began to press it on the company.

"It is a real English plum cake," said she, "whether that is to its credit or not. The receipt was given by an English lady

to a Southern friend of mine who gave it to me." She sent a glance over the mounds of speckled yellow, at Mrs. De Forest, who was sewing rapidly. Miss Maria drew an imperceptible sigh. "That cake has associations to me," said she. "The first time I ate it was on my friend's plantation, and I was sitting on the veranda. She had just brought out a plate of this cake smoking from the oven, and I had a piece in my hand when I was aware of a bare-footed little creature, pattering over the gravel up to me. 'Please, lady, will you give me some of that fur my maw?' he said. He was dirty and ragged, yet he looked, somehow, like a child that was not always dirty and ragged, and he had taken off his dusty black felt hat when he spoke. He could not have been more than ten years old, but he had a huge 'possum and a lank dog, the 'possum trailing from his wrist and the dog at his heels. 'I got suthin' to swap fur it,' said he, 'and I like fur to git more truck—aigs and meat and cornmeal, please—it's a turrible good, fat 'possum.' 'I asked how he got the 'possum; he said he had lent his dog to a darky the night before and the 'possum was the rent. He and his mother had come into the country in a mover's wagon, one of those cloth-

covered things that we used to call prairie schooners out West. They were working their way south; his father had been killed in a fight with a 'mean man,' and after that his mother and he had traveled on alone; but she fell ill with typhoid fever—of course, he didn't know it, but that is what it was—and they were obliged to halt. There they were in a miserable cotton picker's house on the outskirts of the plantation, so leaky and dismantled that it had been deserted, the woman sick in bed—or what they called a bed—and her only nurse and provider that ten-year-old boy. Yet he told me that when he went out and brought in some eggs and some milk in a bottle she would not touch them because she knew he had taken them. It was pitiful to hear him tell the story. 'She didn't eat nary; we had corn bread and a little bit of po'k, but she cudn't swaller,' he said, in his dreary, sweet-voiced, Southern drawl, 'so I hooked the aigs and the milk; I milked a cow—I didn't milk mo'n a pint—jest inter a bottle; but maw, she said: 'Ambrose, you take them thar things back, and you steal ar'y other thing I'll bust you' haid, I will.' Maw is dretful good an' hones', so then I did not know whut to do, an' I put it up mebbe I cud swap 'possums fur truck, an' I seed that thar cake, an' maw, she did use ter love cake, an'—an' mebbe 't wud make her well agin if she'd eat.' His voice trembled, and I could see the muscles of his little thin throat quiver. Well, I called Lydia and the end was we took along some brandy and broth and milk and went back with the boy. There was an old darky nurse on my friend's place, a kind old soul who lived alone in a comfortable



"He lifted a smart straw hat, with the university gold and crimson about its crown"

undertaking all the drudgery of housekeeping, albeit Maria really enjoyed the care of a house. She detested gayety, yet she encouraged every little enterprise in entertaining that occurred to Maria. Only that afternoon, on their way to the house, Mrs. Allison had said to Mrs. Caroll, "Vinnie simply obliterates herself for Maria."

The answer of Mrs. Caroll surprised her. It was: "She thinks she does, but I wonder if Miss Keith has not to pay for it somehow."

Therein Mrs. Caroll showed her discernment. Happy and united as they seemed (and on the whole, were) there was a tiny cloud between the sisters. They never alluded to it. The widow often wondered drearily whether she could have prevented it; sometimes she grew hopeful and fancied it was not there. And to do Miss Maria justice she blamed herself for it and hid it out of sight. But during the last three months circumstances had deepened this mere shadow of tacit estrangement. Was it circumstances that played the evil angel with the firebrand, or was it gossip? Mrs. Allison and Mrs. Caroll could not help questioning; neither could they help being observant of each slightest action of the sisters. There seemed nothing but a peaceful domestic scene to study. Miss Maria had out her Sévres cups of the Louis Philippe period, and the massive silver urn and tea service that had come to her from old General Keith, and the three genuine apostle spoons, each one of which had a history. They were drinking tea dried on rose leaves, and before them smoked the English muffins that Miss Maria's invaluable Janet, and no other in the kitchens of the whole town, could fry to perfection,

swift glance that was almost of entreaty toward Mrs. De Forest's perturbed face. The young man did not halt. He went down the street with a swinging, elastic gait, as handsome and gallant a young figure as any mother could covet for her own.

"I think that young Armstrong is the handsomest boy I have seen in an age." Mrs. Caroll dropped the remark into her teacup. "Did you ever notice his eyes? They are real blue, like a sapphire, and he is so graceful I like to watch him."

"Do you think him handsome, Maria?" said Mrs. De Forest. Commonplace as the question was a kind of white heat of excitement crumpled the muscles about her mouth and leaped out of her black eyes; both the other women saw it.

But Miss Maria was making fresh tea. She did not look up, and she answered sedately: "Yes, I think he is very handsome; he is a good boy, too." There was something ugly in the hush after Miss Maria's speech; one felt the electric throbbing of passion, although the scene was so peaceful—nothing to hear at all and nothing to see except one frail woman whose face had gone quite white, sewing swiftly.

"Do you like grass-cloth for towels, or linen?" asked Mrs. Caroll desperately switching the conversation into a safe channel. "I was told yesterday that flour bags make the most excellent towels."

"No flour bags in my birthday present, please," interposed Miss Maria; "those towels are for my birthday, a dozen of them. I told Vinnie I wanted a different present for my fiftieth birthday than she had ever given me, something unique and domestic and useful; and since then I've seen her at work on those towels. By-the-



cottage, and we moved the poor woman to Aunt Hollie's cabin. That night I stayed with her. The boy was in a little bed in the same room. Toward morning I could see that the poor woman was sinking, but we rubbed her with brandy and gave her brandy to swallow, and did what we could. She did not seem to recognize us. Once only she spoke; she said: 'Ambrose, make a fire, honey,' and a moment later, because we had put warm flannel on her she fancied the fire was made. 'That's a good boy, you was allus a good boy, sonny; when I git better—' but she didn't finish the sentence; she smiled and turned her head; and when we looked at her again she was gone.

"Mrs. Caroll, you are not eating anything."

"I think I forgot myself in the story," said Mrs. Caroll. "Please do go on, Miss Keith; what did the boy do?"

Miss Maria glanced at Mrs. De Forest, who had not once raised her eyes from her towels; it appeared to Mrs. Caroll that she drew the thread in and out with a suppressed vehemence.

"The boy?" repeated Miss Maria. "I felt so sorry for him; he was so fond of his mother—so unusually fond; indeed not willing to go to sleep lest she should want him, and so plainly anxious about her. I thought I would not tell him until morning; it is so much harder to suffer at night. But he waked up, and I saw him sitting up in bed and beckoning to me. He pulled me down. 'How's maw?' he whispered. 'She is better, Ambrose,' I said. 'Has she took her milk?' he said, staring at me, with an anxious look that I found it hard to meet. 'I gave her her milk, Ambrose.' 'When?' said he. 'Some time ago.' He let his bony little arms drop and gripped his poor little narrow chest with both those claw-like hands. Something seemed to choke him before he could speak. 'Is maw dead?' he whispered—such a whisper! Such pitiful eyes staring out of his little starved face! 'I—I couldn't tell him,' said Miss Maria, catching at her voice for a second. 'I took him in my arms and I believe I very nearly cried over him.'

"But he pushed me away to run to his mother, and all the grief, child as he was, he had stifled lest it should disturb her, broke forth with a frantic violence—I didn't dream that a child could suffer so. He fell down on the floor and clung to my dress. 'Oh, my good woman,' he shrieked, 'ain't there some way of raising from the dead? There was a man—don't you know?—maw tole me about it—and he had two sisters and they got him raised from the dead. He was a good man, but maw was a good woman—oh, she was, she was!' And then, with tears and sobs, he poured out the story of their hardships; it was a cruel story, such things make one wonder why they can be permitted. It seemed to me that dead woman was a martyr; she had worked until she fell and died, only thinking of her child; and to the hideous end never giving up her simple code of principles. That woman had a sweet and heroic soul no matter how squalid her surroundings!"

"Yes, she had," said Mrs. De Forest. The red rushed into Miss Maria's cheeks; she flashed a glance at her sister full of emotion, but beyond the others' deciphering.

"What did you do with the boy?" asked Mrs. Allison.

"We found a home with a good farmer in the neighborhood for him when he got well, but he was ill with the fever a long time. He grieved so for his mother it nearly killed him. I remember one night—we had moved him to the house, and he had the next room to mine—I heard him moving about and went in to him, and will you believe that poor little creature had crawled about and was trying to dress himself. 'Oh, my heart, my heart feels like it jest got to jump out, it hurts me so,' he wailed, clutching at himself. 'Let me go, lady, please let me go! Oh, I jest got to go back to the house in the woods and build a fire and hang maw's dresses round, and maybe I won't feel so lonesome! Oh, I did try to take care of her, I did, I did! But I was so little and I didn't know, and I stole them things and made her feel bad, and she said: 'Ambrose, if you ev' do hook anything agin, I'll bust you' haid!' Oh, my dear maw, she nev' did speak to me agin!' He repeated the words with the most heart-breaking intonation—such singular words to treasure; yet he was right. The roughness did not mean anything. I told him the last words that she did say, which seemed to comfort him; and I took him in my arms and soothed him to sleep. Just before he went to sleep he patted my cheek and said, 'You' face feels like maw's. Will you let me be you' little boy?' And I said yes."

Mrs. Caroll and Mrs. Allison were both wiping their eyes; Mrs. De Forest sat dry-eyed, but with a strained look of excitement in the face. She began to speak when Miss Maria hesitated.

"You may as well hear the rest of the story," said she. "My sister nursed the child through the fever; he was, I have been told, a very attractive, manly and affectionate boy. I did not see him, so I

cannot speak except from other people's opinions. Maria became very much attached to him; she"—Mrs. De Forest swallowed and set her lips more firmly—"she wanted to adopt him. I was not willing. I suppose I have too much family pride, for one thing. I—I suppose I was jealous of anything coming between Maria and me, for another. I did not realize how much she gave up when she finally consented to let the child go. I sometimes wish that I had acted differently."

"I am sure you acted for the best," said Mrs. Allison, rising. "But, Miss Maria, when I am listening to you I forget all about Dr. Allison waiting at home for me."

This opened a path of escape for Mrs. Caroll, who was not slow to avail herself of it.

The two visitors went decorously, with a polite bustle of cheerfulness; but they sighed with relief when they were past the corner.

"I feel as if I had just escaped out of the heart of a thunder-cloud," sighed Mrs. Caroll. "Why do you suppose she told us that story?"

Mrs. Allison had daring flights of imagination occasionally; she had one now. "I suppose, really," she ventured, "Miss Keith was letting us see the disappointment of her life. Well, Vinnie is responsible for it; it is as if she were to say, 'You spoil my chance of happiness, I gave it up for you; now I have another chance, make amends by giving up to me now!'"

"What do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Caroll, not quite sincerely.

"You know what I mean; the town is talking about the attentions of that young Rufus Armstrong to Maria Keith. He goes to see her two or three times a week, and when Mrs. De Forest was in Chicago he was driving with her, and up there evenings almost every night in the week. Why, you must know the talk about it."

"It is nonsensical talk—she is thirty years older than he."

"That is what I said to Doctor, but he said there was never any guessing what vagaries an old maid might not have, and that Armstrong was just the handsome, soft-mannered kind of chap that women can't resist."

"If Miss Keith can't resist him I should think the young fellow could steel his heart against a woman thirty years older than he."

"He is poor, maybe, and she is rich, and she is still a very handsome woman; don't you remember that French woman—what's her name—Lenkers or something like that—who was a raving beauty at sixty odd?"

"I used to think it possible," said Mrs. Caroll, not trying to enlighten Mrs. Allison regarding Ninon de L'Enclos. "I used to fancy that suddenly, when it seemed too late, Miss Keith had found that she could love a man; and it seemed a pathetic and miserable thing to me, at her age, with her honorable position, and her sister bound up in her. I hated to suspect it, but I did until to-day. To-day I am sure it is all stuff."

"I wish I could think so, too," sighed Mrs. Allison. "I'm sure I'm ready enough to be convinced. How do you make it out?"

"Well, you heard her talking of her fiftieth birthday; you can't persuade me that a woman about to make a fool of herself by marrying a man thirty years younger than she is, is going to flout her age in the face of the world. Caps, too! Why, it's stuff and nonsense!"

"But I almost know that Vinnie is dreading it. Didn't you notice how she looked?"

"Mrs. De Forest is so jealous of her sister she is capable of cooking up anything in her mind."

"Well, I hope you are right," Mrs. Allison reiterated. "It is dreadful to think such things, but Doctor says all the men at the Whist Club were believing it."

While Miss Maria was thus discussed the subject of the discussion sat alone with her sister.

Virginia was bitterly conning the emotions of the last month. When did the monstrous thought enter her mind that her sister could so forget her dignity—"her honor," Virginia passionately called it, forgetting that marriage is always presumably an honorable estate—as to think of marrying that boy? Who was the first to suggest the poisonous suspicion? And why had Maria told that story to-day? Much of it was new to her. She had been so hurt in her pride, in her jealous affection, in every fibre of her heart by the bare supposition of Maria's letter that, impulsively, she had taken the next train south, and offered her sister the immovable option of either giving up the "little cracker vagrant" or her. The sisters had one miserable interview, in which Virginia's hot heart had poured out lava-like reproaches and taunts, burning more cruelly than she knew, and then she had fled back to the dismal little inn of the place, to the dismay of Maria's Southern friend, who almost wept at such perversion of her hospitality. Then the next day came Maria's submission. But not until the boy was gone had she relented enough to set foot within the same house with her sister.

When they did meet it was as if nothing had happened, and sedulously Virginia tried to cover her sister's disappointment with every material pleasure she could invent.

"I gave up my whole life to her," was the younger sister's stormy cry to her own soul; "I never denied her but that one thing in my life, and yet she has never forgiven me. I never see her look at a child that I don't feel she is resenting my depriving her of that happiness."

Then there came the same thought that had occurred to Mrs. Allison. Did she want her to make amends for opposing her ten years ago by not opposing her now? But that was so different, she argued; that had not been wicked and degrading. Maria's little story had curiously softened her heart toward the boy. If he had come to them she might have grown to love him; they might both have been happy in him. Were he with them now there could be no question of this awful other thing. And then, as one rends a veil, she rose up trembling at a flash of thought.

"Maria," she said, "how old is Mr. Armstrong?"

Maria, too, rose. Attempting to steady herself by the table, somehow she brushed one of the precious cups to the floor; she did not even look at it.

"He is twenty years old," she said, pale as Virginia.

"And what is his full name?"

"His name is Philip Ambrose Armstrong," said Miss Maria.

Hardly knowing what she did Mrs. De Forest dropped into a chair and covered her face with a dish-towel—that being the only screen at hand.

Maria approached her timidly; except for her own tempestuous emotion Virginia must have marveled at her proud sister's manner.

"I meant to tell you, I truly did," she said, "I meant to tell you before my next birthday; that is why I began the story—partly why—for I wanted the others should know, too, but I hadn't the courage to finish before them." She touched Virginia's shoulder softly. "Indeed I have felt remorse at deceiving you all these years, but I hadn't the courage to make a breach between us. People suppose I am so fearless—that is all they know about it—I am a coward where I love people. I was a coward with you; I couldn't bear to hurt you after you had been hurt so dreadfully. And I could not give him up. Vinnie, dear, consider how I had nursed him through that fever. The doctor said I saved his life. I gave him his life, Vinnie, what could his mother do more?" The blood dyed her face and throat, but she spoke resolutely. "Vinnie, don't think it impossible, after that month I was fighting for his life and he couldn't bear to have me out of his sight, I felt as if I were his mother. I had a dream, too—I don't believe in dreams, but this one has haunted me ever since. His mother seemed to be telling me such a long, sad story of her life, and I was crying over it, and then she gave me the boy. 'Make his life happier,' she said. So I could not give him up. But I deceived you. I pretended to send him away. Then, afterward, he came back. Lydia took care of him. I gave her money. I have always seen him every year; I have written to him each week; whatever he wanted I loved to get and send him. Up-stairs in a little box I have all the letters he has written me, from the scrawly little things just after I left him to last year. I had to stoop to mean devices and deceit to conceal this from you, and it has made me miserable. Try to forgive me, Vinnie." She leaned over her; she would have kissed her if they had been a little further out of view.

Mrs. De Forest very gently pushed her away. "Please don't talk to me now," she said. "I do forgive you, but—I am dizzy."

She walked off into the house, up-stairs to her own room.

That evening at dinner a little note lay on Miss Maria's plate:

"I do forgive you; please forgive me. By-and-by I will talk to you about it. Your loving sister, Vinnie."

Maria read the contents of the note. "Thank you," she said to Mrs. De Forest, who had just entered. "I hope your headache is better, dear."

Thus do we make believe to hoodwink our men servants and women servants. But Elizabeth Akers, who had been Miss Maria's maid for twelve years, smiled to herself.

"It is all gone," said Mrs. De Forest. She made no further reference to the conversation then or during the week, but Mrs. Allison almost fell off her porch-chair that same evening, beholding Mrs. De Forest and young Armstrong driving together.

"I don't see anything remarkable in that," said Dr. Allison. "Vinnie has succumbed to Maria, that's all. But it is an awful pity. The strangest thing is that he seems a nice, modest, manly fellow. But he is in poor business, poor business."

For the next week rumor busied itself about equally with Miss Maria's birthday party and Miss Maria's possible marriage. It was related that the greenhouses far and wide had been stripped for the function;

the lawn was to have lanterns and tents, and in the great hall the family Bible, erected on a stand and surrounded by flowers, was to proclaim to the world the right of Maria Keith on that particular day to have a golden birthday. There were half a dozen varying tales of Miss Maria's costume; it was black velvet, it was mauve satin, it was white satin. The only point of agreement was the cap. One wild legend declared that Miss Maria was going to be married. She had consented to marry young Armstrong, and she would defy public sentiment by thus obtaining a large audience under false pretenses to her bridal. Mrs. Caroll, who pronounced this the most impudent nonsense, could find no ground except the fact that all the clergymen of town were invited to the ceremony. Miss Maria had soon stated positively that no presents were to be accepted, but one or two old friends ventured to send gifts.

Mrs. De Forest had the unanimous pity of the town, and came nearer popularity there than she had ever done in her life. She made most of the arrangements in person, and it was frequently observed that she looked careworn and perturbed.

In spite of criticism not an invited guest was absent the eventful night, as the local paper styled it. The lawn, with its myriads of brilliant lanterns, was a fairy scene. In the wide hallway, near the light stand—where, truly enough, embowered in flowers, the family Bible lay open—stood Miss Maria in the softest of silver gray and diamonds, with a cap trimmed with pink ribbons that made her look ten years younger, and gave a new, soft prettiness to her handsome face. It was she who received the guests. Mrs. De Forest had disappeared.

The band discoursed music that suggested love and even matrimony, since they played the "Lohengrin March."

While they were playing Miss Maria left her post in the hall. At first this did not attract attention, but presently, who knows how, quieting whispers passed from mouth to mouth, and the guests left the marquees, where the punch-bowls—full of lemonade and claret and champagne-cup—had either cheered or scandalized them, according to their principles, and silently, gradually they filled the spacious rooms. Somehow the impression filtered through the air that the principal parties were in a small room used as Miss Maria's own study. And the whispers grew louder, repeating that young Armstrong was not visible.

"Never mind," said Dr. Allison, "we'll see them all soon; there comes the minister."

At this moment Miss Maria was standing in the study, looking puzzled. She had a card in her hand that said simply:

"Dear sister: Come into the study a moment. I have a domestic present for you. V."

She was alone when she began to read, but before she finished Mrs. De Forest came in, and behind her Ambrose Armstrong.

"This is the present, sister," she said. "I wanted to see him a little before I decided. I am satisfied. We will adopt him together as our nephew with our name. Shall we not introduce Mr. Philip Ambrose Keith to our friends?"

The tears rushed to Maria's eyes. But she could not speak, for Mrs. De Forest was holding wide the door. It was she who walked first, she who made the cool little presentation speech.

"For many years," she said, standing as erect and haughty as Miss Maria had ever stood, and looking almost handsome with the red spot in her cheek, and her shining eyes, "for many years my sister has been caring for a little boy whose life she saved, as some of you may know"—she glanced toward Mrs. Caroll and Mrs. Allison, and Mrs. Caroll gravely bent her head. "We have grown more and more interested in him, and have decided to adopt him as our nephew. I do not know that there could be any better opportunity to bespeak our friend's kind welcome than to-day, when my sister celebrates what she likes to call her golden birthday. I hope we may renew our youth in his. My friends, I am glad to introduce to you our nephew, Mr. Philip Ambrose Armstrong Keith."

"Sold!" muttered Dr. Allison. But he was the first to take the blushing young fellow by the hand, and he made a most graceful congratulatory speech. Miss Maria wondered a little at the heartiness, the actual affection of the congratulations that were showered upon her; she supposed, happily, that they were because of Ambrose's talents and goodness, which even strangers perceived; she never dreamed, in her innocence, that the eager friends were equally remorseful and relieved. If Mrs. De Forest's slightly cynical smile meant any other opinion she kept it to herself. Once Miss Maria found a moment apart with her.

"I called it my golden birthday, dear sister," she said, "but it is you that have made it so!"

And in the grateful glance she gave her the last of the cloud was swept away forever.

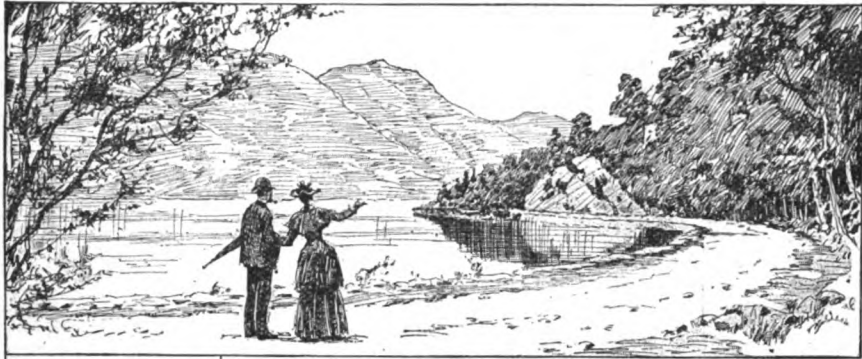


POMONA'S TRAVELS

A Series of Letters to the Mistress of Rudder Grange from Her Former Hand-Maiden

By Frank R. Stockton

[With Illustrations by A. B. Frost]



LETTER NO. XXIII

OBAN, SCOTLAND.

It would seem to be the easiest thing in the world when looking on the map to go across the country from

Loch Rannoch over to Lake Katrine and all those celebrated parts, but we found we could not go that way and so we went back to Edinburgh and made a fresh start. We stopped one night at the Royal Hotel, and there we found a letter from Mr. Poplington. We had left him at Buxton, and he said he was not going to Scotland this season, but would try to see us in London before we sailed.

He is a good man, and he wrote this letter on purpose to tell me that he had had a letter from his friend, the clergyman in Somersetshire, who had forbidden the young woman, whose wash my tricycle had run into, to marry her lover because he was a Radical. This letter was in answer to one Mr. Poplington wrote to him, in which he gave the minister my reasons for thinking that the best way to convert the young man from Radicalism was to let him marry the young woman, who would be sure to bring him around to her way of thinking, whatever that might be.

I didn't care about the Radicalism. All I wanted was to get the two married, and then it would not make the least difference to me what their politics might be; if they lived properly and was sober and industrious and kept on loving each other, I didn't believe it would make much difference to them. It was a long letter that the clergyman wrote, but the point of it was that he had concluded to tell the young woman that she might marry the fellow if she liked, and that she must do her best to make him a good Conservative, which, of course, she promised to do. When I read this I clapped my hands, for who could have suspected that I should have the good luck to come to this country to spend the summer and make two matches before I left it!

When we left Edinburgh to gradually wend our way to this place, which is on the west coast of Scotland, the first town we stopped at was Stirling, where the Scotch kings used to live. Of course we went to the castle, which stands on the rocks high above the town, but before we started to go there Jone inquired if the place was a ruin or not, and when he was told it was not, and that soldiers lived there, he said it was all right and we went. He now says he must positively decline to visit any more houses out of repair. He is tired of them, and since he has got over his rheumatism he feels less like visiting ruins than he ever did. I tell him the ruins are not any more likely to be damp than a good many of the houses that people live in, but this didn't shake him, and I suppose if we come to any more vine-covered and shattered remnants of antiquity I shall be obliged to go over them by myself.

The castle is a great place, which I wouldn't have missed for the world, but the spot that stirred my soul the most was in a little garden, as high in the air as the top of a steeple, where we could look out over the battlefield of Bannockburn. Besides this we could see the mountains of Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, Ben A'an, Ben Ladi, and ever so much Scottish landscape spreading out for miles upon miles. There is a little hole in the wall here called the Ladies' Look-Out, where the ladies of the court could sit and see what was going on in the country below without being seen themselves, but I stood up and took in everything over the top of the wall.

I don't know whether I told you that the mountains of Scotland are "Bens" and the mouths of rivers are "abers," and islands are "inches." Walking about the streets of Stirling, and I didn't have time to see half as much as I wanted to, I came

to the shop of a "flesher." I didn't know what it was until I looked into the window and saw that it was a butcher shop.

I like a language just about as foreign as the Scotch is. There are a good many words in it that people not Scotch don't understand, but that gives a person the feeling that she is traveling abroad, which I want to have when I am abroad. Then, on the other hand, there are not enough of them to hinder a traveler from making herself understood. So it is natural for me to like it ever so much better than French, in which, when I am in it, I simply sink to the bottom if no helping hand is held out to me.

I had some trouble with Jone that night at the hotel because he had a novel, which he had been reading for I don't know how long, and which he said he wanted to get through with before he began anything else. But now I told him he was going to enter on the wonderful country of the "Lady of the Lake," and that he ought to give up everything else and read that book, because if he didn't go there with his mind prepared the scenery would not sink into his soul as

strand," and the end of it was that I made him sit up until a quarter of two o'clock in the morning while I read the "Lady of the Lake" to him. I had read it before and he had not, but I hadn't got a quarter through before he was just as willing to listen as I was to read. And when I got through I was in such a glow that Jone said he believed that all the blood in my veins had turned to hot Scotch.

I didn't pay any attention to this, and after going to the window and looking out at the Gaelic moon, which was about half full and rolling along among the clouds, I turned to Jone and said, "Jone, let's sing 'Scott's Wha' Ha', before we go to bed."

"If we do roar out that thing," said Jone, "they would put us out on the curbstone to spend the rest of the night."

"Let's whisper it then," said I, "the spirit of it is all I want. I don't care for the loudness."

"I'd be willing to do that," said Jone, "if I knew the tune and a few of the words."

"Oh, bother," said I, and when I got into bed I drew the clothes over my head and sang that brave song all to myself. Doing it that way the words and tune didn't matter at all, but I felt the spirit of it, and that was all I wanted, and then I went to sleep.

The next morning we went to Callander by train, and there we took a coach for Trossachs. It is hardly worth while to say we went on top, because the coaches here haven't any inside to them, except a hole where they put the baggage. We drove along a beautiful road with mountains and vales and streams, and the driver told us the name of everything that had a name, which he couldn't help very well, being asked so constant by me. But I didn't feel altogether satisfied, for we hadn't come to anything quotable, and I didn't like to have Jone sit too long without something happening to stir up some of the "Lady of the Lake," which I had pumped into his mind the day before, and so keep it fresh.

Before long, however, the driver pointed out the ford of Coilantogle. The instant he said this I half jumped up, and seizing Jone by the arm I cried, "Don't you remember? This is the place where the Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James,

"And here his course the chieftain staid  
Threw down his target and his plaid."

"You are right," said I, and then I began again:

"Then each at once his falchion drew,  
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,  
Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,  
As what they ne'er might see again;  
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,  
In dubious strife they darkly closed."

I didn't repeat any more of the poem, though everybody was listening quite respectful without thinking of laughing, and as for Jone I could see by the way he sat and looked about him that his tinder had caught my spark, but I knew that the thing for me to do here was not to give out but take in, and so to speak in figures, I drank in the whole of Lake Vannachar, as



"This might be a Dorkminster"

we drove along its lovely marge until we came to the other end and the driver said we would now go over the Brigg of Turk. At this up I jumped and said:

"And when the Brigg of Turk was won,  
The headmost horseman rode alone."

I had sense enough not to quote the next two lines, because when I had read them to Jone he said that it was a shame to use a horse that way.

We now came to Loch Achray, at the other end of which is the Trossachs, where we stopped for the night, and when the driver told me the mountain we saw before us was Ben Venue, I repeated the lines:

"The hunter marked that mountain high,  
The lone lake's western boundary,  
And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,  
Where that huge rampart barr'd the way."

At last we reached the Trossachs Hotel, which stands near the wild ravines filled with bristling woods where the stag was lost, with the lovely lake in front and Ben Venue towering up on the other side. I was so excited I could scarcely eat, and no wonder, because for the greater part of the day I had breathed nothing but the spirit of Scott's poetry. I forgot to say that from the time we left Callander until we got to the hotel the rain poured down steadily, but that didn't make any difference to me. A human being soaked with the "Lady of the Lake" is rain-proof.

LETTER NO. XXIV

EDINBURGH.

I WAS sorry to stop my last letter right in the middle of the "Lady of the Lake" country, but I couldn't get it all in, and the fact is, I can't get all I want to say in any kind of a letter. The things I have seen and want to write about are crowded together like the Scottish mountains.

On the day after we got to Trossachs Hotel, and I don't know any place I would rather spend weeks at than there, Jone and I walked through the "darksome glen" where the stag

"Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,  
In the deep Trossachs' wildest nook  
His solitary refuge took."

And then we came out on the far-famed Loch Katrine. There was a little steamboat there to take passengers to the other end where a coach was waiting, but it wasn't time for that to start, and we wandered on the banks of that song-gilded piece of water. It didn't lie before us like "one burnished sheet of living gold," as it appeared to James Fitz-James, but my soul could supply the sunset if I chose. There, too, was the island of the fair Ellen, and beneath our very feet was the "silver strand" to which she rowed her shallop. I am sorry to say there isn't so much of the "silver strand" as there used to be, because, in this world, as I have read, and as I have seen, the spirit of realistics is always crowding and trampling on the toes of the romantics, and the people of Glasgow have actually laid water-pipes from their town to this lovely lake, and now they turn the faucets in their back kitchens and out spouts the tide which kissed

"With whispering sound and slow  
The beach of pebbles bright as snow."

This wouldn't have been so bad, because the lake has enough and to spare of its



"A person who was a family-tree man"

ought to. He was of the opinion that when my romantic feeling got on top of the scenery it would be likely to sink into his soul as deep as he cared to have it, without any preparation, but that sort of talk wouldn't do for me. I didn't want to be gliding o'er the smooth waters of Loch Katrine, and have him asking me who the girl was who rowed her shallop to the "silver

fought Roderick Dhu!" And then without caring who else heard me, I burst out with:

"His back against a rock he bore,  
And firmly placed his foot before;  
'Come one, come all! This rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I.'"

"No, madam," said the driver, politely touching his hat, "that was a mile further on. This place is:



it in order to make their Glasgow people built a boat as raised the lake a good that it overflows ever so silver strand." But I can from a scene like that as I throw away the seeds of gazing o'er that enchanted the Knight of Snowdown first beheld the lake and

night the bugle horn  
lake, the lingering morn!"

on with the lines until I

then to wander here!  
I saw yon nimble deer!"

bespew that steamboat  
and away we went and  
at. Realistics come in  
es when they take the

ook us over nearly the  
ine, and I must say that

stopped at the next station, for comparisons are very different from poetry, and if you try to mix them with scenery you make a mess that is not fit for a Christian. But I thought first I would give her a word back: "I have seen to-day," I said, "the loveliest scenery I ever met with, but we've got grand cañons in America where you could put the whole of that scenery without crowding, and where it wouldn't be much noticed by spectators, so busy would they be gazing at the surrounding wonders."

"Fancy!" said she. "I don't want to say anything," said I, "against what I have seen to-day, and I don't want to think of anything else while I am looking at it, but this I will say, that landscape with Scott is very different from landscape without him."

"That is very true, isn't it?" said she, and then she stopped making comparisons, and I looked out of the window.

Oban is a very pretty place on the coast, but we never should have gone there if it had not been the place to start from for Staffa and Iona. When I was only a girl I

LETTER NO. XXV

LONDON.

HERE we are in this wonderful town, where if you can't see everything you want to see you can generally see a sample of it even if your fad happens to be the ancientnesses of Egypt. We are at the Babylon Hotel, where we shall stay until it is time to start for Southampton, where we shall take the steamer for home. What we are going to do between here and Southampton I don't know yet, but I do know that Jone is all on fire with joy because he thinks his journeys are nearly over, and I am chilled with grief when I think that my journeys are nearly over.

We left Edinburgh on the train called the "Flying Scotsman," and it deserved its name. I suppose that in the days of Wallace and Bruce and Rob Roy the Scots must often have skipped along in a lively way, but I am sure if any of them had ever invaded England at the rate we went into it the British lion would soon have been living on thistles instead of roses.

The next day after we reached London I set out to attend to a piece of business that I didn't want Jone to know anything about. My business was to look up my family pedigree. It seemed to me that it would be a shame if I went away from the home of my ancestors without knowing something about those ancestors and about the links that connected me with them. So I determined to see what I could do in the way of making up a family tree.

By good luck Jone had some business to attend to about money and rooms on the steamer, and so forth, and so I could start out by myself without his even asking me where I was going. Now, of course, it would be a natural thing for a person to go and seek out his ancestors in the ancient village from which they sprang, and to read their names on the tombstones in the venerable little church, but as I didn't know where this village was, of course, I couldn't go to it. But in London is the place where you can find out how to find out such things.

As far back as when we was in Chedcombe I had had a good deal of talk with Miss Ponder about ancestors and families. I told her that my forefathers came from this country, which I was very sure of, judging from my feelings, but as I couldn't tell her any particulars, I didn't go into the matter very deep. But I did say there was a good many points that I would like to set straight, and asked her if she knew where I could find out something about English family trees. She said she had heard there was a big heraldry office in London, but if I didn't want to go there she knew of a person who was a family-tree man. He had an office in London, and his business was to go around and tend to trees of that kind which had been neglected, and to get them into shape and good condition. She gave me his address, and I had kept the thing quiet in my mind until now.

I found the family-tree man, whose name was Brandish, in a small room not too clean, over a shop not far from St. Paul's Churchyard. He had another business, which related to patent poison for flies, and at first he thought I had come to see him about that, but when he found out I wanted to ask him about my family tree his face brightened up.

When I told Mr. Brandish my business the first thing he asked me was my family name. Of course, I had expected this, and I had thought a great deal about the answer I ought to give. In the first place, I didn't want to have anything to do with my father's name. I never had anything much to do with him, because he died when I was a little baby, and his name had nothing high-toned about it, and it seemed to me to belong to that kind of a family that you would be better satisfied with the less you looked up its beginnings, but my mother's family was a different thing. Nobody could know her without feeling that she had sprung from good roots. It might have been from the stump of a tree that had been cut down, but the roots must have been of no common kind to send up such a shoot as she was. It was from her that I got my longings for the romantic.

She used to tell me a good deal about her father, who must have been a wonderful man in many ways. What she told me was not like a sketch of his life, which I wish it had been, but mostly anecdotes of what he said and did. So it was my mother's ancestral tree I determined to find, and without saying whether it was on my mother's or father's side I was searching for ancestors, I told Mr. Brandish that Dork was the family name.

"Dork," said he, "a rather uncommon name, isn't it? Was your father the eldest son of a family of that name?"

Now I was hoping he wouldn't say anything about my father.

"No, sir," said I, "it isn't that line that I am looking up. It is my mother's. Her name was Dork before she was married."

"Really! Now I see," said he; "you have the paternal line all correct and you want to look up the line on the other side. That is very common; it is so seldom that one knows the line of ancestors on one's

maternal side. Dork, then, was the name of your maternal grandfather."

It struck me that a maternal grandfather must be a grandmother, but I didn't say so. "Can you tell me," said he, "whether it was he who emigrated from this country to America or whether it was his father or his grandfather?"

Now I hadn't said anything about the United States, for I had learned there was no use in wasting breath telling English people I had come from America, so I wasn't surprised at his question, but I couldn't answer it.

"I can't say much about that," I said, "until I have found out something about the English branches of the family."

"Very good," said he. "We will look over the records," and he took down a big book and turned to the letter D. He ran his finger down two or three pages and then he began to shake his head.

"Dork?" said he. "There doesn't seem to be any Dork, but here is Dorkminster. Now if that was your family name we'd have it all here. No doubt you know all about that family. It's a grand old family, isn't it? Isn't it possible that your grandfather or one of his ancestors may have dropped part of the name when he changed his residence to America?"

Now I began to think hard; there was some reason in what the family-tree man said. I knew very well that the same family name was often different in different countries, changes being made to suit climates and people.

"Minster has a religious meaning, hasn't it?" said I.

"Yes, madam," said he; "it relates to cathedrals and that sort of thing."

Now, so far as I could remember, none of the things my mother had ever told me about her father was in any way related to religion. They was mostly about horses, and although there is really no reason for the disconnection between horses and religion, especially when you consider the hymns with heavenly chariots in them, must have had horses, it didn't seem to me that my grandfather could have made it a point of being religious, and perhaps he mightn't have cared for the cathedral part of his name, and so might have dropped it for convenience in signing, probably being generally in a hurry, judging from what my mother had told me. I said as much to Mr. Brandish, and he answered that he thought it was likely enough, and that that sort of thing was often done.

"Now then," said he, "let us look into the Dorkminster line and trace out your connection with that. From what place did your ancestors come?"

It seemed to me that he was asking me a good deal more than he was telling me, and I said to him: "That is what I want to find out. What is the family home of the Dorkminsters?"

"Oh, they were a great Hampshire family," said he. "For five hundred years they lived on their estates in Hampshire. The first of the name was Sir William Dorkminster, who came over with the Conqueror, and most likely was given those estates for his services. Then we go on until we come to the Duke of Dorkminster, who built a castle and whose brother Henry was made Bishop and founded an abbey, which I am sorry to say doesn't now exist, being totally destroyed by Oliver Cromwell."

You cannot imagine how my blood leaped and surged within me as I listened to those words. William the Conqueror! An ancestral abbey! A duke! "Is the family castle still standing?" said I.

"It fell into ruins," said he, "during the reign of Charles I, and even its site is now uncertain, the park having been devoted to agricultural purposes. The fourth Duke of Dorkminster was to have commanded one of the ships which destroyed the Spanish Armada, but was prevented by a mortal fever which cut him off in his prime; he died without issue, and the estates passed to the Culverhams of Wilts."

"Did that cut off the line?" said I, very quick.

"Oh, no," said the family-tree man, "the line went on. One of the Duke's younger sisters must have married a man on condition that he took the old family name, which is often done, and her descendants must have emigrated somewhere, for the name no longer appears in Hampshire, but probably not to America, for that was rather early for English emigration."

"Do you suppose," said I, "that they went to Scotland?"

"Very likely," said he, after thinking a minute, "that would be probable enough. Have you reason to suppose that there was a Scotch branch in your family?"

"Yes," said I, for it would have been positively wrong in me to say that the feelings that I had for the Scotch hadn't any meaning at all.

"Now then," said Mr. Brandish, "there you are, madam. There is a line all the way down to the Conqueror to the end of the sixteenth century, scarcely one man's lifetime before the pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock."

I now began to calculate in my mind.

(Continuation on page 23 of this issue)



carry any hand-bag and I had only a little one"

to scenery that rained or the boat we took Lomond, and my heart almost ve my poetry ow any that n we got in tch girl who d had several sing a song nly remem- d I'll take otland afore

ch blood in it wound up at I believe gh I should ss. As for nearly as

omond to l then we This was y, and by of water-s. When d a train to Oban, o'clock. tful, for we, with ains and ge all to in at a g in her ore she

in your ed con- ne into like a full of boiling ring as em on ip for such a

; just rts of

she. mer- ains,

; go- and we

saw pictures of Fingal's Cave, and I have read a good deal about it since, and it is one of the spots in the world that I have been longing to see, but I feel like crying when I tell you, madam, that the next morning there was such a storm that the boat for Staffa didn't even start, and as the people told us that the storm would most likely last two or three days, and that the sea for a few days more would be so rough that Staffa would be out of the question, we had to give it up, and I was obliged to fall back from the reality to my imagination. Jone tried to comfort me by telling me that he would be willing to bet ten to one that my fancy would soar a mile above the real thing, and that perhaps it was very well I didn't see old Fingal's Cave and so be disappointed.

"Perhaps it is a good thing," said I, "that you didn't go, and that you didn't get so seasick that you would be ready to renounce your country's flag and embrace Mormonism if such things would make you feel better." But that is the only thing that is good, and I have a cloud on my recollection which shall never be lifted until Corinne is old enough to need travel and we come here with her.

But although the storm was so bad it was not bad enough to keep us from making our water trip to Glasgow, for the boat we took did not have to go out to sea. It was a wonderfully beautiful passage we made among the islands and along the coast, with the great mountains on the mainland standing up above everything else. After a while we got to the Crinan Canal, which is in reality a short cut across the field. It is nine miles long and not much wider than a good-sized ditch, but it saves more than a hundred miles of travel around an island. We was on a sort of a toy steamboat which went its way through the fields and bushes and grass so close we could touch them, and as there was eleven locks where the boat had to stop, we got out two or three times and walked along the banks to the next lock. That being the kind of a ride Jone likes, he blessed Buxton. At the other end of the canal we took a bigger steamboat which carried us to Glasgow.

We stayed in Glasgow one day, and Jone was delighted with it because he said it was like an American city. Now on principle I like American cities, but I didn't come to Scotland to see them, and the greatest pleasure I had in Glasgow was standing with a tumbler of water in my hand repeating to myself as much of the "Lady of the Lake" as I could remember.

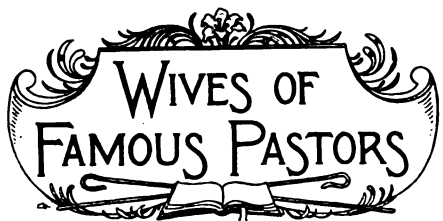




INJUSTICE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

A POET wandered o'er the fields at morn.  
A horde of insects scurried through the grass.  
His foot trod out a thousand tiny lives;  
And yet he breathed the morning incense in,  
And lifting up his voice, thanked God for life.



\*V—MRS. RUSSELL H. CONWELL

BY MAUDE A. BOWYER

SARAH F. CONWELL, the second wife of Russell H. Conwell, the pastor at the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, is a New England woman, and was born in Parsonfield, York County, Maine, in 1843. Her brothers and sisters are

among the most wealthy and cultivated residents of Boston. Her father was for a long time State Senator from Maine, and a personal friend of the late James G. Blaine.

The death of her parents necessitated her removal to Newton, Massachusetts, where she made her home with her brother, John H. Sanborn, and from this home she was married to Russell H. Conwell on April 23, 1874. The couple had met in their missionary work among the poor Germans about Boston, and in giving what time he could spare from his then profession—the law—Mr. Conwell received a double reward. Soon after their marriage, through the failure of a banking firm in Boston, Mr. Conwell lost his comfortable fortune, and their fine residence on College Hill was sacrificed. By unceasing energy on the part of the husband and careful economy on the part of the wife a portion of the fortune was regained.

As early as 1878 Mrs. Conwell began to accompany her husband on his lecturing tours through England, the Continent and the United States. While still practicing law, and through his lecturing seasons, Mr. Conwell felt the conviction that loss of money and property were sent as messengers urging him to a still higher work. In 1878 he took counsel with his wife, who received his confidence with all the tenderness of a true woman, and from that hour until this Mrs. Conwell has ably assisted her husband in his very busy life as pastor of a church which has been one of the most marvelously successful in the world.

The first church of which Mr. Conwell was pastor was at Lexington, Massachusetts, where, after a short time, he commenced alone to tear down the little, old structure. Before long a new church was built upon the old site, and there Mr. Conwell preached and won his fame.

A man of Mr. Conwell's talents was not to be left quietly alone any length of time, and soon a call came from Philadelphia. From Lexington he, with his wife and family, removed to Philadelphia in 1882, where he assumed charge of his present pastorate, Grace Church. The prospect was hardly one calculated to inspire any worker with too much confidence.

\* The series of "Wives of Famous Pastors," commenced in the JOURNAL of December, 1893, will be continued during the year 1894. It will consist of sketches and portraits of the wives of some of the most famous pastors of American pulpits of all denominations. The following have been given:

MRS. JOHN R. PAXTON	December, 1893
MRS. CHARLES H. PARKHURST	March, 1894
MRS. EDWARD EVERETT HALE	May, "
MRS. WAYLAND HOYT	July, "

Any of these back numbers can be had at 10 cents each, by writing to the JOURNAL.

An uncompleted and pretty church building was there, but with the exception of that and a few most faithful members the new pastor found little else to encourage him.

Hardly had Mr. and Mrs. Conwell appeared upon the scene, however, before the church sprang up, as it were, "in a night." Debts were paid, new members brought in, vacant places filled, and instead of gloomy, cast-down countenances all were bright and happy, willing and eager to work.

Through all this Mrs. Conwell was ever at her husband's side. She had her office next to his study, and people in distress who could not be admitted at once to the pastor's study were content to tell their troubles to Mrs. Conwell, who always aided and comforted them.

A difficulty soon arose from the fact that the new church building would not accommodate its would-be worshipers, and in consequence thousands were turned away every Sunday. To prevent this the great Temple was begun in 1888.

During the great festival held in 1890 in the unfinished Temple Mrs. Conwell acted as treasurer, and for the two weeks of its duration remained every night in the building long after midnight counting the money which was so much needed to carry on the noble work.

No one, not even Mr. Conwell, has watched the progress of the Temple with greater zeal than his wife, who is interested in every detail. Mr. Conwell could not have succeeded in his work for the people had not his labors been so ably supplemented by those of his wife.

For some years Mr. Conwell did not employ a private secretary, and during all that time Mrs. Conwell attended to all his private correspondence, keeping accurate account of all his lecture engagements, and whenever possible going with him upon his tours.

Mrs. Conwell is tall and of noble presence and engaging manners. Fond of her home, she is a model housewife, looking carefully after every detail in the home and in all purchases for the family, always regulating her duties to be at leisure to do any work or visiting which she, as a pastor's wife, may be called upon at any time to do. Her home is a home to all her friends, and to any and all of the members of her husband's church.

Mr. and Mrs. Conwell's only child, Agnes, who has just passed her seventeenth year, resembles both parents in looks and character, and assists them materially in their church work. She is also a teacher in the Sabbath-school connected with her father's church.

The Conwell family spend their summers in the Berkshire Hills, where, nine miles from "the nearest station," stands "The Little House on the Hill." There, for three months of the year, they dispense hospitality with lavish hands. Mr. Conwell spends his weekdays there, returning to Philadelphia each Sunday to preach to his congregation.

During the past summer Mr. and Mrs. Conwell with their daughter and a few intimate friends went abroad, touring through Great Britain and the Continent. Their trip was interesting not only in itself but also as evidencing the special love and care which the congregation of the Temple felt for their pastor and his wife. This was shown in many ways, but in none more decidedly than by the hearty "Godspeed" which was given them when they sailed from New York, by the large crowd of Philadelphians who went that far with them.

Mrs. Conwell finds her greatest happiness in her husband's work, and gives him always her sympathy and devotion. She passes many hours at work by his side when he is unable to notice her by word or look; she knows he delights in her presence, for he often says when writing, "I can do better if you remain." Her whole life is wrapped up in the work of the Temple, and all those multitudinous enterprises connected with that most successful of churches.

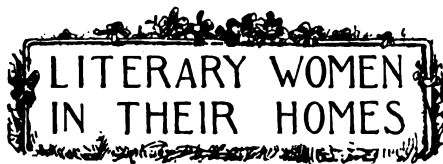
She makes an almost ideal wife for a pastor whose work is as varied and whose time as interrupted as are Mr. Conwell's work and time. On her husband's lecture tours she looks well after his comfort, seeing to those things which a busy and earnest man is almost sure to overlook and neglect. In all things he finds her his helpmeet and caretaker.



A SUNBEAM'S RESURRECTION

BY T. H. HOOD

A SUNBEAM, sunk in the black pond, told  
Of the sky so blue with its heart of gold,  
Till out of that black pond's ooze and mould  
Sprang the lily white with its heart of gold.



\* VIII—CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE is one of the most venerable figures of literary England. The titles of her books occupy eight of the capacious pages of the catalogue of the British Museum Library, and in addition to fiction, belong impartially to history, biography, science and *belles-lettres*.

Her books have been written—with but few exceptions—at a picturesque, old-fashioned manor-house in the county of Hampshire. Elderfield is the ancestral seat of a branch of the Yonges of Puslinch, Devonshire, a family which lays high claim to long descent, and which, about the middle of the seventeenth century, provided Plymouth with a member of the House of Commons, Sir Thomas Yonge. William Cranley Yonge, the father of the authoress, was a Waterloo hero, an officer of the Fifty-second Regiment, who, before indulging in the leisured ease of a country gentleman on his estate, saw some hard service in the war with France. Charlotte Mary was his only daughter and for seven years his only child. Miss Yonge believes that, in consequence, an unusual amount of care was lavished upon her. She could read at the age of four, and in her sixth year actually read aloud to her mother Rollin's "Ancient History" with some understanding of what she was reading.

In the making of her books Miss Yonge's parents, by the training they gave their only daughter, have had a direct and all-powerful influence. She has made translations from the French, compiled reading books for elementary schools, edited Shakespeare and selections from classical authors, written histories of Rome, England, France and Germany, biographies of persons, eminent and otherwise, not to mention the works of fiction which are almost innumerable. But throughout all her literary productions, as throughout her daily life, she has been true to her High Church training, faithful to the theological doctrines and ecclesiastical system on which she has been reared.

Miss Yonge entertains the pleasantest recollections of her girlhood. Her recollections are probably the more pleasant as they are undoubtedly the more vivid because she is still living in the place where she was born. She walks in the garden where she played as a child, reads in the shrubbery where she first discovered the

\* In this series of "Literary Women in Their Homes," the following, each accompanied with portrait, have been printed:

AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON	June, 1892
MARY ELEANOR WILKINS	August, "
MARGARET DELAND	October, "
EDNA LYALL	November, "
AUTHOR OF "BOOTLES' BABY"	March, 1893
ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY	July, "
MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD	July, 1894

Any of these back numbers can be had at 10 cents each, by writing to the JOURNAL.

delights of Sir Walter Scott, and visits the village schools in which she taught her first Sunday-school class. She remembers her first efforts in "telling a story," which were made before she could write, the narrative being drawn in realistic pictures on waste paper. She remembers and tells with interest how the idea of one of her earliest works, "Kenneth, or the Rear Guard of the Grand Army," first occurred while reading Alison's "History of Europe" aloud to her mother in the wainscoted parlor on a winter evening. The book, as its readers will remember, contains the account of a touching little incident of the "Retreat from Moscow"—the abandonment of a child to frost and snow by its mother. She can remember how she wrote the greater part of the story, and then ventured to show it to her father and mother, whose frank criticism led her to lay aside the manuscript to be revised and finished some years later.

Miss Yonge was about twenty-one when her first volume, "Abbeychurch," was offered to the public at large. It had been written a year or two before, immediately after the story of the "Retreat from Moscow" had been laid aside. "Abbeychurch," says Miss Yonge in describing her first plunge into professional authorship, "was thought by my parents to be worthy of being given to some friends to read and judge. They liked it and the plunge was made with it. Very seriously, I was asked by my father whether I wished to publish for one of three reasons—fame, gain or the desire of doing good. The first ideas seemed in those days unworthy, and I answered honestly, with tears in my eyes, my wish that the book might speak to certain faults."

Miss Yonge had written a number of short tales of village life, in which personal knowledge of the rural poor stood her in good stead, and two girls' stories, "Henrietta's Wish," and "The Two Guardians," before the book which gave her fame was written. "The Heir of Redcliffe" was begun in 1850, and was continued, the authoress states, "with great eagerness. There was a certain fever of composition which possessed me during the critical parts of the story, and made it very difficult to persuade me to go up to London for the Great Exhibition of 1851." The first edition of seven hundred and fifty copies was exhausted in a few weeks, and from that time to this there has been a steady and unflinching sale for the book. From the large



MISS YONGE

profits of the book Miss Yonge was able to fit out the "Southern Cross," Bishop Selwin's missionary steamer. In other ways foreign missions have been benefited by Miss Yonge's literary success. With the proceeds of her very successful series of stories called "The Daisy Chain" she has been able to build a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand.

Miss Yonge's face is indicative of physical as well as mental strength, and its lack of what are usually regarded as the lines of old age betokens a quiet, contented, well-ordered life. "It is worry, not work, which ages" is a favorite axiom, and Miss Yonge, with her erect and well-proportioned figure, bears testimony to its truth. I say this, notwithstanding the silvery white hair which surmounts the high forehead. Miss Yonge invariably dresses with simplicity, whatever the occasion—old-fashioned simplicity some people may term it; but her garments are always of the best.





By Mrs. Burton Kingsland

FOURTH PAPER—HER PLEASURES AND AMUSEMENTS

**P**LEASURE is the gay blossom of happiness," and because we have little relish for pleasure except when we are happy, the two things become so associated in our minds that we sometimes forget that they are not synonymous.

When, in the chain of ideas, pleasure is still further confounded with amusement, it is no wonder that to the young, in their inexperience, it should seem alluring in all its forms, and that they should covet it as being the way of happiness.

We, who have any responsibility in guiding young lives, should strive, I think, to raise their idea of pleasure above the plane of mere amusement, and lead them to discover that there are numberless sources of enjoyment open to them everywhere and all the time, independent of wealth, social position or the gayeties of the fashionable world.

At "sweet sixteen" a girl's feet are but at the threshold of social life, of which he gets glimpses only through half-open doors, as it were, so that it is a good opportunity to lead her to recognize and appreciate the pleasures offered by Nature, books, music, art, the exercise of her own faculties, and, above all, to teach her the pleasure of giving pleasure.

Amusement has a brightening, quickening effect upon mind and spirits, and in moderation, within pure and healthy limits, is good for every one, but, after all, it is only one form of pleasure under many manifestations, and to become dependent upon it alone is eventually to join the ranks of social pauperism. Do we not all now people who cultivate acquaintances simply because "they entertain," who will stoop to ask favors of any one who can secure for them a desirable invitation, who will push and struggle for social recognition, because they long for pleasure, and their conception of enjoyment is limited to the amusements of society? Let us introduce our daughters to a wider range of pleasure.

A love of Nature brings such keen delight to those who have it, that it is surely worth cultivating. Nature is a bountiful deity, and gives "without money and without price" to all who have the capacity to appreciate her charms, and with each season she brings us a new world.

With the aid of books who can measure the pleasures of the imagination—that mental eyesight through which we may see foreign lands without leaving our chairs, that makes us witnesses of the great events of history without danger or responsibility, that peers through the windows of private homes, making us sharers of the interests of their inmates?

RUSKIN counts among his reasons for thankfulness that he early learned the healthful delight of uncovetous admiration." The museums and art collections open to the public are not only enjoyable, refining and educating to the taste, but teach one to admire with no intrusive thought of self. The habit early acquired will help to exclude the spirit of envy and jealousy.

There is no time when the broadening, uplifting influences of travel are more valuable than in early youth, though the girls will by no means appreciate or enjoy it as they will in later life. Travel stores their minds with interesting facts, furnishes them with agreeable subjects of conversation, leads them to think, compare and reflect, besides bringing them probably in contact with persons of different ages and experience, who will unconsciously contribute to their mental equipment.

One of the pleasures of travel is the return home, paradoxical as it may appear. Home seems doubly attractive after an absence. Every room has a history, every object some association, and as the scene of our own life and the lives of our dear ones, has a personal interest that is endearing. The pleasures of home should thank all others. We, who are mothers, are the home-makers "by divine right," and it is our privilege to lay up memories that our children will cherish all their lives.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of papers, "A Daughter at Sixteen," designed to give in five articles the best possible counsel to mothers, was begun in the JOURNAL of March, 1894. Copies of the issues containing the series will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of five cents. Address The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

I BELIEVE in making much of birthdays, and turning every holiday into an occasion for general festivity and rejoicing. Such scenes knit family love the closer, and help to keep young lives from drifting away from safe moorings.

It doubles the pleasures of life to cultivate the habit of extracting enjoyment from little things, of deliberately turning our attention to the good within our reach. A French writer says that, "In pessimistic spirit people deny that happiness exists, because they expect it to fall from Heaven in 'chunks,' whereas it lies as fine dust at our feet, all along the way."

The pleasure of doing good brings, I think, a larger return for the effort expended than anything else. When we forget ourselves in striving to make others happy God sends us the joyful reward of feeling that we have pleased Him that is just a foretaste of Heaven's own blessedness. Even a warm hand-clasp, a cheery "good-morning," a pleasant manner, if they be the outcome of a principle to try to brighten every one with whom she comes in contact, will cast a very halo of sweetness and charm about a young girl, and the world ever turns its sunny side to such a one. Anything is better than a centralization of interest in self, and as it is always harder to uproot faults than to plant virtues, and so crowd out moral weeds, a mother will do her children the greatest service in teaching them early to find pleasure in benevolence.

NOTHING makes one so independent of circumstances as the power to get pleasure from the exercise of our own faculties. That which depends upon sensation alone requires endless variety to stimulate it, and in the long run often becomes a weariness instead of a refreshment. Our internal resources yield us the more enjoyment the more they are cultivated. I believe in "hobbies." A talent for music, drawing, painting, modeling, china decoration, art embroidery or even amateur photography brings keen pleasure in its exercise; but a measure of success is attainable by persevering effort with but slender musical or artistic ability. The constant aiming at excellence always carries its own interest, and has a moral value in the formation of trustworthy character.

Lively girls with a natural love of gaiety find their pleasures greatly enhanced by numbers. Tennis clubs, clubs for walking, riding and golf, sewing societies for some object of enthusiastic interest, cooking clubs with their attendant dainty feasts, singing classes that are bright little concerts, nutting parties with picnic luncheons, are some of the diversions that bring young people together in merry informality, and under the proper degree of chaperonage they are pleasant beginnings of social life.

A WORD about chaperons. The conventionalities differ in the different parts of our country, but in New York the custom of chaperonage obtains, and the fashion is set by those acknowledged to be well-versed in the requirements of polite society. It is not that boys and girls may not be trusted in each other's company. A chaperon merely represents the sheltering love and care that is supposed to surround a young girl's life. In one sense, it is but a conventionality. A gentleman gives his arm to a lady to cross a ballroom, not because she needs his protection, but the act is representative of the care considered due her womanhood. On the other hand, it does impose a slight restraint upon youthful spirits that sometimes threaten to exceed the bounds of good taste. A chaperon should be regarded as the guest of honor, and American youth are none the worse for opportunities to learn to treat their elders with courtesy and consideration.

It is mistaken kindness to allow a girl to go into what is called society until school life is over. From an epicurean standpoint alone she will get more pleasure out of life if she enjoy the diversions appropriate to each age, and exhaust none of them. It is a sad thing to see a young girl who has lost all freshness of enjoyment, whom—for lack of an English equivalent—we call *blasée*. The smile is unpleasant, but one is reminded of a fruit that has become spoiled before fairly ripe. Such an attitude of mind is generally due to an over-indulgence in pleasure, and an anticipation of mature amusements, that leaves the girl bankrupt when she reaches the age to which such pleasures appropriately belong.

THERE is preparation also needed to enjoy society. Seneca says of travel that "to make it delightful one must first make one's self delightful," and it is equally true of society. The primary object of what are called accomplishments is to give pleasure to others, and now that house parties have become so popular, where every guest who cannot contribute to the general entertainment feels at a disadvantage that brings almost a sense of humiliation, it is advisable that a girl educate whatever tastes she has with a view to her future social relations.

There is one accomplishment little cultivated, than which none is capable of giving pleasure more universally, and that is the art of conversation. The first step toward its acquisition should be the modulation of the voice. A cultivated, agreeable voice, gentle and clear, gives a charm to conversation to which no listener is indifferent. The high, strident tones may be softened, and a correct pronunciation and pretty accent are readily learned at sixteen. Slang and extravagant expressions should be avoided if one would speak our language in its purity, and so spoken I have thought it as musical as Italian.

ONE of the essentials of charming conversation is a kind heart as well as a cultivated mind, and nothing makes a girl more popularly a favorite than the reputation of speaking well of every one. To do so were but amiable hypocrisy unless one believes what one says, but the habit of seeing our friends at their best may and should be cultivated. Simplicity and absence of self-consciousness are hardly second to any other charms of conversation, and nothing is more unattractive than pedantry or affectation.

There is an old riddle that asks: "What is the key-note of good breeding?" and the answer is: "B—natural."

Shyness is not popularly supposed to be a national characteristic of our girls, and yet the confident, self-assertive manner, the loud, nervous laugh, are often but the unattractive disguises that diffidence assumes—on the same principle that a boy "whistles to keep his courage up."

In order to acquire that "repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere," and at the same time provide opportunities for pleasant intercourse, the present edict of fashion decrees that our boys and girls shall be gradually initiated into the mysteries of social life by means of the now popular dancing classes.

These informal entertainments, held about once a fortnight, either at the houses of the several members or at some convenient public assembly rooms, might be called "Schools of Society."

They have the advantage of a most rigorous censorship, excluding all who are not thought to be desirable acquaintances; they have the personal supervision of many of the parents, and the members are all young and innocent, taking their pleasure with a zest only felt by those to whom it is an incidental recreation, and not the business of life, which it often becomes after school days are over.

The young people acquire ease and polish of manner, a certain well-bred confidence, a knowledge of the rules that obtain in good society, and make many pleasant acquaintances. Whether these advantages are paid for at the cost of some valuable traits of character depends much upon the home training. Undoubtedly the love of dress and of admiration is stimulated in the girls, but the class is a rehearsal for the social life following the school days, and now that rehearsal may take place under the mother's more direct personal influence, and at a time when a girl is more amenable to her guidance than later. Flirtation and "playing at love" are more serious dangers, but the mother's presence may act as a wholesome restraint.

THE untrammelled intercourse between our boys and girls in America has been much criticised in other lands, but accustomed as they are to be treated with entire confidence their honor may generally be trusted. It is, however, a distinct advantage when they may enjoy each other's society openly, under the eyes of indulgent and sympathetic parents, who do not watch too narrowly, remembering their own youth. I think that meetings elsewhere should be discouraged, and where a girl is liable to be joined during her walks by her boy friends I should advise her mother to accompany her if possible, making it an especial aim that she shall enjoy herself. It is not difficult to please a girl of sixteen, but she must not suspect the motive.

I confess that I do not see any objection to dancing, in the presence of parents and chaperons. The good author of "Rab and His Friends" says: "Dancing is just the music of the feet and the gladness of the young legs, and is well called the poetry of motion. It is, like all natural pleasures, given to be used and not abused."

A little dance at home where the guests are all known to the parents seems an innocent form of gaiety, and I am inclined to think that there is real impropriety in suggesting any idea of impropriety in connection with it.

EVERY one, of course, admits that all pleasures that tend to injure or lower the moral nature should be relinquished, but generalities do not meet the demand of those who want, what Comte calls a "categorical imperative"—definite lines of demarcation between the innocent and the forbidden. The different opinions about the theatre, the opera and ball have given rise to endless discussion. Munger says that the dilemma comes from our having accepted hereditary distinctions, but that "though it is a mistake to apply restrictions of religion to things not essentially evil it is as great an error to forget that innocent pleasures may by their misuse have evil consequences."

The opera gives us the greatest musical masterpieces, the theatre is a field for the expression of "the highest literature through a genuine art," and unless conscience dictate total abstinence, I think it better to discriminate than to reject.

Forbidden fruit has always possessed especial attractions for the daughters of Eve, so I think it more tactful to avoid an all-inclusive condemnation of opera and theatre. Fill a girl's leisure moments with healthful diversions, but when her mates are unusually enthusiastic over some play that is pure and clean, I think it wiser to take her to see it than to arouse antagonism to the principle that withholds the coveted pleasure. To a music-loving girl an occasional visit to the opera should be a harmless enjoyment, but all kindred pleasures are for mature life, when, if they contain poison, the antidote of an educated conscience is presumably present to oppose it.

THE safest place for gaiety is in a girl's own home. Under the parental wing I believe in teaching a girl hospitality. Nine-tenths of the functions of society are designed not so much to be enjoyed as to be admired, while true hospitality is self-forgetful, anxious only to give pleasure, unostentatious. Its principles early learned by the girls who are later to fill the rôle of social leaders must exert an elevating influence.

When, in her pleasures, a girl remembers to be unselfish, to behave with grace, tact and sympathy to all about her, she is pretty safe, and I believe that in enjoying herself with all her might she is fulfilling the will of Him who taught the birds to sing and sowed the earth with flowers, because the mere happiness of His children is so dear.

\* \* \* Mrs. Kingsland's next and last article in the series of "A Daughter at Sixteen" will appear in the October issue, and will discuss "When the Heart Becomes Involved."

## A READING IDEA FOR INVALIDS

BY ROSE CROSBY



TO make an envelope library, take ten envelopes, and put either a short story, an essay or illustrated article in each. Lay the envelopes lengthwise before you, and rule off a space at the top in which to write the words, "Envelope Library No. I," "Envelope Library No. II," and so on through the series of ten. Rule off a space at the bottom in which to write the name of the story or article, and the author's name.

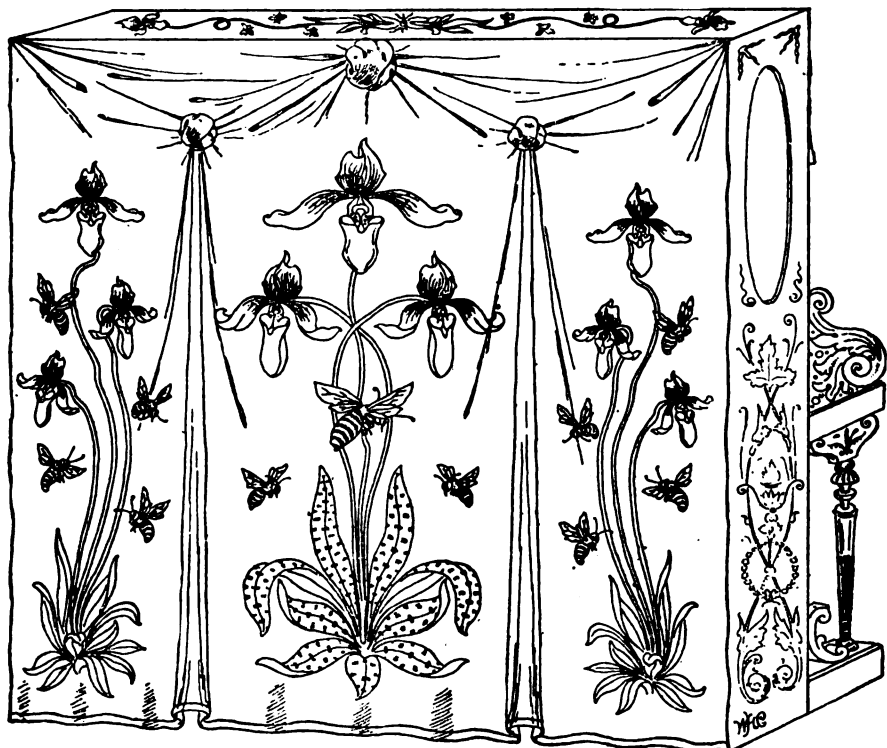
When the envelopes are filled tie the ten together with a dainty ribbon.

For use in hospitals these dainty packages of stories have proved very satisfactory. Weary convalescents, and especially those never visited by friends, are not only pleased with the gift, but are relieved from the fatigue that accompanies the holding of a heavy book or magazine.

To preserve the short stories of any one author, the "Envelope Library" is most useful. For instance, let the first number of a series be Mr. Frank Stockton's story, "The Lady, or the Tiger?"; number two be the story by the same author, called "The Discourager of Hesitancy," a continuation of "The Lady, or the Tiger?"; let number three be the article published in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL last November, bearing the interesting title "How I Wrote 'The Lady, or the Tiger?'" in which Mr. Stockton related much of interest in connection with his famous story. Let number four of the series be an article relating to Mr. Stockton's methods, home life and literary career, and make up the rest of the library with short stories by the same author.

These libraries take up so little room that they may be tucked into a friend's steamer trunk or hand-bag, and will furnish recreation for many an otherwise dull hour. Young people desiring to help others, feel often that there is very little they can really do. Let them try their hands at this systematic despoliation of periodicals, and see in how many directions they can send the valuable reading matter that they can make up into "Envelope Libraries," and if they desire to make them particularly dainty and attractive, colored envelopes, with ribbons to match, may be used.





ORCHID DESIGN FOR UPRIGHT PIANO (Illus. No. 5)

ARTISTIC PIANO COVERS

By Harriet Ogden Morison

**W**ING to its particular shape—the narrow end and curved sides—the cover intended for a grand piano, more than for either the upright or square, requires much care and thought in its design and finish. Scarfs and festooned draperies detract from the grand piano's individual and intentional shape, consequently women who own these pianos are sorely puzzled to know exactly what sort of covers would prove most artistic, useful and appropriate. To help them, as well as the owners of the square and the upright piano, the accompanying designs have been made.

COVER FOR GRAND PIANO

**A** MOST attractive and effective cover for a grand piano is shown in Illustration No. 1. It is made in two pieces. The upper portion is made to fit the curve. The fall, which is about the depth of the body of the piano, is finished with fringe. The pieces are joined together when the embroidery is complete.

The first thing to be considered is the selection of color and material, for the piano cover must be of the colors predominating in the parlor, music-room or drawing-room where the piano has its place. Should the background be a soft gray green the design as shown would be charming worked in contrasting shades of gray green, either in solid effects or simply outlined or heavily couched, with the stems in gold thread. The design thus treated would not be apt to pucker under the needle. China silk could be utilized for this cover, if lined before working with soft muslin. The softness of this fabric would lend additional beauty to the effect when worked. When both the top and border are embroidered, join together with a little frill of the China silk, which can be made as full as the taste dictates. If the finish is preferred plain, the border could be made deep enough to allow for the edge. This particular finish is best adapted to China silk or any very soft

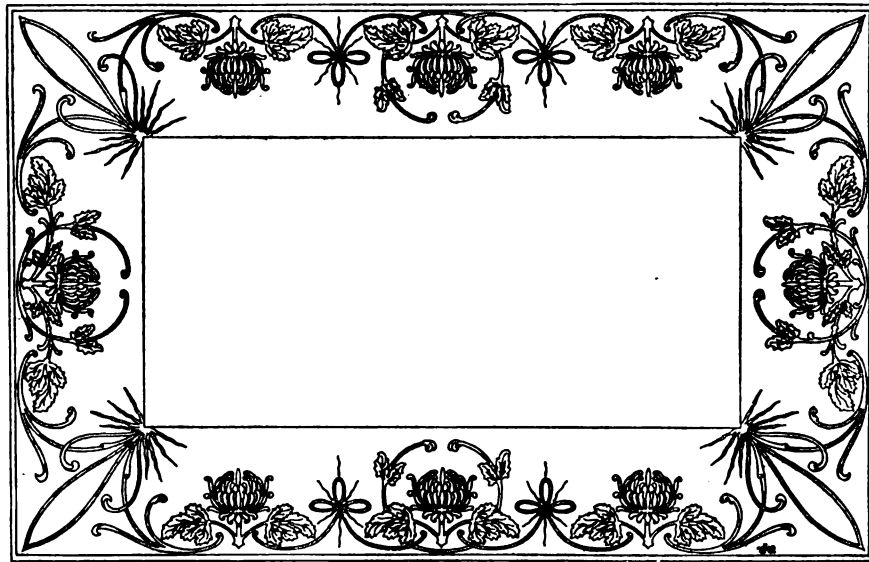


DESIGN OF PALM BRANCHES (Illus. No. 4)

fabric, a cord being almost too stiff, even when made as soft and pliable as possible. The fringe should be of the same color as the background and made of silk, not very heavy and quite narrow; a knotted fringe is preferable, as it has a lighter effect. Use for the reverse side the satin-finish lining, which comes for such purposes.

DESIGN OF FLEUR-DE-LIS

**T**HE wreathlike garland, shown in Illustration No. 2, gives the conventional lily combined with the fleur-de-lis, with a ribbon interwoven, which is always attractive in its result. As a dark red is apt to ac-



COVER FOR SQUARE PIANO (Illus. No. 3)

commodate itself to almost any surroundings this design could be well carried out on such a background, working the lilies in their natural color, the fleur-de-lis in an outline of gold thread, with the ribbon in a soft green. Roman or silk sheeting would be found useful for such a cover. A very pretty red is obtainable in that material. A green background with the lilies in a delicate pink would also be suitable and pretty in almost any room. A specially attractive feature of this design is the artistic way in which the lilies are tied with the ribbon; when placed upon the piano all the flowers in the cover fall gracefully, leaving, as it were, a ribbon border around the edge of the piano, simply broken by the fleur-de-lis.

FOR THE UPRIGHT PIANO

**A**s an upright piano stands most frequently out from the wall, and is placed so that the back is toward the entrance to the room, where it is much seen, it has become necessary to have drapery for the back as well as the top and front. The design of orchids, given in Illustration No.

5, shows the back and top for a cover for an upright piano. It may be worked in two sections. The two portions, embroidered as shown, would be very handsome, but a selection of the design may be made and simply the back embroidered, the front and top being left unadorned, making the cover much less expensive.

SELECTING THE SHADES

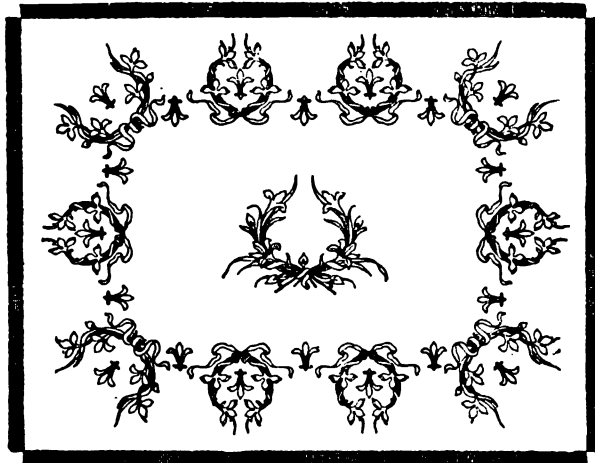
**T**HE English filo floss furnishes a close shading for work of this character. An easy mode of working flowers is to stretch in the background, and cross with the same shade. If so worked outline the edge with a darker shade, almost a brown, which will cast a shadow, and give them the appearance of being raised; to finish, simply catch up the edge in a garlandlike effect, with a tassel to fasten the top. A combination of blue and pink shades will give an effect thoroughly in keeping with the design. Upon a background of blue mail-cloth the design is exquisite.

FOR A SQUARE PIANO

**T**HE feathery effect of the particular shaped palm branch treated in Illustration No. 4, gives a result when embroidered which is most artistic. The size of a cover for a square piano deters many from attempting to embroider one, but by selecting a design such as this of palm branches, comparatively little work is encountered. The coloring will, of course, depend much upon its surroundings, but by using shades of the naturalistic colors, or shades of brown if a more conventional effect is preferred, the coloring would accommodate itself almost anywhere. The branches would be much handsomer solidly worked, but a solid appearance can be obtained by rows of outlining, slightly spaced apart. A pretty fringe of corresponding colors, about three inches in depth, forms a good finish. Such a fringe may be bought ready-made, or a very good one made by knotting in the shades of silk used in the embroidery. A monogram or

THE CONVENTIONAL CHRYSANTHEMUM

**T**HE design of conventional chrysanthemums in Illustration No. 3 gives ample opportunity for selection of color, owing to the many varieties of chrysanthemums. It may be adapted to any color of background. The flowers should be solidly worked in any one tone of color, shaded carefully, or with simply a tinge of color on the tips of the petals, in contrast to the spotless white of the rest of the flower,



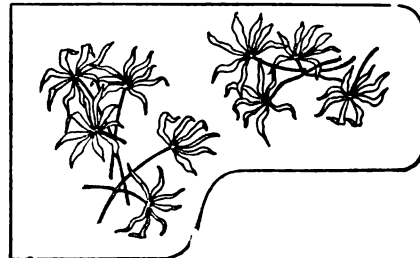
DESIGN OF LILY AND FLEUR-DE-LIS (Illus. No. 2)

remembering that the selection of color for the flowers must be made to accord with the coloring of the room. The leaves in light green, and the rest of the design simply worked in solid outline stitch, in a contrasting color to the material embroidered upon. The ray effect in outline of metal gold, couched down with a darker shade of sewing silk than the background. The cover may be finished around the edge with a narrow ribbon or braid, and for durability, as well as for neatness, it is best to line the whole cover.

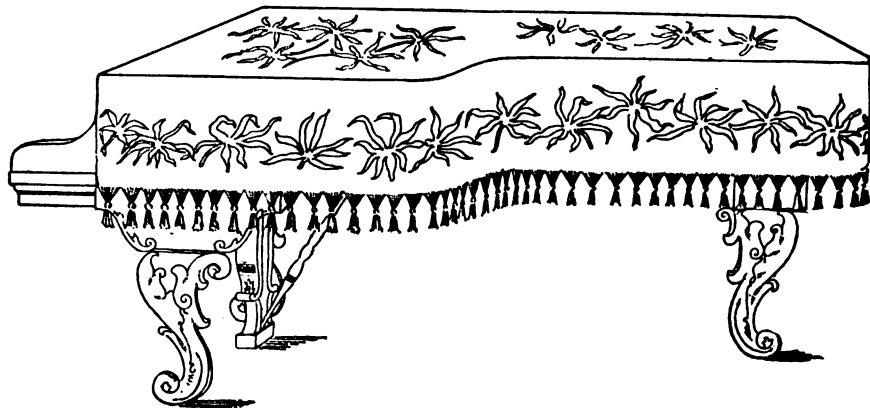
MATERIALS FOR PIANO COVERS

**A**S far as possible it is wisest to select materials for piano covers wide enough to avoid seams. This is especially necessary for the cover of a square piano. Fortunately there are a number of fabrics now obtainable which lend themselves particularly well to this special decoration. The Roman or silk sheeting comes in many shades: blue, pink, white, gold, green and terra cotta pink. It is about fifty inches wide, and is extremely soft and pliable. Art satin also comes in many shades. It is nearly as wide as the Roman sheeting. Mail-cloth is a little heavier than the others, but equally beautiful, although a little more difficult to embroider upon. Especially attractive for embroidery purposes are the colored linens, coming, as they do, in the light and darker shades of color. They are not so wide as the above-mentioned materials, but will be found particularly suitable for the cover of an upright piano, as they form a beautiful background. China silk is always available.

Much of the beauty of the tone of a piano is lost by putting heavy ornaments on the top of the case, a reverberating sound being caused by them, as well as an injury to the piano by their weight. Carefully covered with a cloth, embroidered in an artistic manner, upon which may rest the photographs of a few of our famous composers, lightly framed, the piano is sufficiently adorned.



UPPER PORTION OF COVER FOR GRAND PIANO



EFFECTIVE COVER FOR GRAND PIANO (Illus. No. 1)





course, I pinned my faith to everything that Schlegel said. I obediently despised the classic unities and the French and Italian theatre which had perpetuated them, and I revered the romantic drama which had its glorious course among the Spanish and English poets, and which was crowned with the fame of Cervantes and the Shakespeare whom I seemed to own, they owned me so completely. It vexes me now to find that I cannot remember how the book came into my hands, or who could have suggested it to me. It is possible that it may have been that artist who came and stayed a month with us while she painted my mother's portrait. She was fresh from her studies in New York, where she had met authors and artists at the house of the Carey sisters, and had even once seen my adored Curtis somewhere, though she had not spoken with him. Her talk about these things simply emparadised me; it lifted me into a heaven of hope that I, too, might some day meet such elect spirits and converse with them face to face. My mood was sufficiently foolish, but it was not such a frame of mind as I can be ashamed of; and I could wish a boy no happier fortune than to possess it for a time, at least.

I CANNOT quite see now how I found time for even trying to do the things I had in hand more or less. It is perfectly clear to me that I did none of them well, though I meant at the time to do none of them other than excellently. I was attempting the study of no less than four languages, and I presently added a fifth to these. I was reading right and left in every direction, but chiefly in that of poetry, criticism and fiction. From time to time I boldly attacked a history, and carried it by a *coup de main*, or sat down before it for a prolonged siege. There was occasionally an author who worsted me, whom I tried to read, and quietly gave up after a vain struggle, but I must say that these authors were few. I had got a very fair notion of the range of all literature, and the relations of the different literatures to one another, and I knew pretty well what manner of book it was that I took up before I committed myself to the task of reading it. Always I read for pleasure, for the delight of knowing something more; and this pleasure is a very different thing from amusement, though I read a great deal for mere amusement, as I do still, and to take my mind away from unhappy or harassing thoughts. There are very few things that I think it a waste of time to have read; I should probably have wasted the time if I had not read them, and at the period I speak of I do not think I wasted much time.

MY day began about seven o'clock, in the printing office, where it took me till noon to do my task of so many thousand ems, say four or five. Then we had dinner, after the simple fashion of people who work with their hands for their dinners. In the afternoon I went back and corrected the proof of the type I had set, and distributed my case for the next day. At two or three o'clock I was free, and then I went home and began my studies; or tried to write something; or read a book. We had supper at six, and after that I rejoiced in literature, till I went to bed at ten or eleven. I cannot think of any time when I did not go gladly to my books or manuscripts, when it was not a noble joy as well as a high privilege. But it all ended as such a strain must, in the sort of break which was not yet known as nervous prostration. When I could not sleep after my studies, and the sick headaches came oftener, and then days and weeks of hypochondriacal misery, it was apparent I was not well; but that was not the day of anxiety for such things, and if it was thought best that I should leave work and study for a while, it was not with the notion that the case was at all serious, or needed an uninterrupted cure. I passed days in the woods and fields, gunning or picking berries; I spent myself in heavy work; I made little journeys; and all this was very wholesome and very well; but I did not give up my reading, or my attempts to write. No doubt I was secretly proud to have been invalided in so great a cause, and to be sickled over with the pale cast of thought, rather than by some ignoble ague or the devastating consumption of that region. If I lay awake, noting the wild pulsations of my heart, and listening to the death-watch in the wall, I was certainly very much scared, but I was not without the consolation that I was at least a sufferer for literature. At the same time that I was so horribly afraid of dying, I could have composed an epitaph which would have moved others to tears for my

untimely fate. But there was really no impairment of my constitution, and after a while I began to be better, and little by little the health which has never since failed me under any reasonable stress of work, established itself.

I was in the midst of this unequal struggle when I first became acquainted with the poet who at once possessed himself of what was best worth having in me. Probably I knew of Tennyson by extracts, and from the English reviews, but I believe it was from reading one of Curtis's Easy Chair Papers that I was prompted to get the new poem of Maud, which I understood from the Easy Chair was then moving polite youth in the East. It did not seem to me that I could very well live without that poem, and when I went to Cleveland with the hope that I might have courage to propose a translation of Lazarillo to a publisher, it was with the fixed purpose of getting Maud if it was to be found in any book store there.

I DO not know why I was so long in reaching Tennyson, and I can only account for it by the fact that I was always reading rather the earlier than the later English poetry. To be sure I had passed through what I may call a paroxysm of Alexander Smith, a poet deeply unknown to the present generation, but then acclaimed immortal by all the critics, and put with Shakespeare, who must be a good deal astonished from time to time, in his Elysian quiet by the companionship thrust upon him. I read this now dead-and-gone immortal with an ecstasy unspeakable; I raved of him by day, and dreamed of him by night; I got great lengths of his Life-Drama by heart, and I can still repeat several gorgeous passages from it; I would almost have been willing to take the life of the sole critic who had the sense to laugh at him, and who made his wicked fun in Graham's Magazine, an extinct periodical of the old extinct Philadelphian species. I cannot tell how I came out of this craze, but neither could any of the critics who led me into it, I dare say. The reading world is very susceptible of such lunacies, and all that can be said is that at a given time it was the time for criticism to go mad over a poet who was neither better nor worse than many another third-rate poet apotheosized before and since. What was good in Smith was the reflected fire of the poets who had a vital heat in them; and it was by mere chance that I bathed myself in his second-hand effluence. I already knew pretty well the origin of the Tennysonian line in English poetry; Wordsworth, and Keats and Shelley; and I did not care to come to Tennyson's worship a sudden convert, but my devotion to him was none the less complete and exclusive. Like every other great poet he somehow expressed the feelings of his day, and I suppose that at the time he wrote Maud, he said more fully what the whole English-speaking race were then dimly longing to utter than any English poet who has lived.

ONE need not question the greatness of Browning in owning the fact that the two poets of his day who preëminently voiced their generation were Tennyson and Longfellow; though Browning, like Emerson, is probably now more modern than either. However, I had then nothing to do with Tennyson's comparative claim on my adoration; there was for the time no parallel for him in the whole range of literary divinities that I had bowed the knee to. For that while, the temple was not only emptied of all the other idols, but I had a richly flattering illusion of being his only worshiper. When I came to the sense of this error, it was with the belief that at least no one else had ever appreciated him so fully, stood so close to him in that holy of holies, where he wrought his miracles. I say tawdrily and ineffectively and falsely, what was a very precious and sacred experience with me. This divine poet opened to me a whole world of thinking and feeling, where I had my being with him in that mystic intimacy which cannot be put into words. I at once identified myself not only with the hero of the poet, but in some sort with the poet himself, when I read Maud; but that was only the first step toward the lasting state in which his poetry has upon the whole been more to me than of any other poet. I have never read any other so closely and continuously, or read myself so much into and out of his verse. There have been times and moods when I have had my questions, and made my cavils, and when it seemed to me that the poet was less than I had thought him; and certainly I do not revere equally and unreservedly all that he has written; that would be impossible. But when I think over all the other poets I have read, he is supreme above them in his response to some need in me that he has satisfied so perfectly.

OF course, Maud seemed to me the finest poem I had read, up to that time, but I am not sure that this conclusion was wholly my own; I think it was partially formed for me by the admiration of the poem, which I felt to be everywhere in the critical atmosphere, and which had already penetrated to me. I did not like all parts of it equally well, and some parts of it seemed thin and poor (though I would not suffer myself to say so then), and they still seem so. But there were whole passages and spaces of it whose divine and perfect beauty lifted me above life. I did not fully understand the poem then; I do not fully understand it now, but that did not and does not matter; for there is something in poetry that reaches the soul by other avenues than the intelligence. Both in this poem and others of Tennyson, and in every poet that I have loved, there are melodies and harmonies enfolding a significance that appeared long after I had first read them, and had even learned them by heart; that lay sweetly in my outer ear and were enough in their mere beauty of phrasing, till the time came for them to reveal their whole meaning. In fact they could do this only to later and greater knowledge of myself and others, as every one must recognize who recurs in after life to a book that he read when young; then he finds it twice as full of meaning as it was at first.

I COULD not rest satisfied with Maud; I sent the same summer to Cleveland for the little volume which then held all the poet's work, and abandoned myself so wholly to it, that for a year I read no other verse that I can remember. The volume was the first of that pretty blue-and-gold series which Ticknor & Fields began to publish in 1856, and which their imprint, so rarely affixed to an unworthy book, at once carried far and wide. Their demure old brown cloth binding had long been a quiet warrant of quality in the literature it covered, and now this splendid blossom of the book-making art, as it seemed, was fitly employed to convey the sweetness and richness of the loveliest poetry that I thought the world had yet known. After an old fashion of mine, I read it incontinuously, with frequent recurrences from each new poem to some that had already pleased me, and with a most capricious range among the pieces. In Memoriam was in that book, and the Princess; I read the Princess through and through, and over and over, but I did not then read In Memoriam, through, and I have never read it in course; I am not sure that I have even yet read every part of it. I did not come to the Princess, either, until I had saturated my fancy and my memory with some of the shorter poems, with the Dream of Fair Women, with the Lotus Eaters, with the Miller's Daughter, with the Morte d'Arthur, with Edwin Morris or The Lake, with Love and Duty, and a score of other minor and briefer poems. I read the book night and day, indoors and out, to myself and to whomever I could make listen. I have no words to tell the rapture it was to me; but I hope that in some more articulate being, if it should ever be my unmerited fortune to meet that *sommo poeta* face to face, it shall somehow be uttered from me to him, and he will understand how completely he became the life of the boy I was then. I think it might please, or at least amuse, that lofty ghost, and that he would not resent it, as he would probably have done on earth. I can well understand why the homage of his worshippers should have afflicted him here, and I could never have been one to burn incense in his presence; but perhaps it might be done hereafter without offense. I eagerly caught up and treasured every personal word I could find about him, and I dwell in that sort of charmed intimacy with him through his verse, in which I could not presume or he repel, and which I had enjoyed in turn with Cervantes and Shakespeare, without a snub from them.

I HAVE never ceased to adore Tennyson, though the rapture of the new convert could not last. That must pass like the flush of any other passion. I think I have now a better sense of his comparative greatness, but a better sense of his positive greatness I could not have had than I had at the beginning; and I believe this is the essential knowledge of a poet. It is very well to say one is greater than Keats, or not so great as Wordsworth; that one is or is not of the highest sort of poets like Shakespeare and Dante and Goethe; but that does not mean anything of value, and I never find my account in it. I know it is not possible for any less than the greatest writer to abide lastingly in one's life. Some dazzling comer may enter and possess it for a day, but he soon wears his welcome out, and presently finds the door, to be answered with a not-at-home if he knocks again. But it was only this morning that I read one of the new last poems of Tennyson with a return of the emotion which he first woke in me well nigh forty years ago. There has been no year of those many when I have not read him and loved him with something of the early fire if not all the early conflagration; and each successive poem of his has been for me a fresh joy.

HE went with me into the world from my village when I left it to make my first venture away from home. My father had got one of those legislative clerkships which used sometimes to fall to deserving country editors when their party was in power, and we together imagined and carried out a scheme for corresponding with some city newspapers. We were to furnish a daily letter giving an account of the legislative proceedings, which I was mainly to write up from material he helped me to get together. The letters at once found favor with the editors who agreed to take them, and my father then withdrew from the work altogether, after telling them who was doing it. We were afraid they might not care for the reports of a boy of nineteen, but they did not seem to take my age into account, and I did not boast of my youth among the lawmakers. I had a mustache that came early and black, and I looked three or four years older than I was; but I had to experience a terrible moment when a fatherly Senator once asked me my age. I got away somehow without saying, but it was a great relief to me when my twentieth birthday came that winter, and I could honestly proclaim that I was in my twenty-first year.

I HAD now the free range of the State Library, and I drew many sorts of books from it. Largely, however, they were fiction, and I read all the novels of Bulwer, for whom I had already a great liking from The Caxtons and My Novel. I was dazzled by them, and I thought him a great writer, if not so great a one as he thought himself. Little or nothing of those romances, with their swelling prefaces about the poet and his function, their glittering criminals, and showy rakes and rogues of all kinds, and their patrician perfume and social splendor, remained with me; they may have been better or worse; I will not attempt to say. If I may call my fascination with them a passion at all, I must say that it was but a fitful fever. I also read many volumes of Zchokke's admirable tales, which I found in a translation in the Library, and I think I began at the same time to find out De Quincey. These authors I recall out of the many that passed through my mind almost as tracelessly as they passed through my hands. I got at some versions of Icelandic poems, in the metre of Hia-watha; I had for a while a notion of studying Icelandic, and I did take out an Icelandic grammar and lexicon, and decided that I would learn the language later. By this time I must have begun German, which I afterward carried so far, with one author at least, as to find in him a delight only second to that I had in Tennyson; but as yet Tennyson was all in all to me in poetry. I suspect that I carried his poems about with me a great part of the time; I am certain that I always had that blue-and-gold Tennyson in my pocket; and I was ready to draw them upon anybody at the slightest provocation. This is the worst of the ardent lover of literature; he wishes to make every one else share his rapture, will he, nil he. Many good fellows suffered from my admiration of this author or that, and many more pretty, patient maids. I wanted to read my favorite passages, my favorite poems to them; I am afraid I often did read, when they would rather have been talking; in the case of the poems I did worse, I repeated them. This seems rather incredible now, but it is true enough, and absurd as it is, it at least attests my sincerity. It was long before I cured myself of so pestilent a habit; and I am not yet so perfectly well of it that I could be safely trusted with a fascinating book and a submissive listener.

I DARE say I could not have been made to understand at this time that Tennyson was not so nearly the first interest of life with other people, as he was to me; I must often have suspected it, but I was helpless against the wish to make them feel him as important to their prosperity and well-being as he was to mine. My head was full of him; his words were always behind my lips; and when I was not repeating his phrase to myself or to some one else, I was trying to frame something of my own as like him as I could. It was a time of melancholy from ill-health, and of anxiety for the future in which I must make my own place in the world. Work, and hard work, I had always been used to and never afraid of; but work is by no means the whole story. You may get on without much of it, or you may do a great deal, and not get on. I was willing to do as much of it as I could get to do, but I distrusted my health, somewhat, and I had many forebodings, which my adored poet helped me to transfigure to the substance of literature, or enabled me for the time to forget. I was already imitating him in the verse I wrote; he now seemed the only worthy model for one who meant to be as great a poet as I did. None of the authors whom I read at all displaced him in my devotion, and I could not have believed that any other poet would ever be so much to me. In fact, as I have expressed, none ever has been.

W. D. Howells.



PROBLEMS OF YOUNG MEN

By Edward W. Bok



DO not intend that this shall be a department, or in any sense a regular feature of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. It will only appear from time to time, giving me an opportunity to answer certain questions, which come to me in large numbers from young men. Questions should, therefore, not be sent me to be answered in any particular issue. Such questions I will answer to the best of my ability whenever time makes it possible for me to do so.

I AM a young salesman, selling annually about \$17,000 worth of goods for my employer; I am paid \$30 per week salary. By what standard can I measure the value of my services to my employer?

No employer can afford to pay an employee quite as much as he actually earns in profits for the business; if he does he runs behind on his interest account, if not on the capital itself. For this reason it is well for the employee to bear in mind, for example, that, if he is getting say \$30 per week as a salesman in any branch of the business, his sales should show an actual profit of ten per cent. on \$17,000 worth of business per year, or five per cent. on \$34,000 (\$32.70 per week). If he gets \$70 per week (\$3,650 per year) he must earn ten per cent. on \$38,000, or five per cent. on \$76,000 worth of business per year, and so on up or down the scale of wages. In another case, say the salaried head of a department where the duties are clerical only and a part of the business mechanism, the employee should understand thoroughly that the net cost of all the goods in which his concern deals must necessarily include all the running expenses of the business—his own salary together with the other expenses—and if the office, mill or factory salaries are increased beyond a certain point it places the cost of the goods so high that competition with other houses becomes impossible. It is the fact of not knowing just what their goods cost, and consequently figuring both their cost and profits entirely too low, which bankrupts two-thirds of the business men reported by the commercial agencies.

IS it a breach of etiquette for me to take a girl whom I know very well to the matinee without a chaperon?

It is worse than a breach of etiquette—it is a breach of a business code which makes it imperative that a young man should be at his office during the day, not at the theatre. Matinees are intended for women who cannot go to the evening performances, not for men. It does a business man's reputation no good to be seen at a matinee; it is not his place.

HOW can you argue, on consistent lines, the divinity of Christ?

I cannot. No one can. A belief in the divinity of Christ is something that must be felt—a man cannot be argued into it. "He that hath eyes let him see." If he hasn't eyes he won't see, and nothing on earth can make him see. But there are myriads of people on this earth who do see, who do feel, who do believe in the divinity of Christ—people of the finest minds and the greatest learning. It is not a mark of intelligence to question divine things. The divinity of Christ is a question of the heart. The right sort of a man or woman has no need of argument on that question. No one who studies the Life of Christ can fail to believe that in Him the world had a Being unlike any other man, and His own teachings, His own words, His own life are the best proofs of His divinity.

WOULD you advise me to leave an uncongenial position which brings me \$40 per week for one in another business, more congenial to my tastes, but where I should be compelled to start at \$18 per week?

Such questions as the above come with nearly every mail, and I answer this in print because I wish it to serve as a general reply to all such cases. No stranger can enter into the life of another and give any advice calculated to be of the slightest value. All that a writer can do is to lay down general rules and set forth general principles, and each reader must apply them to his individual needs and circumstances. Advice is always dangerous, even between friends, but as advanced by one stranger to another, of whose circumstances he knows absolutely nothing, it is worse than dangerous, a waste of time to ask it and a greater waste of time to attempt to give it. It can avail nothing. Even the most careful recital of one's surroundings and personal qualifications in a letter does not alter the aspect of affairs.

MY mother thinks I am too young to have a full dress suit. I am nearly nineteen, and receive a great many invitations to go out which I cannot accept because I have not an evening suit. Is my mother right?

I think she is, unquestionably. There is plenty of time for a full-dress suit after twenty-one, and before that age such dress is not expected, nor is it becoming, for that matter. The evening "invitations" which come to a boy before he is twenty-one can safely be accepted in a dark cutaway coat, with trousers of a lighter shade.

WHEN Joseph Jefferson came to Boston last winter my father refused to let me see him in "Rip Van Winkle," because, he said, I was too young to go to the theatre—I am eighteen—and he advanced the same objection when I asked to go and see Henry Irving in "The Merchant of Venice." Now, I think my father was wrong, don't you?

If your father's objection was solely based upon your youth, and no other consideration entered into the matter—but of this you ought to feel sure—I think he was wrong. Rather than object to a boy seeing Mr. Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," I think every father ought to suggest to his son the wisdom of seeing such an actor in such a play. No harm can come to any boy of eighteen from seeing "Rip Van Winkle," and the best evidence that hundreds of parents think so is found in the large numbers of young boys and girls who, with their mothers, attend Mr. Jefferson's matinees. Mr. Irving's portrayal of "Shylock" you might not have understood quite so well; that is a performance better suited to older minds. At the same time, it is not for me to advise boys or young men against the wishes of their fathers or mothers. Parents often have a reason for refusing certain things which they do not explain, although I have always believed that if parents were more explicit when they refused their children's requests it would simplify matters a great deal.

WHAT special course of reading and study do you advise a young man who wishes to become an author to pursue?

The Bible for truth and knowledge; the dictionary for definition and grammar, and Shakespeare for the highest art in writing.

WHY do you say that a young man in business cannot afford to take an interest in base-ball except to his detriment in a commercial sense?

I never said so. What I did say, and what I repeat here, is that a young man in business cannot allow his interest in base-ball, or any other sport, to become so absorbing as to take first place in his mind. There is no earthly reason why an interest in base-ball, confined within proper bounds and at the proper time, should not be healthy. Quite the contrary, if a young man is of the right kind, he will take a lively interest in what is our national game. But when a young fellow finds that he knows the standing of the clubs in the various leagues, or the names of the players or their batting average better than he knows the names of the customers of his employer, or the prices of goods, or the discounts of his house, then I say his interest is directed against his own good. Base-ball, or any other kind of ball, is a splendid thing—in its place. Nor is an interest in any legitimate sport or game harmful so long as it is kept within bounds and not allowed to occupy the mind to the detriment of business interests. What are called "base-ball cranks" are never good business men, and their standing in a community is on a par with their interest.

WHEN does a man really begin to grow old?

He never does. Ask any man you know from forty to seventy if he feels old.

DO you believe in the theory that a young man should be settled by his twenty-fifth year if he is going to make a success?

If you mean "settled" in a business way I should say the age of twenty-five to be a little too early; thirty would be better. But at thirty a young man should have found that special trade or profession for which he thinks he is most capable. This age is generally accepted, I believe, for the reason that a man is most likely to do his best work between thirty and forty; after forty a man's work is not apt to have that energy and snap that is born of youth, and the tendency is first shown in his willingness to deputize details to others. I do not mean to say that a man begins to decline at forty; on the contrary, he is at his prime, and he remains so for ten or fifteen years. But he is better for judgment than he is for working out details. A man's real work, his energetic work, his laborious work, is generally done before he reaches thirty-five.

WHAT is a reasonable sum for a young man of average salary, and of good standing to spend on his clothes? His position makes it necessary for him to appear well and to go out to a small extent.

There can be no computation of this sort. I believe a young man should dress as well as his means allow, no better but no worse. Money spent on a neat appearance is never wasted with a man, be he young or old. The danger in a young man's clothes is a tendency toward extravagance. This is never justifiable, no matter what may be the income of a young man. Extravagance is always wasteful. But neither must he economize too closely. We may like it or not, but we are judged in this world, first for what we are, but also as we look, and a young man's sense should teach him that it is always wise to create a good impression. Good clothes cannot make a young man, but they are a help. A well-dressed young man does not necessarily imply that he should wear the highest-priced clothes cut in the very latest styles. It is just as possible to be well attired in clothes of moderate cost, so long as they are not "loud" nor "showy," but quiet and neat. The best dressers among men follow the same method as do the best dressers among women: they dress quietly but well.

IN England it is not thought out of place for a man to be at his club at three or four o'clock in the afternoon to play a game of billiards after a day's work. Yet I am criticised because I lunch at the club and play a game of billiards afterward. Surely the mother-country is old enough to teach the younger what is right.

Never you mind what they do in England, my friend; you do not live there. If I were you I should not be seen at my club during the day, and I would leave billiards for the evening. A man's place between the hours of nine and five is at his business, and this is always a safe rule to go by. Your argument that what is right in England must, of necessity, be right in America, is not a wise one. Conditions are so different as to make comparisons impossible. Besides, when you are in Rome it is best to do as the Romans do. Nor am I quite so sure that the business men of London, for example, are seen at their clubs at three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Whenever I have had occasion to seek them, and I have that occasion nearly every year, I have generally found them in their offices at those hours, and as late as five and six o'clock, too, as a matter of fact. There are men and men, you know, in England just as there are in America.

I AM twenty-three years of age, in perfect health and of the soundest possible constitution. I smoke eight cigarettes per day; some days less, but never more. Do you think, considering my age and physical qualifications, that this is excessive smoking, conducive to injurious effects?

I do not think that the possible evils of cigarette smoking should be judged by the number smoked each day. The fact to consider is: the smoking of them at all. If the physical or mental injury to be derived from cigarettes is an open question, the good they do is not. Smoking, whether it partakes of cigarettes, cigars or a pipe, does absolutely no good to any one; it is simply a question of the extent of harm that it does. I believe that if young men would not smoke until they attained their thirtieth year it would be the best possible solution of this whole question.

DO you consider the word "damn" an oath?

This is on a par with asking whether the liqueur *crème de menthe* is really an intoxicant simply because it contains less alcohol than some other drinks. The literal meaning of the word "oath," interpreted in a blasphemous way, is an expression which takes the name of the Divine Being in vain. Upon this basis "damn" would not be an oath; but neither would be "hell," and yet I question whether any gentleman would care to use either word in polite society. If "damn" is not an oath, according to the literal interpretation of that word, it is, nevertheless, considered so in the eyes of the best society. To my mind an oath is a light use of any of the more sacred matters of religion by way of imprecation just as much as it is the blasphemous use of the Lord's name. Thousands of men use the word "damn" who would be mortally offended if they were accused of being swearers. Yet this fact does not make the use of the word permissible. All the dictionaries agree that where the word is used as a verb it is unquestionably employed in profanity.

DO you deem it necessary for a gentleman to remove his hat when a lady enters the elevator of a public building?

Oh, no, it isn't necessary, but it is polite to do so. Some very estimable men I know never remove their hats in a public elevator upon the entrance of a woman, and from their standpoint they are doubtless right. I always do, and I like to think that I am right, too, from my standpoint. When it comes to a question of respect to a woman I think it is safest to err on the side of politeness rather than otherwise. A young man can better afford to have it said of him that he is over-polite than that he is lacking in what is the most graceful and finest quality of manhood: the sense of politeness—especially to woman.



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THE DAUGHTER IN THE HOME

As a Help to Her Parents and to Herself

HELPING HER MOTHER SOCIALLY

BY MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

THE complaint is often made, half in play, half in earnest, that just as a woman comes to the afternoon of life, and has learned to prefer more quiet joys to the gayeties of the social world, she is expected to renounce all of its responsibilities, and renew her youth in that of her daughter. In requital of her devotion, it is largely the daughter's power to make the duty pleasure, instead of a penance.

The girl who, thoughtlessly absorbed in her own enjoyment, urges her mother to go out with her night after night, and retains her to the point of weariness, is most ungenerous. An affectionate daughter will be anxious that her mother enjoy herself, snatching time in the midst of her most engrossing engagements to say a few words—to inquire after her mother's well-being, or to assure her of her own enjoyment.

SHE can associate her mother in her pleasures, and enlist her interest in the gay scenes by being a little confidential about what she hears and the persons whom she meets, sure, at least, of a discreet confidante.

Little attentions are never more appreciated—such as being careful to give her mother precedence, anticipating her wishes in trifling acts, watchful about draughts, or discomfort in any form—not after the patronizing manner that I have sometimes seen, of looking after some incompetent person who is either too old or too stupid to care for herself, but with loving consideration and gentle deference. This is the manner inculcated in European girls, and in this land of assertive democratic opinions we are in danger of losing some of the graces that come from a reverent attitude toward those whose superiority we acknowledge.

Having made the acquaintance of any young man she should take the first opportunity that offers to present him to her mother. It is due to her position.

The mother, presumably having many cares, and a more complex position to fill, lovingly appreciates any offer on her daughter's part to relieve her of the little details of their social obligations.

A girl should keep account of the reception days of their acquaintance, taking it upon herself to see that cards are sent, when necessary, and noting any change of residence in the address-book. Upon her should devolve the charge of writing the letters of invitation, acceptance or regret.

When, for any reason, her mother is detained or unable to receive a visitor, the daughter should represent her and express her apologies. It is an opportunity for the girl to make her mother's friends her own "by right of conquest."

On their days of reception at home the daughter usually assumes the pleasant duty of dispensing the tea, either in the room where they are receiving or in the dining-room adjoining. Here, seated at a daintily-spread table, before the "steaming urn," she holds her own little court, thus dividing with her mother the responsibility of many guests.

At any entertainment at her own home she should be her mother's most valuable coadjutor, seconding all her parents' efforts for the enjoyment of their guests, singling out for special attention any who seem to be overlooked, and forgetting herself in promoting the pleasure of others.

WHEN a dinner or luncheon is given by her parents she should be the one to slip away unobserved to add the last touches to the table, and see if everything is as it should be, to note the temperature of the dining-room, to put the name-cards at the places assigned and to be accessible in case of emergency.

It is especially the province of the daughter of the house to take an interest in the adornment of rooms and table. Her mind relieved of weightier responsibilities is at leisure to conjure up dainty and artistic effects which are always appreciated. The arrangement of the flowers for the table naturally devolves upon her unless one have recourse to a florist's services.

Best of all, she can help her mother socially by being "good and glad." A young girl, with her eager, joyous outlook on to life, full of the spirit of innocent and friendly hospitality, lavish in the bestowal of smiles and cordial greetings, and with her radiant expression of delighted interest in everything and everybody, is enough to put a whole roomful in good humor.

AS HER FATHER'S HELPER

BY EDWARD W. BOK

FEW girls realize what assistance they could render their fathers in both personal and professional matters, nor do they realize that the overtures of such assistance must come from themselves. It is rare that a father will make such a suggestion. But let any man see such a desire upon the part of his daughter to enter into his work, and he is more than ready to encourage her. But he wishes first to see such indication.

THERE are scores of little things—small and yet of vast importance—in the life of a business man in which he would gladly have the aid of a member of his family, in which he would much prefer personal to clerical interest. For instance, suppose a man to be a member of the medical profession. Keeping an accurate record of the office calls and the visits made is a work involving detail that is extremely irritating to a busy man. If his practice is sufficiently large to warrant it, he engages a clerk to keep this record for him. Here is a place where the daughter should step in. What is a matter of irritation to her father would soon prove a source of interest to her. Keeping the record of his calls and his visits, and making out his bills at stated periods would assist him materially and be a matter of pride to her. Then, too, there are the busy man's letters. The average man dislikes the writing of letters, and for that reason many, and often those of an important nature, remain unanswered. And if it be true that the daughter of a busy physician may be of help to her father so, also, may a clergyman's daughter. In the case of a clergyman who makes a practice of pastoral calls, a record of visits made and those to be made is an invaluable aid to his work. One girl whom I know keeps a list of the pastoral visits made by her father, and through this has made it a matter of wonder among his parishioners how he knows where he has been and where he is to go. The church membership list is so divided by this daughter that upon pastoral visiting days she hands her father a list of the places where he is to call on that day. In this way he is able to call at each house twice or three times during the year. This daughter likewise copies on the typewriter from the original manuscript all of her father's sermons, keeps them neatly filed, with date and place of delivery—a record any clergyman might envy. A record of his evening engagements is likewise kept by her, and two days beforehand he is reminded of them. This girl is practically her father's private secretary.

ALMOST every man has his private accounts, which require constant recording and which in many cases are transferred to a clerk in his office to attend to. Here a daughter could be of invaluable assistance. A man's household bills are often to him a matter of annoyance in their necessary auditing, and it would be a relief to the mother, as well as to the father, to know that the accounting was in the hands of a daughter who would bring a personal interest to the work. The lawyer, also, has at times certain briefs and affidavits which cannot always be written at the office, and he, too, would be glad to have his daughter's assistance. In fact, every man has certain things in his life which he would gladly turn into the hands of a daughter if he felt that it would please her to be able to relieve him. Few daughters either realize this or even imagine it. I have often felt that if girls could enter more into the lives of their fathers, and take from them some of the little burdens, they would be the better for it. Not only would such help be a relief to the father, but it would be an educative training for the girl which would stand her in good stead in her later years. Helping her father to remember his daily engagements, seeing that his accounts are properly balanced, following his personal matters—all these things enter into the life of a girl when she becomes a wife. And if she begins with her father's interests she will have a better idea of the things which constitute a man's life when she becomes a wife. Daughters should come much closer to their fathers than they do. And it must be remembered that they are not aloof because of any unwillingness on the part of the father. Nor need a girl have a father of large affairs to make assistance from her valuable. The humblest man has his duties, his engagements and his accounts—and many of them are poorly kept. But that is manlike.

AS A HELP TO HERSELF

BY MRS. HAMILTON MOTT

IT is a matter of the greatest amazement to all thinking women, as they attain and enjoy maturity, how great an influence the habits and customs of their girlhood have had over their later years. Few girls realize that an unsystematic, un-employed girlhood means much of labor and discomfort in the years when activity and system are as necessary as life itself, else while they are at the habit-forming age they would devote their energies and arrange their hours so that work and play would have each its individual time, and be of equal value to them in future years.

THE ways in which a girl may help herself—her future, if not her present self—are many, and each and all of them practical to the last doing. The division of her day into a routine may seem a matter of but slight importance, but the best division of the busy day of a housekeeper, a business woman or of the woman of large social duties is of vast importance and comfort or discomfort to its divider. A regular time for arising, which will permit the proper dressing of one's self, and the undressing of one's bed and airing of one's room before the breakfast hour, is a matter of habit which, when established in girlhood, becomes of the greatest use in later years. The apportionment of the morning hours—as these are least liable to interruption—to domestic duties, study or practice, and to any church or charitable work necessary will leave the afternoon free for receiving or making calls, for outdoor exercise, and for amusements or duties which are only occasional. The habit—for this is what it becomes—of constantly endeavoring to make of whatever place a girl finds herself temporary or permanent mistress, a tidy and pretty abode, occupies many minutes, but it will enable her to make of her husband's home a much prettier place than if she reserves all her energies for the later residence. The ability to market properly, which saves the overburdened mother-housekeeper many weary wanderings, may prevent the young housekeeper of the future from exhibitions of ignorance excusable in a young girl, but altogether laughable in a married woman.

It will teach her how to secure an equivalent for the money which she pays; to detect, without waiting until it is cooked and served, the good from the poor in market produce; and will enable her to the better spend her own housekeeping money in the future, if she has had her experience during her girlhood.

The ability to order hygienic and appetizing meals, which will in their preparation utilize both the spare time of a busy cook and the many "left-overs" of a large household, is a liberal education and may lead to future fame.

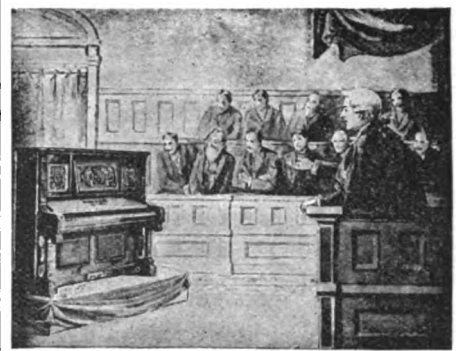
THOUGHTFUL selection of the books which a girl reads will make of her a cultured woman, with conversational abilities often too conspicuous by their absence from many otherwise charming women.

The family mending takes but a short time from a girl's week, and yet the performance of it may teach her habits of carefulness and neatness, incompatible with disorder and slovenliness; may show her the value of the famous stitch in time; may teach her economy and industry, and prevent a waste of material and a useless discarding of available garments.

The care of the younger children of the household gives patience and knowledge of more value than rubies to the mothers of the future. Helping the older children with their lessons grounds more firmly the rudimentary principles of one's education, besides winning the affectionate confidences of the brothers and sisters so aided.

The possible companionship of sister and brother is something for which all girls should strive in their home life. The ability to interest, to entertain, and to win and keep the affection of a boy should be appreciated by sisters, as in many cases it most unfortunately is not. It is an easy enough matter to entertain some other girl's brother, and a task which almost every human girl undertakes and enjoys. The influence for good and the wisdom of such companionship are evident to every one who will look for it. But the plea here is made for the girl's own brother. If he is musical ask him some rainy evening to sing you some college songs; if he is fond of games offer to play with him; if he cares for reading suggest some interesting book to him, and then either read or discuss it together. There are innumerable little chances for companionship between brother and sister in the family life, which will teach the latter how to keep, in later years, the companionship and devotion of her sister-in-law's brother.

Women whose later lives have been devoted to careers other than those of homemakers find that a girlhood in which industry, punctuality, systematic routine and constantly-tendered assistance have been prominent, is of a value immeasurable in their adult work.



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## OUTSIDE DOMESTIC AIDS IN PARIS

By Maria Parloa

**I**N France, in the cities, the housekeeper's burdens are materially lightened by outside aids. Washing is rarely done in the house. Bread is never made at home, and cake and pastry rarely. Most American women would feel that housekeeping was made quite easy if the two items of washing and bread-making were eliminated from their regular work. But the French housekeeper can have still more assistance from outside the home if she chooses to avail herself of it, and nearly all French women are glad to make use of all the means at hand to lighten their cares and give them more time for other work and recreation. It would be impossible to get a correct idea of French housekeeping without a knowledge of some of these outside helps.

### BOULANGERIES AND PÂTISSERIES

It is impossible for an American to realize the importance of the bakeries in the French life. In France wheat bread takes the place, in a large measure, of vegetables and most of the cereals, and since all this bread is purchased at the bakeries it is not strange that these establishments abound in every city. The bakeries and pastry shops are not always combined, but whether separately or under the same roof they all do a large business. The greatest pains are taken to make these shops clean and attractive. When it is possible corner stores are used for this purpose. In any case they are well lighted with large windows. The floors are of marble or tiles; the ceilings are decorated with stucco and frescoed. The portions of the walls that are not covered with mirrors are finished in a like manner. Generally, almost all the wall space is covered with mirrors. Glass shelves are placed across the lower part of the windows, and on these are placed the little cakes, tarts, etc. Polished steel frames are fastened to the walls in the back part of the shop; the larger forms of bread are arranged on these frames. Generally there are two counters in each shop, and then the bread is sold at one side and the pastry at the other side, but in the smaller places all the sales are over one counter. The counter in the *boulangerie* has attached to it a large drawer, in which is fixed a knife which works with a lever. With this knife a loaf of bread can be cut up with the greatest ease. Nearly all these shops are provided with little tables and conveniences for serving hot tea, coffee or chocolate.

### KINDS OF BREAD IN GENERAL USE

**FRENCH** bread is divided into two classes—*pain ordinaire* and *pain riche*. The rich bread is made into all sorts of shapes and usually of small size. All the French bread has a great deal of crust and comparatively little crumb. What is called *pain Anglaise* is found at nearly all the bakeries. This bread is baked in square loaves having a great deal of crumb in proportion to the crust. Small, round loaves of rye and of graham bread can be purchased at nearly all the bakeries. But the bread that is consumed in the greatest quantity is the *pain ordinaire*. This is baked in long, round loaves, or in long, flat ones. The loaves vary in length from a yard to a yard and a half. This bread is sold by weight and costs about four cents a pound.

Very little paper is used in the bakeries. Men, women and children come in and purchase the common bread, take it in the soiled hands or tuck it under the arm and walk off. The *pain riche* and small rolls are, however, partially protected by a small piece of paper. It is a common thing to meet men in the street carrying a bundle of the large loaves of bread, the same as they would so much wood. When the baker delivers the bread it is brought to you in a basket, or wrapped in paper. The bread that is served with the chocolate or coffee is generally in the form of a long roll or a crescent.

The quality of the French bread is generally good, but it varies at different establishments, and even in the best bakeries the bread is not always good. The *pain ordinaire* is frequently slightly sour. This is because some of a preceding batch of bread is used with the yeast to raise the dough. There being so much crust and so little crumb in the bread this acidity is not so disagreeable as it would be in a loaf of English or American bread. In all bakeries one finds, besides the breads, certain kinds of little cakes and buns; these are generally very plain when the establishment is simply a *boulangerie*.

### PASTRIES AND VARIOUS SWEETS

**THE** *pâtisserie* is in France almost as great an institution as is the *boulangerie*. Perhaps half of the *pâtisseries* in Paris are combined with *boulangeries*; but whether they are connected or not the shops have the same general characteristics of ornamentations, cleanliness and daintiness. Here can be found all kinds of little tarts and cakes that are sold at from two to five cents a piece; small cakes of pastry as light and delicate as a dream, are sold from two to four cents apiece. Some of these cakes have a thin filling of almond paste, and others have thin layers of apple or some other fruit conserve. Again these little cakes will be sprinkled with chopped almonds and sugar, and often they have no garnish, but in all cases they are delicious. Patty cases of the most delicious puff paste can be bought at these shops for three cents apiece. Large *vol-au-vents*, or indeed anything will be made to order for you at these establishments. The housekeeper can come here and order her desserts for her dinner or her cakes for her *soirée* and be sure that they will be on time and perfectly satisfactory. Very little rich loaf cake is made in France, but there is an infinite variety of small rich cakes. *Brioche* is found in all forms in the *boulangeries* and *pâtisseries*. In America we find it in all first-class shops, in the form of wine, or rum cakes, but here it is baked in tiny little cakes that are sold for one or two sous. Basketfuls of *petite brioche* are found on every counter. It is also baked in large loaves and in rings, and combined with fruit in small moulds. These are served with a flavored syrup poured over them; the rings are served with a syrup also. The loaves can be ordered hot for an evening spread. In winter one always finds that delicious cake, Saint Honoré, ready-made at these shops, but in warm weather you must order it in advance, as is the case with all sweet dishes into which whipped cream enters. Ices and nearly all kinds of desserts are made to order for customers, so it will be seen that in the way of bread, pastry, cake and fine desserts the housekeeper in a French town or village need have but little care. As a rule these *boulangeries* and *pâtisseries* are presided over by women who are polite, kind and patient, the little child with his one sou, and the poor working-woman making a purchase of only six or eight sous being treated with as much politeness as the fine lady who leaves large orders. All who enter these shops are greeted with a pleasant word, and as they leave there is always a *bonjour*.

### THE AFTERNOON LUNCHEON

**I**N the April number of the JOURNAL I said that seven hours was too long to go without food, and that one should take some light refreshment between the noon-day meal and dinner. This is quite generally done in Paris. In some households bread and butter and tea are served at five o'clock, while in others the members must be satisfied with a roll or a piece of bread. Even this is not always provided. The French are fond of an outdoor life, and therefore it often happens that they are not at home for luncheon, and so take it wherever they happen to be when they feel hungry. They rarely go into a restaurant at this hour. The *boulangeries* and *pâtisseries* supply their wants. There is a *boulangerie* and *pâtisserie* in the Rue Royal, which is crowded between the hours of four and half-past five. It is a most fascinating occupation to sit there and watch the people as they come and go. It is rarely that more than ten minutes are taken for these luncheons, unless one takes tea, coffee or chocolate. Elegant ladies and gentlemen come in, take a plate and teaspoon or small fork from the counter, walk about and select the sandwiches, cakes or tarts they may desire, and eat them while still walking about. Those who have something to drink generally sit at little tables. As these hot drinks are made to order they are always good. In nearly all the fashionable shopping districts delicate ham and *foie gras* sandwiches are sold in the *pâtisseries*. The ham sandwiches are made with English bread cut as thin as a wafer. Delicate little rolls, about one-third of an inch thick, are split and spread with *foie gras*. In all quarters the bakeries are well patronized. Little children come in with their mothers, the working-man and the working-woman come as well as do the men and women of the leisure class. Many of these people eat their rolls or cake in the shop.

### CHARCUTERIE AND COMESTIBLE

**I**N every quarter in Paris there are many shops under the above title. At these places the housekeeper is able to find many dishes that are ready for the table and others that are prepared for cooking. Here she can purchase the most delicious cooked ham, in any quantity from an ounce to any number of pounds, and if she wishes she can have a clear meat jelly to garnish it. The best York hams cost about forty cents a pound. Chopped ham is hashed very fine, pressed in moulds, turned out and covered with breadcrumbs and browned. These moulds vary in size and make a convenient and inexpensive dish. Hams are cooked to perfection here. They are thoroughly well done, cut as finely and smoothly as butter. One of the secrets of the perfection of this dish is the long, slow cooking. In the *charcuteries* will be found nearly every form of pork, sausages, sausage-meat, truffled pig's feet, pork pies, hams and tongues in jelly, etc. Other kinds of meat are also prepared here. Another comprehensive sign which may be seen over some shops is *Pâtisserie and Comestible*. In the stores one will always find all that is comprehended under the term *pâtisserie*, and much more: Game pies, *patés de foie gras*, fish, game, poultry and *foie gras* in jelly, salads, all kinds of fish and meat in little shells or dishes, and covered with crumbs and with a bit of butter on top, all ready to be placed in the oven to be browned. Quenelles of poultry and game ready for garnishing *entrées*, *timbales*, *farcies*, etc., are all to be found in these shops, making it possible for the housekeeper to serve the most dainty and elaborate *entrées*, even when she has not skilled service at her command.

At butcher's and poultry shops she can have her turkeys or chickens dressed, and if she wishes they will be larded or truffled for her. Her meat and fish will be trimmed and trussed ready for cooking, if she requests this done when she purchases them.

### RÔTISSERIES, BOUILLON, ETC.

**C**ONNECTED with many of the shops where fruit, vegetables, poultry and game are sold is a place for roasting. This is generally in full view of the public. One can order a roast from these places, or the meat or poultry may be prepared and sent there to be roasted. The cooking is done before an immense wood-fire in an open fireplace. The meat is put on a spit which is turned constantly by clockwork. Sometimes there will be a dozen chickens on one of these spits. The roasting generally begins about six o'clock and continues until eight. At these shops one can always purchase cold roast poultry.

In all the towns in France the butchers prepare *bouillon*, *bœuf*, *bouilli*, *bœuf à la mode*, and also a very strong meat jelly that can be used in preparing soups and sauces. The *à la mode* beef is larded throughout and can be purchased cooked or uncooked. When sold cooked one generally buys a clear meat jelly to go with this. This *à la mode* beef is quite unlike the English or American dish. It is free from high seasonings, is cooked so slowly and carefully that it cuts in smooth, tender slices, and it is nearly always served cold. As the butchers here do not salt meat they are obliged to resort to other methods for utilizing the bones, scraps and inferior cuts, hence these helps to the housekeeper.

A great many things are put up in small earthen dishes, named *terrines*. They are rather shallow and either oval or round. The *foie gras* that we get in America comes in these dishes. All sorts of meats, game and poultry are put up in *terrines*, and they are then termed *paté en terrine*. These *patés* are really delicious potted meats. Cooked tripe is cut in small pieces, covered with a broth and sold in these earthen dishes. All that is necessary is to put the *terrine* in the oven long enough to heat the contents, which is then ready for the table. In the quarters where the working-people live there are cook-shops where one can go at certain hours and purchase hot meats and vegetables. These are sold in what are called portions.

In the little shops where they sell vegetables you can get spinach cooked and hashed ready for heating and serving. *Oseille*—a rather bitter plant, the American sorrel—is prepared in the same way. The green peas are sold shelled. In every neighborhood small shops abound where butter, cheese, milk, cream and eggs are sold; also shops for the sale of fruits, vegetables and poultry. All these things are often found in one shop. Every grocer keeps preserves and marmalades, the greater portion of these goods being put up in tumblers or in glass or stone bowls; when the bowl or glass is emptied it can be returned to the store, a few sous being given for it. Nearly all the grocers sell various kinds of cakes that will keep indefinitely. In France one can purchase the smallest portions imaginable and no one is surprised. Under these conditions the housekeeper need have but little labor in caring for her food, for she buys what she requires from day to day and there is no waste nor anxiety either as to the storing or the caring for it.

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## THE MOTHER OF MY GIRL

By Ruth Ashmore

SOMETIMES my girl is seven years old, sometimes she is fifteen, sometimes she is eighteen and again she may be any age and yet feel as though she would like to be mothered a little. And when I read her letters I wonder what the mothers all over the world are doing. I wonder if they remember that when the great commandment was given that respect should be shown to parents by their children, it was meant just as certainly that a respect should be shown to children by their parents, and especially by their mothers. Your girl has come into this world endowed with a brain and a heart, and your first duty is to cultivate both. Then she may be sensitive, she may be quick-tempered, she may be nervous, where you are stolid, calm and equable. Now, my friend, the obligation you owe that girl is a great one. You have got to think out her character and cater to it. I do not mean that you must give her the privilege of doing what she pleases. I do not mean that in your desire to be a good mother you must make her selfish; but you must understand her, and you must be tender and patient with her. One girl may be able to have what is commonly known as a "good talking to," and she will be all the better for it; another girl, given the same treatment, may suffer agony and grow to hate her mother. Possibly you think I am exaggerating, but if you will take the trouble to study your own and other girls, you will find that there is truth in what I say.

### THE SENSITIVE GIRL

YOU who lack all romance, have no imagination, who do not mind hearing the plain, unvarnished truth, have been given a daughter who finds her greatest happiness in the world of imagination; her feelings are easily hurt; she longs, not only for love, but for the expression of it. The other day when she came up to you, leaned over your shoulder and kissed you gently, you said, "Oh, nonsense!" and gave her a little push. I don't think she will ever try to kiss you again. And yet, in your heart, you were pleased at the kiss, but you had so long thought it foolish to give outward signs of the inward love that you felt it almost your duty to act as you did.

Then, when she came in late to dinner, and there was company at the table, you said to her before everybody, "No matter how much you were interested in that book you will have to be on time at this table, or go without your dinner." There was a lump in her throat, and her heart swelled as if it would burst. She couldn't eat anything and then you called her sulky. Now, she ought not to have been late, but then you ought not to have reproved her before others. The reprimand should have taken a different form, and it should have been given when she was alone. Her love for you should have been appealed to, and she should have been told how badly it looked for strangers to see her unpunctual, and how it made her mother appear as if she did not train her right. This girl will either find an intimate friend who will become her confidante, or else she will live along her unhappy life alone, and at the first opportunity that comes leave her home. And you will wonder at her ingratitude and think that because you have fed, clothed and sheltered her, you have done all that was necessary.

### THE GREAT RESPONSIBILITY

WHEN God gave you that little life He gave it to you that you might train it up in the way it should go, but He expected that mother-love would make you study the difference between one girl and another, and that you would discover the best way to make your own girl happy. Sometimes when she gets to be sixteen, you complain that you had hoped to find so much comfort in her, but that she seeks strangers instead of you and finds her greatest happiness away from you. Think back during the years.

Remember when the child came to you with the story of her pleasure and you told her you were too busy to listen. Remember when she came into the parlor where you were entertaining friends, and you told her to go out, that grown-up people wanted to talk about things she mustn't listen to. As you did this, why are you surprised that she should be far away from you now? Why should you wonder that her closest friend is not her mother, but some young girl who lives in the neighborhood?

### BE CAREFUL HOW YOU SPEAK

ONCE, when your girl was very little, she asked to be allowed to choose her own hat. She had the instincts of an artist, and she knew the hat you bought her didn't suit her, but you insisted on her wearing it. Now, why couldn't you have given in to her? If she had chosen something too delicate or too expensive, you could have explained to her the reason why it was impossible, and then, between you, something could have been selected that would have pleased both. Well, your girl went home, looked at herself in the glass and made up her mind she was ugly; that it didn't make any difference what she did, that nobody cared for her because she was ugly and that nobody ever would. And she suffered as only a sensitive girl can suffer. And I would like to warn you, my friend, that the sins you commit against your children will certainly, either here or hereafter, rise up very black before you.

I know of two women who were told, when they were children, that they were ugly. One of them brooded over it, was hurt by it, never ceased thinking of it, was awkward and shy, until one day when she was about sixteen, she met a man who loved her and who married her. He laughed at the idea of her being ugly; he took her to a glass and showed her bright eyes, and he told her that her hair was beautiful. She was slender, it is true, and a bit sallow, but a year's travel and a year's love, and a year's constant belief that after all she was not ugly, made her, if not a beautiful, at least an attractive woman, while becoming dresses brought about ease of manner, and the ugly duckling, to everybody's surprise, was counted among the swans. But to this day she has never forgotten the people who told her she was ugly.

And the other girl? That was a tragedy. She bore the comparison between her and her sister until she was seventeen, and then, unhappy, wretched child, she killed herself. Now don't you think you ought to consider your daughters? You will not hurt them by telling them of any charm they may possess. There is a dear girl of my acquaintance whose quick temper was cured by a wise mother telling her of the beauty of her eyes and of how different they looked when she was angry.

### ABOUT HER RELIGION

THERE comes a time in every girl's life when the question of right and wrong presents itself to her very positively. She has heard prayers and sermons all her life long, but she has not thought. Suddenly, sometimes from a physical, sometimes from a mental state, she is overcome with the thought of religion, and a desire to do what is right. Just at this time she needs her mother to guide her; she wants that mother to teach her that religion is for every-day use; that it is something in life which has a close relation with the rest of the world, and that it is not merely the going off, either to church or to her room, and throwing herself into a state of ecstasy. Her mother must teach her that religion is worth nothing unless it makes her more patient, more charitable, more willing to do the work which is at that time her task, and more eager to let faith exemplify itself in beautiful acts. Make your girl understand the beauty of belief, and if she should cite to you some of the miserable clap-trap that is said against it tell her of the wise men and women who have been believers and lived noble lives. Don't attempt to argue with her, but give her facts to think over, and try to teach her the advantage of thinking out things for herself. Tell her to seek the privacy of her own room, say a little prayer there, and ask God to make her see life as it is, and to make her live her own as she should. Go with her sometimes and share this quiet little prayer, but always do your best to make her realize that what her life shall be rests with her; that God and her mother will help, but that she is the one who will have to live through the long years, and that it is she who must decide to live them well. She wants your encouragement; she wants her faith to be strengthened by yours, and surely you will not deny this to her, but putting your arm about her, you two, mother and daughter, will walk together, helping each other as long as God is pleased that it shall be. It is the mother's place to bear with her patiently, and show this girl, to whom religion has just come as the great motive of life, what it means in life, and, my dear mother, this can be easily done by setting a good example and by encouraging your daughter's faith.

### ABOUT HE SWEETHEART

SOME day your girl blushes and stammers and looks extremely conscious, and if you are her confidante she tells you about the young man who walked home from church with her. Now, the wise mother will take that purely as a matter of course, say that it was very polite in him and ignore the blushes and the shyness. But she will find out about the young man; and then, when she thinks it proper, she will invite him herself to come into the home. There he will be seen as he is, and time will prove whether he is the real sweetheart, or whether he merely turns out to be one of the pleasant friends which it is always a girl's right to have in her mother's home. Many girls have made bad marriages and foolish ones simply because they never saw the man whom they eventually married except in the house of strangers, at entertainments, or when these two were entirely alone. And no girl ever became thoroughly acquainted with a man in this way. The wise mother will sympathize with her girl in the story of her sweetheart; will have him around very much with all of them, will make him one of them, so that the girl sees his virtues and his faults, and has an opportunity to decide whether she loves him well enough to not only admire the first, but bear with the second. She is a bad mother who makes her girl's small vanity at the admiration shown her by a young man, a subject of ridicule, for at once the girl's heart will close up, and never again will she confide in her mother. I wish, oh so much, that mothers would think of this. Surely then more girls would be saved from unhappy marriages and fewer lives would be made wretched forever.

### THE GIRL'S VIRTUES

CAN you expect your girl to be charitable when before her you do not hesitate to talk of your neighbors maliciously? Can you expect your girl to be free from envy when, in a fault-finding way, you compare what you have with that which is possessed by your richer neighbor? Can you expect your girl to be modest when you show no respect for her and think that she need not mind saying or doing anything before her mother? Can you expect your girl to tell the truth, when, to save yourself a little trouble, or because it would involve a long explanation, or for some equally silly reason, you do not hesitate to tell a falsehood? Can you expect your girl to give to you the respect that is due when she hears you laugh and make a jest of your own mother's peculiarities? Can you expect your girl's religion to be one to live by when she sees that it has no part in your daily life? Can you expect your girl to be a good and noble woman when you are petty and selfish and trifling?

Every day in your life you must remember that you are the living example that your daughter is to follow. Every morning you ought to pray for help to live so well during the day that your daughters will find in you their ideal of the perfect woman. The girl who is happy enough to have her mother represent all that is good is the girl who cannot but be good herself. So much of it rests with you. I tell you the cry of the children all over the land is for mothers, for thoughtful mothers, loving mothers and sympathetic mothers. So many girls are hungry for a little love and a little sympathy, and you, who should be so generous with them—you, from whom they have a right to ask so much—you let them starve. Certainly your reward will come to you; there would be no justice if it did not, and knowing this, I beg of you to think of your children, and be mothers, not strangers to them.

### IN YOUR OLD AGE

THEN it will all come up before you—the mistakes that you have made. And you will realize that not only have you failed in your duty toward God in not caring for the soul that He trusted to you, but that your sins have come back to you and you are suffering for them. Your daughter cares nothing for you. You lacked interest in her when she was young and now she is not interested in you. If you live with her she finds you a burden; she is as far from you as if she were not flesh of your flesh, and you are alone and old, and the consolations of love and gratitude do not come to you. Do you want an old age like that? Do think of it while there is time. Think of it and be to your girl all that you should be, not because of what you look for in the future, but because it is right, and because you want to make your girl happy. Your sons may love, honor and revere you; but as the years go on it is your daughter who is closest to you—your woman child. Make her girlhood a happy one, and be sure that when she is a mother she will make other girls happy, and so the good seed will be planted, and from generation to generation the good that you have done will grow like the beautiful green vine until it covers all of the house of life. Your girl can be so much to you even now, and she stretches out her hands so eagerly asking for affection and sympathy. Surely you cannot refuse to give her the gospel measure, pressed down and running over.

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WHAT ARE BUILDING SOCIETIES?

By Addison B. Burk

**V**ERY early in the history of our country the difficulties in the way of poor workers obtaining homes of their own in cities began to increase, and they have only been removed or minimized by artificial agencies. In the early history of Philadelphia a system of ground rents facilitated the sale of lots to workers with very little capital and laid the foundation of the city's characteristic as a "city of homes."

The owners of large tracts could not find cash purchasers for small lots, nor were the thrifty workers anxious to buy on mortgages, of which the principal would come due in a definite number of years. But buyers and sellers were brought together through the agency of the ground rent, which in Pennsylvania is a rent reserved by a man to himself, his heirs and assigns, out of lands that he has conveyed to another in fee, that is, absolutely. A ground rent differs from a mortgage in several particulars. The principal of the ground rent (at one time irredeemable, but made redeemable in Pennsylvania since 1850) could never be demanded by its holder; even a sale for non-payment of rent did not discharge it; but, if redeemable after a fixed number of years, the owner of the land could discharge the ground rent at his option after the term expired. A mortgage, on the other hand, becomes due at some fixed time, and at the end of that time the owner of the mortgage may demand payment, foreclose and sell the land to satisfy his claim. A mortgage is personal property, a ground rent is real estate.

**U**NDER the ground rent system, which lasted only as long as the market remained favorable to the buyers, that is to say, while there were many lots for sale and few buyers, it was an easy matter for working-men to get homes of their own. But as times changed, the conditions of land ownership, especially in large cities, also changed. Philadelphia's customs had, however, become firmly established during the ground rent period. It was customary for each inhabitant to own the house in which he lived, and when this became impossible it still remained the custom for each family to have a domicile of its own.

The full significance of the benefits conferred upon the people of Philadelphia by a simple means of saving money for home building, is shown by a comparison of the statistics of the last census. New York in 1890 had 81,828 dwellings, occupied by 312,766 families. In Philadelphia, on the other hand, there were 187,052 dwellings, occupied by 205,135 families. More than 80 per cent. of these families occupied separate dwellings—one family to a house—and there were only 148 dwellings, compared with 120,736 in New York, occupied by ten or more families. The comparison with Chicago yields similar results. Chicago had 127,871 dwellings, occupied by 220,320 families. Of the latter only 77,190 (compared with Philadelphia's 173,630), occupied separate dwellings—one family to a house.

Statistics are not available to show the ownership of these houses, but it is not improbable that 100,000 of Philadelphia's dwellings belong to their occupants. They are not all "clear," but the building society mortgages against those that are encumbered are gradually being reduced and the "fee" (i. e., the absolute ownership) is with the occupant.

**A**S the term, "building society" is very indefinite, and as applied to Philadelphia societies an actual misnomer, it is necessary to specify exactly what is meant by such societies. The name was first applied to organizations which built houses to be sold; it was also applied to speculative loan associations whose stockholders had no relation with the borrowers, except that of lenders of money, and, more recently, it has been applied to "National" loan associations, having agencies all over the Union, and salaried officers and agents. The term "building society," as here used, is not intended to apply to any organizations of the character above mentioned.

It is essential that the true plan should be clearly understood and that its cooperative principles should be faithfully followed, or those who are tempted to imitate the Philadelphia working-man in buying a home may fall into the hands of swindlers and lose not only their money but their faith in cooperative enterprises.

**T**HE business of a building society is quite complicated in its details, though simple in principle. Approached by one ignorant of the system from the wrong side—say from a study of the accounts and the methods of bookkeeping—it seems to be impossible to understand. Describing allegorically how the building society plan was, or may have been, developed, the idea may be easily explained.

Let us assume that one hundred men, each able to save one dollar a month, agree, in order to strengthen each other in their purpose to save, to put their money together at fixed periods and lock it up in a strong box until each shall have accumulated two hundred dollars. Then, according to the agreement made, the strong box is to be opened and the money it contains divided, share and share alike. It is easy enough to see that if each man is prompt in his payments the strong box will be ready to be opened for a division of the savings at the end of two hundred months, when each "share" will be worth two hundred dollars. There is, however, no reason why the partners to this scheme should be limited to the payment of one dollar, and the idea of shares limited to a monthly payment of one dollar and an ultimate value of two hundred dollars is adopted. No man can put in less than one dollar a month, but one may put in two dollars, and thus become entitled to four hundred dollars in the final division; another may put in three dollars per month on account of three shares and so on.

The one hundred men no sooner come together under this agreement than one of their number suggests that it is foolish to allow this money to lie idle. The individual savings of the members could not well be invested, but thus brought together they form a fund which can easily be loaned and made to produce interest. It is obvious that if this suggestion should be adopted and the interest added to the principal, two hundred dollars will be accumulated on each share in less than two hundred months, perhaps in one hundred and fifty months. The suggestion is adopted and here we have the germ, so to speak, of the purely cooperative savings fund and loan association, or the institution known as the building society. It has one feature distinguishing it from the ordinary cooperative savings fund, and that feature is one of great importance. The savings are compulsory, fixed in amount, and the deposits must be made at stated periods.

**T**HE association, thus organized, contains the essential features of a local building society. It is cooperative, its members and shares are on a basis of equality each with each, its main purpose is the saving of money and the gaining of interest thereon by the aggregation of small savings into sums large enough to find a market—the savings being fixed in amount.

The other branches of business in which building societies engage, although they give name and character to the associations, are really incidental to the main purpose: that of saving and using money by cooperation. But in carrying out this purpose new developments suggest themselves. The first problem that presents itself to the directors is how to use the money collected the first month. The purpose of the society will be destroyed if it should not be safely invested. Shall it be put in Government bonds or other gilt-edged securities? If so, it will produce only a low rate of interest. A larger rate, with good security, is offered by bonds and mortgages on real estate. But if loans are to be made on real estate care must be observed. George Burton, who is not a member of the society, desires to borrow, but so also does John Dubree, who is a member. If the society should lend to John Dubree it will have security for the money loaned additional to that represented by his bond and mortgage, since the society can take as collateral security his stock in the society, which will grow in value month by month. Then, if the loan has been wisely made in the first place, the security will not be likely to depreciate, for any loss in the value of the mortgaged premises will most likely be offset by gains in the value of the collateral. These considerations lead the members to make a rule by which they agree that the funds shall be loaned only to members, and that security for the return of the money shall be a bond and mortgage, together with a transfer as collateral of the society shares held by the borrower.

**T**HIS much having been settled, other members beside John Dubree express a desire to borrow the first month's collection. Obviously the fairest plan is to let them bid one against the other, and lend it to the man who is willing to give the highest premium over and above the fixed or legal rate of interest. This course is adopted and the society finds itself in possession of two sources of profit: interest on loans to its own members, and the premiums paid by borrowers for the prior use of the money. In order to preserve a proper relation between the loans that are made and the interest of the borrower in the society it is provided that each member may borrow the ultimate value of his share or shares. If he holds one share he may borrow \$200; if he holds five shares he may borrow \$1,000, and so on. This arrangement has the further advantage that when the society runs out the two accounts will balance each other. The borrower will owe the society \$200 on each share, and the society will owe the holders of stock (borrowers as well as non-borrowers) \$200 per share, and the accounts can be squared by entering satisfaction on the mortgage.

**I**T is manifest now, that instead of requiring two hundred months in which to accumulate in the strong box enough money to divide \$200 per share, it will only take, possibly, one hundred and twenty-six months.

If in the course of time a member should fail to pay his installment, and this should be permitted, the member withholding his deposit and depriving the association of its use would in the end have an advantage over his fellow-members.

To check this a fine is imposed when installments are delayed, that the fine may serve as a penalty, as well as to reimburse the association for the loss of the use of the money.

Another member finds that he cannot keep up his payments, or he desires to move to another city. To accommodate him the association agrees to open its strong box before the appointed time, give him what he has paid in, with some portion of the profit already gained, and cancel his stock.

Now it is seen that there are, beside the saving of money and getting interest upon it, several sources of profit, namely, premiums arising from competition for the loans, penalties for non-payment of dues, and a portion of the profits withheld from members who fail to remain in the association and whose stock is canceled. And so the features of a building association are developed.

At last, after the lapse of one hundred and twenty-six to one hundred and forty months, and when from \$126 to \$140 have been paid in on each share, the strong box is found to contain securities or money sufficient to divide and give to each share, borrower and non-borrower alike, \$200.

The time has come for the association to be "wound up," technically speaking. Each holder of an unborrowed or free share gets \$200 in cash; each borrower is entitled to his bond and mortgage, so the account is squared by the cancellation of the mortgage.

This description relates to a single series society, the kind first organized. For many years they met with no trouble. They were organized by little groups of working-men. Every member intended to borrow when occasion served, and the demand for money was kept up to the end, but the success of these single series societies proved their downfall. Gradually, men of means began to join the working-men's societies. They did not want to borrow money, but they wanted to get good interest on periodical investments.

The societies contained such a large proportion of drones that it was impossible to lend the money, and, as it was idle, profits were reduced. Borrowers could not be brought in, as year by year the cost of back dues and profits—which had to be paid to put all on an equality—increased, until it became prohibitive.

To correct this evil the series societies, now in existence, were organized. These societies issue their stock in series, a new series being started each year, or oftener. The adoption of serial issues, with the necessary division of profits between the series and then between the shares of each series, has complicated building society accounts, but their principles remain precisely those of the single series society, whose evolution has been described. It should be added that the expenses are kept at a minimum. The societies meet only in the evenings, and usually only one officer—the secretary—is paid for his services, though it is well, also, to pay the treasurer, and keep the funds on deposit in the name, and for the benefit, of the society. Where offices are kept open in the daytime it is usually done by an extension of the cooperative principle, so that the expense per capita is not increased; that is to say, several societies having the same secretary unite in paying for an office to be used in common.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—In the October issue of the JOURNAL Mr. Burk will tell "How to Build a House With Rent Money."

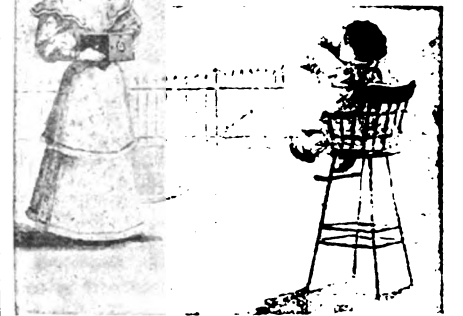


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## THE FARMER'S WIFE AND HER BOYS

By Helen Jay

LOSE observers have for a long time deplored the fact that so many of the farms of our country are passing into the hands of foreigners. The boys born and bred on the farm, instead of stepping into their fathers' places, leave the old homestead as soon as they become able to earn their own livings. Sometimes they drift out to the less thickly populated Western towns, but too often they crowd into the large cities and spend their lives as petty clerks or under-aid, because unskilled, artisans. The worn-out condition of the soil of some of our Eastern States has been blamed for his state of affairs.

It is certain that in some sections of Connecticut we see farm after farm lying in dreary neglect about the old homestead, that is itself falling into decay. But it is equally certain that quite as many farms as these unoccupied ones are in the hands of men of alien blood. In view of the fact that our farming communities have in times of great political emergency proved to be the bone and sinew of national safety, it is wise, at least, to consider if in any way this source of strength can be saved. The present is the suitable time in which to discuss his question, because students of these matters say that these abandoned farms are now rested and able once again to produce bountiful harvests. While wealth does not lie beneath their acres a comfortable living does, which comfortable living does not always await the boys rushing into the great cities. To save the boy for the farm, rather than to save the farm for the boy, is the problem that now confronts us. The solution of this problem lies largely with the farmer's wife. I venture to say that if in his childhood the farmer's sons were made a bright and pleasant one the power of association and memory would do much to keep these boys on the farm. Many a lonely woman that to-day is nursing her grief in a desolate home knows in her heart that her boys had very little done to make that home attractive. There are others who may learn the lesson before it is too late, and it is to them that I speak.

In the first place, very many farmers' wives need to learn how to use their houses. An hour's drive through any farming community will convince the most skeptical of the truth of this statement. We pass in his drive house after house with tightly-closed doors and windows. Very often here is no sign of life about the place until the barn is reached, and then we see by the presence of animals and farming implements that some one is living on the premises. If you ask the housewife the reason for this locking and barring she will tell you at first that her mother always did the same. If you persist she will also state that closed blinds keep out flies and dust, and prevent the sun from spoiling the furniture. So during the hot weather the family eat in the main kitchen, the cooking being done in a summer kitchen or shed, and too often in the room in which the meals are served. The children, when not out of the house, must stay in this hot, poorly-ventilated room. The farmer and the housewife are so tired with their hard day's work that they are glad to go to bed almost at dusk. What then becomes of the boys? Why, they get into the habit of spending their evenings at the country store—and very unsafe places are many of these country stores. If the farmer's wife will take time to think she will realize that in the community in which she lives there are one or two men, perhaps, that are moral plague spots on the good name of that community. She will also discover that the country store is the headquarters of these men. For this reason, if for no other, she will try and keep her boys away from that store in the evenings. If she can only bring herself to convert—and I use the word almost in its Scriptural sense—her closed-up parlor into a genuine living-room, where the boys and girls can entertain their friends, she will be doing much to secure her future happiness of her home. Some women, when too late, have realized that carpets and chairs are not so valuable a family possession as character and moral purity. The expense of such an arrangement, aside from the wear and tear upon the household furnishings, is trifling. In almost every farmhouse parlor there is a lamp, seldom, if ever, used. Oil for that lamp and a heating apparatus of some sort are all that will be required to make of that parlor an attractive place.

THIS arrangement gives the children plenty of room to group themselves around the light. To heat this room in the early fall and late spring is a very simple matter. Almost every farmhouse has open fireplaces, and there is wood enough on the place and to spare. By taking down the ugly, paper-covered boards that bar up the mouth of the chimney excellent ventilation is secured, and an economical means of heating the room at the same time. The children will enjoy collecting back logs and sticks for their fire, and corncobs and pine cones, and empty spools can be utilized for the purpose, adding greatly to the beauty of the blaze. The older boys can kindle and care for the fire, and the girls will enjoy dusting and beautifying a room that is intrusted to their care. There is nothing that binds brothers and sisters so closely together as working together for their home. In the winter time it is more difficult to make such a room comfortable, but still it can be done. A stove in which wood can be burned is the most economical way in which to heat the room. But there is a new apparatus in the form of a grate that is excellent for the purpose, as it not only possesses the charm of an open fire in the parlor, but heats the sleeping rooms above very nicely. Such a grate is not half so expensive as many of the farming implements which the farmer thinks he must have in order to secure the fortune of his family, and it will do much to save the family for the future. The old-time Baltimore heater is also economical of coal and easily cared for. A piano is not such an unattainable luxury as the farmer's wife is apt to think. In country towns one can be rented very cheaply, granted that the bargain is made by the year or for a term of years. It more than pays for itself in the pleasure it affords to all, and it, too, becomes a centre for united family life. A little more attention to the poultry yard would secure the money necessary for renting one, at least, if it can be obtained in no other way. I have known farmers' wives who carried the war into Africa and bargained with the wife of the music dealer to exchange milk, butter and eggs for a piano. Others that I have gossiped with have told me that they invested time and labor in herb gardens, and from the proceeds bought not only a musical instrument, but other pretty things for their homes. Flowers always beautify a room, and the large, sunny windows of the farmhouse parlor are just the place for them. Ox muzzles lined with moss make dainty, artistic receptacles for growing ferns, and birch bark does good service in covering unsightly jars.

It generally happens that the bedrooms in a farmhouse are large and pleasant. Yet for economical reasons the boy of the household is allowed to sleep with the farm hand, or, at least, to share his room. This room is apt to be over the kitchen, and is generally the most uncomfortable one in the house, especially in summer. The housewife seldom thinks about the matter at all; she is simply following accepted customs and lessening her labors by making one bed instead of two. She forgets how very greatly children are influenced by the older people, with whom they are brought in such close relations. To say nothing of the physical risk of allowing a boy to share the room of a man who generally smokes the worst kind of tobacco and is not too dainty in his personal habits, there is that greater risk of moral contagion. Very often these farm hands are men of whose antecedents the farmer and his wife know nothing. Some of them are driftwood from the vilest elements of the city, "tramping" through the country. While the parents sleep the boy is listening to all sorts of wickedness. Highly-colored stories of city life and adventures of all doubtful kinds are told so alluringly that often the first seeds of discontent with farm life are sown in the boy's mind. The best bedrooms of the home should be enjoyed by the members of the household, not slept in at rare intervals by people for whose physical and moral well-being the housewife is not responsible. The farmer's boy is apt to be careless in his personal habits, because he is not taught to be particular in caring for household furnishings or his own belongings. Everything is locked up; there is no education, but simple prohibition. By giving him a room to himself, with all the accessories of a neat toilette, he will not only learn to be particular in his personal habits, the first of all requisites to a healthy condition of living, but will be saved from one dangerous source of disease in farm life—the use in common by all the members of the household of one wash-bowl and towel.

IN the very heart of sunshine, where there are no piles of brick and stone to shut out the light and air, a house is suffered to become full of disease germs. This simple fact accounts for what is called the mysterious fatality of fevers in our farming communities. The effect of darkness and bad air upon children is quite as disastrous as upon plants, with this difference: the mental and moral well-being of the children suffer, as well as their bodies. How can you expect a child to be cheerful and free from morbid fancies if you force him to spend the most susceptible years of his life in a gloomy house foul with vitiated air? If the farmer's wife wants to have sweet, wholesome children she must open her closed shutters, and air every room, whether used or not, at least once a day.

REGULAR bathing is as essential to health on the farm as in the city, and fresh, pure air cannot battle successfully with clogged-up pores and a neglected skin. If a bathroom is an unattainable luxury the mother should give each child an ordinary laundry tub—if she cannot afford a tin one—a large square of oilcloth to protect the carpet, a pair of bath mittens, a flesh-brush and a large towel two yards square. All these articles, as well as the other towels used, should be marked with the little owner's name, and never used by any one else. The large towel is an excellent prevention of colds, as its use quickly dries the body without exposure. It can be cheaply made of white cotton Turkish toweling. The mittens may be made of the same material. Their use causes the child to exercise when in the bath, and keeps up the circulation. The brush is for the dry rub, without which no bath fulfills its office. To soften the water, which on the farm is apt to be too hard for the delicate skin of children, nothing is better than bran, of which there is always a supply in the barn. To one tubful of water use one cup of bran. It is a good plan to make little bags of cheese-cloth to hold the bran. They should be made with draw-strings, so that the bran can be changed often, as it is apt to become sour when wet. As a rule farmers' children have poor teeth. This is largely due to the careless custom of allowing the boys and girls to wash their hands and faces at the pump, on the piazza or in the spring-house. This peripatetic fashion of bathing does not permit of the regular use of the tooth-brush. Consequently the digestion and personal appearance of the children suffer in future years. When they are old enough to compare themselves with the young people from the city they feel deeply their physical defects, and are too apt to jot their shortcomings down against the farm.

ANOTHER factor in the well-being of the family is too often ignored by the housewife, and that is the quality of food given to her children. She says that it is almost impossible to get fresh meat so far from town, and that it is cheaper and easier to use the contents of her "salt barrels," which are always at hand. I believe that this is false economy. Unless the body is properly nourished the mental and moral well-being of the child suffers. Crimes flourish on poor eating. This very monotony of diet is one of the things that unconsciously disgusts young people with farm life. With little additional expense the housewife can make her table attractive by an intelligent use of the materials at her command. Granted that it is impossible for her to get fresh meat, which is not always the case, provided that she makes the getting a matter of consequence, there are many things nutritious and palatable at her hand if she will only learn new ways in which to cook and serve them. Eggs can be prepared in many ways, and are excellent bone makers. Vegetables, especially fresh salads, are blood purifiers, and these the farmer's wife can have in a perfection for which her sisters in the city sigh in vain. In milk and cream there are infinite possibilities, and some of the best soups are made of peas, potatoes, beans and celery. Codfish, sturgeon and smoked halibut, with cream, are dainties on the hotel menu, and can be easily prepared. Even that most indigestible of farmhouse goodies—smoked beef—can be made appetizing by cooking with nicely-seasoned milk. Cereals of all kinds form a pleasant variety, especially with cream. Poultry of all kinds should be at the mother's command, and the children themselves can learn to care for the fowls. The vegetable garden, also, can be placed in charge of the boys. By applying to the Agricultural Department at Washington the Government will furnish free of charge enough seed to form the nucleus of both a kitchen and a flower garden.

The father must help in this good work. Instead of sending all the good edibles away from the farm, and keeping what will not sell for the family use, it will be well for him to give as much intelligent care to the housing and feeding of his boys and girls as he gives to the stabling and feeding of his stock. He tells you that he must look after the cattle if he wants them to amount to anything, and forgets that his children demand the same care if he would have them fulfill the same conditions.

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EDITOR'S NOTE—This article is the first of a series of five in which the physical, mental, social and maternal life of the farmer's wife will be discussed.



# THE BONNETS FOR THE AUTUMN

By Isabel A. Mallon

**F**OR some time past, as the hair has been worn rather high, the inclination has been to wear the bonnet well forward. But news from across the sea is that the bonnet will be worn sufficiently far back to show the arrangement of the front hair and also to make



A GRANDMOTHER'S BONNET (Illus. No. 2)

the strings seem really a necessity. The shape which is most favored is that known as the Dutch cap, which fits the head quite closely, after the fashion of the velvet and bead hats worn by the pretty Dutch girls in some pictures. Modernized, the cap reaches to just above the ears, is quite flat on top, and extends in the back to midway of the head. It is made of felt, of velvet, of cloth and, occasionally, of moiré. The prettiest and most becoming ones are those made of velvet. The decoration usually stands high up, and is placed on top of the little bonnet near the front; there is a decided fancy for having this decoration



A DUTCH BONNET (Illus. No. 1)

consist of one large bird, although to carry out the idea of a Dutch cap there is also shown, in velvet and in glowing colors, bunches of tulips that suggest their being very precious in the eyes of the old-time collector.

Another shape which is given a certain prestige has a small brim which fits close to the head and is cut off at the back, while a very small, high crown, which does not fit the head at all, but stands far up above it, gives a quaint, odd look. This is a comfortable bonnet inasmuch as, owing to the shape of the brim, it rests easily on the head.

**SOME OF THE TRIMMINGS**  
VELVET and satin flowers painted to vie with Nature, curling tips, wings and entire birds are all liked on the bonnets. The general favor given to flowers during the past summer, and the fact that they were generally becoming, has made them popular for autumn wear. Steel and gilt lace are deftly arranged to form fans for the front, or frills for the back of the tiny chapeaux are seen, while pendants made of jet, gold, silver or steel beads are oddly arranged at each side so that they fall down after the manner of old-fashioned earrings. Ties are oftenest of velvet, though quite a number are seen of satin-faced moiré. The ribbon chosen for them is usually two inches wide. Whole crowns, low, round ones, are made of strung beads, and have flaring brims of stiffened lace in harmony with the beads. For evening wear coffee-colored lace is noted, while for daytime, black and brown, and occasionally gray, thickly studded with tiny steel beads, are seen.

**THE DUTCH BONNET**

**A**T Illustration No. 1 is pictured the typical Dutch bonnet—that one which bids fair to be at least the newest of the season. It is made of dark green velvet, and has its edge defined with a half-inch wide band of finely-cut jets. Standing up just in front, with its wings outstretched, is a blackbird, and at each side, that is, on the edge of the corners, are long pendants of black jet falling loose and swaying to and fro as if they were earrings. The ties are of black velvet, and are looped stiffly under the chin. This bonnet is worn well on the head and sufficiently far back to show at least two inches of the parting of the hair. Of course, such a bonnet is not suited to all faces, and it is absolutely unbecoming to the woman whose face is very round.

A black bonnet of this style is decorated with a bunch of deep yellow tulips, while a deep crimson bonnet shows high tips, rather closely curled, with aigrettes of gilt flashing from out their midst. As the decoration is limited, except, indeed, in case of piping or edge finish, to the bird, cluster of flowers or feathers, which are just in front, it is easy to understand that one may trim a bonnet like this at home without being a great adept at millinery.

**A GRANDMOTHER'S BONNET**

**T**HAT is the name oftenest given to the shape with the high, narrow, square crown, and indeed it has such an odd look that it seems as if such a one might have been worn by our great-great-grandmother. The one at Illustration No. 2 is of golden-brown felt, and has around the crown three straps of gold galloon, each caught by a tiny buckle; there is, of course, sufficient distance between these straps to make the contrasting color effective. The brim which fits closely about the head, although it has a slight flare, is of gold lace, wired so that it is quite as stiff as a heavier material. Around it, somewhat close to the crown, is laid a narrow twist of brown velvet, and on the brim with their heads toward the front, as if they were going to speak to each other, are two small brown birds.

**ALWAYS IN FASHION**

**T**HE capote shape which is always in fashion and is shown at Illustration No. 3, is a Nile green. Its edges have a piping of seal-skin, and standing up in front against loops of seal brown velvet are two seal heads with sparkling eyes. At the back are two rosettes of seal ribbon, from under which come the seal brown ties. A light pink bonnet in this shape would be effective if trimmed with black satin.



CAPOTE IN NILE GREEN (Illus. No. 3)

not been an absolute necessity. However, when the autumn winds begin to blow it will be found impossible to keep one's hair looking neat unless a veil is worn, for the bonnet will be no protection to it. Veils with borders are, of course, expensive and often beautiful to look at, but they are seldom becoming. The very newest veil which is commended by the French milliners is of fine net with small dots upon it, having a border formed of rows of narrow satin ribbon, and when it is put on reaches quite to the waist. This is odd-looking, but it cannot be said that more than this one adjective will attach itself to it. The light-colored tulle veils are always becom-



AN AUTUMN BONNET (Illus. No. 4)

ing, and will, I think, be best liked this year. A veil that is masklike and pulled closely across the face, though it may be as thin as possible, alters the shape of the nose, and, by keeping the lids from moving, gives a queer expression to the eyes.

**AN AUTUMN HAT**

**T**HE hats shown for the early autumn have crowns of velvet and brims formed of fancy straw with threadings of either tinsel or velvet drawn in and out of the straw weaving. The coarse straw of the deep coffee shade—that which is sometimes called "sunburnt"—is considered in good taste for this season. A hat which seems to tell the month to which it belongs is pictured at Illustration No. 4. Its crown is a soft one of golden-brown velvet, and its brim is of fancy straw in the sunburnt shade. Around the crown, between it and the brim, is a band of gold galloon, and the brim, which is very pliable, is drawn up at one side to display two yellow chrysanthemums which are under it, and which rest well down on the hair. At the back, falling forward over the crown, is a cluster of autumn leaves, those having the green changing into brown, and three or four small yellow chrysanthemums. This sounds like a great deal of trimming, but in reality, arranged as it is, it is just enough to be effective.

**AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY**

**W**ITH the wearing of the chapeau far back on the head will come the revival of the veil. It is true that some of us have always worn one, but lately they have

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## A SCHOOLGIRL'S OUTFIT

By Emma M. Hooper

**U**PON the approach of September all wise mothers begin to plan for their daughters' necessities in the way of school clothing. These should be attended to in time for the annual school openings. Nowadays we better understand the necessity of proper clothing for persons of all ages, and mothers are or should be particular in regard to providing the different weights for each season, and in having every article made in a comfortable manner for a growing girl. One cannot expect an "old head on young shoulders," and it is difficult to make a child understand the importance of sanitary clothing unless constantly guided in its use.

### CLOTHING THE EXTREMITIES

If the hands, feet and head are properly protected a girl will be saved many a cold that sometimes ends seriously. For the early fall cotton stockings of a medium weight should be worn, with buttoned goat or kangaroo shoes, which, by the way, can be square-toed or half round at the toes, as the shape of the feet may demand. Medium soles are better than clumsy, extra thick ones. Gossamer rubbers should be provided for all seasons save midwinter, when the heavier storm rubber is worn. The arctic overshoes are worn by many, but I think any extra heavy weight on the feet gives children a heavy, lumbering walk. Gaiterettes of cloth keep the ankles warm and dry, and both ladies and children are now wearing fine oiled calfskin for winter shoes, finding it serviceable, dry and warm. For the coldest weather woolen stockings of a light weight are to be recommended. Black hose are universally worn, but be careful to buy only a perfectly fast black dye to avoid staining. If a child lives where she must wade through snow give her storm rubbers and calfskin leggings that cover the knees, which will keep out wet and cold as knit woolen leggings often fail to do.

When cool enough for gloves get the Jersey woolen ones that fit so as to allow one to hold a book or umbrella comfortably. For still lighter wear there are cotton and lisle gloves in black, gray, tan, brown, etc. Crocheted or knit woolen mittens or lined leather mitts are unexcelled for winter wear and should be long in the wrists. Mittens of Angora yarn are durable and very warm.

A straw hat for spring and fall should be sufficiently large to shield the eyes from the sun, and see that an elastic is sewed to it. During the coldest season one of the soft caps or Tam o' Shanter, that cost from fifty cents to two dollars, is more comfortable than a felt hat, fitting snugly and remaining on in spite of the wind. In a cold, bleak country give girls hoods and keep their ears warm, though many now object to hoods as being old-fashioned. Even with a cap ear muffers should be worn, or cover the face and ears with a thick veil; in any case protect the ears.

### NURSERY ODDS AND ENDS

**T**WENTY-FOUR-INCH umbrellas of the mixed gloria may be had for even less than a dollar, so that every schoolgirl should own one. In order to keep it have the name in white paint on the inside or work the initials on the fastening tag in colored silk. Get a crook handle that can be carried on the wrist, and thus leave the hands free. A waterproof cloak of gossamer rubber or waterproof serge must be large enough to slip over the ordinary wrap, and this, too, should be marked with the owner's name, and should be provided with a loop to hang it up by. When a rubber cloak is muddy it can be cleaned with a damp cloth; a woolen one should be dried, brushed and cleaned with naphtha, which is very explosive if exposed to a fire or light.

Do not allow girls to wear Oxford ties in the street, as they need the support of a shoe around the ankles. Heel protectors will save the stockings and, consequently, the weekly darning. They come in black or white kid, and cost about thirteen cents a pair. Stocking supporters are an actual necessity, it being a relic of know-nothingism to let a child wear garters. Let every motion be free, untrammelled by bands or dragging weights. Even the hair should not be tightly braided, in order to keep it unbroken. One might say that Nature abhors a tight band, so be careful to dress growing girls sensibly, giving them room to grow and not retarding their growth by tightly-fitting, uncomfortable garments.

### COMFORTABLE UNDERCLOTHING

**F**ROM a hygienic point of view, much less comfort, I believe in all-wool underwear—heavy weights of shirts and drawers in the grayish "natural" shade for midwinter, and lighter for fall and spring. Unless living in a very cold climate drawers would only prove necessary for the depth of winter. Two pairs are a delusion, while three pairs, by wearing them in turn, should last two winters. If properly washed pure wool underwear will not shrink unduly. The lighter weight should also have high necks and long sleeves, and for summer have low neck and short sleeves in the thin, wool gauze, or if this seems too warm to be endured use cotton, though the health properties of wool in absorbing perspiration are well known. Next to the shirt comes the health waist of drill, coutil or sateen, fitted with shoulder-straps, corded and furnished with buttons for the skirts and stocking supporters. A flannel petticoat is worn next, using a medium and heavy weight according to the season. In summer a white petticoat is worn, but during the rest of the year one of gray mohair or alpaca wears well. Fasten the stocking supporters over the point of the hip, not in front of it. Keep everything as light in weight as is compatible with warmth, hence the advantage of all-wool clothing, which gives the extreme heat with the lightest weight. Have all skirts an inch and a half shorter than the dress, the length of which is spoken of elsewhere.

### OUTSIDE WRAPS

**R**EEFER jackets of dark blue serge jacketing or flannel are sufficiently warm for the early fall, and are very popular among girls of sixteen down to three years of age. For midwinter a long cloak of double-faced cloth in stripes or plaid is warm, and when finished with a cape the latter can be omitted when a mild day dawns in December. The sleeves of all garments must be amply large and the collars high, but do not allow children to smother their necks with scarfs, as this tends to add to the list of throat troubles prevailing in the United States. Let every garment have a hanger, as girls are only human and cannot be expected to hang a coat up by the neck on a crowded hook in a little school dressing-room. Girls get into the bad habit of half buttoning on a coat in the house and finishing outdoors where the keen air strikes some tender spot quicker than one can think. Such habits are only cured by constant watching and patience with the natural heedlessness of young people. The waterproof cloak must be large enough to slip over the fall and winter wrap, and thus prove practical for both rain and snow, affording no excuse for leaving it at home. Where it can be afforded an extra waterproof, pair of rubbers and umbrella may be provided, which may be left at school during the term for use in case of emergency.

### FABRICS FOR FALL

**M**IXED chevots at fifty cents to seventy-five, serges in plain, mixed and diagonal effects, showing brown, navy or cadet blue, make durable fall frocks, and should be of a medium weight. Mixtures do not soil nor rub shiny as soon as plain materials. Elaborate trimmings are out of place on school dresses, or light colors. The heavier winter dresses may show red and dark green in addition to the colors mentioned above, and include the rough bouclé effects that wear well and have a warm, bright look in the midst of ice and snow. It is important to have dresses for fall and winter, and to vary them according to the season. To wear a dress suitable for September in January is simply inviting a cold. Trim these frocks with colored or black mohair braids, close or open patterns, or velveteen for belt and collar, or perhaps only a vest of surah will brighten up the suit. Plaids are always worn more or less by girls, and are cheerful in appearance, as well as remarkably convenient for making over a dress of last year, and they combine readily with almost any color or material. In buying new materials get enough extra to make a new pair of sleeves, as this part always wears out first, and a growing girl's arms have a fashion of running out of every length of covering, which an extra yard will obviate.

Light and dark brown, navy and cadet blue, Oxford gray, dark red and green are colors worn by misses in plain serges or sackings, or the mixtures that are of contrasting shades or colors. Mixed goods do not soil as easily as plain, neither do they wear shiny. Chevots and covert cloths are well-wearing goods from fifty cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents.

### FOR GIRLS OF TEN YEARS

**A**T this age the skirt is slightly gored in front and on the sides and gathered at the back, has a three-inch hem and comes to about half-way between the knees and shoe tops. Trimming is unnecessary on the skirt, though sometimes seen. The sleeves are of the leg-of-mutton shape or in a large puff to the elbows and then close-fitting to the wrists. The round waist opens in the back, or if made with jacket fronts may open under the soft vest. Cape and epaulette ruffles in circular form over the sleeves are fashionable, also stock collars and crush belts. The waist may be high-necked or cut low and filled in with a soft *guimpe* of silk; the square or round jacket fronts are very becoming to a slender child. The first school dress worn from September may be of navy or cadet blue or bright brown serge of a medium weight, made with a low, round, close waist, leg-of-mutton sleeves and the usual skirt. Cape ruffles of the goods six inches deep meet at the back, but cease in front just in front of the armholes. These are edged with three rows of number two linen-back velvet ribbon the color of the dress, with a rosette at the finish of the ruffles in front. Belt trimmed in the same manner with rosette in front. Full *guimpe* of checked blue and beige taffeta silk. For her midwinter frock a little blonde has a dark reddish chevot much heavier in weight, made with jacket fronts, soft vest of surah and crush belt and collar of black velveteen. To change with the latter there is a made-over dress of dark green sacking, having a high, round waist and close sleeves to elbows. As the goods ran short a green plaid was taken for sleeve puffs, band on skirt, stock collar, short, wide revers, back and front, that met on the shoulders, where they were slashed twice, and to cover a cording at the bottom of the waist, to which the skirt was sewed.

### GIRLS OF FOURTEEN TO SIXTEEN

**M**ISSES of this age and smaller girls wearing the stock or crush collars of soft folds fastening in the back under a pointed end or square bow do not need any other finish to the neck. Full yokes are shirred around the neck, making a soft double frill. If a plain high collar is worn, which is unusual now, a tiny fold of white scrim, lawn, ribbon or bolting-cloth is basted on the edge. Girls of sixteen wear godet skirts or circular gored ones to their shoe tops. If very slight a band of the goods stitched on the upper edge in three rows, or three bands of mohair braid make a finish that takes from the wearer's height. Yokes, jacket fronts, revers, soft vests and leg-of-mutton sleeves accompany the skirt that is three to three yards and a half wide. Several rows of narrow velvet ribbon trim the wrists, cape ruffles or jacket fronts and appear in two uneven clusters on the skirt. Changeable and plain surah and tafeta are used for the full vests. A bright blue chevot having occasional threads of black has an untrimmed skirt, balloon puff sleeves and round waist fastening in the back with black horn buttons. The waist has a plain yoke cut in three Vandykes in front and two squares at the back, with the lower part of the waist full over a close lining, and shirred at the waist-line, back and front. A circular basque piece five inches deep is added. Crush belt and collar of black satin. Three rows of number one and a half black satin ribbon trim the wrists, edge of basque and yoke, continuing over the shoulders to the back. For early fall this miss may wear a brown Henrietta trimmed with mohair braid in a lace pattern for belt, cuffs, collar, on edge of Eton jacket fronts and three rows on the skirt. Add a soft vest of red, blue or green surah. Later a plaid in green shades barred with yellow may be remodeled with a vest of ladies' cloth made plain, with tiny jacket fronts, crush belt and collar of velveteen.

### THE TINIEST OF SCHOOLGIRLS

**C**HILDREN of eight years dress in a similar manner to those of ten, only that their skirts are from one to two inches shorter, each being two yards and a half wide and with the regulation three-inch hem. The full, gathered skirts are still seen but are not as universal as the front and sides gored and full back. White nainsook *guimpes* are worn at this age, though proving an easily-soiled luxury for school wear, hence the popularity of high waists. When a white *guimpe* is worn through the winter a heavier under-vest is necessary to keep the clothing of an average warmth. Young children wear plain materials more than mixtures, but these come in so many weaves that it is an easy matter to buy Henrietta and serge for the fall or spring, and sacking, chevot, cloth, etc., for midwinter. Bright red looks very attractive on small children, though the range of colors for them is unlimited. They are miniature women with cape and epaulette ruffles, large sleeves and round waists, making each little tot nearly as broad as she is long. Satin and velvet ribbons, piece velvet and velveteen, braid and surah are the trimmings for nice and general wear.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Hints on Home Dressmaking," will be found on page 26 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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## The Francis Patent Hook and Eye





# THIS AUTUMN'S VELVET COATS

By Isabel A. Mallon

**S**OME time ago the wardrobe of a bride was not considered complete unless it contained a large velvet circular trimmed with a cape of real black lace, with, possibly, a fall of jet over it. This cloak was worn until the possessor grew weary of it, then it was altered into a jacket, and eventually, as it was good velvet, the left-over pieces of it were used to make the crowns of bonnets by various amateur milliners. Fashions change with greater rapidity nowadays, but there is a very positive leaning



A VERY HANDSOME COAT (Illus. No. 1)

toward the old idea of getting a coat that is made of thoroughly good material and one which may be worn more than one season. This coat is made of velvet. It is refined, rich looking, and may or may not be trimmed. Preference is given to the black velvet coat, but the woman who will have several coats quite as often selects the new shade of purple which is called "Mignon," which, while it is purple, yet leans toward the heliotrope, or the golden brown known as "mordoré," or the lavender blue, which is extremely odd, inasmuch as in one light it suggests a perfect lavender and in another a medium dark blue. A few gray velvet coats are seen, and a number of emerald green ones, these last being invariably trimmed with black jet.

**THE TRIMMINGS IN VOGUE**

**F**INE thread lace ranging from a quarter to half a yard deep and elaborately-cut jets that glitter like diamonds are liked, not only upon the black coats, but upon the colored ones. Steel trimmings in deep fringes and fine designs in steel beads wrought out on black net are effective upon gray velvet, while on one of the purple coats is noted over the cape of fine lace and reaching to the collar, a heading of gold passementerie with amethysts set in it. Buttons are seldom seen unless they are used for purely decorative purposes. The trimming down the front conceals the large and useful hooks and eyes, and at the throat there is usually a bow of black ribbon. Chiffon, with most artistic result, is frequently draped over the upper part of the sleeves when they are of moiré. Fancy sleeves are greatly liked, and when they contrast in color are invariably of moiré, but when the effect is obtained by trimming, the sleeve itself is of velvet. Personally, I think a very rich velvet coat requires but little trimming. However, as we have reached the day of elaborate decoration, and most women are willing to paint the lily, the garniture appears,

**A VERY RICH COAT**

**T**HE coat that will probably, indeed, fashionable dressmakers say, certainly, be the most fashionable shape during the winter, is shown in Illustration No. 1. It is made of rich black velvet, reaches quite to the knees, fits the figure closely, and in the back has a great deal of fullness in the skirts, so that while a fitted effect is achieved above the waist, below it the fullness is great and arranges itself in what is known as the umbrella fashion. The sleeves, which are extremely full, shaping into the arms below the elbows, are of white moiré, the upper part of each having draped over it to the elbow accordion-plaited black chiffon. A band of finely-cut jet conceals the termination of this trimming, and four medallions of cut jet imitating buttons are on the outer side of each sleeve, but well up toward the centre. A deep cape collar of accordion-plaited chiffon is headed by a band of cut jet, and a jabot of the chiffon extends quite to the waist in front and has long pendants of cut jet glittering here and there among its folds. The high collar is of white moiré overlaid with jet and caught together in front with a bow of black moiré ribbon, which is loosely tied, and the long ends of which reach below the waist.

Of course, if one wished, velvet sleeves could be substituted for the fancy ones, and indeed with the coat in our illustration there came already, to take the place of the white ones, a pair of black velvet sleeves, and this, I believe, is customary with those dressmakers who claim to be specially correct. The velvet sleeves were the usual full shape, and had for their decoration epaulettes of jet with jet pendants that reached almost to the elbows.

**VELVET JACKET FOR A YOUNG GIRL**

**I**T would be impossible to call this pretty little velvet affair a coat, but it is a style especially commended by the French designers for young girls, who, according to their way of thinking, which is a correct one, should not wear velvet—that being a material dedicated to matrons. However, they permit its use in the form of the pretty jacket which is seen in Illustration No. 2. This is a close-fitting Eton jacket, drawn far over to one side and closely fastened. It is of emerald green velvet; its only

decoration is its turn-over collar and very broad lapels, which really reach quite over to the shoulder, and which are faced with a golden-brown fur. Inside is visible, between the revers, a soft white chiffon front and a white chiffon collar which is simply laid in soft folds. The green velvet sleeves are high and full, and, shaping in, fit the lower part of the arms quite closely and have for finish deep cuffs of fur.

With this is worn a small green velvet toque decorated with the head of a mink, and having its tails, or rather the tails of several minks, falling low on the head. In making such a jacket as this it is necessary for it to fit perfectly—indeed, it requires to be glove fitting. The lower part has no finish in the way of trimming, and, of course, no stitching shows because the velvet is rolled over and hemmed on to the silk lining. Under the velvet jacket I would advise a young girl to wear a close-fitting silk bodice, and to let this bodice be the one over which it is fitted. Of course, it should be quite plain. By the use of the plain bodice the jacket fits better and one's own bodice is saved wear.

**AN ELDERLY LADY'S COAT**

**S**OMEBODY said not long ago that we no longer had any old ladies, although there were a number of elderly ones. This was a pretty compliment to the American woman's ability to keep herself looking young. However, the elderly lady who understands the art of dressing knows perfectly well that she would lose her fine appearance if she wore the jacket suited to the girl of twenty, or the coat of a matron of thirty. For her the richest materials are possible, but they must be specially arranged. In Illustration No. 3 is pictured a coat adapted to the woman who has passed forty-five, although, of course, it would look equally well on a younger



A VELVET ETON JACKET (Illus. No. 2)

woman. The material is velvet of that deep crimson hue which is becoming to all complexions. The coat is made with a yoke, to which is joined a Watteau back and a semi-fitting front, both of which, in length, extend almost to the knees. This yoke is square and overlaid with fine black silk passementerie, while below it falls a full frill of real thread

lace that is quite a quarter of a yard deep. At each corner of the yoke is set a small black ribbon rosette. The full sleeves have plaited lace falling over them, and down where they shape into the arms are, on the upper sides, tiny jabots of lace caught to their places by small rosettes. At the back, at the top of the Watteau plait is a ribbon bow, the ends of which fall to the bottom of the skirt portion. In front, ribbon of the same width, that is, about three inches, starts from each side, is brought forward and loosely tied rather low down, so that the ends come below the wrap itself. The bonnet worn with this is one of the close-fitting Dutch shapes, which is decorated with a pompon of black feathers, has ties of black velvet ribbon, while it is made of velvet like the coat.

**FEW LAST WORDS**

**I** HAVE never advocated extravagance, but I do not consider the buying of good material as extravagance, consequently, in selecting the velvet for your coat, get that which is good. If your velvet coat is to be your only dress coat, then elect to have a black or one of the dark shades that are always in vogue and always refined.



VELVET COAT WITH WATTEAU BACK (Illus. No. 3)

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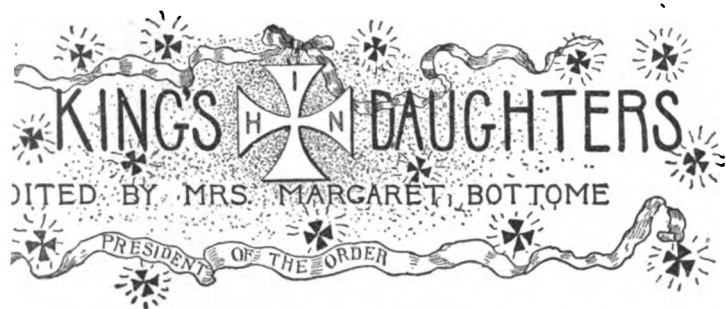
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TO HEART TALKS

I AM so often asked to tell the first thought I had of a Sisterhood that resulted in the Order of the King's Daughters, that I now write it that all may have it. I was crossing the Atlantic Ocean. I had met on deck some young fellows that had been tramping through Switzerland they were from some ninary. One morning I was ring of the death of one of men. He had been ill only a I learned that through his e delirious, he had constantly nother. As I paced the deck hat followed, and looked up at swung day after day with as if he were being rocked in ight came to me, oh, if I had e Sisterhood wearing a badge ve denoted service to human- it have asked me if I would e the young man who called ; for I learned that no woman youth during his illness, and myself how glad the mother een if I could have written to her I had seen her boy. At wished for a Sisterhood that e known by any distinct dress : kind of a badge. I did not thought to any one.



ENDING THE SISTERHOOD

Months passed and Dr. Edward Hale called to see me on s he was passing out he said, me, I have known for a long r drawing-room work among women of New York City. I do not found a Sisterhood." d Sisterhood took my thoughts steamer. Not many days after r friends of mine who had been with me in the drawing-room they came to my home, and each to invite some friend, ed woman, and to meet the ving and there would then be nd I felt sure Dr. Hale would idea of "ten times one is ten." I wrote to him about it he "You are welcome, Mrs. Botny idea of mine that you can

y woman, Mrs. Theodore Irving, ted the name for the new Sister- ervice, "The King's Daugh- assed into the beautiful beyond. m of her, and we always speak um of the Order, and I think, I dream of her, I tell her of a before this Order was started d her speak on the 45th Psalm, aid: "You are all daughters" eaking to our young girls), e of you are naughty daughters, daughters." I love to think that all about them and that she he name, for it is not difficult to see the Daughters in Japan and China—yes, in all this the little silver cross with 1886 the world to-day.

ide president of that first ten, : I was better fitted to be presi- some of the others present, but use the forming of such a ten ggestion, and later, as you word "tens" was dropped and circles" substituted. The one y her side any number of women circle for any need is naturally lent. So in all the Circles there nt, a secretary and a treasurer. en became the executive of this rder, which is known as the ncil. The first corresponding now the general secretary and ur official organ, "The Silver s. Mary Lowe Dickinson. And nall part of the story is told. e did we dream in 1886 of what I bring forth; that "In His ld be on the hospitals; over the es; the motto of our kindergar- oken of innumerable works of hold! what hath God wrought!"

THE WHOLE STORY

BUT only think what this Order has done for individual souls, what it has done for suffering humanity, what it has done by its unsectarianism to bring Christians of all denominations nearer to each other—all this and much more will never be told or written on this earth. I believe that it has a great work yet to do, and I am beginning to look earnestly and longingly to the great army of young people who are going into the twentieth century equipped by a higher education to do the work which young hands and young hearts will do. I have no doubt in my mind but the higher education of women means work that we who will stay but a little while in the twentieth century have never been called on to do. My only anxiety at this time is that our young women shall be spiritually educated. There is a higher education for women than our colleges and universities can give. There is only one Teacher that can bring our Daughters to their best, and that is the great Teacher, our King, the Lord Jesus Christ. Whatever the duties that women will be called on in the next century or in the latter part of this to fulfill, the one thing needful is noble Christian womanhood.



SHE HATH CHOSEN THE BETTER PART

A LETTER is before me from my younger brother in which he says: "Sis, somehow I am glad mother didn't have to vote to take care of the nation, for if she had had to do that maybe she would not have thought she could get up to take breakfast with me at half-past six o'clock in the morning, and then pray with me that I might have strength to do right through the day." The big tears came to my eyes as that dear little mother came up before me. Left at the age of forty-six with six young children to bring up, and this boy, who at that early age was in a bank, needed all that lovely Christian mother could do for him. I do not say that she could not have done what was most needed to be done, and other things beside, but I do say that if woman in the future is to do more to bring this world to where it must come she must not misplace things. The Master is not dead, He has not changed since He said to a woman who sat at His feet, "Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her." Christ must be first and His kingdom must be first, not this nation but His kingdom, and it must be first all the time. We must not make a mistake. We must not be so advanced as to leave God in the rear, as a woman said to me recently, was the great danger she thought. We must be true under any change of outward circumstances, remembering always that the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is, in the sight of God, of great price. Under all circumstances let us see to it that this ornament is never absent from us.



A DEFINITE PURPOSE IN LIFE

THERE are some things I am sure of; there are other things about which I am not so sure. But I often look at the flowers and say to them, you are very lovely, but you would never have come to the blossoming in your life if you had not been healthy at the root. So in these days I go more and more to the root of things. I am sure that if we are true, real, and live not to appear, but to be, we are being prepared for all that may await us in the providence of God. I get more and more concerned about our young girls—our young women. I know how necessary it is for them to have a definite purpose in their life—a deliberate choice. "She hath chosen" will be said of every one of us, for we really do choose, and others can see we have chosen. What we really are is telling every moment on some one, and what we are is of more consequence to us than all that we do. How often have I been impressed with the few words: "It profiteth me nothing." What I do may profit others, no matter what my motives may have been; but only love, only the spirit of love, profiteth me! And our own consciences before God must be ever and forever our greatest care. Choose, dear Daughters, the unperishable part.

A DAUGHTER OF THE KING

I MET her in a small grocery store where she kept the books. The office was just large enough to hold the high chair on which she sat. As there was no seat in the grocery store and I had to wait a few minutes till the daughter of the King could be excused to go with me where I wanted to go, she asked me if I would not step into the office and take her chair. I did so—she stepped out to make room for me to pass in and I ascended and sat in her chair. I have sat on chairs where royalty has been seated more than once in old countries, but I never had such profitable reflections as I had while seated on that chair of royalty in that small grocery store. When I was seated she came in. She had a face it would be difficult for me to describe; only one word could tell it and that was spiritually royal. I said as I glanced at the books, "And here is your work that you do 'In His Name'?" She smiled and said, "Yes, and I enjoy it—I enjoy the responsibility—I am thankful for the work." I did not ask her if she were a widow; I do not like to ask the question at times. Too often there is something sadder than death, with no relief that crêpe might give. But I knew she had a daughter, for because the daughter was ill she could not hear me speak to the Daughters that evening as she had anticipated. Altogether I did not see her for half an hour, and I shall probably never see her again, but she will never know what she did for me. She emphasized for me that day, as did another Daughter, the words we have so often quoted, "The King's Daughter is all glorious within." She was so beautifully dressed, I know her raiment was of wrought gold. I knew that patience, suffering and submission to God's will, and a love that was everlasting were in her heart. And the fine gold of character that had been wrought in a furnace of pain, had at last told on the sweet face, and that chair in the grocery shop will always seem to me a throne. And I saw the queen, the royal woman who sits there day after day. Many will read this who sit in telegraph offices, in post-offices, in places of business, behind desks as bookkeepers.

Oh, dear Daughters, be royal in character, be true to the highest, care more for the unseen dress, the robes that are to be worn at the highest court of all. For there will be presentations at that court some day, and only character will count. So let us say in the words of Lucy Larcom, "Let me wear my white robes here, even on earth, my Father dear."



ANOTHER KING'S DAUGHTER

ANOTHER Daughter that I saw that day, that made my spring costume that I was thinking of getting seem less valuable in my eyes, was a young widow. She did not expect me to take tea with her—indeed, but for a mistake I had made I should not have seen either of these lovely Daughters. But I was received with that quiet grace that you might expect from royalty. After the tea, at which I met a number of persons in the quiet of her own room, the little lady pointed to a picture of a fine-looking young man on the wall and said quietly, "That is a picture of my husband, and this is the anniversary of my marriage." I inquired softly, "How many years?" She said four. "And you keep the house?" "Yes, I keep boarders." That was all. Before we left the room she said: "I never question God's wisdom, but I am young and it sometimes seems as if it would be so long before I shall see him." She put on her bonnet with the veil and we walked together to the church. She pointed to the young moon and said, "How lovely." After we reached the church I saw a lady give her from her dress a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley, but I noticed that she did not put them on. Maybe she was thinking of the flowers of four years ago. Maybe she thought of the immortal flowers he would give her some day. I don't know. She came to me after the meeting to thank me for the help I had given her in my talk. I looked down on the little form and into the sweet face and I said, "You will not know how you have helped me." And somehow it seemed very little to stand on a platform and talk as I did that night, compared with keeping boarders, and seeing as clearly as I could see that all that sweet little woman had lost, all the life she is now leading, all, all, had been so sanctified by God's grace, that she, too, had come up to where she stood through great tribulations and had washed her robes, and she, too, was ready for the palace—and, indeed, was now the palace of the King who reigns within her. My two princesses! I shall probably never see them again. They both told me they knew me through the JOURNAL, and they may read this and never suspect whom I am writing of. How much downright heroism there is in life of which little account is taken.

Margaret Bottome

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POMONA'S TRAVELS

[Continued from page 8 of this issue]

I was thirty years old; my mother most likely was about as old when I was born; that made sixty years. Then my grandfather might have been forty when my mother was born, and there was a century. As for my great-grandfather and his parents I didn't know anything about them. Of course, there must have been such persons, but I didn't know where they came from or where they went to.

"I can go back a century," said I, "but that doesn't begin to meet the end of the line you have marked out. There's a gap of about two hundred years."

"Oh, I don't think I would mind that," said Mr. Brandish. "Gaps of that kind are constantly occurring in family trees. In fact, if we was to allow gaps of a century or so to interfere with the working out of family lines, it would cut off a great many noble ancestries from families of high position, especially in the colonies and abroad. I beg you will not pay any attention to that, madam."

My nerves was tingling with the thought of the Spanish Armada and perhaps Bannockburn (which then made me wish I had known all this before I went to Stirling, but which battle, now as I write, I know must have been fought a long time before any of the Dorks went to Scotland), and I expect my eyes flashed with family pride, for do what I would I couldn't sit calm and listen to what I was hearing. But, after all, that two hundred years did weigh upon my mind. "If you make a family tree for me," said I, "you will have to cut off the trunk and begin again somewhere up in the air."

"Oh, no," said he, "we don't do that. We arrange the branches so that they overlap each other, and the dotted lines, which indicate the missing portions, are not noticed. Then after further investigation and more information the dots can be run together and the tree made complete and perfect."

Of course, I had nothing more to say, and he promised to send me the tree the next morning, though, of course, requesting me to pay him in advance, which was the rule of the office, and you would be amazed, madam, if you knew how much that tree cost. I got it the next morning, but I haven't shown it to Jone yet. I am proud that I own it, and I have thrills through me whenever my mind goes back to its Norman roots, but I am bound to say that family trees sometimes throw a good deal of shade over their owners, especially when they have gaps in them, which seems contrary to nature, but is true to fact.

LETTER NO. XXVI

SOUTHWESTERN HOTEL, SOUTHAMPTON.  
TOMORROW our steamer sails and this is the last letter I write on English soil, and although I haven't done half that I wanted to, there are ever so many things I have done that I can't write you about.

I had seen so few cathedrals that on the way down here I was bound to see at least one good one, and so we stopped at Winchester. It was while walking under the arches of that venerable pile that the thought suddenly came to me that we were now in Hampshire, and that perhaps in this cathedral might be some of the tombs of my ancestors. Without saying what I was after I began at one of the doors and I went clean around that enormous church and read every tablet in the walls and on the floor.

Once I had a shock. There was a good many small tombs with roofs over them, and statues of people buried within lying on top of the tombs, and some of them had their faces and clothes colored so as to make them look almost as natural as life. They were mostly bishops and had been lying there for centuries. While looking at these I came to a tomb with an opening low down on the side of it, and behind some iron bars there lay a stone figure that made me fairly jump. He was on his back, with hardly any clothes on, and was actually nothing but skin and bones. His mouth was open as if he was gasping for his last breath. I never saw such an awful sight, and as I looked at the thing my blood began to run cold and then it froze. The freezing was because I suddenly thought to myself that this might be a Dorkminster, and that that horrible object was my ancestor. I was actually afraid to look at the inscription on the tombstone for fear that this was so, for if it was I knew that whenever I should think of my family tree this bag of bones would be climbing up the trunk or sitting on one of the branches. But I must know the truth, and trembling so that I could scarcely read I stooped down to look at the inscription and find out who that dreadful figure had been. It was not a Dorkminster and my spirits rose.

We got here three days ago and we have made a visit to the Isle of Wight. We went straight down to the southern coast and stopped all night at the little town of Bonchurch. It was very lovely down there with roses and other flowers blooming out-

of-doors as if it was summer, although it is now getting so cold everywhere else. But what pleased me most was to stand at the top of a little hill and look out over the waters of the English Channel and feel that not far out of eye-shot was the beautiful land of France, with its lower part actually touching Italy.

You know, madam, that when we was here before we was in France, and a happy woman was I to be there, although so much younger than now I couldn't properly enjoy it, but even then France was only part of the road to Italy, which, alas, we never got to. Some day, however, I shall float in a gondola and walk amid the ruins of ancient Rome, and if Jone is too sick of travel to go with me it may be necessary for Corinne to see the world and I shall take her.

Now I must finish this letter and bid good-by to beautiful Britain, which has made us happy and treated us well in spite of some comparisons, in which we was expected to be on the wrong side, but which hurt nobody, and which I don't want even to think of at such a moment as this.

LETTER NO. XXVII

NEW YORK.

I SEND you this, madam, to let you know that we arrived here safely yesterday afternoon, and that we are going to-day to Jone's mother's farm where Corinne is.

I liked sailing from Southampton because when I start to go to a place I like to go, and when we went home before and had to begin by going all the way up to Liverpool by land, and then coming all the way back again by water, and after a couple of days of this to stop at Queenstown and begin the real voyage from there, I did not like it, although it was a good deal of fun seeing the bumboat women come aboard at Queenstown and telescope themselves into each other as they hurried up the ladder to get on deck and sell us things.

We had a very good voyage, with about enough rolling to make the dining saloon look like some of the churches we've seen abroad on weekdays, where there was services regular, but mighty small congregations.

When we got in sight of my native shore, England, Scotland, and even the longed-for Italy, with her palaces and gondolas, faded from my mind, and my every fibre tingled with pride and patriotism. We reached our dock about six o'clock in the afternoon, and I could scarcely stand still, so anxious was I to get ashore. There was a train at eight which reached Rockbridge at half-past nine, and there we could take a carriage and drive to the farm in less than an hour, and then Corinne would be in my arms, so you may imagine my state of mind—Corinne before bedtime! But a cloud blacker than the heaviest fog came down upon me, for while we was standing on the deck, expecting every minute to land, a man came along and shouted at the top of his voice that no baggage could be examined by the custom-house officers after six o'clock, and the passengers could take nothing ashore with them but their hand-bags, and must come back in the morning and have their baggage examined. When I heard this my soul simply boiled within me! I looked at Jone and I could see he was boiling just as bad.

"Jone," said I, "don't say a word to me."

"I am not going to say a word," said he, and he didn't. All our belongings was in our trunks. Jone didn't carry any hand-bag and I had only a little one which had in it three newspapers, which we bought from the pilot, a tooth-brush, a spool of thread and some needles, and a pair of scissors with one point broken off. With these things we had to go to a hotel and spend the night, and in the morning we had to go back to have our trunks examined, which, as there was nothing in them to pay duty on, was waste time for all parties, no matter when it was done.

That night, when I was lying awake thinking about this welcome to our native land, I don't say that I hauled down the stars and stripes, but I did put them at half mast. When we arrived in England we got ashore about twelve o'clock at night, but there was the custom-house officers as civil and obliging as any people could be, ready to tend to us and pass us on. And when I thought of them and afterward of the lordly hirelings who met us here I couldn't help feeling what a glorious thing it would be to travel if you could get home without coming back.

Jone tried to comfort me by telling me that we ought to be very glad we don't like this sort of thing. "In many foreign countries people are a good deal nagged by their governments and they like it," said he; "we don't, so haul up your flag."

I hauled it up and it's flying now from the tiptop of my tallest mast. In an hour our train starts and I shall see Corinne before the sun goes down.

(Conclusion)

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## PHYSICAL CULTURE OF CHILDREN

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil



WE are apt to think that the ceaseless activity of children develops their bodies sufficiently without the necessity of special attention on our part. While they are very young this is undoubtedly the case, and were they always permitted to exercise at their own discretion it might continue to be so. Unfortunately a large proportion of children, particularly of those old enough to go to school, live under artificial conditions, and in an environment which renders this natural method insufficient. If we insist upon keeping children whom Nature intended to lead a free, outdoor life, like other young animals, in a constrained position for four or five hours each day, with very few intervals of relaxation, they must suffer. In the schoolroom perfect stillness is elevated into a virtue, while motion is the law of childhood. Fidgeting is the protest Nature cannot refrain from making, and yet we observe it only to rebuke and perhaps to give the victim a bad mark for the involuntary demonstration he is physically unable to suppress. We cannot check this desire for movement, nor yet allow it to be gratified unrestrainedly, for this would render mental training impossible at the same time.

THERE is in most schools a recess during the morning session, when the pupils are allowed to go in the playground, if, happily, there is one attached to the building. The boys usually run about briskly enough, but the girls are apt to stand listlessly in groups, or to saunter arm in arm as if play were a business it was not worth while to engage in for so short a time.

The relaxation involved in the change from sitting to standing seems enough for them. They require stimulation, and to be made to take the exercise that is necessary for their proper development.

If at the close of each hour of class work, ten, or even five, minutes could be devoted to vigorous physical movements the end of the term would show a marked improvement in the bodily condition of the children. Something has been done in this direction, but much more remains to be done. There are many exercises that can be practiced in concert in the aisles of the schoolroom. Movements of the neck for improving the carriage of the head, of the arms for expanding the chest, and of the feet and legs for strengthening and developing the muscles of the lower extremities, can be performed without the necessity of much room for their execution. The intelligent cooperation of the children can be easily secured.

When they know that by a series of well-directed efforts the chest can be expanded several inches beyond its present capacity, giving them more room to breathe and enabling them to run faster and farther than is now possible without loss of breath, they will be anxious to try the experiment. If they are told that by simply clasping and unclasping their fingers vigorously a certain number of times each day they can so strengthen their grasp, that it will be difficult for another boy or girl to unloose it, they will be all anxiety to prove the truth of the assertion.

THE enthusiasm of the teacher is an important factor in the success of gymnastic exercises in the schoolroom. If she is fully convinced herself of the need of systematic exercise for the symmetrical development of her pupils, and alive to the importance of leading them to take it, she will have no difficulty in enlisting their interest and hearty cooperation. No teacher who looks with intelligent eyes at the scholars who come to her daily for instruction can doubt the necessity.

The word calisthenics, which is a synonym for gymnastics, is derived from the Greek words *kalos*, beautiful, and *sthenos*, strength. If by a little attention to this important matter of proper exercise we can make the children strong and beautiful, with the beauty of perfect proportion, is it not worth the trouble we will have to take? Teachers cannot give the necessary instruction unless they are first taught themselves. They must know which exercises are best adapted to strengthen the weak points of particular pupils, and how to utilize movements to attain the desired end. If a thorough course in physical training could be added to the normal school curriculum, the students would be qualified to train their future charges.

WE shall in time come to recognize the great importance of developing the body—and insist upon its being educated in the schoolroom—as well as the mind. They are indissolubly connected, in this world at least, and we cannot carry one to the highest point of perfection without the other, or rather to the highest point of usefulness. When young people break down from overstudy we are apt to find that the body has been neglected while the mind has been stimulated and cultivated. Want of sleep to rest the brain and nerves, want of proper food, suitable in kind and sufficient in quantity, to nourish the tissues, and want of exercise to promote assimilation and growth, are probably the causes of the collapse. If the body had been in good condition its tenant could have borne the strain without injury.

THE larger colleges for men and women, and some of the larger schools, have well-equipped gymnasiums, many of them presided over by competent teachers, well qualified to direct the work of the pupils. To these come students whose bodies have been allowed to deteriorate while their minds have been assiduously cultivated preparatory to their college course. If they are willing to follow the directions given them and obey the rules laid down for their guidance they may be able to regain some of the lost ground. Had they undergone a systematic course of training from their earliest school days this would not be necessary. Their bodies would be as well developed as their minds are.

A certain discredit is reflected on a teacher whose pupils fail in their entrance examinations and cannot matriculate. Justly, or unjustly, he is held in a measure responsible. It is felt that there must have been some defect in method, or want of care in the instruction. When a similar sense of failure in duty attaches to a teacher who sends up young men and women with imperfectly-developed bodies, narrow chests, or improper method of breathing, there will be a revolution in the physical training of children at school.

MOTHERS are busy people and fathers have so little time to devote to their families that the mere mention of gymnastics at home, under the parents' directions, provokes a smile. Yet ten minutes a day, wisely spent, and without the aid of expensive apparatus, would do much for the proper development of children. They require to be taught how to sit, stand, walk and breathe properly. A few simple motions to exercise, and so to strengthen, the different muscles may be added. A pair of dumb-bells, not too heavy in weight, simple horizontal bars, and perhaps pulley weights, add to the efficiency of the home gymnasium, but much may be done without any apparatus. Blakie's little book, "How to Get Strong and How to Keep So," offers many valuable instructions for amateur practice. Exercise must never be carried to the point of fatigue. As soon as there is the slightest feeling of weariness the movement that has caused it should be exchanged for another, and if there is a disinclination to go on the exercise should be discontinued for the time being. The children soon become so fond of it that there is an outcry, if for any cause, the daily quota has to be omitted.

When a piano is to be had music is a welcome addition, and makes the performance of the movements more an entertainment than a task. We all know the inspiring effect of martial music. A brisk march will set the blood dancing in the veins, and a quick step will stir the most listless to activity.

Ten minutes of faithful work every day, morning or evening, will effect wonders in a few months. The raw recruit who comes into camp with bent shoulders and slouching gait is, in a short time, transformed by the drill sergeant into a well-set-up, manly-looking fellow, holding his head erect, his shoulders thrown back and planting his feet firmly on the ground. What is more, if he continues in the army for any length of time he retains his soldierly bearing to the end of his life. Having acquired a good carriage he does not lose it even when the authority which enforced it has ceased to exact it. The muscles having learned their duty do it involuntarily. If so much can be accomplished for young men whose frames are well knit and whose habits are fixed, what may we not hope to do with the plastic bodies of children? Their bones are soft, and can be bent or straightened almost at will.

IT is of the first importance that a child should be taught to breathe properly. Full inspirations should be taken through the nose, the mouth being kept shut. If there is inability to do this obstruction of the nasal passages should be suspected, and a surgeon asked to examine them. Air that has taken this circuitous route is partially warmed before it comes in contact with the delicate tissues of the lungs. Particles of dust and other foreign matter are strained out of it, whose presence would be injurious to the sensitive membrane lining the air ducts. The muscles of the abdomen, as well as of the chest, are concerned in respiration. They cannot play their proper part unless there is an entire absence of tight bands about the waist. In abdominal breathing the rise and fall of the muscles is observed below the waist-line, the chest walls remaining comparatively motionless. When corsets, or a tight belt, are worn the breathing is shallow, the upper chest being agitated with each breath while the abdominal walls do not move.

TO persons who are not accustomed to breathe through the nose there is a feeling of suffocation after the mouth has been closed for a few moments. Persistent practice will overcome this if the nasal passages are unobstructed. Deep inhalations of air should be taken and held as long as possible, the chest being briskly tapped with the fingers at the same time. The air may be expelled slowly and gradually, or suddenly and violently, each being a good exercise.

In standing, the first point to be observed is to keep the knees straight. If they are bent ever so slightly the firm, erect poise is lost, which is essential to a graceful carriage. Standing with the heels together and the toes slightly turned out the child should practice bending forward as far as possible. The movement is made at the hip joints, the knees remaining unbent. The downward motion and the recovery of the upright position should be as gradual as possible. Each day he can bend a little lower, without moving the knees, until he can touch the floor with the finger tips.

One of the exercises on which the drill sergeant most relies for bringing his men into good form is standing with the head erect, chin slightly drawn in, and knees straight, to raise the arms, extended at full length, above the head until the thumbs touch. Keeping the elbows straight the arms are brought slowly down until the little fingers touch the leg, the palms of the hand being turned toward the front.

IN sitting, the child must be provided with a comfortable chair, adapted to his size and height. He should be made to sit well back in it, and not on the edge when he has to occupy it for any length of time. The back should, if possible, give support to the small of the back as well as the shoulders. In working at a desk it should be of such a height that he can easily see his work when sitting erect by bending his head, instead of inclining the body at the hip joints. The upright position helps to expand the chest and keep the shoulders in their proper place. Its use soon becomes habitual if it is insisted upon, and is no more irksome than the half-reclining one which is so common.

In walking, the heel should not be brought down too firmly. A part of the weight of the body belongs upon the toes, and when a due proportion is thrown there it gives an elasticity to the gait which is lost when it is not properly distributed. Walking with the heels raised from the ground is a good exercise, although a fatiguing one. Hopping on each foot alternately is another. Dancing is a valuable accomplishment for children. The consciousness of being able to dance well gives ease and self-possession to many a young man and woman who would otherwise be bashful and awkward on their first entrance into society. The little people usually delight in the rhythmical motion, and if it is not combined with late hours it does them nothing but good.

ALL outdoor games that involve running and active movement of any kind are useful adjuncts in physical development. An immense amount of exercise is taken under the guise of diversion. Battledore and shuttlecock, which was long a favorite amusement, is a capital indoor game where there is room to play it, and might be revived with advantage. Bean-bags, colored bags filled with beans and aimed at a ring or other mark, and the form of quoits played on shipboard with rings of rope may be utilized to furnish exercise on rainy days. Especial attention should be paid to ventilation when the children are exercising indoors. The respiration is quickened, the lungs demand more air, and there should be a plentiful supply of oxygen to meet it. Impure air poisons the delicate tissues of children; that which has been devitalized by passing through the lungs is unfit to be breathed again. If the impurities with which it is loaded could be visible we would shrink from inhaling it, and wonder at our folly when by raising the window a fresh supply is at our command.

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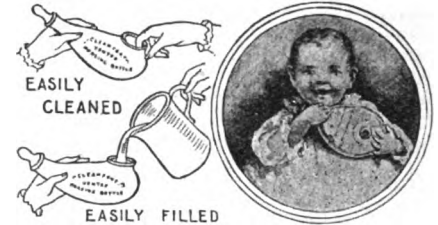
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### SIGNOR ARDITI'S NEW WALTZ

IN the next (October) issue of the JOURNAL there will be printed the complete piano score of a new set of waltzes composed expressly for this magazine by Signor Luigi Arditi. The composer of the famous "Il Bacio" waltz ranks this new composition by him among the best pieces of waltz writing he has done, and its delightful musical quality will be apparent upon a first playing.

### THE JOURNAL'S NEW NOVEL

IN the November JOURNAL there will begin a new novel entitled "A Minister of the World," by Mrs. Caroline A. Water Mason, whose former JOURNAL stories, "A Daughter of the Dune" and "Mrs. Rossiter Lamar," will be pleasantly remembered as among the most agreeable pieces of fiction printed in the JOURNAL.

This five-part novel will unquestionably be adjudged by its readers as the most absorbingly interesting story which the JOURNAL has yet published. It is the love story of a young and clever country minister who leaves his rural New England parish for the pulpit of one of the most fashionable of New York's churches. His conflicting feelings of duty and of love afford the main theme for a strong romantic interest to the story, and give an interesting series of glimpses of life, divided between a quiet country parish and the gay social world of a fashionable New York congregation.

The story has had a series of striking illustrations drawn for it by W. T. Smedley.

### FREE EDUCATIONS FOR YOUNG MEN

AT the best colleges in the country have now been added to the JOURNAL'S general educational plan, by which 150 girls have been educated during the past three years. The new and broadened plan, more fully outlined on page 23 of this issue, is commended to the attention of young men and their parents.

### THE YOUNG MAN IN BUSINESS

THOUSANDS of copies of Mr. Edward Bok's famous article "The Young Man in Business," in its 10-cent pamphlet form, have now been sold, the foremost business corporations in the country having ordered as many as 500 copies at a single time. No article of recent years has been so widely read or so highly commended by the leading business men of America. A copy of the little book, so well worth possessing by any young man, will be sent to any address by inclosing 10 cents to the office of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

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If those needing paper next Spring will send 10 cents for postage, now, we will send samples of these prize patterns in all colors before the first of next March.  
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HINTS ON  
HOME DRESSMAKING  
BY EMMA M. HOOPER

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer,  
each month, any reasonable question on Home  
Dressmaking sent me by my readers.  
EMMA M. HOOPER.

GLADYS—Your ideas regarding the dress are ex-  
cellent.  
L. H. F.—Cotton dresses were treated of early in  
the season.  
SUBSCRIBER—White duck suits are very stylish,  
jaunty and also very warm.  
ADDIE—If the complexion is clear wear brown, tan,  
dark red or bright old rose.  
A. S. M.—Read answer to "M. E. A." (2) Sailor  
hats of blue or white straw.  
HELEN—Ribbon, lace and spangle jet gimps are  
the favorite dress trimmings.  
RUBY H.—Wash dresses were written of in the  
March issue of the JOURNAL.  
ALICE M.—It is too late to assist you, but summer  
silks were written of in the early spring.  
A. C.—Apply to the college named. (2) Charac-  
ters for what? Your letter does not explain.  
C. E. H.—Spring costumes, materials and colors  
were written of in the March issue of the JOURNAL.

MRS. CLARA B. AND MRS. ANNE A.—Letters sent  
you in January have been returned as "unclaimed."  
J. D. S.—You can try to match the drab figure in  
plain China silk for side panels; trim with white  
lace.  
MOTHER BELLE—Use soap-bark for the goods.  
(2) You can use moiré for the sleeves and retain the  
braids.  
SARA BETH—Send your waist to a dyer to be dry-  
cleaned, as you cannot do it yourself in a satisfac-  
tory manner.  
L. B.—As nearly all of these garments are now  
bought ready made it is hardly worth while to write  
upon the subject.

A STENOGRAPHER—Swiss dresses were written of  
early in the spring. Other questions are too late  
now to be answered.  
LOUISE—Wedding dresses were written of in the  
March issue of the JOURNAL, a copy of which will be  
sent you for ten cents.

NATALIE—Your letter has been long delayed owing  
to the number awaiting replies before you, and a  
reply now would be of no use.  
B. J.—Moiré on serge would be more dressy than  
a gown of all serge. The style suggested was an  
excellent one for general wear.

FLORENCE W.—Wear pale yellow, pink, very dark  
red or bright old rose. (2) Being a stranger I am  
unable to answer your questions.  
M. E. A.—Piqué, Madras, chambrey, duck, Hol-  
land linen and gingham as a round, short jacket over  
a white lawn Fauntleroy blouse and a kilt skirt.

MARY A.—A square, short coat back, round front,  
moderately full coat sleeves and turn-over collar and  
revers, as well as a standing collar, will be suitable.  
TWO GIRLS—Line the outside jacket of your suit  
with the new interlining that is as warm as chamois,  
but lighter and more pliable, besides being cheaper.

CANADA—Dress shields are always necessary if  
you perspire. (2) I am sorry that your letter has been  
crowded out until the answer is too late to benefit  
you.  
A CONSTANT READER—White silk mull will turn  
yellow in time; you can prevent, to a great extent,  
the mull from turning by excluding from it the light  
and air.

M. E. F.—Eton suits are worn for traveling. (2)  
The newest Eton jacket is double-breasted; another  
style has a circular frill from the side seams across  
the back.  
KATE—Black moiré rather than brown. (2) Some  
of the prettiest skirts are now untrimmed. (3) Crush  
collar, epaulette ruffles and short, wide revers on  
the waist.

M. B. G.—There is no substitute for a shirt waist.  
When made of narrow-striped goods and worn with  
a moderately wide belt it is not unbecoming to a  
stout figure.  
K. C. D. K.—Have a crush collar and full vest of  
pink crêpe, also sleeve epaulettes of cream guipure  
lace. (2) The gray silk is appropriate for the person  
of forty years.

JENNIE C. S.—Every club has a different idea of a  
costume, though serge for a blouse or Norfolk basque  
and full skirt is the usually accepted style with the  
addition of a soft cap.  
MRS. B. P.—Use the four-yard godet skirt for your  
silk. Moiré will be a better choice for your waist.  
Trim with narrow spangle gimp on edges and lace  
revers and epaulettes.

VIOLET F.—The March issue told you of colors,  
and fawn was not named. (2) I cannot give designs  
for dresses unless the intending wearer gives me  
some idea of her figure.  
E. F. M.—You cannot remove the rubber, as it is  
run on the cloth to make the material. Personally, I  
think these garments very unhealthy, owing to the  
causes that you speak of.

S. A. M.—The new blazer having a godet back, or  
the English three-button cutaway coat of plain or  
mixed suitings in green, navy or hyacinth blue,  
brown or tan effects, is stylish.  
PET—Large buttons on evening gloves are not  
considered correct. (2) Silk waists are worn with  
any woollen dress skirt. (3) Even a slight V would  
be out of place on a street dress.

ANNIE—Drop the acquaintance until properly in-  
troduced. (2) Traveling suit of rich golden brown.  
(3) Treat a "seaside acquaintance" politely, but  
never become intimate with any stranger.  
HELEN—Colors and materials were written of in  
the March issue of the JOURNAL. (2) Godet skirt,  
leg-of-mutton sleeves and either a godet, pointed  
front basque or one of the tailor cutaway coats.

MRS. J. E. R.—All letters must take their turn.  
Black bourdon lace would be pretty for epaulettes  
and short, wide revers. Add moiré where you lack  
silk. The six or seven gore godet skirt is the better  
for you.  
MRS. L. T.—A letter cannot be answered in the  
March issue which was written in the last week of  
the previous month. Letters are answered accord-  
ing to their turn. When in a hurry send for a per-  
sonal letter.

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the finest double pink Hyacinth in cultivation. Bouquet de Orange, rich, deep golden-yellow—  
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Lind, very large, bluish white, with violet eye. La Tour de Auvergne, a snow-white, with rose  
tracing—superb. Blokberg, the finest of all double light blue Hyacinths. Sana Souel, very  
fine, delicate pink, grand spike. Monarch, bright crimson—a rich and handsome variety. Ne Plus  
Ultra, pure waxy-white, very fine spike and bells. Lord Wellington, deep porcelain, with lilac  
stripes—the best of its color. Grand Monarque, a beautiful creamy-white. La Chironiere, citron  
yellow, very rich. Charles Dickens, delicate pink, extra. King of the Blues, very dark,  
almost black. Queen of Holland, pure white, large spike. Czar Peter, finest porcelain blue.  
Baron Von Thuy, white, flushed with red. Herman, orange-yellow, tinted crimson. Gen'l  
Pollsler, dazzling scarlet.

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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

H. B. Q.—The flower sent is Iris pavonia. A. V. D.—Lime-water will kill the worms if you use enough of it.

H. K. C.—You can grow both of these plants readily from seed. Mrs. F. E. C.—To insure flowers for Easter, Lilies should be planted in October.

MABEL—The specimen of plant which you send is Cestrum parqui, or Night-Blooming Jasmine. S. E. B.—This plant should be repotted in spring if it seems to have outgrown its old pot.

Mrs. A.—As a general thing Begonias are summer bloomers, and I would advise letting them bloom all they want to. Mrs. W. E. M.—The specimen you send is a Geranium. Properly speaking, all Geraniums are Pelargoniums.

Mrs. H. E. J.—I am not able to give you any information about the berries of the Golden Elder. They may be edible, and they may not.

F.—Put Cyclamen out-of-doors in a cool place during summer, and give only enough water to keep the bulb from shriveling. Repot in September.

SUBSCRIBER—The specimen you send is Lycopodium. It should have a light, fibrous or peaty soil, plenty of water, both at roots and over the leaves, and shade.

G. H.—If your Carnations are a year old and have not bloomed there is something wrong in treatment. Cuttings taken in spring usually give flowers the following winter.

M. L.—I do not think you will succeed in propagating Ficus from leaves. You probably have in mind the Rex Begonia and Gloxinia. These plants can be grown by laying a leaf on wet sand.

H. E. S.—I cannot spare space in this department for instructions for making arbors. (2) For vines to stand the climate of Iowa I would advise Ampelopsis, or Bittersweet, and Clematis flammula.

M. B.—I would plant Clematis flammula for the trellis. (2) The kerosene emulsion which I advise will kill worms on Roses if applied thoroughly.

SHIRLEY—Geraniums, Petunias, Nasturtiums, Calliopsis and Verbenas are all good for use in boxes on the veranda. (2) For vines I would advise Morning-Glories. There is no better flowering vine.

Mrs. GOODRICH—The proper name of this plant is Cyperus alternifolius. The specimen you send has some kind of insect at work on it. Try kerosene emulsion, as recommended in other numbers of this magazine.

Mrs. W.—It is hardly worth while to attempt to keep a Chinese Primrose over a second season. It is more satisfactory to get young plants each spring, and grow them on, during the summer, for next winter's use.

M. L.—I do not consider the black Calla worth growing. It is one of those "novelties" which are introduced more for the sake of making money than because they are valuable additions to our list of desirable plants.

FAIRFAX—If your Hyacinths gave weak and inferior flowers it would seem that the bulbs must be diseased. I would take them up and throw away all but those which seem strong and healthy.

FLORA—If the leaves of your Geraniums curl some insect is doubtless at work on them. Examine them carefully. If you find the spider apply water freely. This pest works rapidly in a high temperature, especially if the air is dry.

U.—The Gourds are very rapid growers, and give a dense shade, but they are rather coarse as to foliage. I think you would get all the shade you wanted from Morning-Glories, and you certainly can select no vine with more beautiful flowers.

M.—You can plant your Hyacinths in the open ground after ripening them off in the pots in which they flowered in the house. Continue to give water sparingly, after blooming, until the foliage turns yellow. Then put them in the garden.

A. K. W.—The following list of twelve Roses of the tea section ought to give satisfaction: Agrippina, Queen's Scarlet, Safrano, Bella, Sunset, Meteor, Luciole, Mad. Watteville, Perle des Jardins, Niphotos, Hermosa and Cornelia Cook.

No NAME—The correct name of the Rubber plant is Ficus. The variety generally grown is Elastica. (2) If your lady friend values her jardiniere more than the plant it is supposed to hold she would do well to keep it for ornament, and forego the plant.

Mrs. C. E. R.—If you want an annual try the Scarlet Bean or the Morning-Glory. If something that lives over the winter, but dies down in fall, try the new variegated Hop or Clematis flammula. If something that is permanent, try Ampelopsis, or Bittersweet.

BELLA—If your Heliotropes failed to bloom when planted in the open ground it was probably because the soil was so rich that a vigorous growth was encouraged at the expense of flowers. (2) Palms are quite easily grown from seed, but I would advise buying young plants.

Miss S.—I know nothing of the treatment which Orange trees should have at the South, that is, nothing beyond what I have learned by reading, therefore I do not feel able to advise you. Have you not some successful Orange grower in your vicinity to whom you could go for information?

Miss E. F. M.—Carnations like a rather heavy loam, and not a great deal of moisture. They are pretty sure to be attacked by red spider if kept in the sitting-room. The only way to prevent this is to shower them daily with water. Use water freely enough and you will never be troubled with this pest.

L. L. M.—The Verbena is not a good house plant. The air there is too dry and warm for it. It will be sure to be attacked by red spider. Better try something else. In the garden it will bloom all summer, very profusely, if you keep it from forming seed.

Mrs. E. G. A.—The Fuchsia is a summer bloomer, with one or two exceptions, and it rarely blooms at any other season, under ordinary culture. Its place in the winter is in the cellar. Let it bloom all it wants to through the summer. There is no use in trying to reverse the operations of Nature with this plant, for you cannot do it, try as you may.

H. B. G.—If the leaves of your Calla turn brown and die off, and you find it impossible to keep more than two or three on the plant at a time, I think you will find that the roots are diseased. You probably use too much water. Never keep this plant standing in water, as some do. Give good drainage. Water daily, and give enough to thoroughly saturate the soil.

REX—If your Begonia—which is a Rubra—drops its flowers before opening them I think you will find the trouble at the roots of the plant. I presume the drainage is not what it ought to be. I do not know what variety you refer to as "raisin Begonia." (2) If your Fuchsia is growing tall, and does not seem inclined to branch, nip the top off, and branches will start.

E. P. H.—Smilax requires treatment very similar to that advised below for Oxalis, though it does best when not exposed to strong sunshine. It should be repotted after resting. When it turns yellow you will know that it wants to rest. (2) Tulips grow well in any loamy or sandy soil. (3) The best hardy yellow Rose for central New York is probably Harrison's or Persian yellow.

MINNIE—Many of the beds at the World's Fair were bordered with Alternantheras and Achyranthes, in red, green and yellow. Sweet Alyssum was used quite extensively, its white flowers making a fine contrast with the rich colors of the plants named above. (2) Phlox subulata, sometimes called Moss Pink, is a good border plant. There are two varieties, white and pink.

L. R. C.—I do not consider the particular Lily of which you speak a wonderful plant, as the florists would have us believe it to be. I do not think it superior to the old varieties. (2) Pansies do best when sowed in the open ground. (3) For your north window use an Adiantum Fern and a Phoenix reclinata or Latania borbonica Palm. Neither of these plants would do well in a west window.

SEVERAL INQUIRERS—The small greenhouses of which I made mention in a recent issue of this magazine are complete, with the exception of heating apparatus. Unless one is fortunate enough to have a practical carpenter in the family, who has time to attend to the erection of a house, I consider it cheaper to buy a house fitted by the manufacturers ready to put together. This can easily be done.

NELLA—Rex Begonias require a rather warm room and a moist air. Unless you can give these you would do well not to attempt the culture of this plant. It is not adapted to sitting-room culture, because the conditions there cannot be regulated to its requirements. Showering does not suit the plant. It likes to have the moisture, of which it is fond, in the air, rather than applied to the foliage.

L. B. A.—The plant of which you send specimen is not a Fern, but a variety of Asparagus. The gray spots on the stalks are doubtless mealy bugs. They trouble this plant a good deal. Apply kerosene emulsion. The branches turn yellow and die off when they ripen, exactly as our garden Asparagus does. Give it a soil of loam and sand. Water well when making growth. Propagate by division.

Mrs. M. L. S.—Palms do not require sunshine. They should be given water when they need it. This you must determine by watching the plant and the soil. The general rule is, water when the surface of soil looks dry, and not till then. (2) I do not know how to get rid of moss on the lawn. Its presence there is generally supposed to indicate a poor soil. If that is true the best way to get rid of moss is to prevent its coming by keeping the soil rich.

J. T. D.—Plants drop their leaves for various causes. Sometimes because too much water is used, or the drainage is imperfect. Sometimes because not enough is used. The pots may be too small for the plants, or the soil may be poor. Sometimes the red spider attacks them, and sometimes gas injures them. I cannot say what causes the trouble in your case, but perhaps a study of them, in the light of the above suggestions, will enable you to tell what is wrong.

E. C. W.—The Oxalis requires a season of rest each year. It is a good plan to dry the plant off in June, and keep it very dry until September. Then shake out the roots, replant in fresh soil, water moderately, and in this way encourage a new growth. By following this plan you can have this pretty flower in bloom throughout the winter season, at which time it will be most appreciated. It likes a light, rich sandy soil, considerable water when growing, and all the sunshine it can get.

SUBSCRIBER—Evergreen wreathing is made by fastening sprigs or leaves of Evergreen to a rope by means of fine wire. The Evergreen is laid against the rope, and wound with the wire precisely as children make wreaths. The wrapping of wire is continuous. It should be drawn tightly. In making garlands with green backing, first make a wreath of the green, then wire on the flowers. Evergreen trimming can be fastened to the walls by fine tacks without injuring woodwork or plaster, if care is used.

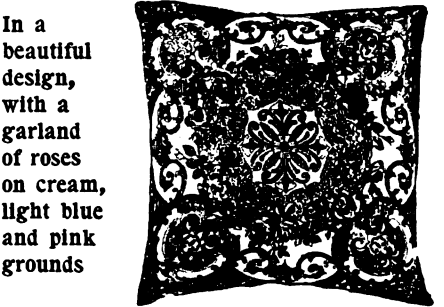
MAGGIE D.—I receive a great many letters similar to yours, in which complaint is made that the leaves of the Ficus or Rubber plant turn brown and drop off. Now there may be several causes for this trouble, and generally information sent me is so meagre that I am unable to give any very definite opinion. The pot may be too small. The soil may be poor. Too much or too little water may be given. The drainage may be faulty. The air of the room may be too dry or too hot, or insects may be at work on the plant. (2) The specimen you send for name is not a Palm, as your suppose, but Dracaena terminalis.

Mrs. J. N. M.—The variety of Hydrangea grown in pots is generally Otaksa. If you prune this in spring you are pretty sure to destroy the flower crop. The variety grown out-of-doors is Paniculata grandiflora, and as this does not bloom until late in the season, on wood of the summer's growth, it should be cut back in spring. Cuttings root very readily in sand which is kept moist. (2) Gloxinias should be kept moderately moist, but the best of drainage should be given them. Plant them in a light, porous soil. Keep in a somewhat shaded place, but let the light be good. (3) Give the tuberous Begonia about the same treatment you give the Gloxinia.

Mrs. S.—Verbenas will bloom the first season if the seed is sown in the open ground in May. (2) Heliotropes that were started in the house in winter ought certainly to bloom before frost comes. (3) Carnations may flower the same season if started very early, but there is nothing certain about it. (4) Try mixing coal or wood ashes with the soil in which cut worms work. (5) Bone-meal is a very valuable manure. Do not use too much of it, however. The dealer of whom you buy it will probably be able to tell you something of its strength, and about how much to apply to your soil. (6) Pansy plants that bloomed some last season ought to bloom well this, if they came through the winter in good condition.

N. E. B.—I consider a two or three year old Geranium much preferable to a year old plant. It takes at least two years to train a plant into proper form. I have Geraniums in my greenhouse that are seven and eight years old, and they bloom almost constantly, and very profusely. Each summer they are cut back from a third to a half, repotted, or top-dressed, and by winter the plants are ready to begin flowering again. No young Geraniums for me for winter use. I keep them in pots the year round. (2) If your base-burner leaks gas enough to injure the plants in your conservatory it must be unsafe for the human occupants of the sitting-room. I would have it refitted, or put in a new one. (3) Cyperus alternifolius is the best aquarium plant of which I have any knowledge.

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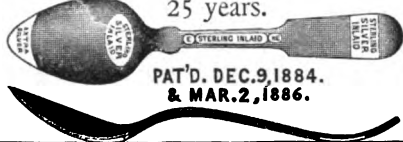
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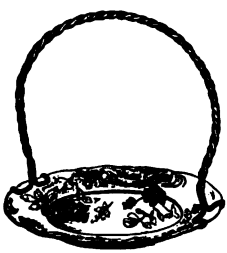
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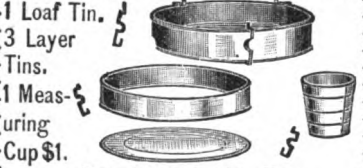
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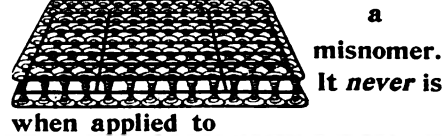
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**EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE**

The Domestic Editor, during Miss Parloa's absence, will answer, on this page, questions of a general domestic nature.

**MARY**—When making potato salad, use freshly-boiled potatoes.

**NANTUCKET**—The oldest porcelain works in England are the Royal Worcester.

**L. P. H.**—Make the pillows for your bed thirty inches long by twenty-two inches wide.

**GERTRUDE**—The salad course at dinner always precedes the dessert; indeed, it is often substituted for it.

**CAROL**—Celery should be prepared and laid in iced or very cold water for at least an hour before it is to be used.

**ANXIOUS**—Hyposulphite of soda slightly diluted is recommended for the removal of iodine stains from cotton fabrics.

**TRENTON**—The beds in your nursery should be either of iron or brass, and I should advise painted instead of paper walls.

**H.**—Fruit stains may be removed from table linen if briskly boiling water is poured upon the stains before the linen is washed.

**LITTLE DORRIT**—You cannot have good soup unless you have a large iron or granite kettle, with a closely-fitting cover, to make it in.

**NELL**—The most satisfactory dusters are those made from five-cent cheese-cloth; they should be cut a yard long and neatly hemmed.

**DAISY**—Afternoon tea-table covers are now made with a valance about eleven inches deep; it is gathered moderately full and put on with a cord.

**NITA**—Oysters intended for salad should be par-boiled. (2) I certainly think that a mistress should see to it that the rooms occupied by her servants are kept neat and clean.

**MARTHA**—If your sheets have been boiled it is doubtful if the stains caused by red basting threads can be obliterated in any other way than by frequent washings and bleachings.

**CONSTANT READER**—If the marble statuettes are soiled only from dust wash them in strong soapsuds with a soft cloth, then rinse them in clear, warm water, and dry them carefully with a soft cloth.

**JOLIET**—Pineapple cheese receives its name from the form in which it is made. It is always a firm, yellow cheese. (2) Sweetbreads are the most easily-digested of all animal foods, with the single exception of tripe.

**SUNSHINE**—To cleanse chenille table covers follow directions given for cleansing chenille portières which appeared in the JOURNAL for October, 1892. (2) A scarf of butcher's linen may be ornamented either with drawn-work or embroidered flowers.

**H. T. H.**—The proper place for doilies on the table is under finger-bowls or dishes for which they are made. If no table-cloth is used doilies are placed wherever the plates are to rest, so that the surface of the table may not be defaced in any way.

**MATTIE**—For your night nursery choose a room that may be ventilated without exposing the children to draughts. The nursery beds should be of either iron or brass; pretty and inexpensive cribs come in iron, painted white, with a railing of lacquered brass.

**MISS L. S.**—White kid slippers may be successfully cleansed by following carefully the directions given for cleansing light kid gloves, which directions appeared in the March number of the JOURNAL for 1894, a copy of which will be mailed you for ten cents.

**A. B.**—To make rice pudding without eggs, wash thoroughly in several waters two heaping tablespoonfuls of rice. Pour on boiling water and drain twice. Add one pint of rich milk, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and sugar and spice to taste. Stir once or twice in the oven before the top hardens.

**SAG HARBOR**—If the stains upon the ivory are of long standing it will be almost impossible to remove them. It is claimed that sawdust thoroughly moistened with lemon juice, laid upon ivory that has become yellow will restore it to its original freshness, but it is very doubtful whether anything will restore its whiteness altogether.

**MELROSE**—Pillow and bolster cases are usually marked in the centre of the open end about half an inch above the hem, either with a large embroidered single letter or with a monogram. If marked with indelible ink the name is usually written in full on the inside of the hem. (2) The low-priced matings are not at all serviceable.

**Mrs. J. B. J.**—A simple silk scarf in Oriental colors may be thrown artistically across the little shelf, the clock confining it in place. (2) For marking table napkins worked initials or a monogram are preferable to the same done in indelible ink. (3) I should advise double drapery curtains at your windows; tie them back with satin ribbons and use no drape at the top.

**Mrs. ARTHUR**—Double-faced Canton flannel, which comes in several colors, makes a serviceable and inexpensive portière. (2) A good icing that may be made without eggs is the following: To a half pound of powdered sugar add the juice of a small orange and a tablespoonful of boiling water—enough to moisten it thoroughly. This icing should be used as soon as it is made.

**GRACE J.**—Mrs. Candace Wheeler's idea of the wall treatment of houses is to make the walls disappear as much as possible. Her suggestion is a good one. In selecting the papers for your walls select patterns and colors that will be as unobtrusive as possible, being careful to avoid all those with satiny effects. (2) The best number for a small dinner party is six, the next eight.

**TAUNTON**—Perhaps what is called "a double set of sash curtains" will solve the problem for your dining-room windows. The idea is to have a set for the upper and a set for the lower sash, both hung on brass rods, the upper set being made long enough to hang about three-quarters of an inch over the lower one. The edges of these curtains are sometimes hemstitched and sometimes trimmed with lace.

**MOUNT VERNON**—Rice, if intended to be used as a vegetable, should, after being carefully prepared, be thrown into a porcelain-lined kettle half filled with boiling water which has been slightly salted, and covered closely. After the rice has boiled vigorously for fully twenty-five minutes it should be poured through a colander to drain, and placed in the oven to dry for a few moments. Boiled rice should be served in an uncovered dish.

**M.**—Delicious apple cake is made by creaming together two-thirds of a cup of butter and one and a half cups of sugar. Add the yolks of four eggs—using whites for frosting; two-thirds of a cup of milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half a teaspoonful of soda, and flour to the proper consistency. Filling.—Grate four apples, add one egg, the juice of a lemon and two-thirds of a cup of sugar. Boil until rather thick, and cool.

**D. S.**—A good marshmallow paste may be made by soaking half a pound of gum-arabic in about a pint of water, to which is added gradually a pint of powdered sugar and the beaten whites of two eggs. The paste will be done when it forms a thick mass in cold water. Flavor with any essence desired, and pour into a shallow pan which has previously been powdered with cornstarch. After the mass is thoroughly cool cut into squares and cover generously with confectioner's sugar.

**MADDIE**—The following is a nice menu for a small luncheon: Grape fruit; creamed chicken in scallop shells, with rolled bread and butter; French chops, broiled or breaded, with creamed potatoes, lettuce salad, crackers and cheese, and a light sweet of some kind. Coffee or chocolate and iced water or Apollinaris will serve for beverages. Serve coffee and tea with the second course. In preparing the grape fruit, cut it in halves crosswise, cut out the hard core, and fill in the space with powdered sugar.

**T. W. C. S.**—The most serviceable material for furniture covers is the striped linen which is sold for the purpose. If you are clever with your needle I should think that you might easily make the covers yourself. Cut exact paper patterns of each piece of furniture, fitting the seats first before cutting your linen covers. The pieces should be basted together and fitted before being stitched. The seams of these covers are usually turned on the right side and bound with braid, thus avoiding any unsightly edges.

**DOROTHY**—When laundering embroidered linen make a strong suds of some white soap and luke-warm water and wash the pieces carefully. The wash-board must not be used; rinse immediately in luke-warm water and then in water slightly blueed, and hang out to dry. When half dry lay them out smoothly on a clean cloth which has been laid over a piece of double-faced white Canton flannel, and press on the wrong side with a hot iron until they are quite dry. If they are fringed, comb the fringe out carefully with a moderately coarse comb.

**SEVERAL INQUIRERS**—To make the delicious cheese which some one has described as tasting like "a sort of glorified Neuchâtel," and which is called by the homely name "pot-cheese," take a pan of buttermilk and set it on the back of the stove until the curd and whey separate. Then hang it up in a thin muslin bag to drain. After it is thoroughly drained mix it smooth with rich cream or butter, as "smear-case" is mixed. It will keep some time, and to some tastes, greatly improves with age. It has the further advantage, too, of being very easily digested.

**LEOLA**—If you do not care for a silk drape above your drapery curtains why not use your wide insertion across them about a quarter of a yard from the top, as you have so small a quantity of it, using your lace edging as you propose? (2) India or Japanese silk makes a satisfactory drapery for a mantel, provided one shows skill and taste in its arrangement. (3) Hemstitched pillow-shams of linen sometimes have worked upon them detached blossoms of flowers; they may also be made of fine lawn edged with handsome lace. (4) Try steaming your veiling.

**FLOSSIE**—In returning a first call you should leave a card for the lady of the house whether she is at home or not. In making a party call strict etiquette demands that one of your own cards shall be left for each of the ladies of the house—in the case you mention this would be four—and five of your brother's cards, one for each of the ladies and one for the host. Another, and to my mind the more sensible, custom is to leave two of your cards—one for the hostess and one for the young ladies—and three of your brother's cards, the third being for the host. In all formal calls the husband's card should accompany his wife's.

**CHARLOTTE C. C.**—Picture frames of various kinds may be manufactured at home at very little expense. Cut pasteboard into any desired size and shape; cover with gray canvas; violets, anemones, or any chosen small blossoms may then be painted upon the surface, or they may be worked upon the canvas previous to its being stretched upon the frame. Another inexpensive frame may be made by having a carpenter make a frame of plain pine; cover this with a coat of varnish, and while the varnish is still wet sprinkle it lavishly with either sand, oatmeal or rice. When thoroughly dry cover the whole surface with gold or silver paint, using two coats if necessary. (2) Cuts may be mounted upon thick felt paper, and may cover two large sheets of pasteboard in the manner described above for frames, tying the two sheets together with satin ribbon.

**IGNORANCE**—Pillows are made in three sizes: twenty by twenty-seven, twenty-seven by twenty-eight and twenty by thirty inches. Pillow-slips should be an eighth of a yard longer than the pillow after they are hemmed, and wide enough to slip easily over it; they may be either plainly hemmed or hemstitched. (2) Pillow-shams should be larger than the pillows that they are to be used for; the average sized sham is thirty by thirty inches. If the round bolster is preferred to the shams it may be stuffed with feathers or may consist simply of a pasteboard frame over which ticking is drawn; it may then be covered with any desired material. Pillow-shams and bedspreads are often made of linen, and simply or elaborately embroidered. White spreads and shams are preferable to tinted ones or to those embroidered in colors. Make your sheets two yards and three-quarters in length.

**Mrs. B.**—Cheese may be satisfactorily made by the following rule: Place a large vessel filled with water over the fire; in this place a smaller vessel filled with milk. This precaution is taken that the milk may not burn. Raise the temperature of the milk to about 82° Fahr. Liquid rennet is now added—about one-half a drachm to each gallon. The curd will settle in about twenty minutes. Separate the whey from the curd, cut the latter in pieces and heat to 98°, stirring constantly. The remaining whey should be removed, the crumbling of the curd indicating that no whey remains. The curd should now be strained and salted. Allow the curd to cool, put into a press and let it remain one hour. Remove from the press, bandage, and replace it, allowing it to remain for eighteen hours longer. It is now dressed with the skimmings of the whey, which process is called "curing" the cheese. A preparation called "annatto" is lastly applied to the outside to color it.

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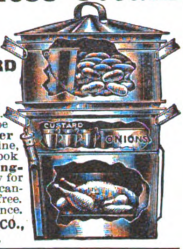
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### When you're Rubbing

over your washboard. In that painful, old-fashioned way, these are some of your positions. Just try these motions, up and down, without the tub. That will prove how hard they are. Pearlina's way of washing is so easy and absurd they will be glad to rub with you.

### The Washing of the Feet

gets to be a weighty matter, in these days when colored stockings will shed their colors. Pearlina does not only those things.

### Dollars or Kicks

for women, according to whether they do, or don't do, their washing in a sensible way. If they use Pearlina, it means good hard dollars saved. All that ruinous rubbing that makes you and flannels twice as tired.

### Just a little Gumption

in the matter of washing, will lead you to use Pearlina. Look about you, and see the work of your friends who use it. Isn't the work easier? Isn't the work easier? Isn't the work easier?

### Wash your Hair

and head with Pearlina, and see how refreshing and comb-fortifying it is. A Pearlina shampoo, even if you don't take it very often, will keep the scalp beautifully clean and healthy. Don't use too much. It's any harm in it, but you might as well use Pearlina in the suds off, and you might as well use Pearlina in the suds off.

### Cleaning House

Hard work of easy work, just as you choose. If you find it hard work, it's because you work it that way.

### Have a Shampoo?

When you do, have it with Pearlina. It's delightful. Not only cleans your head but it's so good for it.

### For washing Dishes

there's nothing like Pearlina. Why don't you begin the use of it in that way, if you are one of the timid sisters who eat the dirt for a living?

### If you take your Teeth out

when you go to sleep, drop them into a glass of Pearlina and water, and let them there till you want them. Then rinse them thoroughly. Perhaps that's the best way.

### Safe from harm

—everything that is washed with Pearlina. It's well to have washing done easily, but nothing is saved unless it is done safely. Pearlina is done safely. Pearlina is done safely.

### Song of the washboard

Endless rubbing—tiresome, ruinous, back-breaking; wear and tear on things rubbed, wear and tear on temper and health—even the washboard itself. It's all done away with, if you use Pearlina. There is no washboard, no rubbing; there's no wear, and there's little work.

### Ask Some Questions

about Pearlina, of any woman who uses it. Ask her what she thinks of it, and whether it's quite safe to use, and if washing and cleaning is any easier with it. Ask her how the clothes look and last, when they're not rubbed over the washboard. Ask her how it would seem to go back to that eternal rub, rub, rub, now that she has got rid of it. If she has used Pearlina faithfully, and just as directed on every package she'll probably have one question to ask you: "How in the world do you do it?"

### They turn Green

at the ball of the foot. The color reds. Does Pearlina clothes? There are all kinds of imitations; but ruin clothes. There are all kinds of imitations; but ruin clothes. There are all kinds of imitations; but ruin clothes.

### Don't Scold

If you feel like it, it's because you haven't got the right kind. Get Pearlina and see the difference. There are all kinds of imitations; but ruin clothes. There are all kinds of imitations; but ruin clothes.

### Does economy bore you?

It's not the money that counts, but the time. Behind the times—the woman who doesn't use Pearlina; too, both in her work and quality. With Pearlina, work is easier and better. Clothes can be washed without rubbing.

### Send it Back

Then, on top of that, it saves rubbing, saves wear and tear, and saves time. Send it back.

### "Shave your Soap"

—so the soap doesn't waste. No sense in you shaving your soap, when you can use Pearlina. It's vast improvement. Shave your soap—and you'll find it in the wash.

### It's Cruel

for them not to give you Pearlina for your washing. Your folks can't know much about it. My! They could save their hard work by using Pearlina. I'm thankful to you, lady I live with is using Pearlina. It's what she wants it to get the best of it.

### Those who have the money

have it, as a rule, because they save the money. They're more sensible.

### Washboards Make It Warm

Bobbing up and down over them is pretty hot work. That rub, rub, rub on them is the best thing in the world to warm you up and, tire you out, and wear holes in light and delicate summer garments. Why don't you use Pearlina, and take it easy? You can keep cool—and yet have the work better done. Pearlina takes away the rub, and the washboard, and the washboard, and the washboard.

### Hints or Kicks? Which?

Happy experience, coming from hints—sad one from kicks. As to cleanliness, if you want the happy experience, take the hint that Pearlina gives. Use Pearlina.

### No Wonder He Dreads It

if his house is cleaned in the old-fashioned, tearing-up way. Why can't a man's wife use Pearlina for cleaning?

### The "Eating" of Clothes

—the rotting and ruining of them—won't show right away. Your new washing powder may be dangerous, but you'll have to wait a little for its results. But it is doing its work. After a while, your clothes go to pieces all at once. Isn't it better not to run any risk? Isn't it like Pearlina?

### Makes hard water soft

—Pearlina. Every woman knows just what that means to her. Washing in hard water is so difficult, and the results so poor! Pearlina reduces the labor, whether you use soft water or hard water. But use Pearlina, and it's just as easy to wash.

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**NEW YORK**

PEARLINE IS THE CHAMPION

### Attacks on Washing-Powders

don't affect Pearlina. Pearlina is a washing-compound in powder form. To be sure, but quite a different thing. It's made so that it acts upon dirt as nothing else will, but can't possibly do any harm to the fabric. Soap-makers are claiming washing-powders, more than

### Millions

will get Pearlina. Millions of women have got it. With it, they wash their clothes that are out with rubbing, and everything is spotless. They have better results. Millions of women have got it. With it, they wash their clothes that are out with rubbing, and everything is spotless. They have better results.

### Oh! What a difference

in the evening when you have a day with the old-fashioned way. It's so much easier to use Pearlina. You'd take water to it but Pearlina and work on it. Saves time on your paint and wood. What a difference to every one of us. The cleaning is done quickly.

### There's no Danger

to be feared, even if you do use too much Pearlina in the washing. If there's any danger of damage at all, it's when you use too little. In that case, you'll have to begin that dreadful rubbing—and catch Pearlina couldn't do much damage to your clothes. It's just as safe as breathing.

### No need to Read

in order to find out about Pearlina. Your friends can tell you all you want to know. You'll find most of them use it. Ask them about it. We'll leave it to any one of millions of women who are using Pearlina. It isn't the best—the most economical thing, for washing and cleaning. All the Pearlina users don't get its full benefit. Some seem to think they're not washing or cleaning their clothes properly.

# Millions Now Use Pearlina