

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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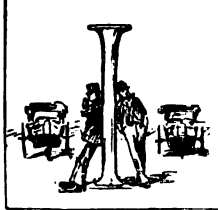
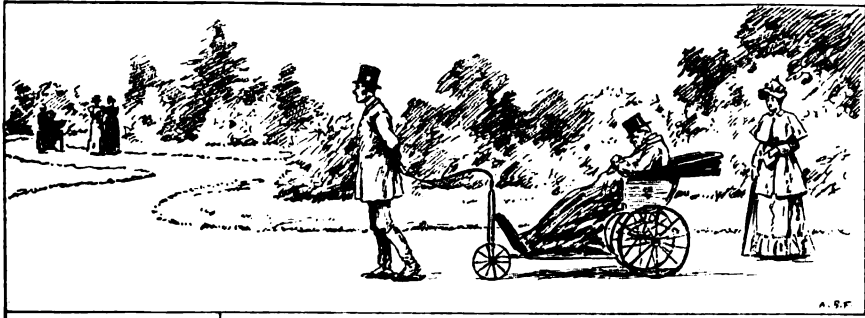
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## POMONA'S TRAVELS

*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. XVIII

BUXTON.

HAVE begun to take the baths. There really is so little to do in this place that I couldn't help it, and so, while Jone

was off tending to his hot soaks, I thought I might as well try the thing myself. At any rate it would fill up the time when I was alone. I find I like this sort of bathing very much, and I wish I had begun it before. It reminds me of a kind of medicine for colds that you used to make for me, madam, when I first came to the canal-boat. It had lemons and sugar in it, and it was so good I remember I used to think that I would like to go into a lingering consumption, so that I could have it three times a day, until I finally passed away like a lily on a snow-bank.

Jone's been going about a good deal in a bath-chair and doesn't mind my walking alongside of him. He says it makes him feel easier in his mind on the whole.

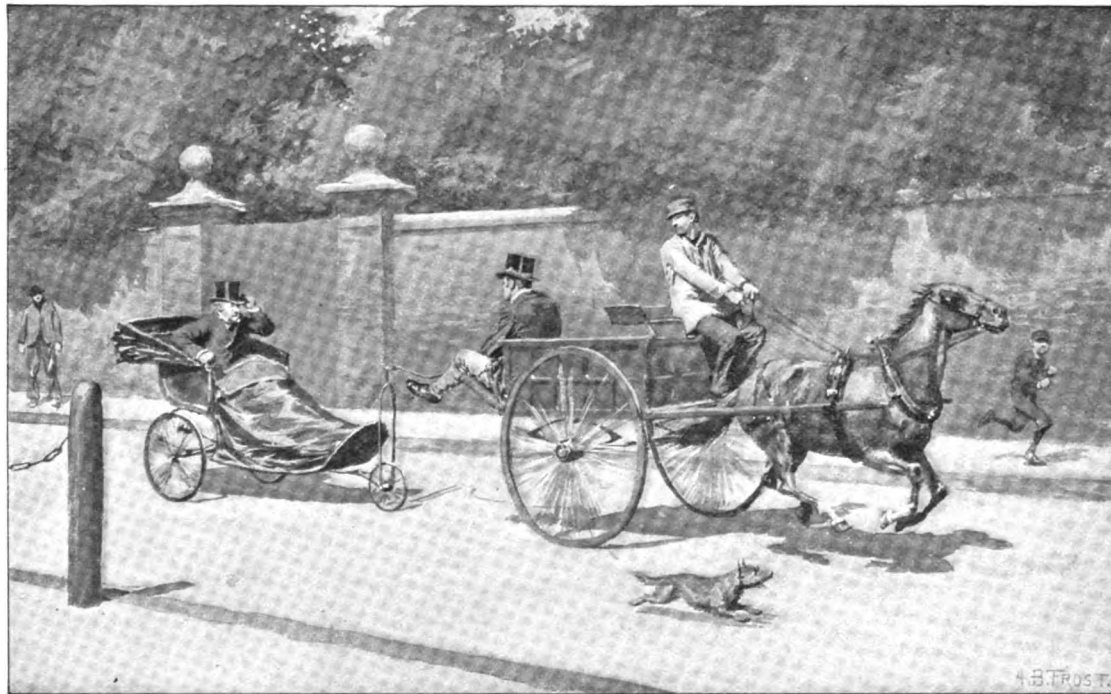
Mr. Poplington came two or three days ago, and he is stopping at our hotel. We three have hired a carriage together two or three times and have taken drives into the country. Once we went to an inn, the Cat and Fiddle, about five miles away on a high bit of ground called Axe Edge. It is said to be the highest tavern in England, and it's lucky that it is, for that's the only recommendation it's got. The sign in front of the house has on it a cat on its hind-legs playing a fiddle, with a look on its face as if it was saying, "It's pretty poor, but it's the best I can do for you."

Inside is another painting of a cat playing a fiddle, and truly that one might be saying, "Ha! Ha! You thought that that picture on the sign was the worst picture you ever saw in your life, but now you see how you are mistaken."

Up on that high place you get the rain fresher than you do in Buxton, because it hasn't gone so far through the air, and it's mixed with more chilly winds than anywhere else in England, I should say. But everybody is bound to go to the Cat and Fiddle at least once, and we are glad we have been there and that it is over. I like the places near the town a great deal better, and some of them are very pretty. One day we two and Mr. Poplington took a ride on top of a stage to see Haddon Hall and Chatsworth.

Haddon Hall is to me like a dream of the past come true. Lots of other old places have seemed like dreams, but this one was right before my eyes, just as it always was. Of course you must have read all about it, madam, and I am not going to tell it over again. But think of it; a grand old baronial mansion, part of it built as far back as the eleven hundreds, and yet in good condition and fit to live in. That is what I thought as I walked through its banquetting hall and courts and noble chambers. "Why," said I to Jone, "in that

kitchen our meals could be cooked; at that table we could eat them; in these rooms we could sleep; in these gardens and courts we could roam; we could actually live here!" We haven't seen any other romance of the past that we could say that about, and to this minute it puzzles me how any duke in this world could be content to own a house like this and not live in it. But I suppose he thinks more of water-pipes and electric lights than he



TO THE CAT AND FIDDLE

does of the memories of the past and time-hallowed traditions.

As for me, if I had been Dorothy Vernon, there's no man on earth, not even Jone, that could make me run away from such a place as Haddon Hall. They show the stairs down which she tripped with her lover when they eloped, but if it had been me it would have been up those stairs I would have gone. Mr. Poplington didn't agree a bit with me about the joy of living in this enchanting old house, and neither did Jone. I am sure, although he didn't say so much. But then they are both men, and when it comes to soaring in the regions of romanticism you must not expect too much of men.

After leaving Haddon Hall, which I did backward, the coach took us to Chatsworth, which is a different sort of a place altogether. It is a grand palace, at least it was built for one, but now it is an enormous show place, bright and clean and sleek, and when we got there we saw hundreds of visitors waiting to go in. They were taken through in squads of about fifty, with a man to lead them, which he did very much as if they was a drove of cattle.

The man who led our squad made us step along lively, and I must say that never having been in a drove before, Jone and I began to get restive long before we got through. As for the show, I like the British Museum a great deal better. There is ever so much more to see there and you have time to stop and look at things. At

Chatsworth they charge you more, give you less, and treat you worse. When it came to taking us through the grounds Jone and I struck. We left the gang we was with, and being shown where to find a gate out of the place, we made for that gate and waited until our coach was ready to take us back to Buxton.

It is a lot of fun going to the theatre here. It doesn't cost much, and the plays are good and generally funny, and a rheumatic audience is a very jolly one. The people seemed glad to forget their backs, their shoulders and their legs, and they are ready to laugh at things that are only half comic, and keep up a lively chattering between the acts. It's fun to see them when the play is over. The bath-chairs that have come after some of them are brought right into the building, and are drawn up just like carriages after the theatre. The first time we went I wanted Jone to stop a while and see if I didn't hear somebody call out, "Mrs. Barchester's bath-chair stops the way!" but he said I expected too much, and would not wait.

We sit about so much in the gardens, which are lively when it is clear, and not bad even in a little drizzle, that we've got to know a good many of the people, and although Jone's a good deal given to reading, I like to sit and watch them and see what they are doing.

When we first came here I noticed a good-looking young woman who was hauled about in a bath-chair, generally with an open book in her lap, which she never seemed to read much because she was always gazing around as if she was looking for something. Before long I

I can't help taking one side or the other, and as you may well believe, madam, I wouldn't be likely to take that of the old, bottle-nosed man's side. I had not been noticing these people for more than two or three days when one morning, when Jone and me was sitting under an umbrella, for there was a little more rain than common, I saw these two young people in their bath-chairs coming along, side by side, and talking just as hard as they could. At first I was surprised, but I soon saw how things was: the old gentleman couldn't come out in the rain. It was plain enough from the way these two young people looked at each other, that they was in love, and although it most likely hurt them just as much to come out into the rain as it would the old man, love is all powerful, even over rheumatism.

Pretty soon the clouds cleared away without notice, as they do in this country, and it wasn't long before I saw away off the old man's bath-chair coming along lively. His bottle-nose was sticking up in the air and he was looking from one side to the other as hard as he could. The two lovers had turned off to the right and gone over a little bridge and I couldn't see them, but by the way that old nose shook as it got nearer and nearer to me, I saw they had reason to tremble, though they didn't know it.

When the old father reached the narrow path he did not turn down it, but kept straight on and I breathed a sigh of deep relief. But the next instant I remembered that the broad path turned not far beyond and that the little one soon ran into it, and so it could not be long before the father and the lovers would meet.

I like to tell Jone everything I am going to do, when I am sure that he'll agree with me that it is right, but this time I could not bother with explanations, and so I just told him to sit still for a minute, for I wanted to see something, and I walked after the young couple as fast as I could. When I got to them, for they hadn't gone very far, I passed the young woman's bath-chair and then I looked around and I said to her, "I beg your pardon, miss, but there is an old gentleman looking for you, but as I think he is coming round this way, you'll meet him if you keep on this path." "Oh, my!" said she unintentionally, and then she thanked me very much, and I went on and turned a corner and went back to Jone, and pretty soon the young man's bath-chair passed us going toward the gate, he looking three-quarters happy, and the other quarter disappointed, as lovers are if they don't get the whole loaf.

From that day until yesterday, which was a full week, I came into the gardens every morning, sometimes even when Jone didn't want to

come, because I wanted to see as much of this love business as I could. For my own use in thinking of them I named the young man Pomeroy and the young woman Angelica, and as for the father, I called him Snortfrizzle, being the worst name I could think of at the time. But I must wait until my next letter to tell you the rest of the story of the lovers, and I am sure you will be as much interested in them as I was.



"Your brother is over there."

## LETTER NO. XIX

BUXTON.

WE leave Buxton to-morrow, and I have a good many things to tell you, but I will first finish the story of Angelica and Pomeroy. I think the men who pulled the bath-chairs of the lovers knew pretty much how things were going, for whenever they got a chance they brought their chairs together, and I often noticed them looking out for the old father, and if they saw him coming they would move away from each other if they happened to be together.

If Snortfrizzle's puller had been one of the regular bath-chair men they might have made an agreement with him so that he would have kept away from them, but he was a man in livery with a high hat, who walked very regular, like a high-stepping horse, and who, it was plain enough to see, never had anything to do with common bath-chair men. Old Snortfrizzle seemed to be smelling a rat more and more, that is if it is proper to liken Cupid to such an animal, and his nose seemed to get purpler and purpler. I think he would always have kept close to Angelica's chair if it hadn't been that he had a way of falling asleep, and whenever he did this his man always walked very slow, being naturally lazy. Two or three times I have seen Snortfrizzle wake up, shout to his man, and make him half trot around a clump of trees and into some narrow path where he thought his daughter might have gone.

Things began to look pretty bad, for the old man had very strong suspicions about Pomeroy, and was so very wide awake when he was awake that I knew it couldn't be long before he caught the two together, and then I didn't believe that Angelica would ever come into these gardens again.

It was yesterday morning that I saw old Snortfrizzle with his chin down on his shirt bosom, snoring so steady that his hat heaved, being very slowly pulled along a shady walk, and then I saw his daughter, who was not far ahead of him, turn into another walk which led down by the river. I knew very well that she ought not to turn into that walk, because it didn't in any way lead to the place where Pomeroy was sitting in his bath-chair behind a great clump of bushes and flowers, with his face filled with the most lively emotions, but overspread, ever and anon, by a cloudlet of despair on account of the approach of the noontide hour, when Angelica and Snortfrizzle generally went home.

The time was short, and I believed that love's young dream must be put off until the next day if Angelica could not be made aware where Pomeroy was sitting, or Pomeroy where Angelica was going, so I got right up and made a short cut down a steep little path, and sure enough, I met her when I got to the bottom. "I beg your pardon very much, miss," said I, "but your brother is over there in the entrance to the cave and I think he has been looking for you." "My brother?" said she, turning as red as her ribbons was blue. "Oh! thank you very much. Robertson, you may take me that way."

It wasn't long before I saw those two bath-chairs alongside of each other, and covered from general observation by masses of blooming shrubbery. As I had been the cause of bringing them together I thought I had a right to look at them a little while, as that would be the only reward I'd be likely to get, and so I did it. It was as I thought; things were coming to a climax; the bath-chair men standing with much consideration with their backs to their vehicles, and united for the time being by their clasped hands, the lovers grew tender to a degree which I would have feign checked, had I been nearer, for fear of notice by passers-by.

But now my blood froze within my veins. I would never have believed that a man in a high hat and livery a size too small for him could run, but Snortfrizzle's man did, and at a pace which ought to have been prohibited by law. I saw him coming from an unsuspected quarter, and swoop around that clump of flowers and foliage. Regardless of consequences I approached nearer. There was loud voices; there was exclamations; there was a rattling of wheels; there was the sundering of tender ties.

In a moment Pomeroy, who had backed off but a little way, began to speak, but his voice was drowned in the thunder of Snortfrizzle's denunciations. Angelica wept and her head fell upon her lovely bosom, and I am sure I heard her implore her man to remove her from the scene. Pomeroy remained, his face firm, his eyes undaunted, but Snortfrizzle shook his fist in unison with his nose, and hurling an anathema at him followed his daughter, probably to incarcerate her in her apartments.

All was over and I returned to Jone with a heavy heart and faltering step. I could not but feel that I had brought about the sad end of this tender chapter in the lives of Pomeroy and Angelica. If I had let them alone they would not have met and they would not have been discovered together. I didn't tell Jone what had happened because he does not always sympathize with me in my interest in others, and for hours my heart was heavy.

It was about a half an hour before dinner that day when I thought that a little walk might raise my spirits, and I wandered into the gardens, for which we each have a weekly ticket, and there, to my amazement, not far from the gate I saw Angelica in tears and her bath-chair. Her man was not with her and she was alone. When she saw me she looked at me for a minute and then she beckoned to me to come to her. I flew. There were but few people in the gardens and we were alone.

"Madam," said she, "I think you must be very kind. I believe you knew that gentleman was not my brother. He is not."

"My dear miss," said I—I was almost on the point of calling her Angelica—"I knew that. I know that he is something nearer and dearer than even a brother."

She blushed. "Yes," said she, "you are right, and we are in great trouble."

"Oh, what is it? Tell me quick. What can I do to help you?"



"And did you like Chedcombe?"

"My father is very angry," said she, "and has forbidden me ever to see him again, and he is going to take me home to-morrow. But we have agreed to fly together to-day. It is our only chance, but he is not here. Oh, dear! I do not know what I shall do."

"Where are you going to fly to?" said I. "We want to take the Edinburgh train this evening if there is one," she said, "and we get off at Carlisle, and from there it is only a little way to Gretna Green."

"Gretna Green!" I cried. "Oh, I will help you! I will help you! Why isn't the gentleman here, and where has he gone?"

"He has gone to see about the trains," she said, almost crying, "and I don't see what keeps him. I could not get away until father went into his room to dress for dinner, and as soon as he is ready he will call for me. Where can he be? I have sent my man to look for him."

"Oh, I'll go look for him; you wait here," I cried, not thinking that she would have to, and away I went.

As I was hurrying out of the gates of the gardens I looked in the direction of the railroad station, and there I saw Pomeroy pulled by one bath-chair man and the other one talking to him. In twenty bounds I reached him. "Go back for your young lady," I cried to Robertson, Angelica's man, "and bring her here on the run. She sent me for you." Away went Robertson, and then I said to the astonished Pomeroy, "Sir, there is no time for explanations. Your lady love will be with you in a minute. My husband and I are going to Edinburgh to-morrow, and I have looked up all the trains. There is one which leaves here at twenty minutes past six. If she comes soon you will have time to catch it. Have you your baggage ready?"

He looked at me as if he wondered who on earth I was, but I am sure he saw my soul in my face and trusted me.

"Yes," he said, "she has a little bag in her bath-chair, and mine is here."

"Here she comes," said I, "and you must fly to the station."

In a moment Angelica was with us, her face beaming with delight.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" she cried, but I would not listen to her gratitude. "Hurry!" I said, "or you will be too late. Joy go with you."

They hastened off and I walked back to the gardens. I looked at my watch, and to my horror I saw it was five minutes past six. Fifteen minutes left yet. Fifteen minutes in which they might be overtaken. I stopped for a moment irresolutely. What should I do? I thought of running after them to the station. I thought in some

way I might help them—buy their tickets or do something. But while I was thinking I heard a rattle, and down the street came the man in livery, and Snortfrizzle's bottle-nose like a volcano behind him. The minute they reached me, and there was nobody else in the street, the old man shouted, "Hi! Have you seen two bath-chairs with a young man and a young woman in them?"

I was on the point of saying no, but changed my mind like a flash. "Did the young lady wear a hat with blue ribbons?" I asked.

"Yes!" he roared. "Which way did they go?"

"And did the young man with her wear eye-glasses and a brown mustache?"

"With her, was he?" screamed Snortfrizzle. "That's the rascal. Which way did they go? Tell me instantly."

When I was a very little girl I knew an old woman who told me that if a person was really good at heart, the holy angels would allow that person, in the course of her life, twelve fibs without charge, provided they was told for the good of somebody and not to do harm. Now at such a moment as this I could not remember how many fibs of that kind I had left over to my credit, but I knew there must be at least one, and so I didn't hesitate a second. "They have gone to the Cat and Fiddle," said I. "I heard them tell their bath-chair men so, as they urged them forward at the top of their speed. They stopped for a second here, sir, and I heard the gentleman send a cabman for a clergyman, post haste, to meet them at the Cat and Fiddle."

If the sky had been lighted up by the eruption of Snortfrizzle's nose I should not have been surprised.

"The fools! They can't! Cat and Fiddle! But they can't be half way there. Martin, to the Cat and Fiddle!"

The man touched his hat. "But I couldn't do that, sir. I couldn't run to the Cat and Fiddle. It's long miles, sir. Shall I get a carriage?"

"Carriage!" cried the old man, and then he began to look about him.

Horror struck me. Perhaps they would go to the station for one. Just then a boy driving a pony and a grocery cart came up.

"There you are, sir," I cried. "Hire that boy to tow you. Your butler can sit in the back of the cart and hold the handle of your bath-chair. It may take long to get a carriage and the cart will go much faster. You may overtake them in a mile."

Old Snortfrizzle never so much as thanked me or looked at me. He yelled to the boy in the cart, offered him ten shillings and sixpence to give him a tow, and in less time than I could take to write it, that flunky with a high hat was sitting in the tail of the cart, the pony was going at full gallop, and the old man's bath-chair was spinning on behind it at a great rate.

I did not leave that spot—standing statue-like and looking along both roads—until I heard the rumble of the departing train, and then I repaired to the Old Hall, my soul uplifted. I found Jone in an awful flutter about my being out so late, but I do stay pretty late sometimes when I walk by myself, and so he hadn't anything new to say.

## LETTER NO. XX

EDINBURGH.

WE have been here five or six days now, but the first thing I must write is the rest of the story of the lovers. We left Buxton the next day after their flight, and I begged Jone to stop at Carlisle and let us make a little trip to Gretna Green. I wanted to see the place that has been such a well-spring of matrimonial joys, and besides I thought we might find Pomeroy and Angelica still there.

I had not seen old Snortfrizzle again, but late that night I had heard a row in the hotel, and I expect it was him back from the Cat and Fiddle. Whether he was inquiring for me or not I don't know, or what he was doing or what he did.

Jone thought I had done a good deal of meddling in other people's business, but he agreed to go to Gretna Green and we got there in the afternoon. I left Jone to take a smoke at the station, because I thought this was a business it would be better for me to attend to myself, and I started off to look up the village blacksmith and ask him if he had lately wedded a pair, but will you believe it, madam, I had not gone far on the main road of the village when a little ahead of me I saw two bath-chairs coming toward me, one of them pulled by Robertson and the other by Pomeroy's man, and in these two chairs was the happy lovers, evidently Mr. and Mrs.! Their faces were filled with light enough to take a photograph, and I could almost see their hearts swelling with transcendent joy. I hastened toward them and in an instant our hands were clasped as if we had been old friends.

They told me their tale. They had reached the station in plenty of time and Robertson had got a carriage for them, and he and the other man had gone with them third class, with the bath-chairs in the goods carriages. They had reached Gretna Green that morning and had been married two hours. Then I told my tale.

The eyes of both of them were dimmed with tears, hers the most, and again they clasped my hands. "Poor father," said Angelica, "I hope he didn't go all the way to the Cat and Fiddle, and that the night air didn't strike into his joints, but he cannot separate us now." And she looked confiding at the other bath-chair.

"What are you going to do?" said I, and they said they had just been making plans. I saw though that their minds were in too exalted a state to do this properly for themselves, and so I reflected a minute. "How long have you been in Buxton?"

"I have been there two weeks and two days," said she, "and my husband"—oh, the effluence that filled her countenance as she said this—"has been there one day longer."

"Then," said I "my advice to you is to go back to Buxton and stay there five days, until you both have taken the waters and the baths for the full three weeks. It won't be much to bear the old gentleman's upbraiding for five days, and then, blessed with health and love, you can depart. No matter what you do afterward I'd stick it out at Buxton for five days."

"We'll do it," said they, and then after more gratitude and congratulations we parted.

And now I must tell you about ourselves. When Jone had been three weeks at Buxton, and done all the things he ought to do and hadn't done anything he oughtn't to do, he hadn't any more rheumatism in him than a squirrel that jumps from bough to bough. But will you believe it, madam, I had such a rheumatism in one side and one arm that it made me give little squeaks when I did up my back hair, and it all came from my taking the baths when there wasn't anything the matter with me, for I found out, but all too late, that while the waters of Buxton will cure rheumatism in people that's got it, they will bring it out in people who never had it at all. We was told that we ought not to do anything in the bathing line without the advice of a doctor, but those little tanks in the floors of the bathrooms, all lined with tiles and filled with warm, transparent water, that you went down into by marble steps, did seem so innocent that I didn't believe there was no need in asking questions about them. Jone wanted me to stay three weeks longer until I was cured, but I wouldn't listen to that. I was wild to get to Scotland, and as my rheumatism did not hinder me from walking, I didn't mind what else it did.

And there is another thing I must tell you. One day when I was sitting by myself on the slopes waiting for Jone, about lunch time, and with a reminiscence floating through my mind of the Devonshire clotted cream of the past, never perhaps to return, I saw an elderly woman coming along, and when she got near she stopped and spoke. I knew her in an instant. She was the old body we met at the Babylon Hotel, who told us about the cottage at Chedcombe. I asked her to sit down beside me and talk because I wanted to tell her what good times we had had and how we liked the place, but she said she couldn't as she was obliged to go on.

"And did you like Chedcombe?" said she. "I hope you and your husband kept well."

I said yes, except Jone's rheumatism we felt splendid, for my aches hadn't come on then, and I was going on to gush about the lovely country she had sent us to, but she didn't seem to want to listen.

"Really," said she, "and your husband had the rheumatism. It was a wise thing for you to come here. We English people have reason to be proud of our country. If we have our banes we also have our antidotes, and it isn't every country that can say that, is it?"

I wanted to speak up for America, and tried to think of some good antidote with the proper banes attached, but before I could do it she gave her head a little wag and said, "Good morning, nice weather, isn't it?" and wobbled away. It struck me that the old body was a little lofty, and just then Mr. Poplington, who I hadn't noticed, came up.

"Really," said he, "I didn't know you was acquainted with the Countess."

"The which?" said I.

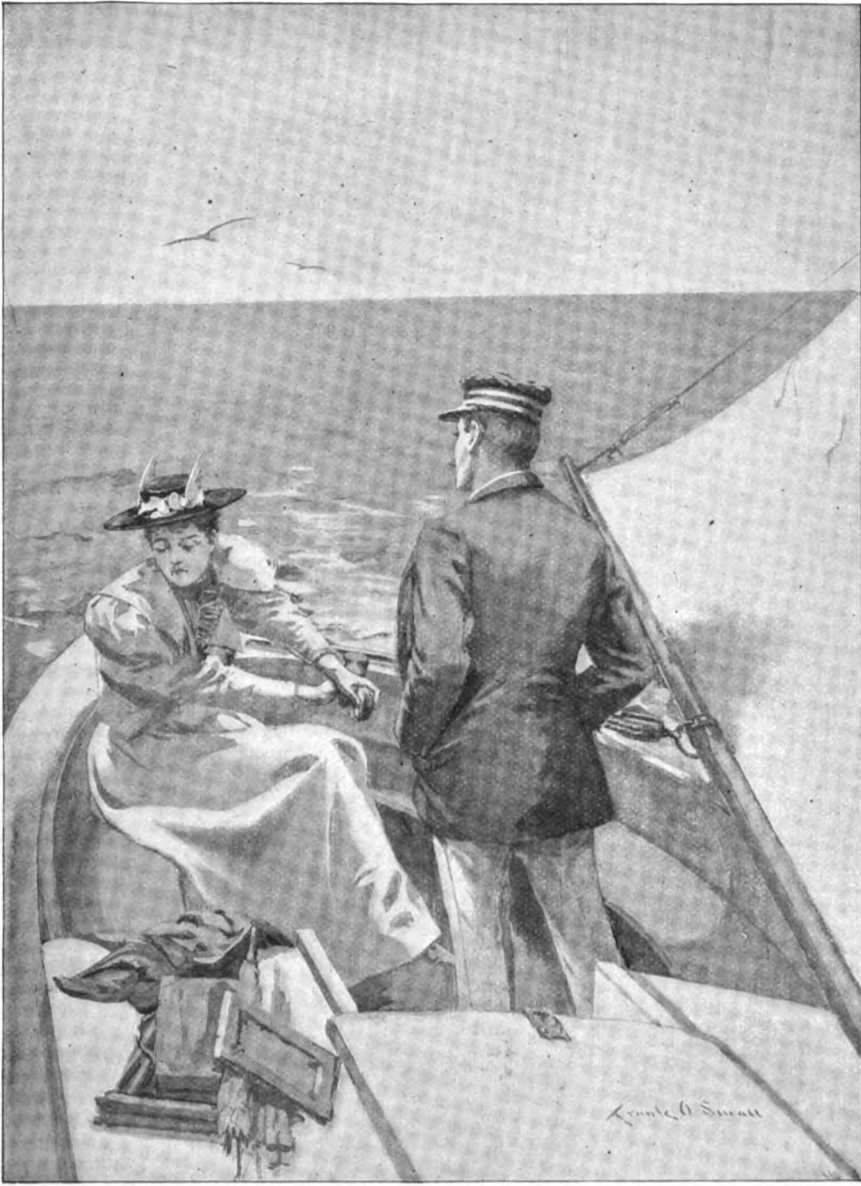
"The Countess of Mussleby," said he, "that you was just talking to."

"Countess!" I cried, "why that's the old person who recommended us to go to Chedcombe."

"Very natural," said he, "for her to do that, for her estates lie south of Chedcombe, and she takes a great interest in the villages around about, and knows all the houses to let."

I parted from him and wandered away, a sadness stealing o'er my soul. Gone with the recollections of the clotted cream was my visions of diamond tiaras, tossing plumes and long folds of brocades and laces sweeping the marble floors of palaces. If ever again I read a novel with a countess in it I shall see the edge of a yellow flannel petticoat and a pair of shoes like two horse-hair bags, which was the last that I saw of this thunderbolt into the middle of my visions of aristocracy.

(Continuation in August JOURNAL)



"I deposited my hands in my pockets and faced my companion"

## THE THIRTY AND ONE

By Charles D. Lanier

[With Illustrations by Frank O. Small]

IT was clear that I must leave Cousin Jack's if I wanted to get in any work this summer. What with tennis and riding and Cousin Jack's pretty wife and her prettier sister about one, good resolutions were simply *nil*. Mrs. Jack was trying her worst to make a match between us, too. It may be added that I am of such a temperament that it is impossible to apply myself when within the field of feminine influence.

Hastened by the most palpable intrigues on the part of Mrs. Jack, I tore myself away to this quiet little nook on the south side of Long Island. The free lance search for a local habitation gave me a charming walk, with the fresh ocean breeze blowing gratefully in, and with apparitions, now and then, of great ships under full sail that seemed by some magic to rise up out of the dunes lying between me and the open sea.

When I had attained a locality promising such leisure opportunity as would allow me to finish my book, I entered a gate leading to a picturesque farmhouse which had been pointed out to me as a summer boarding-house by a passing native.

Mrs. Bascum, the proprietress, evinced a loquacity so superior to grammar and breathing resources as to stamp her a boarding-house keeper, and I at once engaged board.

The furniture of the room she assigned me was of the kind that collectors and cranks rummage up out of rural and ancient garrets. There were windows on two sides defended by a providential expanse of mosquito-netting, and I congratulated myself on my luck in chancing upon this quiet corner.

Dislocating some mosquito-netting, I took a proprietary look out of the rear window to gloat over the old-fashioned pump, and the spreading apple trees, and—what on earth were they? Against the side of the house were drawn up a dozen small express wagons, such as we are accustomed to see in juxtaposition to a goat or Newfoundland dog. Why should there be a dozen toy express wagons here? Had I fallen unawares into a baby farm?

I turned from the problem to nap it soundly until supper-time, when I flung on a suit of flannels and loose neck-scarf in wild luxury of freedom and descended to partake of that meal. Mrs. Bascum

was in attendance at the foot of the stairs to show me the dining-room. I had expected a modest meal with the host and hostess, and—my dazed eyes were confronted by a long table with no less than thirty ladies seated around it! Most of them were young and some of them were pretty, as I could see even through my confusion. It was simply adding insult to injury to place me at the head of the table in the most conspicuous position, as Mrs. Bascum had.

When I had conquered, from very shame, my first impulse to back out and flee, I looked with frantic hopes, under cover of the renewed buzz of conversation, to find—like he of the tub and lantern—a man. But he was not. I could not but be aware that a goodly proportion of the thirty were observing me, and I more than suspected that several were giggling at my embarrassment. I made a shift of eating, and, when it was necessary in preserving appearances to look up from this task, I fixed my eyes sturdily on some inanimate object previously determined. After supper, when I remonstrated with Mrs. Bascum, she seemed quite surprised.

"Haven't you ever heard of the famous Montauk summer art school? There's more'n a hundred," she said. "I've only got thirty here—table boarders. Half o' them don't live here to my house."

Only thirty! I hastily ran over in my mind all possible excuses to decamp at once. But no inspiration came at the moment, and as some of the thirty began to come out, I took refuge in my room. I escaped the breakfast torture by coming down late, with the pretense that I had overslept myself. The landlady had coldly furnished forth the table with those provisions that the thirty had left, but for once I enjoyed congealed buckwheat cakes.

I determined to spend the day on the seashore, a mile or two distant, and tramped off, casting furtive glances about me until well away from the premises, in the uncertainty of what any corner might bring forth. The bare stretch of sandy dunes and beach, showing their ravishing curves for miles on either side, was reassuringly innocent of artists, female or otherwise. The sea was glorious in its coat of many-shifting, metallic hues and shades. The harsh spray made me drunk, and the sun beating down, brought no oppression in its warmth or glare—only throbbing waves of vitality that had a sensuous lulling effect. I threw myself on the sand, and watched from under the brim of my hat a sailing vessel, with the slant of its masts, eloquent of motion, and then a steamer, toiling with its tow at the front of a long comet-tail of smoke; then a flock of gulls and about that time I must have gone to sleep.

I woke so comfortably that for a moment I lay still in a delightful, lazy effort to Orient myself. Then I stretched long and mightily—

"Won't you kindly keep still just five minutes longer?" asked a clear voice that brought me immediately to a sitting posture. I looked in the wrong direction at first, and then in the right one. A large easel was standing tripod fashion in the sand; below it I could see portions of a paint-stained gingham dress, above it a voluminous yellow umbrella, and to one side a dilapidated straw hat tied under the chin of what was probably a girl.

"I beg your pardon," came from the manilla funnel, "but won't you kindly lie down again with one leg drawn up? I've been working an hour and have you nearly finished. It was a liberty, but you looked so natural, and it's going to be one of the best things I ever did."

My mental estimate of the other things she had done was unspeakable. But un-

der the circumstances there was apparently nothing for me to do but to resume my former posture.

"Will you put your hat up a little farther so that I can see your mouth and nose?" came the voice. "I am sorry to trouble you, but will you open your mouth slightly—too much!—there—thank you."

I wondered if I looked as foolish as I felt, and hoped not. My mouth was getting tired, and my foot had gone to sleep in an excruciating manner when she said:

"That will do nicely. It was very good of you. Would you like to see it?"

I limped over to the easel on my cramped limbs and found the young person delicately distributing the finishing touches in fastidious strokes on the recumbent effigy of myself, which, it was impossible to deny, was wretchedly good.

"Why," she exclaimed, "you're the new man at Mrs. Bascum's, aren't you? It was such a shame," she continued irrelevantly, between strokes, "last night. Somebody ought to have introduced you to the girls. You looked so uncomfortable. Are you an artist?"

"No," I was constrained to admit, after trying in vain to frame some happy sentence that would inform her I did consider myself an artist in the broader sense of the word, and which would yet leave intact my reputation for modesty.

"How delightful!" she said, enthusiastically; "you're the first person I've seen here who isn't, except the natives."

"May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?" I ventured.

"Lucy Saxon. What's yours?"

"William Cobb. I am very glad to meet you, Miss Saxon," I murmured mendaciously.

"You must think," she began, "that we are frightfully free and easy—"

"Not at all," I hastened to interrupt.

"—but there are such a lot of us here from pretty much everywhere, that we've just given up standing on ceremony. And then we've something else to think about than whether we've been introduced to this person or whether that one is just up to our particular social standard. The very best student here—she's awfully talented—was a servant girl before somebody or other discovered her. Art comes first, of course. I just worship her."

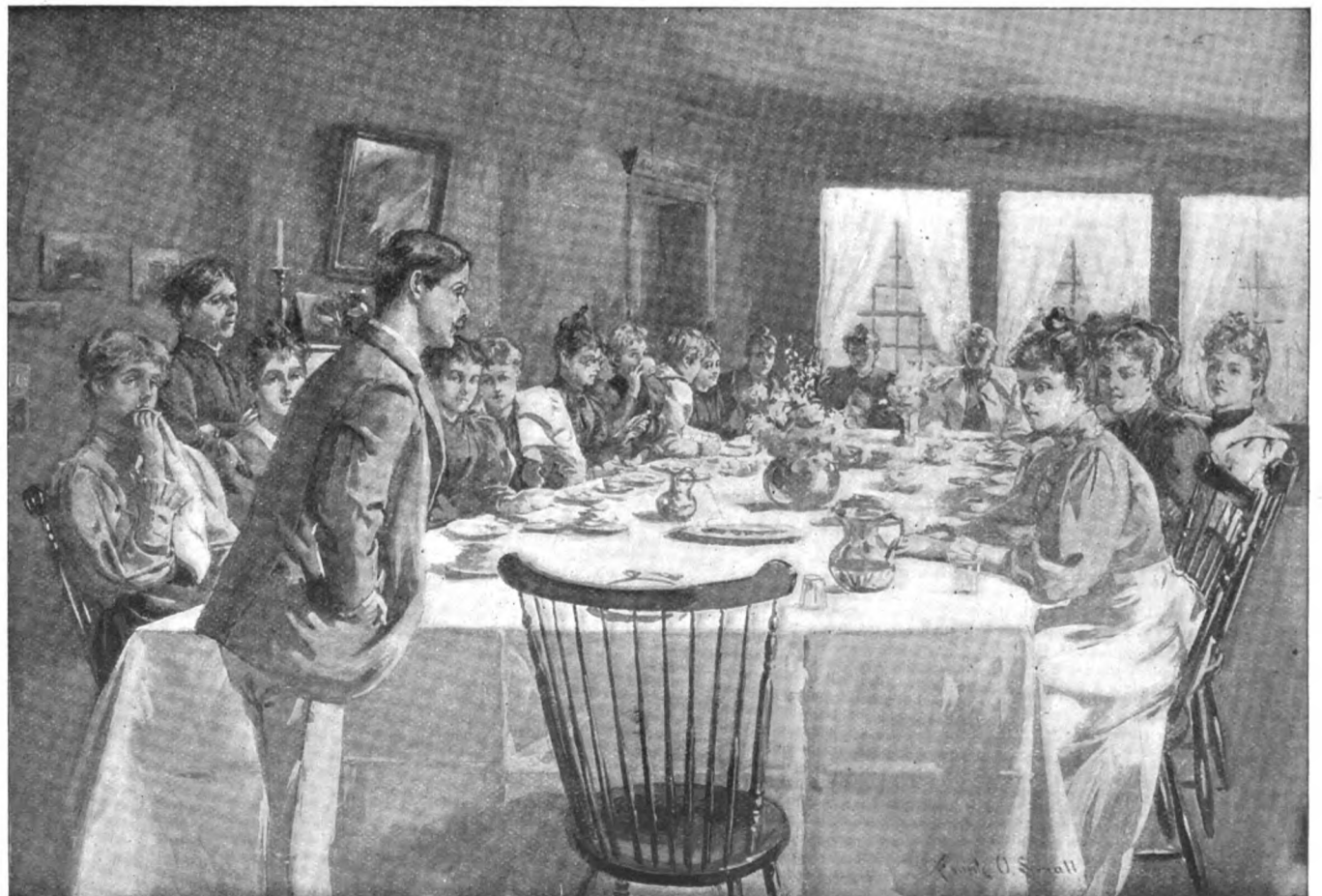
These sentences had been delivered between working fits and spasmodic examinations of the canvas, made with the amorphous straw hat inclined rakishly to one side in an extremity of critical attitude.

Presently she arose and began to pack her contraptions, and I was allowed to fetch from behind a rising dune one of the express wagons that had so presciently awakened my suspicions.

The easel, and palette, and tripod, and umbrella, and benzine, and brushes had been reduced to marvelously small compass when I returned, trundling the small vehicle behind me. Was I called upon to accompany her? It was a good mile and a half over a sandy road; the wagon did not move as if it had very unctuous bearings. I hesitated, and was lost.

"May I walk home with you, Miss Saxon?"

"Surely," she replied. "We'll have to hurry up to get there in time for dinner. Those who come in at the eleventh hour



"And at the dinner-table, an hour later, was introduced to the thirty"

are not treated so well at Mrs. Bascum's vineyard as the people in the Bible were."

"Allow me to take the—er—wagon," I asked. She had marched off with it in a matter-of-fact way.

"Thank you. But I don't think I will. You'll spill my things."

I insisted, as men always do, and she relinquished the handle to me and walked a little behind to see that I hauled it smoothly.

"Emily will call me names for this," observed Miss Saxon with a meditative air, after reprimanding me for the existence of a stone that had jolted out the benzine.

"Who is Emily?" I inquired humbly.

"She's my chum, Emily Buckner. She possesses all the virtues and accomplishments that I lack. She's an angel. She sings divinely, has the most exquisite complexion, that this"—Miss Saxon kicked with singular accuracy a pretty pink shell on the beach—"can't compare to, and brown hair with sunlight glints all through it, and blue-gray eyes that fairly possess you. I tell her they beat Cæsar's record by ever so much—he had to come and see to conquer; she has only to see."

"Is there a chance for a mere mortal, not even an artist, to see this creature? Or is she kept in a velvet case in some *penetrabilia* of the studio—like the silver yard measure in the Bank of England—for an intellectual, moral and physical standard?"

"Don't make fun of Emily. She's no blue stocking. You'll see her every day at table."

"Whoop!" sung out my companion, startling me into nearly swamping the wagon. "There's Emily, now. Whoop! whoop! Em-lee!"

We had come to the shore of the landlocked bay. Looking in the direction of Miss Saxon's vocal explosions, I saw a small dory propelled by long, well-considered strokes. The oars were held in horizontal poise a moment, while the rower looked around to locate the energetic salutation. Then she turned and headed for the shore.

"She's been at the lighthouse," explained the artist, "and we'll get her to row us home."

The boat grounded on the sand, the oars shipped in fine form, and the new arrival regarded us somewhat askance.

"Did you get anything good?" asked Miss Saxon.

"Never mind, don't unpack it now; Emily, I really think I've done the best thing of my life so far. It's sure to get me a perfectly fulsome criticism. It's this gentleman, Mr. Cobb, lying on the sand—I beg your pardon; Emily, this is Mr. Cobb; Miss Buckner, Mr. Cobb. He was sleeping on the beach, Emily, and the light was just perfect, and I felt in the right mood, and the colors just wouldn't go on fast enough."

"The picture fairly snores," I hastened to add.

"Mr. Cobb must have been very kind to pose for you," said Miss Buckner.

"I knew you would scold, Emily, but I've begged his pardon and he didn't mind at all. May we go back with you?"

"Of course you may. Won't you step in, Mr. Cobb?"

Clearly here was my chance for freedom. But I determined not to take it. I crossed the Rubicon from my solitary resolutions into Miss Buckner's dory, and at the dinner-table, an hour later, was introduced to the thirty.

## II

I WAS captured, horse, foot and dragons. It was not unpleasant after all. It is never disagreeable to be absolutely unique, even though the distinction comes from a circumstance so little within one's control as one's sex. I was oracle at Mrs. Bascum's table that summer on abstruse and debatable questions, such as whether next Wednesday would be the seventh of the month or something else. When these problems had been fully mooted and aired, and grown into nervous proportions, during which period I preserved a dignified and neutral silence, the expectant hush that came when I was appealed to could not be other than gratifying.

To be sure, my novel remained *in statu quo*, though I labored on it with sufficient candor to gain me the reputation, among the thirty, of being "literary." But my pause in the march toward fame was most satisfactorily filled. I invested in a trim catboat that could show a clean pair of heels to anything in her class on the bay. Under any conditions it is an invigorating pursuit to sail along the south side of Long Island, roaming about in search of a race, and it is peculiarly jolly when one is ballasted with a half dozen young ladies who are at least as enthusiastic as one's self, being inclined to give all the applause the masculine heart could desire in the event of a victorious contest, while, if adverse fates prevail, they invariably avow with one voice, and entirely irrespective of facts, that the successful opponent had twice as big a boat, and hadn't a single reef in, which made it absurd for us to race her.

Miss Saxon proved herself invaluable in manning the centreboard and halyards, and it required physical force to keep her from having out every reef when some

strange boat was crawling away from us in a stiff breeze. She and Miss Buckner were nearly always along. It became quite the thing for me to take a sketching party in "The Tub." Miss Saxon utilized me as a Neptune, as a faun, as a figurehead to "The Tub," as a castaway sailor waving an oatsack from the top of the single mast which that vessel boasted—in dozens of characters, classical and otherwise.

"Does it not make you uncomfortable, Mr. Cobb?" asked Miss Buckner sweetly, after one of the first ordeals.

"To be perfectly frank, it does. It embarrasses me. I haven't decided in my own mind whether that's because of excessive modesty, or whether it comes from a less admirable source of self-consciousness."

"Why should you be self-conscious?" broke in Miss Saxon.

"One doesn't like the faintest suspicion that one is ridiculous," I replied meekly.

"Well, why should you ever be ridiculous? It's impossible to be ridiculous unless one is afraid of it, and a man shouldn't be afraid of anything."

"I don't see," said Miss Buckner, taking up the cudgels for me, "that a person is safe from being absurd except when he is apprehensive of it."

"It's true," insisted Miss Saxon. "A really strong man goes through the world without ever thinking of how he would look or what impression he would make under such and such circumstances. Do you suppose that when the pterodactyl and megalosaurus were hopping and flopping about, looking funny enough to give one the spasms, they were always smiling at each other's monstrosities? They simply took things for granted and went about their business."

"I never pretended, in my most ambitious moments, to be a pterodactyl," I objected. "And you never saw a megalosaurus taking supper with thirty lady art students that he wasn't acquainted with."

Miss Saxon tossed her head at my flippancy.

I conscientiously exerted myself on these subtle lines to gain Miss Saxon's approval, which was sufficiently difficult to add some zest to the occupation. I rather think I should have failed utterly had it not been for the painting of that picture which began our acquaintance.

I have forgotten to say that Lucy Saxon was not beautiful. She was far too brown and freckled to be called so, even with a wealth of bronze hair and fine gray eyes and a lithe figure to her credit. Beside the debonaire Miss Buckner she looked almost hoydenish. I did not approve of her altogether either. She had a way of vaulting fences that was more brilliant than it was expected. I felt less inclined to inwardsly criticise these startling athletic performances, however, after a certain squally day when "The Tub" upset in the middle of the bay, and I shook the water out of my eyes in the midst of the calamity to find her already at work pulling Miss Buckner up on the keel to a place of safety, if not of dignity. I spent the recondit portions of the remainder of the week in diving for Miss Saxon's paint-box.

Finally I fished up the article in question, and marched home to supper in triumph to receive the plaudits of the thirty.

I strode gayly into the hall and—stopped short. I regarded a man's hat on the rack. It was not mine. It was not Mr. Bascum's. There instantly came over me a highly unreasonable feeling that I should have been consulted about this intruder—a feeling almost of jealousy, of being supplanted. I returned to the porch where Mrs. Bascum was holding some conciliatory rites of her profession with certain of the thirty.

"You're lookin' a sight better than when you first come, Mister Cobb," she said. "There ain't nothing like this September sun for the health."

"It's very salubrious, ma'am," I returned. "You've got a new boarder, I see."

"Yes, sir. He came down this morning. You won't be so lonesome now, sir."

The old lady showed the beetling dental relics. I am afraid she saw through me.

"Artist, I suppose?" I inquired lazily.

"No," said Mrs. Gardner; "he's a lawyer, a Mr. Jenkins. He's visiting Miss Saxon and Miss Buckner."

The conversation flagged and I strolled away. Why should I care? There was clearly no reason under the sun. But after grumbling at myself a while the fact remained that I did care, and no alleviation came when Jenkins, who was a rather good-looking, big hulk of a fellow, sat between Miss Saxon and Miss Buckner at table, and still less when the former young lady called him by his Christian name.

"Stop making an ass of yourself, W. Cobb!" I remarked fiercely to the looking-glass after retiring to my room that evening. "It can't make any difference to you whether Mrs. Bascum gets another boarder or whether a girl you happen to know calls him Oscar."

I hastily reviewed the situation. The summer had flitted by in a most Arcadian, blissful fashion. I had become fond of acting as Miss Saxon's henchman, to be sure. The idea of giving up the post brought a distinct pang. She was very un-

conventional, but I had learned to understand her on that score. She was the most unaffected girl I had ever met.

Yes, to be candid with myself, I should be exasperated to see somebody marry her. In fact I would much rather do it myself.

I thought of her, alert and graceful, standing in her favorite position before the mast, reveling in the spray that dashed up as we bowled along, the wind taking furious liberties with her glorious hair, one pretty tennis shoe braced against the bow, and the brown hands locked behind her among the halyards. It was a sweet picture to start one's dreams on, but the image of Jenkins turned it to gall.

## III

"MISS SAXON," I said, in an analytical tone the next day, in the course of a boating trip to which I had invited the two girls and the invader, "I believe you have very little of the sentimental in your nature."

"I hope so," she answered, promptly and discouragingly.

"Why do you say that?"

"I think the burden of proof lies with you to show why any rational being with work in the world should wish to be silly. I suppose you mean 'sentimental' in the sense of silly sentiment. If you mean sentiment in the honest sense, my drawings have plenty. Mr. Dace says I have too much compared with my technique."

I inwardly maligned Mr. Dace and her art. Was there no human, personal, individual interest for her? Yes, there was Jenkins. Probably the question would be answered all too soon. He was in the bow with Miss Buckner, and their attitude of mutual preoccupation determined me to put my fortunes to the touch.

"Your friend is a fine-looking fellow," I began.

"Isn't he! He's built like a Greek god. He's as manly and charming as he's handsome, too. I was beginning to be afraid he wouldn't be able to come. He's a junior partner in his law firm now, and they can't get along without him. If he was a good-for-nothing chap, now, he'd be hanging around all the time."

She was absolutely innocent; but all the same I loathed Jenkins for the moment.

"I suppose I ought to tell you," she continued in a discreet undertone, "that he's engaged to Emily."

I had a revulsion of feeling in favor of the invader so sudden that I was obliged to put the tiller hard-a-lee quite out of due season.

"They will make a handsome couple," I said with real enthusiasm. Jenkins was kneeling down to secure a recalcitrant tie in Miss Buckner's tennis shoe. "That would make a charming picture, wouldn't it? Subject, 'The Proposal.'"

"It would be a very namby-pamby attitude for a man to take when he asks a woman to marry him," she objected. "It was all right in Sir Piercie Shafton's day, but we've grown out of that sort of thing."

"What is your own particular idea of the way the thing should be done with due regard to our nineteenth century civilization?"

"The man ought to stand, with his hands—of course they are the hard things to manage—in the side pockets of his coat."

"Suppose he happens to have donned a variety of coat other than the sack?"

"Then he ought to excuse himself a few minutes to go home and put one on. Why, I would no more think of drawing a man of the period on his knees before a girl than I would make him stand on his head or turn a somersault. Now that was a sensible arrangement of a proposal scene in that illustration of Mr. Davis' story we were looking at last night."

My antagonism to art increased visibly. The couple forward were in a settled sort of an attitude with their backs to us; "The Tub" was on a long tack with a steady wind. I took a hitch of the halyard ends over a cleat and gave Miss Saxon the tiller. Fortunately my flannel yachting coat had side pockets. I dutifully deposited my hands in them, assumed a standing posture, as nearly as "The Tub's" brisk motion would allow, and faced my companion. She looked up with a prettily tolerant smile at what she evidently mistook, at first, for a mild attempt to be facetious; then she saw the truth and blushed.

"Miss Lucy," I began, "it has been only three short months since I first met you, and it would seem almost impertinent, if it were not so true, to say now that I love you very much—so much that I beg you with my whole heart to be my wife."

"I never heard of such a thing," she gasped, with face aflame. "I am much obliged—I know it is a great honor. Oh, I wouldn't think of it for a moment! Don't you know I'm going to be an artist, Mr. Cobb? It's the last thing I'd think of doing—marrying—I assure you. I've always intended to devote myself to art."

"Surely the two cannot come in conflict," I urged. The unapproachable atmosphere of maidenhood that surrounded her was maddening. "Art is only the expression of life after all. It cannot be greater than life. You can't live in any

full sense with no duty but painting pictures, and I can't live at all—"

"I'm very sorry," she interrupted firmly. "It isn't that I don't like you, Mr. Cobb; on the contrary, I do. You've been charming to us this summer, and so—so useful."

"This was the unkindest of all."

"Isn't there a chance for you to think differently, Miss Saxon? Think of what you are doing in this off-hand way of yours. A man's love isn't to be—"

"Don't talk that way. I am sorry to make you feel uncomfortable, but I have chosen. I intend to study, and not to be a wife. Please take the tiller, Mr. Cobb."

I took it, for she meant to be obeyed.

I determined to leave Southington at once. Wild notions came of descending upon Mrs. Jack's gay establishment and proposing out-of-hand to her tailor-made sister, and mailing a wedding-card to Miss Saxon. But such a fine revenge fell flat when I pictured the calm unconcern with which she would receive it. So, instead, I left by the night train for New York, and decided to go to Europe for a year. Then I reconsidered the whole matter so far as to go back to Southington.

I felt a choking satisfaction in this course when Miss Saxon met me on the porch and gave me a hearty, honest handshake.

"Nothing has gone right since you left," said Miss Buckner sweetly, as she joined us.

And Miss Buckner never displayed more tact than when she left us *l'été-à-l'été* after this pretty speech. There was no use beating around the bush. I at once asked Lucy if she were of the same mind.

"Oh, please don't let us discuss that again, Mr. Cobb!" she begged.

Then I told her I was going away, and asked if she would give me that first picture, to "remember her by."

"I'm so sorry—I wish I could," she said. "But that wealthy Mr. Maler was down here visiting Mr. Dace, and he made such a handsome offer for it that I let it go. But I tell you what, I will do," she added brightly, "I'll do another sketch as near like it as I can, if you care to take me over to the beach where I can get the sunlight and background. We'll have time tomorrow morning."

So the next morning we set out. She allowed me to take down the bars for her that we passed to get to "The Tub's" moorings.

She deftly hauled up the halyards while I pushed "The Tub's" nose off from shore. We made out of the inlet in three lucky tacks, and then she took the tiller and stood off in capital style from the shoals at the mouth of the creek, as I had taught her to do. We brought up to the quaint old landing with a graceful sweep, and I gave her a hand, to feel one last time the spring of her vigorous leap to the wharf.

The easel was set up and the umbrella arranged to give the correct light on the canvas; I stretched out on the beach, a few yards away.

"How is that?" I asked.

"That will do nicely. You can raise your head more if you want."

She was ready then, and I tried to get interested in Mr. Barrie, but it was no use. I tried to be cynical, to calculate how long it would be before I should have forgotten the maiden near me. I essayed some facetious lines, but they had such a dolorous ring that I had to confess to myself a total defeat.

At that a very little moisture—which could scarcely be attributed to the spray from the great waves dashing on the shore a rod off—insisted on gathering in my eyes. I endured the smarting secretion a while and then brushed it aside.

"Jenkins tells me," I remarked aloud, to cover up my little confusion over the incident, "that he's going to be married in the early spring, and that Miss Emily and he are going over the water for their honeymoon. I hope I'll see them in Europe."

Lucy was too much absorbed in her work to give me an answer.

"I suppose, though, you'll be famous by that time," I continued, in an attempt at playfulness, "and have a steam yacht instead of a 'Tub.' I've been making good resolutions that I won't be guilty of epistolary visitations upon you while I'm over there. But I know I'll break them unless you refuse to let me write."

I waited a moment for reassurance; when it did not come I felt a little hurt.

"How are you getting on, Miss Saxon?" I asked at length.

"Pretty well," said she, but something in her tone brought me instantly to my feet and to her side.

There was nothing on the canvas but a straggling blue daub!

"I don't feel like painting to-day, somehow," came through a half-defiant sob. And in my joy I was willing she should retreat with the honors of war.

"I think it's real mean of you!" she said, looking up at me with a smile that transformed the words into music. I would have kissed her if I had dared.

"You shall paint just as much as you please, Lucy," I assured her tremulously.

With a sudden motion she flung the brush in her hand far out to the crest of a curling wave and—I dared.

# WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD HUSBAND?

*A Consensus of Opinion*

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD  
MARY HALLOCK FOOTE  
"THE DUCHESS"  
AMELIA E. BARR

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD  
MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER  
"GRACE GREENWOOD"  
MARY J. HOLMES



IRLS when they approach the age of possible betrothal are often cautioned by their parents as to the qualities which certain young men of their acquaintance possess. They are told that this young man is "not reliable," the other "lacks judgment," a third has not "the essentials of a good husband in him." The girl asks in desperation, "What, then, are the masculine qualities most likely to insure married happiness to a wife?" And it is this question which the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL caused to be submitted to eight women of mind and broad thinking, with the results indicated below:

YOU ask me to tell you what, in my opinion, constitutes the most lasting quality in her husband by which a woman may find happiness in marriage. My first impulse is to reply in one Spencerian word: unknowable; saying flatly, the question is unanswerable, and I pray thee have me excused. For, indeed, the quality in one nature which secures happiness to another is, like most things in this world, temperamental. The quietness of soul which gives repose to one woman may bring *ennui* to another; and the high spirits which are attractive to this wife may arouse in that one cold distaste. Masculine courage appeals to Jane. Masculine gentleness wins Jennie.

In short, I cannot solve your problem unless you show me the woman who shall be given to this man.

But if you ask me for a paragraph of plain, womanly advice to girls to whom the solemn gates of married life are about to open, I shall not have far to seek for the one word which, above all others, I should choose to say to them.

A maiden is won for this cause or that; for many reasons, for any or for none. But a wife is held by definite and intelligible claims upon the love and the trust which she gave spontaneously and ignorantly. A girl does not know why she is in love. A wife knows perfectly why, and what she loves. Counting out all the exceptions of which we can only say, "How sad, and mad, and bad" they are, as a wholesome rule there is one kind of being whom a woman does not permanently love, and that is the unloving.

This one thing I write unto you love-bewildered girls: you can trust your happiness, other things being equal, to a tender man. By this I do not mean a man who makes a good lover. All men make good lovers while they are about it. The expressions of courtship go for little. A girl who gives herself to a man proved before marriage to be rough or cold, deserves the fate that will surely overtake her. How many roses does he bring? How many kisses does he give? These are not the questions. Are his vows ardent? Are his letters affectionate? These matter less than it would be possible to make you believe.

But what kind of a son is he to an aged or a lonely father? Is he patient with an unattractive, an ailing, even a nagging mother? Do you know how he treats his sister? Does he yield habitually to his temper "because he is born that way"? Is he cross, unkind, neglectful, expecting it to be forgiven and forgotten every time, that he may go and do likewise whenever he wants to?

Is he indifferent to sickness—the stupid, troublesome sickness of commonplace relatives? Is he unsympathetic with pain—not your own?

Does he too easily hurl out a hard word, and too seldom realize it, and less often apologize for it?

Then be careful. Then grow sober and think it over. Then inquire of your own soul and of his, and seek diligently and long into the sources and capacities of your love before you risk your life in the marriage bond.

A truly tender man is the tenderest being upon the earth. Habitual tenderness is the light of life, the glory of love, the assurance of peace and the foundation of home.

Marry the man who is permanently thoughtful, kind, unselfish, sympathetic, tender, true and gentle.

Marry the man who will prove the husband's deeds as tender as the lover's words, then do your own part and you will be a happy wife.

But see to it, yesterday, to-day and forever that you do not let him outdo you in the quality for which you love him most and longest.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

WHEN I asked our wise doctor at home what sort of a physician I should choose in the West (meaning to what school he should belong, since some schools are so much better represented than others in the West), he answered briefly, as if the question made him "tired": "First, get a man."

So I think we mothers might say to the girls, if it were at all supposable that any girl would ever ask the question of what are

the best masculine qualities conducive to a wife's happiness: "First, get a man." Manliness in the highest sense of the word is surely the natural, and therefore must be the lasting bond in marriage.

But I should not like to say this to a young woman whom I suspected of having a childish or barbarous taste in manhood. It is barely conceivable that some girls might think that a man can be measured by his inches, or his muscle, or his pluck in the rough-and-tumble encounter with the world; these things are well and they have their undeniable fascination, but our girls are going to demand more than this, or something that lies deeper than this, and it is a distinctive quality which attracts and rests a woman, and holds her all her life.

Our girls must demand it and keep demanding it, and our young men will then find out what it is and have it. It is power for one thing, and as we raise our woman's ideal of power our men will achieve it in themselves. The man that can keep himself in subjection to his soul can never lose the faith of his wife, and can never fail to make her happy.

Isn't this a dreadful little preach? But what do you expect us to say? Has it not all been said before, and better said, and do we not all know where?

And will not all our girls answer the question for themselves in the old haphazard way?

MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

"WHAT is the most lasting quality in a husband?" is a large question undoubtedly, so many wives will think differently on the subject.

For myself I should at once give precedence to good temper! There is nothing like it where home life is concerned. A bright, sunny disposition, a cheerful air, a capacity for meeting the daily frets and worries of this troublous life without an angry frown—all these help to clear the air and draw sunshine from the thunderstorm. And surely a genial laugh is the best music of all with which to march along the highroads of this world.

A woman too often thinks only of the outward charm of the man who attracts her. It lies in his mouth, perhaps, or in his eyes, or in the way he holds her hand. But eyes can darken and change with anger, the suave mouth of the lover can grow stern or sarcastic in the husband, the clasp of the hand may grow cold, but a good and honest heart will last to the end, and from what I see of life and my married friends I think the good-tempered man has usually a good heart and most of the virtues.

With good temper will come a large way of looking at things. All pettiness will sink out of view, and nagging, that frequent curse, will be unknown.

Sometimes it will happen that the wife,

THE myriad-minded woman of the present day requires a like diversity of masculine good qualities, and the husband that would suit one woman to perfection would be found wanting in many essential particulars by another. But yet there are certain radical rules which any girl may reasonably apply.

First, though a difference of temperament is often conducive to happiness, a difference of tastes and habits is always conducive to misery—that is, a blonde may marry a brunette and be happy; but a student who marries a woman of fashion, marries speedy disputing and mutual contempt. A man and his wife should like the same things, and have a mutual interest in the same subjects and pursuits. Pronounced varieties of race, especially when they include totally diverse habits of life, are always, sooner or later, productive of wretchedness. The same may be said of differences in religious faith, and of extreme inequalities of age—that is, a girl should marry a man of her own race, her own faith, and of an age suitable to her own—suitability demanding that the husband should be about ten years older than the wife. Equally important, perhaps more so, is the question of caste. A *mésalliance* is an infallible way for a woman to insure her own misery and degradation.

Suppose then a girl has a lover who is of her own faith, her own race, of suitable age, of like tastes and opinions, and socially not beneath her, what further requirements are necessary to a happy life together?

First—Choose a man of genuine piety—not so much a "sitter in pews" as one who has a natural religiosity; who loves truth, and mercy, and justice, and who would serve God, if the devil were dead, and there were not a church within a thousand miles. And yet remember that church-going keeps a man in communion with good and with God, and makes even the world his friends. A churchless man in a Christian city is at least an imprudent and, perhaps, an unsafe man.

Second—Choose an unselfish man. A girl had far better remain unmarried than tie herself to a creature who considers himself to be everybody, for when a man is everybody his wife is necessarily nobody.

Third—Choose an industrious man—one that has a motive in life, or he will make himself, and every one around him, miserable. If he is rich and has no business, then see that he has some innocent hobby, such as yachting or butterfly hunting. Prayers ought to be offered every day for the household of an idle man, for he is sure to make his wife and children as unhappy as he is himself.

Fourth—Do not choose a poor, struggling man. A man in this age has no right to talk of love in a cottage, and roses and honeysuckles to pay the rent. No man who really loves a woman will ask her to share with him the ugly wretchedness and limitations of poverty. If he is in earnest about getting a home and a wife he will work and save for that purpose; if he cannot manage this before marriage he will certainly not manage it after marriage. Marrying is easy, housekeeping is hard.

Fifth—Choose a patient and affectionate man, one who knows that he is only beginning to learn that marvelous creature, Woman, and who will, therefore, be tolerant with her little faults and shortcomings. In fact, here the duty is distinctly mutual. If young people would be perfectly happy they must not see each other's weak points too readily; they must remember that God has given both of them eyelids as well as eyes.

AMELIA E. BARR.

FROM a healthful standpoint of experience and observation the question as to what qualities in a husband are best calculated to insure the lasting happiness of a wife seems unnecessary, and if every feminine mind were well balanced, and every feminine standard high, it would scarcely need an answer. But every standard is not high, nor every mind well balanced. There are girls and girls, each one of whom expects to be a wife, and has her own opinion as to what will make her most happy. These opinions, however, change as time goes on, and in the close companionship of married life faults which seemed as nothing, when seen through the glamour of early life, grow to such magnitude that the wife awakes at last to find her idol so shattered that the pieces are scarcely worth picking up. I do not refer now to the grosser vices and habits to which some men are addicted, for it goes without saying that girls seldom knowingly give themselves to men of that stamp, but they sometimes sell themselves for money and position to men who have



unstrung by household annoyances—the servants, perhaps, or the little ailments of the younger branches—will be slightly irritable when her lord comes home—a state of things very frequently resented by the husband, unless his temper is sound. If Heaven has been good to him in that respect he will take no notice of her little gibe, but will enter into the grievance with her and tenderly sift it, and so restore peace with honor.

But, dear girls, I should like to say a word to you on this subject. The sweetest temper in the world can be ruined, and therefore I would have you take heed to your ways. If you have the luck to chance on a good-tempered man, and gain him for your husband, see that you prize the gift, and that you do not abuse it. Give him smile for smile, and bear with him as he is sure to bear with you. I have seen one or two cases where a fretful girl, relying too much upon the sweetness of her husband's temper, has ended at last by turning that sweetness into gall.

Therefore if God gives into your keeping a bright and kindly spirit, take care that you do it no injury; for the wife has much to do with the soul of her husband, be it for good or bad. The gift of a sweet temper is a divine one! If your husband happens to possess it, why then every morning of your life you may "down on your knees and thank Heaven fasting, for a good man's love."

THE DUCHESS.

not the most spotless reputations. Other girls marry for a home, or to avoid caring for themselves, or, like the girl of whom I once heard, to escape having the word "Miss" upon her tombstone. Marrying for love alone is said to have gone out of fashion. But I have faith enough in girls to believe there are still some who marry for better and higher motives, and to these I would like to say a word as to the kind of man I think most likely to make them happy.

Integrity of character, a right sense of honor, manliness and respect for what is pure and good are all adjuncts to the perfect happiness of married life. But most natures crave more than these, and what they crave is so easy to give that I wonder it is ever withheld. Said a woman of her husband who, when living, stood high with his fellow-men and surrounded her with every luxury: "I loved him most for his kind thoughtfulness and delicate attentions which made me feel that I was as dear to him after years of marriage as on the first day he called me his wife." And this, I think, is the secret of some women's happiness.

Every true, loyal woman likes to feel that she holds a place in her husband's heart from which nothing can dislodge her—that, however absorbed he may be in his business or his books, or however tired and harassed he may be on his return home at night, he never forgets her or neglects to pay her those little attentions and courtesies which she prizes so much, and which keep love fresh and young down to a ripe old age. Kindness, forbearance, thoughtfulness for one's comfort and feelings, with frequent assurances of affection, are, I think, the qualities which, other things being equal, insure the happiness which endures through sunshine and sorrow, and grows brighter and brighter as the years go on.

It is not enough for a man to make a woman his wife, and after a few weeks or months of attention ignore her with a feeling that because he has chosen her to bear his name she must be forever satisfied, with no further demonstration of his love. Women like demonstrations, and there is a world of good advice in the two lines of an old ballad I lately read:

"If your wife is dearer to you than life,  
Kiss her and tell her so."

A woman is always glad to know that she is her husband's queen, to whom he pays the homage and devotion, which, if she returns them, make the ideal marriage God had in mind when He said, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh."

MARY J. HOLMES.

EVERY young girl anticipates lasting happiness in her approaching marriage. But few young girls pause to think what there is in the lover, beyond the present fancy, to insure that happiness. Doubtless the mother looks with much more searching and dissatisfied eyes, and does not hesitate to demand the qualities she holds requisite, even if they are so many when enumerated that one has to ask what the young girl brings that deserves so much. In summing up these requisite qualities no wise mother judges from her own experience, since that is but a single instance; she judges from the observation of others, which allows her to generalize upon many instances. First of all, then, her observation makes her claim that the husband's character shall be grounded upon thoroughly good principles. With that she is sure her daughter will be tolerably safe; for the husband will then be honest, pure, temperate, courageous and kind. But even with what are called good principles the natural traits of a man may make a wife unhappy. Many a good man is a disagreeable man. He may be bigoted and illiberal, and turn the home into a prison-house; he may have plenty of physical and no moral courage, and so fail to keep her respect; he may be irritable through nervous excitability; he may be vainglorious, he may be tactless, he may be unreasonable, and he may have those radical differences of taste and opinion that tend to frequent clashing in domestic life. Thus even with good principles there may not be lasting happiness. But one thing is sure: there will be no lasting happiness without them. A man may be so brilliant that his wife is proud of him; but without uprighteousness he may in the end make her equally ashamed of him. With vanity he may arouse her disgust; even his exceeding charm in manner and person may only lead to heart-break; and out of his extremest virtue may be born a conceit and self-righteousness that can make him intolerable. It is fortunate, then, that it is not necessary for a wife's happiness that her husband should be a perfect man.

There is happiness for the wife in accommodating herself to her husband's variations from perfection; there is a joy in forbearance, in self-sacrifice, in the exertion that wins the word of praise, in achievement under difficulties, in creating pleasure for the beloved, even in showing that bricks can be made without straw. Neither wealth, nor station, nor talent is indispensable to the wife's happiness then.

But a groundwork of the cardinal virtues, elaborated into unselfishness, consideration and unflinching good nature, will not fail to produce it. For a wife must respect her husband in the beginning, and his consideration and sweet temper will keep her love forever alive and strong. Love, then, is the main thing after all, and it goes and comes without much regard as to its factors. "Have you any bread?" said the miser in the market. "Yes," was the reply, "bread as white as milk." Then said the miser: "They compare bread to milk; milk must then be the better of the two. We will have milk." And the seller said: "We have milk as fresh as the best butter." Said the miser: "Butter, then, is the better; have you butter?" And the seller replied: "Butter as sweet as the best oil." And the miser said: "Oil, then, is to be preferred; you have oil?" Said the seller: "Oil as pure as the clearest water." And the miser said: "We have water at home; let us go home and sup."

Something after the same manner the equation resolves into the fact that all that the virtues and charms and kindnesses do is to produce love, that love is best, and that love can be had without any of them. The woman who really loves her husband will so gild his faults with her tenderness that we are led to believe that absolutely the one thing necessary for lasting happiness in marriage is love. That is the essential quality.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THERE is no period in a mother's life that brings more anxious care than when she sees her daughters, who are blossoming into womanhood, beginning to attract the attention of young men, and it becomes evident to the mother, at least, that simple friendly relations are fast developing into something stronger and closer. A wise mother may not reveal her anxiety to her daughters, or tell them to what she sees this friendship tending. But, influenced by the loving companionship and counsels which have constantly blessed them from earliest childhood, the daughters cannot fail to have gathered some ideas of the peculiar characteristics which should be plainly developed in a lover. Even in the first days of womanhood a young girl cannot fail to understand that marriage with a man lacking certain qualities must be a miserable failure.

Our daughters surely know that morality, the strictest temperance, a steadfast adherence to, and correct appreciation of what is right, joined to true affection and gentleness, must be the unmistakable characteristics both of friend and lover, always ready to gratify the wishes of friends at all times, without regard to any sacrifice that may be necessary, if such wishes do not in the smallest degree encroach on principle or honor; earnest and active in the discharge of all duties, leaving none half-accomplished, even to oblige the wishes of the best beloved. Can any true woman love or respect a man in whom these traits are not fully developed?

But important as such qualities most certainly are, they are by no means all that our daughters should be satisfied with in a husband. We claim that the husband and wife are equal, and are bound to labor for one purpose, unitedly: the building of a true home, working together in spirit, but each accepting that part of those duties which the abilities that have been given them are best adapted to perform. But there is still something more that the lover must be able to offer before, as a husband, he can make a happy home.

True home courtesies should be given to friends and acquaintances, but love should be spontaneously manifested to the wife before and beyond all others. There need be no foolish sentimentality in this, but manly, open attention that is easily recognized as springing from the same spirit that enriched the days of their courtship. Does this seem a small thing? Ah, but it has great power to insure the happiest homes. It is not the fear that love has grown cold soon after marriage is consummated that so often fades the roses from the cheek, or dims the brightness in the young wife's eyes—not so much the lack of love as missing the free and sweet manifestation of it. In the simple, loving courtesies of every-day life after marriage there is an unlimited power that the maiden little dreamed of before marriage. How much true happiness a look, a word, a tone can give! How much sadness and discomfort there are experienced in the lack of them!

Such comparatively small things go far to make up the full sum absolutely necessary to true married happiness. Few understand how kind words, a smile, a simple caress can brighten and enrich a whole day for the wife, and make hard duties pleasant.

I grieve for a maiden who has not reason for full confidence that the tenderness and free expression of his love will not cease when the lover becomes the husband, but will grow sweeter and purer through their whole married life, for

"Love will die if it is not fed—  
And the true heart cries for its daily bread."

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

TO my mind the best, most hopeful requisite of a good husband is not so much a mental or moral quality as a habit of life and character, resulting from happy circumstances and conditions, as good birth, wise and loving parental training and the potent example of an honorable and harmonious home circle. In all my experience of life—and it has been tolerably long and varied—I can say positively I have never seen a bad husband evolved from a good son and brother. Whenever I see a young man lovable, helpful and cheerful in his father's house, respectful and tender toward his mother, affectionate and gallant toward his sisters, I say to myself confidentially and confidently: "There is a good husband, in sure process of evolution, and happy will that woman be who shall win to herself the gracious, perfected result, without impoverishing the old home life and love."

I hold that in these days of woman's profounder ethical and spiritual culture, of her broader opportunities and sympathies, there is in her most dear love less and less narrow jealousy and selfish exaction, more and more generosity and forbearance. I am convinced that at no period of the world and in no part of it have there been women better fitted to fulfill all the duties of wifehood and to enjoy all the blessed dignities of motherhood, than in our own time and country.

But though types of the poet's ideal of

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,"

are plentiful, are not the loyal subjects which it should be theirs "to warn, to comfort and command" getting to be lamentably scarce? I think so, and that in consequence of this unequal, lopsided, moral condition, American society (at least in its great centres) is deteriorating through that once solid and sacred family life, out of which have been and must be formed the traits and habits that go to make up not only the good citizen, but the ideal or model husband.

It is not alone the abandoning (sometimes compulsory) of the individual *domicilium* for the city flat, the hotel, or gregarious boarding-house, which is bringing about this national disdomestication. Some very happy and peaceful homes I have found existing under most unhome-like immediate surroundings. But these instances are very rare; in by far the larger number the home sentiment, the family unity and loyalty are being destructively wrought upon by outside elements and influences. These modern foes of the home life of our fathers are manifold, but it seems to me that the most insidious and formidable are just—clubs. Their name is legion, but they are such as sternly discriminate against our sex—discouragers of the home sentiment, and deterrents of marriage.

We try to counteract such home-disintegrating influences through our philanthropic, artistic and literary leagues—by courtesy called "clubs"—and as to their "local habitation," rather nomadic. We try through their means to train our daughters for the highest duties and gentlest amenities of life, to be good wives and efficient housekeepers, as well as students and thinkers; but who can claim that the great political, military, artistic or athletic clubs are good preparatory schools for the future home duties of their young members? Finding in these palaces of ease, comforts and luxuries without the drawbacks of care and responsibility, are they not likely to learn "therewith to be content"?

It is true that some club men become thoroughly domestic after marriage, but they are likely to "hanker after the flesh-pots of Egypt," and after a time, if they can afford the double life, go to dropping in on the old scenes of their selfish bachelor delights, till finally only the ragged edges of their evenings are bestowed on home, wife and children.

I must repeat that in a harmonious home-life, preceding marriage, are nurtured the first, best elements of a happy and lasting union. A young man in a household presided over by a noble mother and with loving sisters, all looking to him for manly protection and gallant attention—duties which, though sacred, require some self-sacrifice—is all unconsciously in training for a most honorable part in the drama of life—"Benedick, the married man." He is being daily taught in pleasant ways that respect for womanhood which is the soul of chivalry, the unerring test of a gentleman, and without which no good, loyal husband ever lived or ever can live.

I think it cannot be denied that such large families as we used to know—brothers and sisters united in their tastes and pursuits, and to a great degree in their pleasures—are getting scarce and out of fashion in our country. But in the mother-country, so much older than we, yet not half so *blasé* as we are in this year of our Lord, such large and united families are still plentiful and fashionable. The royal house of England sets the example of loyal and loving family union. If the Anglomania, which has set in upon us, should take the form of old English family life, cheery and fond, it were not to be deplored; or if, with the present sentimental furore for the fashions of our own Colonial

era in architecture, costumes, plate, music and literature, could come again something of its manners, stately, yet simple, dignified, yet deferential, especially toward women, it would to some of us be a Renaissance more welcome than pillared porches or dormer windows, more ornamental than Chippendale table-legs or blue china teapots.

It has been my good fortune to know most intimately in England two of those old-fashioned, large families, in which existed in perfection all the elements of as happy home life as Goldsmith or Dickens ever painted—brothers and sisters united in close sympathy—and all loyally devoted to devoted parents. That home life was in the heart of London, surged about by tides of business and pleasure and national excitements, yet had an enchanted quiet of its own, and pure enjoyments in which the world intermeddled not. Accomplished in music and drawing-room amusements, with tastes in common, and with that quick sense of humor which is the happiest solvent of dullness and care, these two households never lacked entertainment. When they did go out to seek society, broader, but not better than theirs at home, they went together whenever possible—never separated at the opera or play, concerts, lectures or art exhibitions. To be sure, the boys played cricket, and the girls didn't, but they could look on, and lawn tennis brought them together again. Some of those brothers and sisters are now married; the boys are making good husbands, as they were bound to do, and the girls good, almost too good, wives.

When, after years of absence, I returned to America, with the manners of those young English people fresh in my memory, I must confess I was not a little taken aback by the contrast I found in the ways, speech and demeanor of some of my young country men and women—the former especially. To enter a room in which were young gentlemen acquaintances sitting or lounging, and not have them rise, had become a strange experience for me. I have since become so used to such a lack of courtesy, or good breeding, that should I now see a young American gentleman spring to his feet, with British or Gallic politeness, on my entering his mother's drawing-room, I should be startled, and half believe he had inadvertently just "sat down on the cat," *vide* Joshua Whitcomb.

When I enlarge rather maliciously, perhaps, on the gracious manners of young men reared under the effete monarchies of Europe, to our free and easy republican youth, they are apt to say: "Oh, but don't you know all that bowing and smirking politeness of those foreign fellows is only manner? There is no heart in it." As I have no particular use for the hearts of young gentlemen nowadays, I think I ought to have the comfort of a little politeness, in Washington as well as in London, in New York as well as in Paris. The unfortunate French have no such word as "home," but they have the thing, and courtesy is a home product there as here, and sons are deferential toward their parents, and gallant, if not exactly affectionate, toward their sisters, who quite adore them.

Certain national differences were impressed upon me rather painfully at a certain *matinée* soon after my return from England. In stalls near us sat a lady, handsome and elegant, chaperoning two young girls, evidently her daughter and a school-friend, both remarkably pretty and charmingly dressed. Just before the curtain rose one exclaimed: "Look, Jennie, there are our brothers!" then added in an injured tone, "Why, mamma, I invited Tom to escort us here, and he said he had an engagement." Said the other pretty girl: "And my brother said the same! How mean—only an engagement with each other!"

The young gentlemen indicated by the wistful smiles and beckoning of their sisters, and their own careless nods, looked like college boys, a little fast and a good deal tired in expression. They drifted about the theatre between the acts, calling on their young lady friends, none of them so attractive to other eyes as their sisters, whom they coolly neglected all the afternoon.

Those two are specimens of a class of our "gilded youth," who are scarcely likely to do honor to married life, or to make the happiness of wife and daughters, however unexacting. Beware of such.

Yet, in the reverence of a young man for a brilliant mother, and in his love for beautiful sisters there may be a considerable mixture of family pride, of egoistic complacency, a sort of extension of selfhood. The ideal mate and lifelong lover of a true woman should be, in a way, the lover of all women, even old women, and poor and plain and uncultured women, so they be good and true. He should be the strong helper of the weak, the faithful champion of the wronged.

I have known a choice few of such manly spirits—God's own nobles. From a half score of the more illustrious ones I will single out two especially noble, as men living and dying in spiritual completeness, though with hearts unsatisfied—Charles Lamb and our own John G. Whittier.

GRACE GREENWOOD.



"They did not look up, but remained motionless and patiently expectant"

## THE HERESY OF ABNER CALIHAN

By Will N. Harben

[With Illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens]



**N**EIL FILMORE'S store was at the crossing of the Big Cabin and Rock Valley roads. Before the advent of Sherman into the South it had been a grist-mill, to which the hardy mountaineers had regularly brought their grain to be ground, in wagons, on horseback or on their shoulders, according to their conditions. But the Northern soldiers had appropriated the miller's little stock of toll, had torn down the long wooden sluice which had conveyed the water from the race to the mill, had burnt the great wheel and crude wooden machinery, and rolled the massive grinding-stones into the deepest part of the creek.

After the war nobody saw any need for a mill at that point, and Neil Filmore had bought the property from its impoverished owner and turned the building into a store. It proved to be a fair location, for there was considerable travel along the two main roads, and as Filmore was postmaster his store became the general meeting point for everybody living within ten miles of the spot. He kept for sale, as he expressed it, "a little of everything from shoe-eyes to a sack of guano." Indeed, a sight of his rough shelves and unplanned counters filled with cakes of tallow, beeswax and butter, bolts of calico, sheeting and gingham, and the floor and porch heaped with piles of skins, cases of eggs, coops of chickens and cans of lard was enough to make an orderly housewife shudder with horror.

But Mrs. Filmore had grown accustomed to this state of affairs in the front part of the house, for she confined her domestic business, and whatever neatness and order were possible, to the room in the rear, where, as she often phrased it, she did the "eatin' an' cookin', an' never interfere with pap's part except to lend 'im my cheers when thar is more'n common waitin' fur the mail-carrier." And her chairs were often in demand, for Filmore was a deacon in Big Cabin Church, which stood at the foot of the green-clad mountain a mile down the road, and it was at the store that his brother deacons frequently met to transact church business.

One summer afternoon they held an important meeting. Abner Calihan, a member of the church and a good, industrious citizen, was to be tried for heresy.

"It has worried me more'n anything that has happened sence them two Dutchmen over at Cove Spring swapped wives an' couldn't be convinced of the'r error," said long, lean Bill Odell, after he had come in and borrowed a candle-box to feed his mule in, and had given the animal eight ears of corn from the pockets of his long-tailed coat, and left the mule haltered at a hitching-post in front of the store.

"Ur sence the widder Dill swore she was gwine to sue Hank Dobb's wife fur witchcraft," replied Filmore, in a hospitable tone. "Take a cheer; it must be as hot as a bake-oven out thar in the sun."

Bill Odell took off his coat and folded it carefully and laid it across the beam of the scales, and unbuttoned his vest and sat down, and proceeded to mop his perspiring face with a red bandanna. Toot Bailey came in next, a quiet little man of about fifty with a dark face, straggling gray hairs and small, penetrating eyes. His blue jeans trousers were carelessly stuck into the tops of his clay-stained boots, and he wore a sack coat, a "hickory" shirt and a leather belt. Mrs. Filmore put her red head and broad, freckled face out of the door of her

apartment to see who had arrived, and the next moment came out dusting a "split-bottomed" chair with her apron.

"How are ye, Toot?" was her greeting as she placed the chair for him between a jar of fresh honey and a barrel of sorghum molasses. "How is the sore eyes over yore way?"

"Toler'ble," he answered, as he leaned back against the counter and fanned himself with his slouch hat. "Mine is about thoo it, but the Tye childern is a sight. Pizen-oak hain't a circumstance."

"What did ye use?"

"Copperas an' sweet milk. It is the best thing I've struck. I don't want any o' that peppery eye-wash 'bout my place. It'd take the hide off'n a mule's hindleg."

"Now, yore a-talkin'," and Bill Odell went to the water-bucket on the end of the counter. He threw his tobacco quid away, noisily washed 'out his mouth and then took a long drink from the gourd dipper. Then Bart Callaway and Amos Sanders, who had arrived a half an hour before and had walked down to take a look at Filmore's fish-pond, came in together. Both were whittling sticks and looking cool and comfortable.

"We are all heer," said Odell, and he added his hat to his coat and the pile of weights on the scale-beam, and put his right foot on the rung of his chair. "I reckon we mought as well proceed."

At these words the men who had arrived last carefully stowed their hats away under their chairs and leaned forward expectantly. Mrs. Filmore glided noiselessly to a corner behind the counter, and with folded arms stood ready to hear all that was said.

"Did anybody inform Ab of the object of this meeting?" asked Odell.

They all looked at Filmore and he transferred their glances to his wife. She flushed under their scrutiny and awkwardly twisted her fat arms together.

"Sister Calihan wuz in heer this mornin'," she deposed in an uneven tone. "I 'lowed somebody amongst 'em ort to know what you-uns wuz up to, so I told 'er."

"What did she have to say?" asked Odell, bending over the scales to spit at a crack in the floor, but not removing his eyes from the witness.

"Law, I hardly know what she didn't

say. I never seed a woman take on so. Ef the last bit o' kin she had on earth wuz suddenly wiped from creation, she couldn't a-tuk it more to heart. Sally wuz with 'er an' went on wuss than her mammy."

"What ailed Sally?"

Mrs. Filmore smiled irrepressibly. "I reckon you ort to know, Brother Odell," she said, under the hand she had raised to hide her smile. "Do you reckon she hain't heerd o' yore declaration that Eph cayn't marry in no heretic family while yore above ground? It wuz goin' the round at singin'-school two weeks ago, and thar hain't been a think talked sence."

"I hain't got a ioty to retract," replied Odell, looking down into the upturned faces for approval. "I'd as soon see a son o' mine in his box. Misfortune an' plague is boun' to foller them that winks at infidelity in any disguise ur gyarb."

"Oh, shucks, don't fetch the young folks into it, Brother Odell," gently protested Bart Callaway. "Them two has been a-settin' up to each other ever sence they wuz knee-high to a duck. They hain't responsible fur the doin's o' the old folks."

"I hain't got nothin' to take back an' Eph knows it," said the tall deacon, and his face flushed angrily. "Ef the membership sees fit to excommunicate Ab Calihan, none o' his stock 'll ever come into my family. But this is dilly-dallyin' over nothin'. You fellers 'll set thar cocked up, an' chaw an' spit, an' look knowin' an' let the day pass 'thout doin' a single thing. Ab Calihan is either fitten or unfitten, one ur t'other. Brother Filmore, you've seed 'im the most, now what's he let fall that's un-doctrinal?"

Filmore got up and laid his clay pipe on the counter and kicked back his chair with his foot.

"The fust indications I noticed," he began, in a raised voice as if he were speaking to some one outside, "wuz the day Liz Wambush died. Bud Thorn come in while I wuz weighing up a side o' bacon fur Ab, an' 'lowed that Liz couldn't live through the night. I axed 'im ef she had made her peace, and he 'lowed she had entirely, that she wuz jest a-lyin' thar shoutin' ever' breath she drewed, an' that they all wuz glad to see her reconciled, fur you know she wuz a hard case spiritually. Well, it wuz right back thar at the fireplace while Ab wuz warmin' hisse'f to start home that he 'lowed that he hadn't a word to say agin Liz's marvelous faith, nur her sudden spirital spurt, but that, in his opinion, the doctrine o' salvation through faith without actual deeds of the flesh to give it back-bone wuz all shucks an' a dangerous doctrine to teach to a risin' generation. Them wuz his words as well as I can remember, an' he cited a good many cases to demonstrate that the members o' Big Cabin wuzn't any more ready to help a

Filmore turned his back to his scowling wife, and taking an egg from a basket on the counter he looked at it closely.

"Lots that he ortn't to, I reckon," he said evasively.

"Well, what wuz some of it? I hain't a-keerin' what he says about me."

"He 'lowed, fur one thing, that yore strict adherence to doctrine had hardened you some, wharas religious conviction, ef thar wuz any divine intention in it, ort, in reason, to have a contrary effect. He 'lowed you wuz money-lovin', an' uncharitable, an' unforgivin', an' a heap o' times un-Christian in yore persecution o' the weak an' helpless—them that has no food an' raiment—when yore crib an' smoke-house is always full. Ab is a good talker, an'—"

"It's the devil in 'im a-talkin'," interrupted Odell angrily, "an' it's plain enough that he ort to be churched. Brother Sanders, you intimated that you'd have a word to say; let us have it."

Sanders, a heavy-set man, bald-headed and red-bearded, rose. He took a prodigious quid of tobacco from his mouth and dropped it on the floor at the side of his chair. His remarks were crisp and to the point.

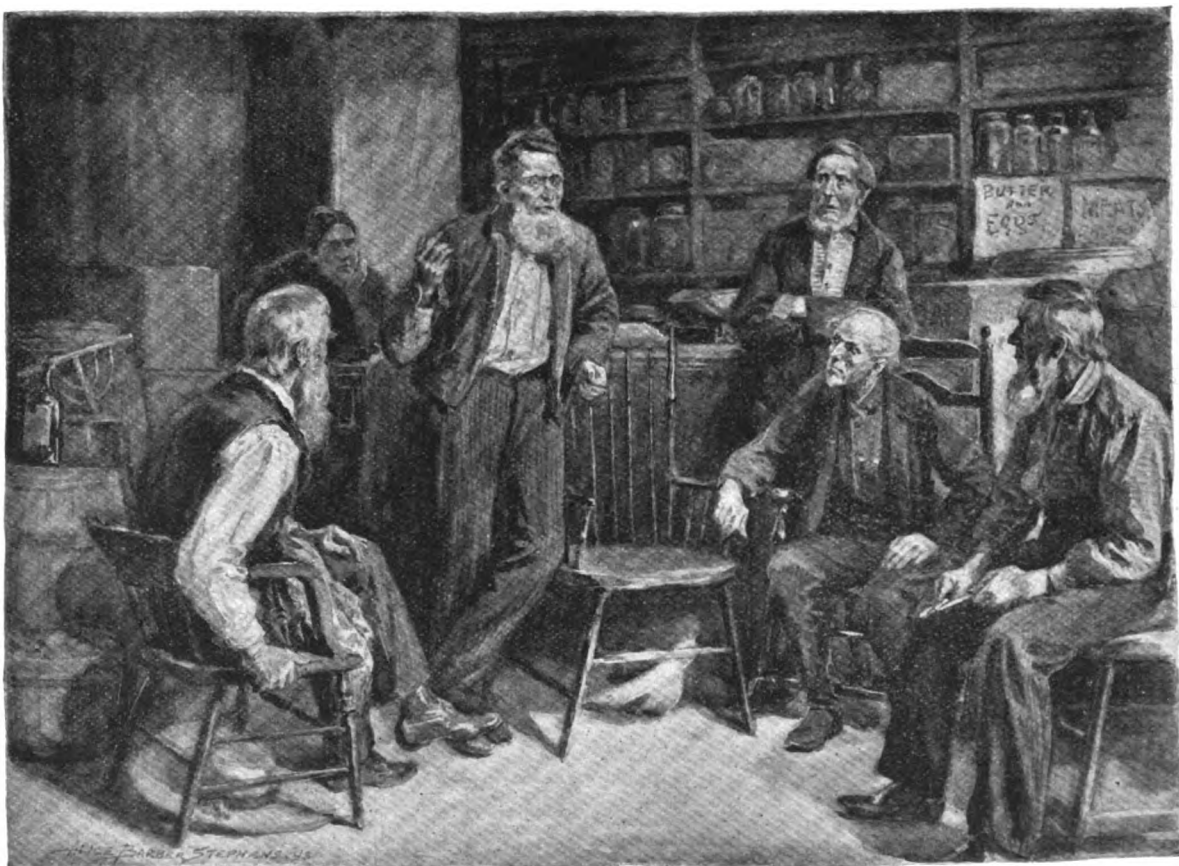
"My opinion is that Ab Calihan hain't a bit more right in our church than Bob Inglesel. He's got plumb crooked."

"What have you heerd 'im say? That's what we want to git at," said Odell, his leathery face brightening.

"More'n I keerd to listen at. He has been readin' stuff he ortn't to. He give up takin' the 'Advocate,' an' wouldn't go in Mary Bank's club when they've been takin' it in his family fur the last five year, an' has been subscribin' fur the 'True Light' sence Christmas. The last time I met 'im at Big Cabin, I think it wuz the second Sunday, he couldn't talk o' nothin' else but what this great man an' t'other had writ somewhar up in Yankeedom, an' that ef we all keep along in our little rut we'll soon be the laughin' stock of all the rest of the enlightened world. Ab is a slippery sort of a feller an' it's mighty hard to ketch 'im, but I nailed 'im on one vital p'int." Sanders paused for a moment, stroked his beard and then continued:

"He got excited sorter an' 'lowed that he had come to the conclusion that hell warn't no literal, burnin' one nohow, that he had too high a regyard fur the Almighty to believe that He would amuse Hisse'f roastin' an' feedin' melted lead to His creatures jest to see 'em squirm."

"He disputes the Bible," said Odell conclusively, looking first into one face and then another. "He sets his puny self up agin the Almighty. The Book that has softened the pillers o' thousands; the Word that has been the consolation o' millions an' quintillions o' mortals of sense an judgment in all ages an' countries is a



"I hain't got nothin' to take back an' Eph knows it"

needy neighbor than a equal number outside the church. He wuz mad kase last summer when his wheat wuz spilin' ever'body that come to he'p wuz uv some other denomination, an' the whole lot o' Big Cabin folks made some excuse ur other. He 'lowed that you—"

Filmore hesitated and the tall man opposite him changed countenance.

"Neil, hain't you got a bit o' sence?" put in Mrs. Filmore sharply.

"What did he say agin me—the scamp?" asked Odell, firing up.

pack o' lies from beginnin' to end. I don't see a bit o' use goin' furder with this investigation."

Just then Mrs. Filmore stepped out from her corner.

"I hain't been axed to put in," she said warmly; "but ef I wuz you-uns I'd go slow with Abner Calihan. He's nobody's fool. He's too good a citizen to be hauled an' drug about like a dog with a rope round his neck. He fit on the right side in the war, an' to my certain knowledge has done more todes keepin' peace an' har-

mony in this community than any other three men in it. He has set up with the sick an' toted medicine to 'em, an' fed the pore an' housed the homeless. Here only last week he got hisse'f stung all over the face an' neck helpin' that lazy Joe Sebastian hive his bees, an' Joe an' his triflin' gang didn't git a scratch. You may see the day you'll regret it ef you run dry shod over that man."

"We simply intend to do our duty, Sister Filmore," said Odell, slightly taken aback, "but you kin see that church rules must be obeyed. I move we go up thar in a body an' lay the case squar before 'im. Ef he is willin' to take back his wild assertions an' go 'long quietly without tryin' to play smash with the religious order of the community, he may remain in good standin'. What do you-uns say?"

"It's all we kin do now," said Sanders, and they all rose and reached for their hats. "You'd better stay an' look atter the store," Filmore called back to his wife from the outside; "somebody mought happen along." With a disappointed nod of her head she acquiesced, and came out on the little porch and looked after them as they trudged along the hot road toward Abner Calihan's farm. When they were out of sight she turned back into the store. "Well," she muttered, "Abner Calihan may put up with that triflin' lay-out a-interfeerin' with 'im when he is busy a savin' his hay, but ef he don't set his dogs on 'em he is a better Christian 'an I think he is, an' he's a good un. They are a purty-lookin' set to be a-dictatin' to him."

A little wagon way, which was not used enough to kill the stubby grass that grew on it, ran from the main road out to Calihan's house. The woods through which the little road had been cut were so thick, and the foliage so dense, that the overlapping branches often hid the sky. Calihan's house was a four-roomed log building which had been weather-boarded on the outside with upright, unpainted planks. On the right side of the house was an orchard, and beneath some apple trees near the door stood an old-fashioned cider-press, a pile of acid-stained rocks, which had been used as weights, and numerous tubs, barrels, jugs and jars, and piles of sour-smelling refuse, over which buzzed a dense swarm of honey-bees, wasps and yellow-jackets. On the other side of the house in a chip-strewn yard stood cords upon cords of wood, and several piles of rich pine-knots and charred pine logs which the industrious farmer had, on rainy days, hauled down from the mountains for kindling wood. Behind the house was a great log barn and a stable yard, and beyond them lay the cornfields and the lush green meadow where a sinuous line of willows and slender cane-brakes marked the course of a little creek.

The approach of the five visitors was announced to Mrs. Calihan and her daughter by a yelping rush toward the gate of half a dozen dogs which had been napping and snapping at flies on the porch. Mrs. Calihan ran out into the yard and vociferously called the dogs off, and hospitably invited the men into the little sitting-room. Those of them who cared to inspect their surroundings saw a rag carpet, walls of bare, hewn logs, the cracks of which had been filled with yellow mud, a little table in the centre of the room and a cottage organ against the wall near the small window. On the mantel stood a new clock and a glass lamp, the globe of which held a piece of red flannel and some oil. The flannel was to give the lamp color. Indeed, lamps with flannel in them were very much in vogue in that part of the country.

"Me an' Sally wuz a-lookin' fur ye," said Mrs. Calihan as she gave them seats and went around and took their hats from their knees and laid them on a bed in the next room. "I don't know what to make of Mr. Calihan," she continued plaintively. "He never wuz this way before. When we wuz married he could offer up the best prayer of any young man in the settlement. The Mt. Zion meetin'-house couldn't hold protracted meetin' without 'im. He fed more preachers an' hosses than anybody else, an' some 'lowed that he wuz jest too natcherly good to pass away like common folks, an' that when his time come he'd jest disappear body an' all." She was now wiping her eyes on her apron, and her voice had the suggestion of withheld emotions. "I never calculated on him bringin' sech disgrace as this on his family."

"What is he now?" asked Odell preliminarily. "Down thar stackin' hay. Sally begun on 'im agin at dinner about yore orders to Eph, an' he went away 'thout finishin' his dinner. She's been a-cryin' an' a-poutin' an' takin' on fur a week an' won't tech a bite to eat. I never seed a gal so bound up in anybody as she is in Eph. It has mighty nigh driv her pa distracted kase he likes Eph, an' Sally's his pet." Mrs. Calihan turned her head toward the adjoining room: "Sally, oh, Sally, are ye listenin'? Come hear a minute!"

There was silence for a moment, then a sound of heavy shoes on the floor of the next room, and a tall, rather good-looking girl entered. Her eyes and cheeks were red and she hung her head awkwardly, and did not look at any one but her mother.

"Did you call me, ma?"

"Yes, honey; run an' tell yore pa they are all heer, an' fur him to hurry right on to the house an' not keep 'em a-waitin'."

"Yes-sum!" And without any covering for her head the visitors saw her dart across the back yard toward the meadow.

With his pitch-fork on his shoulder a few minutes later Abner Calihan came up to the back door of his house. He wore no coat, and but one frayed suspender supported his patched and baggy trousers. His broad, hairy breast showed through the opening in his shirt. His tanned cheeks and neck were corrugated, his hair and beard were long and reddish brown. His brow was high and broad, and a pair of blue eyes shone serenely beneath his shaggy brows.

"Good-evenin'," he said, leaning his pitch-fork against the door-jamb outside and entering. Without removing his hat he went around and gave a damp hand to each visitor. "It is hard work savin' hay sech weather as this."

No one replied to this remark, though they all nodded and looked as if they wanted to give utterance to something struggling within them. Calihan swung a chair over near the door, and sat down and leaned back against the wall, and looked out at the chickens in the yard and the gorgeous peacock strutting about in the sun. No one seemed quite ready to speak, so, to cover his embarrassment, he looked further over in the yard to his potato bank and pig-pens, and then up into the clear sky for indications of rain.

"I reckon you know our business, Brother Calihan," began Odell in a voice that broke the silence harshly.

"I reckon I could make a guess," and Calihan spit over his left shoulder into the yard. "I hain't heerd nothin' else fur a week. From the talk, a body ud 'low I'd stole somebody's haws."

"We jest had to take action," replied the self-constituted speaker for the others. "The opinions you have expressed," and Odell at once began to warm up to his task, "are so un-doctrinal, an' so p'int blank agin the articles of faith, that, believin' as you seem to believe, you are plumb out o' place in Big Cabin Church an' a resky man in any God-feerin' community. God Almighty"—and those who saw Odell's twitching upper lip and indignantly flashing eye knew that the noted "exhorter" was about to become mercilessly personal and vindictive—"God Almighty is the present ruler of the entire universe, but sence you have set up to run agin Him it looks like you'd need a wider scope of territory to transact business in than jest heer in this settlement."

The blood had left Calihan's face. His eyes swept from one stern, unrelenting countenance to another till they rested on his wife and daughter who sat side by side, their faces in their aprons, their shoulders quivering with soundless sobs. They had forsaken him. He was an alien in his own house, a criminal convicted beneath his own roof. His rugged breast rose and fell tumultuously as he strove to command his voice.

"I hain't meant no harm—not a speck," he faltered, as he wiped the perspiration from his quivering chin. "I hain't no hand to stir up strife in a community. I've tried to be law-abidin' an' honest, but it don't seem like a man kin he'p thinkin'." He—

"But he kin keep his thoughts to hisse'f," interrupted Odell sharply, and a pause came after his words.

In a jerky fashion Calihan spit over his shoulder again. He looked at his wife and daughter for an instant and nodded several times as if acknowledging the force of Odell's words. Bart Callaway took out his tobacco quid and nervously shuffled it about in his palm as if he had half made up his mind that Odell ought not to do all the talking, but he remained mute, for Mrs. Calihan had suddenly looked up.

"That's what I told him," she whimpered, bestowing a tearful glance on her husband. "He mought a-kep' his ideas to hisse'f ef he had to have 'em, and not a-fetched calumny an' disgrace down on me an' Sally. When he used to set thar atter supper an' pore over the 'True Light' when ever'body else wuz in bed, I knowed it ud bring trouble, kase some o' the doctrine wuz scand'lous. The next thing I knowed he had lost intrust in prayer meetin', an' 'lowed that Brother Washburn's sermons wuz the same thing over an' over, an' that they mighty nigh put him to sleep. An' then he give up axin' the blessin' at the table—somethin' that has been done in my fam'ly as fur back as the oldest one kin remember. An' he talked his views, too, fur it got out, an' me nur Sally narry one never cheeped it, fur we wuz ashamed. An' then ever' respectable woman in Big Cabin meetin'-house begun to stuf away from us as ef they wuz afeerd o' takin' some dreadful disease. It wuz hard enough on Sally at the start, but when Eph up an' tol' her that you had give him a good tongue-lashin', an' had refused to deed him the land you promised him ef he went any further with her, it mighty nigh prostrated her. She hain't done a thing lately but look out at the road an' pine an' worry. The blame is all on her father. My folks

has all been good church members as fur back as kin be traced, an' narry one wuz ever turned out."

Mrs. Calihan broke down and wept. Calihan was deeply touched; he could not bear to see a woman cry. He cleared his throat and tried to look unconcerned.

"What step do you-uns feel called on to take next—to what you are a-doin' of now?" he stammered.

"We 'lowed ef we couldn't come to some sort o' understandin' with you now we'd fetch up the case before preachin' tomorrow an' let the membership vote on it. It would go agin you, Ab, fur thar hain't a soul in sympathy with you."

The sobbing of the two women broke out with renewed volume at the mention of this dreadful ultimatum, which, despite their familiarity with the rigor of Big Cabin Church discipline, they had, up to this moment, regarded as a far-off contingent rather than a certainty.

Calihan's face grew paler. Whatever struggle might have been going on in his mind was over. He was conquered.

"I am agin bringin' reproach on my wife an' child," he conceded, a lump in his throat and a tear in his eye. "You all know best. I reckon I have been too forward an' too eager to heer myself talk." He got up and looked out toward the towering cliffy mountains and into the blue indefiniteness above them, and without looking at the others, he finished awkwardly: "Ef it's jest the same to you-uns you may let the charge drap, an'—an' in future I'll give no further cause fur complaint."

"That's the talk!" said Odell warmly, and he got up and gave his hand to Calihan. The others followed his example.

"I'll make a little speech before preachin' in the mornin'," confided Odell to Calihan after congratulations were over. "You needn't be thar unless you want to. I'll fix it up all right."

Calihan smiled faintly and looked shamefacedly toward the meadow, and reached outside and took hold of the handle of his pitch-fork.

"I want to git through that haystack 'fore dark," he said awkwardly. "Ef you-uns will be so kind as to excuse me now I'll run down and finish up. I'd sorter set myself a task to do an' I don't like to fall short of my mark."

Down in the meadow Calihan worked like a tireless machine, not pausing for a moment to rest his tense muscles. He was trying to make up for the time he had lost with his guests. Higher and smaller grew the great haystack as it slowly tapered toward its apex. The red sun sank behind the mountain and began to draw in its long streamers of light. The gray of dusk, as if fleeing from its darker self, the monster night, crept up from the east, and with a thousand arms extended moved on after the receding light.

Calihan worked on till the crickets began to shrill and the frogs in the marshes to croak, and the hay beneath his feet felt damp with dew. The stack was finished. He leaned on his fork and inspected his work mechanically. It was a perfect cone. Every outside straw and blade of grass lay smoothly downward, like the hair on a well-groomed horse. Then with his fork on his shoulder, he trudged slowly up the narrow field-road toward the house. He was vaguely grateful for the darkness; a strange, new, childish embarrassment was on him. For the first time in his life he was averse to meeting his wife and child.

"I've been spanked an' told to behave ur it ud go wuss with me," he muttered. "I never wuz talked to that way before by nobody, but I jest had to take it. Sally an' her mother never would a-heard the last of it ef I had let out jest once. No man, I reckon, has a moral right to act so as to make his family miserable. I crawfished, I know, an' on short notice, but, law me, I wouldn't have Bill Odell's heart in me fur ever' acre o' bottom-land in this valley. I wouldn't a-talked to a houn' dog as he did to me right before Sally an' her mother."

He was very weary when he leaned his fork against the house and turned to wash his face and hands in the tin basin on the bench at the side of the steps. Mrs. Calihan came to the door, her face beaming.

"I wuz afeerd you never would come," she said in a sweet, winning tone. "I got yore beans warmed over an' some o' yore brag yam taters cooked. Come on in 'fore the coffee an' biscuits git cold."

"I'll be thar in a minute," he said, and he rolled up his sleeves and plughed his hot hands and face into the cold spring water.

"Here's a clean towel, pa; somebody has broke the roller." It was Sally. She had put on her best white muslin gown and braided her rich, heavy hair into two long plaits which hung down her back. There was no trace of the former redness about her eyes, and her face was bright and full of happiness. He wiped his hands and face on the towel she held, and took a piece of a comb from his vest pocket and hurriedly raked his coarse hair backward. He looked at her tenderly and smiled in an abashed sort of way.

"Anybody comin' to-night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Eph Odell, I'll bet my hat!"

The girl nodded and blushed and hung her head.

"How do you know?"

"Mr. Odell 'lowed I mought look fur him."

Abner Calihan laughed slowly and put his arm around his daughter, and together they went toward the steps of the kitchen door.

"You seed yore old daddy whipped clean out to-day," he said tentatively. "I reckon yore ashamed to see him sech a coward an' have him sneak away like a dog with his tail tucked 'tween his legs. Bill Odell is a power in this community."

She laughed with him, but she did not understand his banter, and preceded him into the kitchen. It was lighted by a large tallow-dip in the centre of the table. There was much on the white cloth to tempt a hungry laborer's appetite—a great dish of greasy string-beans with pieces of bacon, a plate of smoking biscuits and a platter of fried ham in brown gravy. But he was not hungry. Silently and clumsily he drew up his chair and sat down opposite his wife and daughter. He slid his thumb under the edge of his inverted plate and turned it half over, but noticing that they had their hands in their laps and had reverently bowed their heads, he cautiously replaced it. In a flash he comprehended what was expected of him. The color surged into his homely face. He played with his knife for a moment and then stared at them stubbornly, almost defiantly. They did not look up, but remained motionless and patiently expectant. The dread of the protracted silence, for which he was becoming more and more responsible, conquered him. He lowered his head and spoke in a low, halting tone:

"Good Lord, Father of us all, have mercy on our sins, and make us thankful fur these, Thy many blessings. Amen."

#### THE CHINESE LAUNDRY TICKET

BY JOHN HUBERT GRENSSEL



ROBABLY not one person in a thousand understands the true interpretation of the Chinese laundry ticket.

The Celestials have a system of their own. It is based on the many gods and goddesses of the laundry. Although the system is a very complicated one seldom does a Chinese laundryman deliver a package of washing to the wrong person. Furthermore, if the ticket is lost the chances are that you will not get your linen, unless you be a particular friend of the proprietor. Instances are on record where an American has gone to court to force the Chinese to yield up the washing, but the judge was not convinced that the case of the white man was a good one.



THIS SAYS "HEAVEN, NO. 17, WAH LEE"

The Chinese laundryman at the beginning of each week makes out a batch of checks, in duplicate, to be used as wash tickets. He selects the name of some god or goddess, or of some object, as the sun, the moon or the stars. To this name he prefixes a number, as "Moon, No. 1," "Moon, No. 2," and so on. In the space between the two legends—for the signs are repeated twice—he has his own name, as, for instance, "Wah Lee."

When a customer takes a bundle of washing to the laundry the Chinese, first tearing a ticket in two in a ragged fashion, puts one-half on the packet for reference, the other half he gives as a receipt to the person who has brought the package of laundry. It must be presented when the laundry is demanded, and no fears need be entertained that the package of clean clothes will not be forthcoming, for the Chinese are scrupulously exact in these matters, and seldom or never make mistakes.

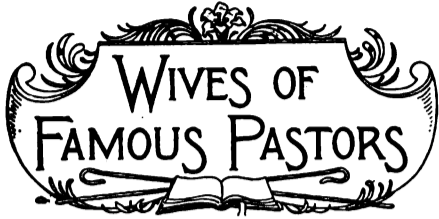
The Chinese check herewith given is a correct representation of a laundry ticket or check. Such checks are in use in all laundries managed by the Chinese. The three hieroglyphics on the left say, "Heaven, No. 17," the three on the right say the same. In the middle is the name of the proprietor of the shop, "Wah Lee."



IN JOINING CONTRASTS

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

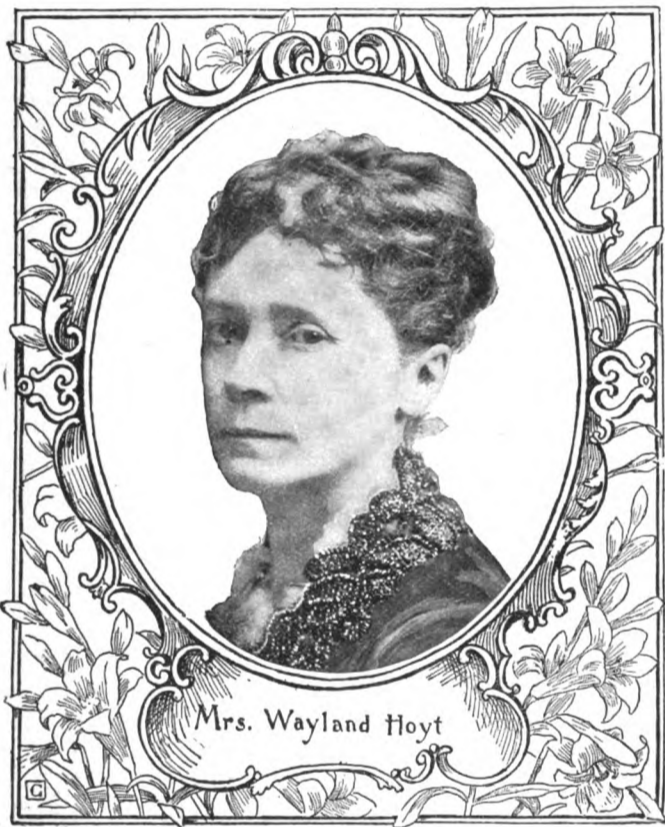
"THE man I love must, first of all, be brave."
"The woman I could love must tender be."
His heart he to a smooth virago gave—
She yielded when a braggart bent the knee!



\*IV—MRS. WAYLAND HOYT

BY MRS. I. J. EYARS

As the wife of a man so prominent in his denomination as Dr. Wayland Hoyt, Mrs. Hoyt has found the amplest opportunity for the development of all those gifts and qualities which were hers by right of inheritance and original possession.



Mrs. Wayland Hoyt

daughter of one of Salem's most prominent citizens and a distinguished officer of the war of 1812. Mr. Mansfield for a long time held the position of United States Consul at Zanzibar. By his marriage with Miss Shepard he had four children, one son and three daughters, the second of whom, Maud, is the subject of this sketch.

For three years Dr. and Mrs. Hoyt remained in Cincinnati, receiving from all their parishioners, as from all with whom they were thrown in contact, the kindest treatment and most cordial welcome.

At the close of the Cincinnati pastorate Dr. Hoyt accepted a call to Brooklyn, New York, where he remained, making friends and admirers, through his wife's charming personality and active assistance

quite as much as by his own talents and endeavors. In Brooklyn their second child, also a daughter, was born, their third and youngest child, a son, being ushered into this world at the family's summer residence near New York.

Too much can scarcely be said of the loving regard in which Dr. and Mrs. Hoyt were held by their constituents in Brooklyn, and it was amidst unusual demonstrations of regret that Dr. Hoyt resigned his charge to accept the pastorate of the Memorial Church in Philadelphia.

Four years ago Dr. Hoyt accepted his present charge in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and his family removed immediately with him to their new home, where they have found as kindly a welcome and made

as many warm friends as in their other pastorates.

Of Mrs. Hoyt many persons have said that she can do more things and do them better than any other woman known. Her versatility is unquestioned. She has a decided natural talent for painting, a talent which was quite extensively cultivated under the artist, F. T. L. Boyle, a pupil of Couteur, and which Mrs. Hoyt has utilized in many ways.

fellow's "Golden Legend" was performed in the parlor of Mrs. Hoyt's Brooklyn home with the greatest artistic and financial success, it being claimed for the representation the distinction of being the finest amateur performance ever given in Brooklyn.

Her literary tastes and abilities are second only to her artistic capabilities. Her choice in reading is a discriminating and wise one, poetry being her chosen realm in literature. Tennyson and the Brownings are her favorite poets, Robert Browning being in her opinion the greatest of all poets.

It is also said of Mrs. Hoyt that she is the ideal clergyman's wife, a most significant comment, the true value of which may be lost to those who do not know what the average congregation expect from their minister's wife.

As a house and home keeper Mrs. Hoyt is famous in all the places where she has lived. Her home is the centre of the young people of her husband's congregation, and her work with and among them is of the greatest value. Such work is her especial delight.

In appearance Mrs. Hoyt is very pleasing. Tall and slender, her taste in dress is so excellent that all her best points are accentuated. Her complexion and hair are fair.

THE BEAUTIFUL DEEP BLUE SEA

BY EDGARDA WILLIAMS

I LOVE the sea, I do indeed,
Yet when upon its waves I roll
I much prefer the dear dry land;
I do, upon my soul.

I rave about the deep blue sea
And life upon the ocean wave,
But when I lie a seasick wretch
I wish it were my grave.



\*VII—MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

BY MARY MERTON

MRS. MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD, whose romances of early French-Canadian life and French exploration in our own country have won an international reputation, is a Western woman, whose home has always been in Ohio or Illinois.

Like many other people whom the West delights to honor she was born in Ohio, her parents having moved there from New England. They were of English stock, and have always supposed that Sir John Hartwell, mentioned in Froissart's Chronicles, was a "forbear" of theirs.

Notwithstanding her English ancestry Mrs. Catherwood's face has a piquant expression which, combined with her mastery of the French language and her taste for French history, gives many persons the impression that she is of French descent, while her charming simplicity of manner has sometimes given color to the further supposition that she received her education in a convent. On the contrary, she is a graduate of Granville Female College, in Southeastern Ohio, and always refers to her alma mater with warm affection.

After her graduation Miss Hartwell, fulfilling the natural destiny of the college-bred girl, taught school for several years, continuing her literary work with what might be termed intermittent steadiness meantime, until the death of her parents broke up the home circle in Ohio, and the course of events brought her to Illinois, in which State her home has been ever since.

"We met only once, and then we didn't see each other again for two years; but after that we were together a great deal, and so, in a little while, we became engaged," she says of her own romance, with characteristic terseness and a smiling air of having treated the subject in a really exhaustive manner.

The Catherwoods reside at Hoopston, Illinois, about ninety miles from Chicago—near enough to admit of frequent tastes of city life. But Mrs. Catherwood is too busy a woman to spend much time away from

home, unless in quest of "local color" for a new story. Besides furnishing short stories and sketches to various periodicals, she personally supervises the affairs of her household, being an essentially domestic woman. She also finds time to instruct her little daughter Hazel. Hazel, who is the only child, is her mother's devoted companion, and usually accompanies her on her journeys from home.

Mrs. Catherwood believes that the artist who paints word-pictures is as often at a loss to clearly express his ideal as is the sculptor or painter. He must often try again and again, and, so far as circumstances permit, he must refuse to be content with anything short of perfect expression of his inspiration.

The finish of her own work attests how faithfully she lives up to her creed.

"The Romance of Dollard" is a case in point. In 1883 Mrs. Catherwood was passing the summer in Canada, and chanced to witness the midsummer fête of "Sain' John de Ba'ti"—as the village patois has it.



Mary Hartwell Catherwood

Among the floats was one representing Adam Daulac (or "Dollard" as his countrymen have affectionately corrupted it) and his men in the stockade. Mrs. Catherwood's imagination was fired at once, and she set about securing access to the old "Relations" and Canadian records, with the result that when she returned to Illinois she carried with her the nucleus of that dramatic story, and a mass of information bearing on the early Colonial history which enabled her, two or three years later, to bring so vividly before the readers the stirring history of "Dollard."

The story of how this romance (her first ambitious work) came to be published is an amusing commentary on the thoroughness and gentle persistency of Mrs. Catherwood's methods. She presented herself at the office of the "Century Magazine" one Friday morning—a stranger in New York, but equipped with a letter of introduction to the editor from Mr. James Whitcomb Riley—a common friend. She stated her errand, and added that she very much desired her manuscript to have an early reading, as she should remain in the city, solely on that account, until a decision as to its merits was reached.

It is unnecessary to add that Mrs. Catherwood has not found it necessary to personally escort her later manuscripts to New York and Boston in search of publishers.

\* 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.

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



By Mrs. Burfon Kingsland

THIRD PAPER—HER DRESS, HER HABITS AND HER FRIENDSHIPS



THE world in general regards a young girl as a bit of poetry in the midst of life's prose, and credits her with every charm of purity and loveliness. This ideal, so fondly cherished at the heart of humanity, gives no mean vantage-ground, and should be an incentive to every girl to make herself worthy of it. It is instinctive to "sweet sixteen" to wish to be pleasing. Standing at the threshold of womanhood, she begins to peer forth eagerly, anxiously into the fairy-land of her imagined future, and asks herself what gifts or graces she may count upon as her passport to its joys. The conversation about her and every romance that she reads lead her to feel that beauty is the chief good, and she looks into her mirror critically and with a new curiosity, wondering whether or not the fresh young face she sees reflected there will find favor.

If a girl be pretty, a sensible mother will admit it, but forewarn her against the flattery that she will be sure to encounter by assuring her of the fact that the world soon wearies of mere physical beauty, unless loveliness of character confirm the impression made by the face, and a cultured mind give charm to manner and expression.

If she lack this one of God's many good gifts her mother may comfort and turn her attention to something better worth having—saying, as one wise mother did, "Your face is always sweet to me, dear, and it will always be pleasing to those who love you—therefore, try to be lovable."

Emerson says: "There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us," and the character in time models the face into something nobler and more winsome than mere beauty of feature. Again, a girl must be plain, indeed, to whom neatness can add no charm—I have seen English girls that looked so radiantly clean that their appearance suggested purity of soul and life—the outward sign of an inward grace. Health, too, works its own lovely miracles. A daily bath, wholesome food, plenty of outdoor exercise, few sweets and early hours will transform the most hopeless "tallow-face"—as Shakespeare has it—into one "made of a rose, whose red and white Nature's own hand lays on."

THERE is no need to tell an American girl that dress is an important adjunct. She has an instinct for taste and grace in dress, but at sixteen she has little appreciation of the quality best expressed by the word "girlishness." It is a red-letter day with her when the gowns are lengthened and the long braid of hair is looped up on the sleek little head. Nothing compliments her so much as to be thought older than she really is, and she imagines that certain styles of dress confer this distinction. She sees no charm in simplicity, and does not know that she is lovelier for the absence of ornament.

In France, where the reverent admiration for the "young girl" amounts almost to a religion, she is never permitted to wear a diamond, a bit of lace, or even a feather (quite recently the stringency of this rule has been somewhat relaxed).

Those who have little or no beauty often aspire to what they call "style," and in the immaturity of their taste fancy that it consists in exaggeration of the prevailing fashions. If sleeves are worn large theirs are enormous, if fashion decrees that hats shall be tall theirs tower in rampant aggressiveness.

To tell a girl that anything ultra-fashionable is in bad taste has little effect, but educating her sense of the artistic in dress will undermine her fondness for extremes.

There is no denying that some girls seem to infuse into anything they wear an air of grace and elegance that is peculiarly their own and may not be copied, but where the gown is fresh and well-fitting, every detail of the toilette perfectly neat and without eccentricity, its outlines such as might lend themselves to the artistic setting of a picture, the effect cannot fail to be pleasing.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of five articles of "A Daughter at Sixteen" alternates with a companion series dealing with boys, entitled "Before He is Twenty," of which the third article, "The Boy in the Office," by Edward W. Bok, will appear in the next (August) JOURNAL.

THE illustrators, Du Maurier, Gibson and Wenzell, are masters of the art of adapting and modifying the fashions of the day into graceful, womanly garments that are artistic enough to be beautiful for years to come. The principles of their art may well be studied by women of all ages.

The question of becomingness should be taken into consideration, but coquetry in dress shows a desire to attract attention that is a repulsive trait in a young girl. She should be "as dainty as a picture, as lovely as a poem." The grace of unconsciousness makes her far more charming than faultless apparel.

Her dress at school should be plain, neat and calculated to excite no envy, and at church so quietly inconspicuous as to prove no distraction to her fellow-worshippers.

Cheap finery and false jewelry are the acme of vulgarity, and deceive no one—except, possibly, while their very ephemeral newness lasts.

False pretenses to wealth are almost as bad as false pretenses to beauty, and no modest girl need be told that the use of cosmetics would subject her to nothing less than contempt.

A popular authoress says that "it is as natural for a maiden to enjoy arraying herself as for a bird to plume itself," and we would not extinguish the instinct but direct it.

DRESS, undoubtedly, is the great temptation of womankind, and not only absorbs brains, time and money to the exclusion of things of infinitely greater value, but imperils happiness when it leads to extravagance and vanity.

Indifference to the careful use of clothing may be counteracted by exciting interest in some poor girl to whom the cast-off garments may be a great boon, and so bend to noble uses this love of dress. This sort of carelessness, as well as extravagance, may also be corrected, I think, by giving a girl a stated allowance, which shall be expended for her by her mother. A minute account should be kept, to which she may have access. It is so important for girls to learn the value and right use of money that I think it advisable, as well, to give them a regular allowance of pocket money, no matter how small, which they may spend as they please, and for which they are accountable only to their own consciences, the only stipulation being that they keep a careful account of every penny, and balance it at least once a month. If duty has been held up to a girl as the fine and noble thing it is, and not contrasted with pleasure, the little account-book will silently work a reform in a tendency to undue indulgences. I once heard a girl exclaim, "This horrid book always opens at the places where I have wasted my money. I mean to get another that shall have no reproachful glances for me!"

It is of incalculable benefit to form habits of careful expenditure in youth, and indeed the primary object of all training is to produce good habits. This "sermon in little" is as true as it is pithy:

"Sow an act, and you reap a habit.  
Sow a habit, you reap a character.  
Sow a character, you reap a destiny."

Habits of order, punctuality, industry, self-government should all be cultivated assiduously as a girl "treads the thoughtless years." Fortunately Nature works for us while we are trying to help ourselves, and what at first required laborious effort needs but the slight impulse of the will to make the act almost automatic.

It is easier for a mother to tell a servant to put her daughter's room or bureau-drawers in order, or even to do it herself, than to oblige the girl to discharge that duty, but she is not living only for to-day, and the habits of a lifetime hinge upon the home training in such matters. It is said that a minute punctuality is foreign to the feminine mind. The more reason then to cultivate the habit. One has no right to inconvenience others for one's own benefit, and to keep an appointment with exactitude should be held a point of honor.

The word "obedience" is said to have an obsolete sound when applied to American mothers and daughters. An observing English woman said: "I have noticed that it is among the 'parvenu' families, both in England and America, that the girls consider obedience to parents as derogatory to their dignity. The independent attitude is thought 'exceedingly bad form' in good society." Gentle as the parental control may be, a young girl should not lose the sense of being under authority.

THE old adage, "If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well," is also worth inculcating until thoroughness shall become habitual. Lack of it is at the bottom of much of the ill success complained of. In this country of ups and downs, where riches are more volatile than among older civilizations, a provident mother who would protect her daughter from the possible vicissitudes in the life before her should see that she take up some pursuit in which she may become skillful—something that may be made of marketable value should she ever need to depend upon her own exertions, or which will prove a pleasant resource or recreation if the future fulfill the promises of happiness it always makes to the young. There is no need to preach to the girls of sorrows to come. Let us leave them their illusions. Youth is happy chiefly because it expects what it hopes for, but a girl should be taught the dignity of work and of self-reliance, and now that the wind of fashion has set in the direction of philanthropy the girls are all alive to the advantage of "making money" for their pet charities.

AMONG the greatest educational factors of a girl's life are the friends with whom she habitually associates, and especially the "bosom friend," the "twin soul" which seems almost one of the necessities of being in early girlhood. The devotion to this friend is sometimes a passionate idolatry, and is a form of hero-worship that has a determining effect upon character in educating the capacity for unselfish admiration. It is one of the generous impulses of human nature to be genuinely enthusiastic over another's real or fancied perfections. Experience of life will correct the mistaken admirations, and the capacity will remain to be more worthily bestowed.

A mother should carefully guard herself from jealousy of the girl friends. However congenial she may be with her daughter, she cannot share with her the fun and fancies, the hopes and speculations, the dreams of that possible future whose charm lies in its mystery—as one can do who sees life from the same point of view.

FRIENDSHIP is often as much a matter of propinquity as of congeniality, and if a mother have her daughter's confidence and choose the families with whom she shall be intimately thrown, she can partly control the situation.

A girl should be warned against those who would draw her into friendship by adulation and flattery, while one who will not condone her faults but will hold her up to her best is a friend one may trust. The most enduring friendships are those, I think, which are based on some goodness or grace of character—nothing holds love like the qualities that are love-worthy. If an unfortunate intimacy have been formed it is wiser for the mother to be both fair and kind, acknowledging any advantages or attractiveness, and thereby avoid arousing too warm a partisanship on the part of her daughter.

Friendship, too, should have its reserves. It will retain its bloom the longer where a sense of personal dignity preserves subtle barriers against excessive familiarity, where family affairs are not exposed, and the "holy of holies" of each nature, veiled from intrusion, is entered only by permission in moments of heart to heart communion.

For many reasons a daughter's friends should feel themselves welcome in the home, and not least among them is the opportunity thus afforded of judging the girls' characters.

THE ardent letters between the girl lovers are often regarded by the wisecracks of the family as silly affairs that consume time that should be more profitably employed. They undoubtedly are silly, but rarely does one acquire the facility of expression that is needed to write those charming letters that we all welcome so gladly, who has not learned its first principles in some youthful correspondence.

Any correspondence with boy friends is, I think, to be strongly discouraged. Indeed, girl and boy friendships are only advisable under exceptional circumstances. If a girl have brothers her intercourse with their friends comes about in a natural manner, and brothers are such fastidious guardians that passing through the crucible of their criticism she is protected from errors that others are liable to.

Mothers should warn their daughters to conduct themselves in such a manner that undue familiarity would be impossible, that in the future they may look every man in the face and know that none may recall word or act of theirs that could cause a blush. Sheer animal spirits, from excitement and pleasure, are generally the cause of any approaches to indiscretion.

The heart of nearly every man and boy holds an ideal woman. These charming impersonalities are "pure, lovely and of good report" in proportion as the idealist's own standard of right and wrong be noble or ignoble. They place their girl friends on a sort of moral pedestal, from which the foolish maidens too often step down themselves. A girl need never "stoop to conquer" those who are worthy.

GIRLS need not be shy nor stiff—any more than forward, coarse or silly, but may keep the standard of modesty and delicacy at a high level—though they be as merry and vivacious as the veriest madcap. "There is safety in numbers," and it is not only unobjectionable but advantageous to both girls and boys to associate freely where a game of tennis or some merry informality call them together. I would only deprecate walks and drives together and all *l'été-à-l'été*.

We cannot expect to regulate the pleasures of our young folk by our own tastes, nor should we key our ideas too high for realization—but when loving, unselfish desire for their good is really our ruling motive in, their guiding and governing, we shall rarely find them intractable. The undertone of love will make itself heard, and in after years should their faith stagger at any of God's dealings, the home government will have taught them by analogy that "God's will is always good will" even though His hands may be "crossed in blessing."

\* \* \* Mrs. Kingsland's next article in the series of "A Daughter at Sixteen" will treat of her pleasures and amusements.

## THE PROPER USES OF ORNAMENTS

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH



THE term "ornaments" covers a large field, although jewelry alone is usually understood by it. Thus, in the description of a court costume, one reads, after an elaborate account of the dress, with all its trimmings, laces, flowers, feathers, etc., "ornaments, pearls and emeralds." It is in the matter of ornament in a general way that persons without a cultivated taste are sure to fail.

Odd pieces of jewelry which seem to have been put on at random, and which harmonize with nothing, are anything but ornamental. It must always be remembered that the changes of fashion make what may once have been a pretty decoration, a very ordinary affair, unless it be of great intrinsic value. Gems are always effective, and the flash of diamonds, or the deep color that glows in a cluster of emeralds, rubies or sapphires, adds much to the beauty of a rich costume at any evening reception, but these stones are always out of place when worn elsewhere.

Plain gold ornaments may be worn anywhere, and at almost any time. When of artistic shape and workmanship they are extremely beautiful and add charm to any dainty costume.

That the origin of ornaments is barbaric there can be no manner of doubt; and especially is this the case with earrings. It must be admitted, however, that the wearing of ear ornaments is very barbarous, though the fashion may seem to be becoming to some faces. Their shape is, however, very important, and should vary with that of the ear and face. Long pendants lengthen both; while short, broad ones are more desirable for long-faced women. A button-shaped earring is generally becoming, and if of the screw order, it can be put well up on the lobe of the ear, which apparently shortens undue length of ear. Showy earrings that attract attention to an ugly ear should be avoided by those who are thus afflicted, while the shell-like ear that gives such a dainty finish to a pretty face needs no ornament whatever.

An old writer speaks very severely of those who are "so farre bewitched as they are not ashamed to make holes in their ears, whereat they hang ringes and other jewels of gold and precious stones. But what this signifieth in them I will holde my peace, for the thing itself speaketh sufficiently."

The ball shape in earrings seems to suit the greatest variety of faces, and this is probably the reason why it is always more or less worn, while the long, old-fashioned pendants are quaint and pretty in dead gold. A fragrant flower is often worn in the ear instead of a ring in tropical climates, and this fashion has been simulated by the jewelers, who have made earrings and breastpins of enameled gold in the form of roses and pansies.

Black velvet bracelets, although in vogue only at intervals, are always becoming to a round, white arm. A serpent of elastic gold with jeweled eyes is a handsome bracelet, but almost too suggestive to be generally popular. Plain gold bands, both round and flat, are always more or less worn, and a thick, soft twist, like a golden rope, has a peculiar charm.

An obtrusive quantity of watch-chain is never in good taste, and the present quiet fashion of short and inconspicuous guards is a decided change for the better from the yards of gold links once in vogue. Nor are neck ornaments appropriate except in full dress, yet some persons never seem to feel properly attired without an incongruous decoration between the collar and the chin. Strings of mock pearls are among the most popular of these adornments, but their unsuitableness for most occasions is apparent to all but the wearers.

# A Graceful Lunch Set

By Cora Scott Waring

**N**OTHING can be found in Nature more graceful than the many varieties of ferns, which, in their wonderful beauty, abound in the woods of our country. Strange, indeed, is it that the depicting of their grace and loveliness should have been reserved for this generation, which has used them as models in its decoration of china, the chasing of silver and the art of embroidery. From the dainty maidenhair, with its fairy-like fronds, to the stately and majestic royal fern, waving its plume-like foliage before the passing breeze, all are alike capable of being combined into the most beautiful of designs. In Illustration No. 1 both of these beautiful varieties blended with others, each possessing a distinctive individuality of its own, are moulded into a harmonious design of wreath-like form destined, under the skillful fingers of the embroideress, to embellish a dainty cloth equally well suited for luncheon or tea. I say advisedly the skillful fingers of the embroideress. I might also add with the aid of her artistic sense, for much depends on the manner of shading as well as on the method of working. The shading depends largely on the taste of the individual, even when following the clearest directions, which, after all, take only the form of suggestions, since they cannot be mechanically followed.

### DAINTY LUNCHEON CLOTH

**T**HE lunch cloth under consideration measures when finished one yard square, including two inches for the fringe and half an inch for its ornamental heading. The latter consists of two rows of pin stitching worked with a medium shade of the greens employed in the embroidery; it may be noted, in passing, that the fringe should not be raveled out until the very last thing, also that the corners must be filled in with some extra strands from the ravelings. If the work needs to be laundered when finished through becoming soiled in the working (this should by all means, however, be avoided if possible), then the fringing should be deferred until after the washing and pressing. It is, perhaps, too little realized by laundresses who see the fringe on cloths and doilies become with each successive washing more and more ragged and uneven, that by the use of a comb with moderately fine teeth this may be avoided. Just before the pressing, when the cloth or doily is spread out on the ironing sheet, comb out the fringe evenly and then lay the hot iron on it. In this way its original appearance of freshness and evenness can be retained.

### MATERIALS FOR CLOTHS

**T**HE material on which the set is worked is a very good quality of hand-made round thread linen. Cheap or inferior goods should be eschewed for the purpose in question; there is no kind of satisfaction to be gotten out of them. The embroidery is solid throughout, and is executed in filo floss, a beautiful washing silk of exquisite lustre if carefully handled—its lustre, nevertheless, being easily spoiled by undue friction in working. For this reason it is far better to use a frame, although in doing so it may take a little longer to finish the work. About five tones of a delicate yellowish green will be required, shading from almost the palest tint obtainable; the tints need not be too close, indeed it is better that they should be quite distinct, so as to embrace a wider range of color; they will be found to blend sufficiently in the working. These exquisite designs may be utilized for linen covers for the afternoon tea-table, or for any of the pretty white covers that are used to cover the table in the summer parlor.

### SHADING THE LEAVES

**N**OW as to the shading. Some general rules may be acceptable on which to base the method to be followed while the actual details rest with the discretion of the worker. Realistic shading is now the order of the day, and the most beautiful results are thereby obtainable. To those who can paint from Nature with artistic feeling the matter is simple enough; they have but to paint with the needle, instead of the brush; but to the many whose artistic instincts have received no practical training I would speak some words of helpful suggestion. First, clearly decide where the light falls, then keep it in mind throughout the entire working of the design; as in painting, the light should fall from left to right, striking from the top of the design. The natural order of things points to this rule, for as one sits by a window working, the light comes in from above, and, of course, one turns the left side toward it, otherwise the right hand would overshadow the spot that is being embroidered. Of course, when a leaf or spray overlaps another the under one should be lowered and equalized in tone, not necessarily much

### THE MAIDENHAIR LEAFLET

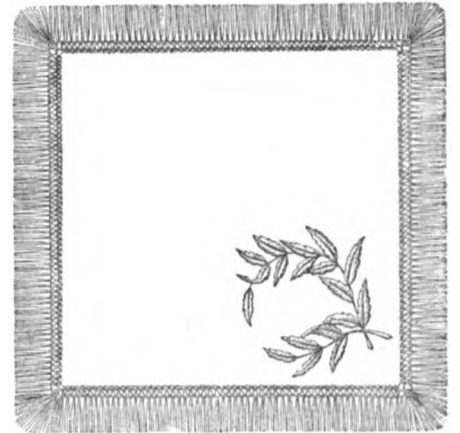
**W**HEN a leaf is turned over the under part must be lighter or darker than the upper surface, according to the way the light falls on it. For the maidenhair leaflets the stitches all converge toward the base. This treatment gives the required texture in a wonderful degree, and makes the representation so real that it is difficult to believe that the work is that of some daughter of Nature, and not of the great mistress herself.

### DESIGNS FOR THE NAPKINS

**I**T will be observed that the patterns for the napkins are all reproductions of the species of ferns utilized for the main design. There are six different designs given, a spray in one corner of each napkin being all-sufficient. The effect when finished will be seen in Illustration No. 2, where the entire napkin is shown. The napkins are made of the same linen as the cloth; they measure eighteen inches square including the fringe, one inch and a half in depth, with a heading similar to that on the cloth but a trifle narrower. The embroidery for the napkins is to be carried out in exactly the same way as that already described. Spare no trouble in carrying out the designs, in making apparently real what are but representations of some of Nature's choicest specimens, and your reward will be great. It is really difficult to imagine anything more beautiful in the realm of embroidery than this exquisite set of cloth and napkins, or to conceive, when well done, how natural the ferns can be made to appear. Some one has called these

### LESS ELABORATE NAPERY

**T**HERE can be nothing prettier nor more useful than embroidered table napery—except it be plain white, which is always chaste and beautiful, also most serviceable for every-day wear. A design worked out in artistic shades of green is always restful to the eye, harmonizing with and



FERN LEAF NAPKIN (Illus. No. 2)

embellishing any colored flowers that may be placed upon it; it is equally pretty in setting off real ferns, or foliage that repeats its own coloring; indeed, the fern leaf lunch set is truly elegant in combination with crystal bowls filled with ferns only, or with growing ferns planted in a basket tied up with white satin ribbons.

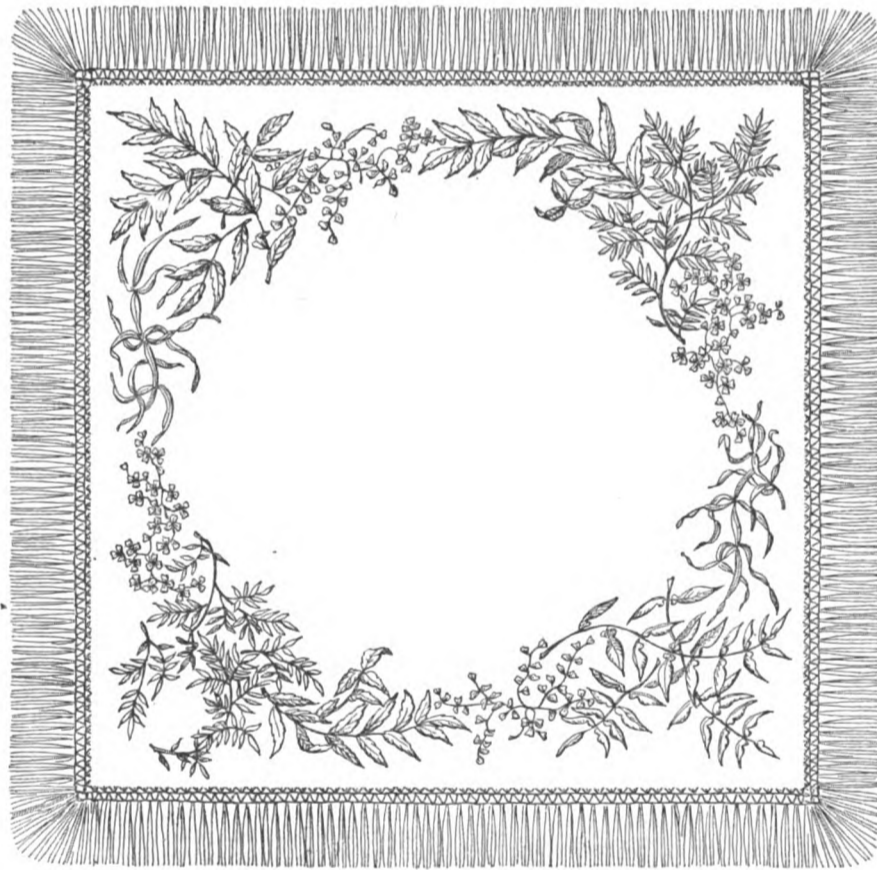
### FOR A YELLOW LUNCHEON

**A** BEAUTIFUL idea for a yellow luncheon might be carried out thus: Work two extra squares rather larger than the napkins for vases on either side of the cloth now used as a centerpiece. Take the two designs given for the napkins of maidenhair fern. Fill in all four corners by placing the designs alternately in each corner. The two other designs somewhat similar to each other, shown in the group of three, might be used in the same way for the second square by way of variety. All the china for the occasion should be tinted a delicate yellow, merging into a golden brown next to the gold decoration on the outer edge of the plates and flower bowls. Some simple sprays of fern or foliage may be painted on this ground, thrown on in careless fashion, but this is not absolutely necessary. If artistically executed these will add greatly to the beauty of the plain tinting. The set can be elaborated by adding tiny vases for individual favors. The guest and menu cards for such a luncheon may be shaped like fern leaves, or else plain cards decorated with the traceries of the fern, with the name apparently hidden beneath, may be used. The lights should be of a golden yellow, casting a glow as of sunshine over all about them. The bouquets are also yellow. Small square baskets of bamboo or of wicker, having high square handles ornamented with large bows of yellow satin ribbon, filled with moss and growing ferns, make pretty, dainty and moderately inexpensive favors.

### COLORS FOR THE BLOSSOMS

**T**HE real blossoms forming the crowning beauty of our dainty scheme must necessarily vary with the time of year. Daffodils for spring could scarcely be surpassed for the purpose, while Marechal Niel roses for summer and chrysanthemums for autumn suggest fragrance and gracefulness that leave nothing to be desired. A lovely table has a low moss-filled basket of growing maidenhair in the centre. At each corner, on round mirrors which reflect the beauty of their contents, are small dishes of moss and growing ferns. Across each table napkin is laid a spray of the fern, the whole effect of the table on a warm day being extremely cool and beautiful. As before remarked, however, any color blends with these fern leaf designs.

In these days where most young married people receive many pretty pieces of china for wedding presents, it is an easy matter to make the table attractive by the addition of daintily-embroidered linen.



A DAINTY LUNCHEON CLOTH (Illus. No. 1)

darkened, but strong contrasts avoided; these belong exclusively to the objects in the fullest light.

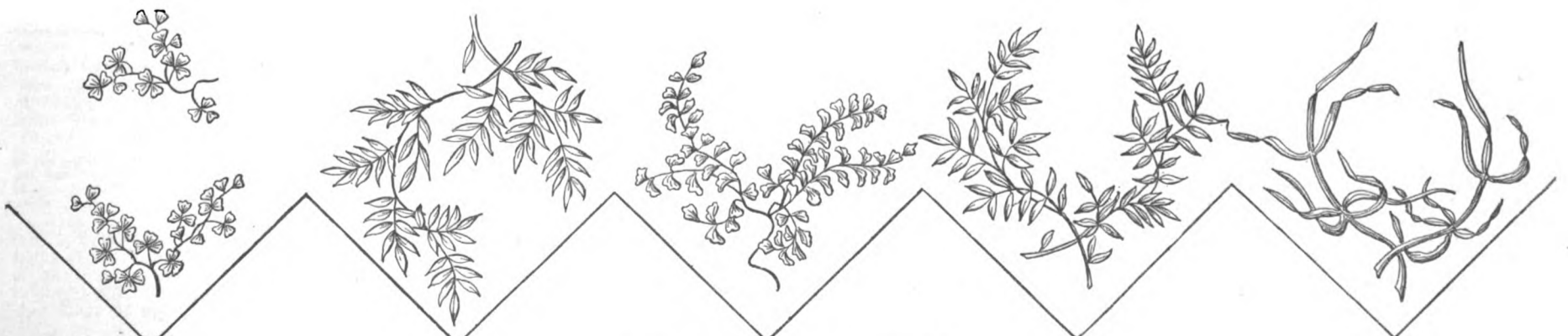
### THE DELICATE FRONDS

**A**GAIN, some fronds, the smaller ones of each kind, as a rule, should be treated as young shoots. These are always of a more delicate green throughout than the older fronds. Attention to this point will minimize all fear of monotony while adding great strength to the design as a whole. The stitch to be employed is the well-known long and short stitch. Always work the way of the leaf if its position clearly shows the central vein. Be careful to work toward the middle in a slanting direction. This will give the feeling of a vein, but it is advisable to accentuate it by stem-stitching in a darker shade after the leaf is completed.

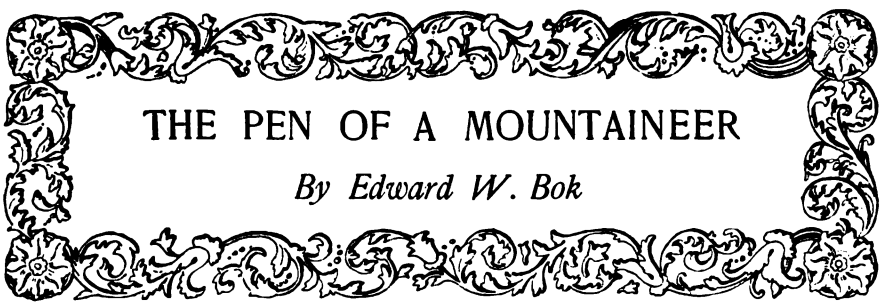
beautiful plants "Nature's lace work," and certainly no term can be more appropriate, for the delicate tracery of these leaves resembles nothing so much as a pattern of exquisite lace.

### EMBROIDERING THE MONOGRAMS

**I**F desired the monogram or initials can be worked on the corner opposite to that occupied by the design, either in white thread or in the medium shade of green, or again in two shades for a monogram, placing the darker shade on the underlying letter. Should it be desirable to make the cloth of a larger size than that here given, it can easily be added to by making a double row of pin stitching with a plain space between, or in place of the plain space a broad border of drawn-work could be substituted.



CORNERS OF NAPKINS FOR A LUNCHEON SET



THE PEN OF A MOUNTAINEER

By Edward W. Bok

**T**HE ability to write a book that is altogether enjoyable on account of its uniqueness is not given to many people—in fact, it is a gift bestowed upon very few. A few evenings ago, however, such a book

was brought to my attention, and it seemed to me it would be simple injustice to allow such a volume the obscurity which its author evidently intended for it. For that reason it occurred to me that a departure from the form which this page of *THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL* has usually assumed, if devoted to a consideration of this unique story, would be pardoned.

**T**HIS book might fall into oblivion because of the fact that it has not received publication through the channels to which we are accustomed to look for our reading. It bears no publisher's name, and has no price. It is held above mere and sordid monetary value. It has been issued by its author, Mr. Sheperd M. Dugger, who resides at Banner Elk, North Carolina, and from him alone, evidently, can this book be had. Nor am I in the least reluctant to give this free advertisement to Mr. Dugger's book. Both the book and the author are fully entitled to it. The book deserves it because it is unique, in that it may be said to have had no predecessor and probably it will be without a successor. The author is entitled to it because he has allowed no thought of remuneration to trouble him. His object is a higher one. He has called it "The Balsam Groves of the Grandfather Mountain," and says that it is "a tale of the Western North Carolina mountains," having for its sole purpose the dissemination of a better knowledge of "a section of country which, until recently, has been almost unknown and obscure," but yet "is rich in ore, hills, water, mountains, landscapes," and the like. In short, the book is intended to serve as an advertisement for that section of North Carolina in which Mr. Dugger has his habitation. He wants people to come there, and fearing that his photograph, which he kindly gives us as a frontispiece, may not be a sufficient credential for his respectability, he proceeds to tell his readers that he

"was cradled in the loving arms of maternal toil in one of the first rude log cabins constructed in the morning and evening shadows of the beautiful mountains with which I have grown up in love, and every scene described is as familiar to me as were the blooming vines in which the humming-birds nestled around the home of my childhood."

So much for Mr. Dugger. It is really when he gets down to work in the "love story" with which he opens his book, and which he says is "founded on facts," that we get to know him, become drawn to him, as it were, and feel that we are reading the burning words of a wonderful and marvelous writer.

"**MISS LIDIE MEAKS**" is the soul-filling name which Mr. Dugger has given to his heroine, and without any waste of time or space he sets about to describe her on the fourth page of his book:

"She was a beautiful young lady. She was a medium-sized, elegant figure, wearing a neatly-fitted traveling dress of black alpaca. Her raven black hair, copious both in length and volume, and figured like a deep river rippled by the wind, was parted in the middle centre and combed smoothly down, ornamenting her pink temples with a flowing tracery that passed round to its modillions on a graceful crown. Her mouth was set with pearls, adorned with elastic rubies and tuned with minstrel lays, while her nose gracefully concealed its own umbrage, and her eyes imparted a radiant glow to the azure of the sky. Jewels of plain gold were about her ears and her tapering strawberry hands, and a golden chain, attached to a time-keeper of the same material, sparkled on an elegantly rounded bosom that was destined to be pushed forward by sighs, as the reader will in due time observe. Modest, benevolent, and mild in manners, she was probably the fairest of North Carolina's daughters."

**T**HE two "gentlemen of North Carolina" who figure most prominently in his "romance" seem to please Mr. Dugger immensely—almost as much as does "Miss Lidie Meaks." The first "gentleman," he says, is a hunter, "Mr. Rollingbumb," and him he eloquently portrays:

"His face was round, with great facilities for a beard, though, like Julius Caesar, he never wore one. His high forehead was half obscured by a brimless 'coon-skin' cap, having the beautifully-ringed tail of the animal attached to the hinder part, where it hung down his back and rolled to and fro at the will of a gentle breeze. He wore a Turkey-red blouse, in native parlance, 'hunting shirt,' the same being drawn close about him by the long corners, which were tied together in front just below the waistband of his homespun pants. Such was the development of hair about his chest and shoulders that it grew up and hung out over his shirt collar in black profusion like a fringe."

Mr. Dugger stops long enough to say of this character that "he will be hailed with delight by thousands of mountaineers who will recognize it as the likeness of a familiar friend."

The other "gentleman" of the story is "Charlie"; he is the real hero, Mr. Dugger tells us, of his story, and upon him he simply spareth himself not:

"He was a tall, commanding man, with a gracefully-flowing mustache, aquiline nose, evenly-set teeth, mobile chin, high forehead, and the elongated corners of his dark brown eyes stretched away under dark brows around fair temples, from which beautiful black hairs retreated above his ears."

**N**OW it is not at all strange, from this description, that when "Miss Lidie Meaks," while wandering in the North Carolina mountains, meets "Charlie" that she should instantaneously recognize him as her lover of four years ago, and to whom she was betrothed, but from whom she had been parted, as Mr. Dugger tells us, "by several redundant upheavals of anger and sea-tossed passions of fury." A meeting, after these years of separation, and under those circumstances, would naturally be dramatic, and it is:

"'Ah,' said Charlie, 'it cost me four years in a foreign land to travel to the frigid zone of my heart, where the snows that ended the summer of love were lighted only by the fitting meteors of the borealis race. But your unexpected presence here to-day, which I could not avoid, has placed that icy region again under the burning sun of the tropics. Already the snows have gone, and their place is occupied by the water-lily, perfumed with the spices and the cloves, and spreading its sweet petals upon my bosom. How can you drive such love as mine from its mortal habitation and leave my bosom empty with all but wondering pain? My heart is thirsty, and you are its living fountain. Let me drink and water a desert that will soon flourish with the green bay-tree and the balm of Gilead.'"

"'Oh, God,' she cried, 'pardon the weakness of woman, and burying her face in his bosom, her lachrymal lakes overflowed and anointed his garments with drops that were to him the myrrh of the soul. 'It is pursuit,' she said, 'and not possession, that man enjoys, and now, therefore, the tender regard you have for me is ready to be cremated upon the pyre of my broken spirit, and nothing but an urn of ashes left to its memory.'"

"'Never,' replied Charlie, 'never until God Himself is buried, and the dark marble of oblivion erected for His tombstone, shall my person or my angel forsake Lidie Meaks.'"

"When Charlie had thus avowed his eternal love and his lady had confessed her devotion their friends had gone far out of sight up the mountain,"

—a graceful act of consideration upon the part of friends which would naturally appear very strongly to such a nature as was that of "Charlie's."

**I**T is perfectly easy to believe that after such a declaration that those twin souls should seek "that quiet silence" which Mr. Dugger tells us "speaks louder than the thunders" of blissful joy. "Miss Lidie Meaks," "felt especially resigned to 'Charlie,'" we are told, and then her faithful chronicler kindly lays open these two trusting hearts for us:

"Lidie found in the recent resignation of her heart visions of roses blooming about the door of her future mansion, with humming-birds nesting in the vines, and the voice of him she loved falling upon her ears like apples of gold in the acoustic halls of peace. And how changed seemed the fortunes of him by her side, who but an hour ago was whirling in the storm that had blown him to despair. Yet all in his bosom was not peace. Even the narrow rulings of destiny gave him pain, for had he not been delayed by the rain of a single day, he would never have won the diadem of his soul. 'Oh, great Jehovah!' thought he, 'can my happiness be real, or am I dreaming? If I am in the deceitful arms of Morpheus may I never awake to sustain the regrets of my fancy; or if I have fallen from some high cliff, where, bleeding with unconscious wounds, my dying hour is sweetened with these visions, may that hour last, and the red current flow throughout the countless ages of eternity.'"

"His muse was here broken by a gentle female voice that said, 'What cold wave of silence is passing over your brain?'"

"I was tracing the wilds through which I came," was the reply.

"These words were the prelude to a low, sweet, musical conversation, ornamented with smiles and softened by the tenderest emotions of the human heart."

"No one to eavesdrop was near, and the trembling ferns could never blab the touching story; but the envious Echo, who steals the pathos from all sweet words and returns only the hollow bones of speech, deserves our notice."

**N**EXT to his descriptions of his characters Mr. Dugger seems to feel particularly at home when he can describe a bit of Carolinian landscape. "He likes to do this," he says, and to prove what he says he gives us just a touch of his power:

"On the opposite side of the grassy track was a cozy carpet of horizontal turf that led back to a hill of equal green, which, being a part of the same enclosure, swept down and blended into the level that terminated its descent."

Mr. Dugger also likes "modillions." He gave some of these to the windings of "Miss Lidie Meaks'" temples, and in order that he may not be considered guilty of partiality, he also bestows some "modillions" to a house which "Charlie" and "Miss Lidie Meaks" meet:

"Directly before them, and about the centre of the large enclosure, arose, as if by magic, an elegant white mansion. Of its two fronts one overlooked the rolling sward that divided it from the river on the south, while the other caught in the modillions of its Corinthian entablature the first kisses of the rising sun."

There is only one character in the book who has failed to win Mr. Dugger's admiration, and this is a "Mr. Skipper." Fearing that his readers may think his prejudice against this character may be founded on personal grounds, Mr. Dugger is at pains to tell us why he does not like "Mr. Skipper":

"He leaned his stupendous form against one of the supporting columns that stood nearest the steps. His great wide mouth swung open like a fly-trap made of two clapboards, and his knees extended quite up to the sides of his flat head, while resting on a round of the chair below were two massive feet, whose hard bottoms, seared by long and severe exposure, bade everlasting defiance to the chestnut burr and the thorn."

Of course "Charlie" naturally thought

"that a rusty pair of number sixteen feet, supporting a form of proportionate size and bearing, would be unwelcome visitors between the lily-white sheets of Mrs. Salmer's sleeping apartments."

And so, Mr. Dugger tells us, "Charlie" prepared "a resting place for 'Skipper' by spreading a tent below the house by the laughing river," and to this "private abiding place" the tabooed member of the "400" of North Carolina's mountains was conducted, which was, of course, highly proper.

**N**OW it is only natural that when a man has been separated from his sweetheart for "four bitter years," and meets her again, that "the fire in his soul fairly flames with love," as Mr. Dugger says, and that he should want to marry the girl and without delay. Nothing is more natural, and the soul of "Charlie" was filled with this natural feeling. And so one evening, "after a beautiful supper of savory dishes," he turns his talk with the beautiful "Miss Lidie Meaks" in that line of thought in the following manner:

"'Look toward those willows by the rippling stream,' began Charlie, 'and see how the glow-worms and fire-flies streak and spangle the twilight.'"

"'I was just asking myself,' replied Lidie, 'whether or not our lives would end so beautifully as the closing of this day.'"

"'Only those who live after us can tell the solution of that problem,' softly said Charlie. 'Useful lives and beautiful days often have endings quite as different from the zenith of their glory; and the changes that take place in the skies of a single day may elegantly illustrate the human career. For instance, I have seen the sun burn his way through twelve hours of ethereal blue, and then set in a cloud that soon obscured the sky with darkness and gloom, and the red lightning, darting its fiery shuttle through the loom of thunder, wove a curtain that mantled the earth in terror and death. Then I have seen days that were dark and dreary, when the howling thunder drove the wild beast to his shelter in the rocks, and the pelting rain thrown by the angry hand of the storm demolished the crops of the land and left the sinewy hands of toil empty with hunger and pain. Then the clouds drifted away, and Sol impressed his good-night kisses upon the mountain-tops in token that he would rise from a saffron bed on the morrow. Again, there has been many a succession of beautiful days, accompanied by as many glorious evenings, when Venus and the moon, contesting for the prize of beauty, hung their golden scales in the west to weigh the admiration that each received from the world, and the chestnut sunshine that painted the blooming fields was broken only by gentle showers that struck not the earth with madness, but gave it a warm kiss, from whose loving impress there sprang up a beautiful robe of green.'"

**N**ATURALLY, no young lady with any feeling or sentiment could resist such a peroration of language and thought, and "Miss Lidie Meaks" fell under their spell, Mr. Dugger tells us. For a while the young lady was speechless, and then:

"When she had recovered her sense of admiration she said:

"What a profusion of beautiful words you utter, Charlie. You have painted three pictures of human life from the cradle to the grave. May our lot be neither the first nor the second, but let it be like the continuation of beautiful days. May our lives be a season of perpetual sunshine to the heart, when the mind neither reverts to the past, nor reaches to the future, but is content with the pleasures of the present; and if tears must come may they fall in the prepared soil and ripen the fruits of the soul; and at the end we will not contest for the prize, but will be content to share alike the glories of the world to come.'"

This loving and soulful appreciation of his words warmed the heart of "Charlie." It was his chance, and he seized it:

"'You have a tenderness about you, my dear Lidie, and a nobleness of heart which I never heard expressed before. Your sweet words, dropping like vocal roses from the gardens of language, heighten, if possible, the joy of the thought that you are soon to be mine. Your silvery accents, to which the trickling streamlet beside us plays a sweet accompaniment, tell me to rob life no longer of the bliss for which I sigh; and now as you have no parents' consent to obtain, no sisters to invite, but only a lone brother far in the West, I propose that our nuptials be performed at the great falls to-morrow.'"

"Lidie remaining silent for a time, heaved a sigh and then said, 'I fear that Prudence would censure my acceptance, for I am in the far-off mountains, without a wedding garment, or even a few friends to celebrate the occasion.'"

But real, genuine love laughs at such little things as the lack of a wedding garment—especially with such a man as "Charlie," and, without even pausing for thought, "so natural did language and ideas come to his fertile mind," he suggested:

"The foaming falls will lend you from their white spray a queenly robe, the benign woods will deck it with flowers more gorgeous than the artist can paint, and the harmonious melody produced by the combined musical agents of flood and forest will do honor to the occasion."

Now it isn't every young man who could have thought of that, but "Charlie" was a rare young man. "And 'Miss Lidie Meaks' was immediately won," we are told. Quite natural!

**Y**ET is Mr. Dugger most unwilling that the beautiful "Miss Lidie Meaks" should so quickly be transformed from maid to wife, not at least until he has had one more chance to tell us how she looked as a bride. So he tells us again that:

"Her form was cast in neat proportion's mould. Her queenly hands, tapering and fair as the lily, were gloved with a pair of red mitts of her own knitting, which exposed the ends of the fingers and the first joints of the thumbs."

"Her golden hair was like a shower of primrose petals falling, and her cheeks were finished with the artistic touches of Aurora's rosy hand. Her eyes were like the corolla leaves of the blue-veined violet, her nose was a posy to her face, and her pearly teeth sparkled with nectarean dew. 'She was a flower born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air.'"

**U**PON the wedding Mr. Dugger, of course, likes to dwell. It was picturesque, held as it was "in the mountains," and naturally the mind of the author was most receptive to its surroundings:

"The country gentlemen, having leaned their rifles against the cliff, stood with their women folk, anxiously awaiting the expected event. In due time the bride and groom, attended by Colonel and Mrs. Salmer, were arrayed for marriage."

"Their backs were in the neighborhood of the guns, while their faces were toward the great pouring column, whose white wings and boiling pedestal sent forth a breeze that set all the near flora and other equally movable objects in motion—bush, weed and flower, as well as ribbons, tresses, whiskers and mustaches, and even the leaves of the minister's book were all dancing to the wind of the falls. As the Rev. Mr. Skiles composed the fluttering pages beneath his thumbs, he drew so near and spoke so loud, in order to be heard above the roar of the waters, that his manner elsewhere would have been suitable only to those who were partially deaf. The charming bride, with dove-like eyes, looked steadily upon the minister; and, as he proceeded with the beautiful Episcopal service, there never was a bliss more wild and warm and boundless than that which thrilled her heart."

Weddings have a most uncomfortable manner of being interrupted in some instances, however, and that of "Miss Lidie Meaks" was destined so to be. For when the officiating clergyman reached that always-profound and suspense-full portion of the ceremony where the world is challenged to give reason why the contracting parties shall not be bound in holy wedlock, a former lover of "Miss Lidie Meaks" suddenly appears and files a caveat. Of course, excitement is immediately at white heat, and the bride swoons—as brides should under such circumstances. But "Miss Lidie Meaks" is an exceptional girl, and so she swoons in a manner unlike that adopted by any other woman before her. Even amid the prevailing excitement, Mr. Dugger cannot resist holding forth once more over the rare beauty of his heroine as she lies in the arms of "Charlie." But in a few moments the interruptor to the marriage ceremony is disposed of, and the way in which he quickly mounts his horse and flies is told in a manner worthy of this book.

**A**FTER the marriage there was, of course, a wedding breakfast, and this would, under ordinary circumstances, have doubtless called forth Mr. Dugger's special powers of description. But the tabooed and repugnant "Mr. Skipper" has in some way wandered from the tent by "the laughing river" so considerably prepared for him by "Charlie," and his presence spoils the breakfast for our author. But he is equal even to this disappointment:

"The dinner was taken to a convenient spot, where a number of large rocks laid round in circular form, and spread within their circumference on the cloths in which it had been folded."

"Skipper having now remained with his older friends, looked on from a distance, as if uncertain as to how near the food his welcome extended; but when Charlie observed his doubtful attitude, he took him by the arm and seated him on a boulder, suitable to his size, within the circle. His valuable service to Charlie, and the wound upon his great toe having elicited general sympathy, Mrs. Salmer helped him to the first round, as she did the rest, and then bade all wait upon themselves."

"Under the cloths, in the corner nearest to Skipper, was a flat rock that so pressed its bosom against the white covering as to form a neat little elevation, which was occupied by a large, highly-flavored cake, of a rich, yellowish cast, the same being cut from the centre to every second or third convolution that ornamented its circumference."

"When Skipper had quickly gulped down what had been given him, he took a piece of cake, when Mrs. Salmer, looking upon him with a degree of allowance, thought, 'Poor, ignorant fellow, he doesn't know which end of the meal to begin at.'"

"The Adam's-apple on Skipper's neck had not played up and down more than twice, when he seized a second piece of the rich composition, and then a third; and the lady in charge, becoming alarmed lest none should be left for the rest, laid a drum-stick on a biscuit, and said:

"'Here, Mr. Potter' (calling his surname), 'have this nice chicken and biscuit.'"

"'Oh, no,' said he; 'eat that yerself; this punkin bread's good enough fur me.'"

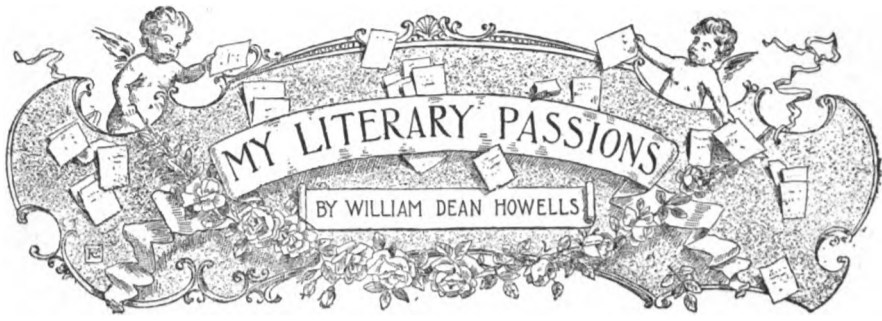
"Those who had previously suppressed their hilarity at Skipper's mistakes were now unable to conceal their glee, and all burst into such explosions of laughter that great mouthfuls of masticated bread and butter flew up against the surrounding rocks like showers of shot from a fowling-piece."

There is something in the latter part of this description that should please even the most radical believers of realism in fiction. But Mr. Dugger quickly turns from the realistic to the ideal:

"Charlie settled with his lovely wife in the city of Raleigh, where he had formerly resided, and the murmur heard in that family were like the voice of a sunlit tide embracing the tinted shells of the shore in love."

And then, to save the reader from enduring any lingering doubt of the fact that he has reached his conclusion, and can do no more for "Charlie" and the beautiful "Miss Lidie Meaks," he prints at the bottom of his page:

"THE END OF THE STORY."



ONE of the many characters of the village was the machinist who had his shop under our printing office when we first brought our newspaper to the place, and who was just then a machinist because he was tired of being many other things, and had not yet made up his mind to be something else. He could have been whatever he turned his agile intellect and his cunning hand to; he had been a schoolmaster and a watchmaker, and I believe an amateur doctor and irregular lawyer; he talked and wrote brilliantly, and he was one of the group that nightly disposed of every manner of theoretical and practical question at the drug store; it was quite different to him which side he took; what he enjoyed was the mental exercise. He was in consumption, as so many were in that region, and he carbonized against it, as he said; he took his carbon in the liquid form, and the last time I saw him the carbon had finally prevailed over the consumption, but it had itself become a seated vice; that was many years since, and it is many years since he died. He must have been known to me earlier, but I remember him first as he swam vividly into my ken with a volume of Macaulay's essays in his hand one day. Less figuratively speaking, he came up into the printing office to expose from the book the nefarious plagiarism of an editor in a neighboring city, who had adapted with the change of names and a word or two here and there, whole passages from the essay on Barère, to the denunciation of a brother editor. It was a very simple-hearted fraud, and it was all done with an innocent trust in the popular ignorance which now seems to me a little pathetic; but it was certainly very bare-faced, and merited the public punishment which the discoverer inflicted by means of what journalists call the deadly parallel column. The effect ought logically to have been ruinous for the plagiarist, but it was really nothing of the kind. He simply ignored the exposure, and the comments of the other city papers, and in the process of time he easily lived down the memory of it and went on to greater usefulness in his profession. But for the moment it appeared to me a tremendous crisis, and I listened as the minister of justice read his communication, with a thrill which lost itself in the interest I suddenly felt in the plundered author. Those facile, and shallow, and brilliant phrases and ideas struck me as the finest things I had yet known in literature, and I borrowed the book and read it through. Then I borrowed another volume of Macaulay's essays, and another and another, till I had read them every one. It was like a long debauch, from which I emerged with a sigh of regret that it could not be perpetuated.

I TRIED other essayists, other critics, whom the machinist had in his library, but it was useless; neither Sidney Smith nor Thomas Carlyle could console me; I sighed for more Macaulay and evermore Macaulay. I read his history of England, and I could measurably console myself with that, but only measurably; and I could not go back to the essays and read them again, for it seemed to me I had absorbed them so thoroughly that I had left nothing unenjoyed in them. I used to talk with the machinist about them, and with the organ-builder, and with my friend the printer, but no one seemed to feel the intense fascination for them that I did, and that I should now be quite unable to account for. Again I had an author for whom I could feel a personal devotion, whom I could dream of and dote upon, and whom I could offer my intimacy in many an impassioned reverie. I do not think T. B. Macaulay would really have liked it; I dare say he would not have valued the friendship of the sort of a youth I was, but in the conditions he was helpless, and I poured out my love upon him without a rebuff. Of course I reformed my prose style, which had been carefully modeled upon that of Goldsmith and Irving, and began to write in the manner of Macaulay, in short, quick sentences, and with revent use of brief Anglo-Saxon words which he prescribed but did not practice. As for his notions of literature, I simply accepted them with the feeling that any question of them would have been little better than blasphemy.

FOR a long time he spoiled my taste for any other criticism; he made it seem pale, and poor and weak; and he blunted my sense to subtler excellences than I found in him. I think this was a pity, but it was a thing not to be helped, like a great many things that happen to our hurt in life; it was simply inevitable. How or when my frenzy for him began to abate I cannot say, but it certainly waned, and it must have waned rapidly, for after no great while I found myself feeling the charm of quite different minds, as fully as if his had never enslaved me. I cannot regret that I enjoyed him so keenly as I did; it was in a way a generous delight, and though he swayed me helplessly whatever way he thought, I do not think yet that he swayed me in any very wrong way. He was a bright and clear intelligence, and if his light did not go far, it is to be said of him that his worst fault was to have stopped short of the finest truth in art, in morals, in politics.

WHAT remained to me from my love of him was a love of reading criticism, and I read almost as much in criticism as I read in poetry and history and fiction. I think it was of an eccentric doctor, another of the village characters, that I got the works of Edgar A. Poe; I do not know just how, but it must have been in some exchange of books; he preferred metaphysics. At any rate I fell greedily upon them, and I read with no less zest than his poems the bitter and cruel, and narrow-minded criticisms which mainly filled one of the volumes. As usual, I accepted them implicitly, and it was not till long afterward that I understood how worthless they were. I think that hardly less immoral than the lubricity of literature, and its celebration of the monkey and the goat in us, is the spectacle it affords of the tigerish play of satire. It is monstrous that for no offense but the wish to produce something beautiful, and the mistake of his powers in that direction, a writer should become the prey of some ferocious wit, and that his tormentor should achieve credit by this lightness and ease in rendering his prey; it is shocking to think how alluring and depraving the fact is to the young reader emulous of such credit, and eager to achieve it. Because I admired these barbarities of Poe's, I wished to imitate them, to impale some hapless victim on my own spear, to make him suffer and make the reader laugh. This is as far as possible from the criticism that enlightens and ennobles, but is still the ideal of most critics, deny it as they will; and because it is the ideal of most critics criticism still remains far behind all the other literary arts.

I am glad to remember that at the same time I exulted in these ferocities I had mind enough and heart enough to find pleasure in the truer and finer work, the humaner work, of other writers, like Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, and De Quincey, which became known to me at a time I cannot exactly fix. I believe it was Hazlitt whom I read first, and he helped me to clarify and formulate my admiration of Shakespeare as no one else had yet done; Lamb helped me too, and with all the dramatists, and on every hand I was reaching out for light that should enable me to place in literary history the authors I knew and loved. I fancy it was well for me at this period to have got at the four great English reviews, the Edinburgh, the Westminster, the London Quarterly and the North British, which I read regularly as well as Blackwood's Magazine. We got them in the American editions in payment for printing the publisher's prospectus, and their arrival was an excitement, a joy and a satisfaction with me, which I could not now describe without having to accuse myself of exaggeration. The love of literature, and the hope of doing something in it, had become my life to the exclusion of all other interests, or it was at least the great reality, and all other things were as shadows. I was living in a time of high political tumult, and I certainly cared very much for the question of slavery which was then filling the minds of men; I felt deeply the shame and wrong of our Fugitive Slave Law; I was stirred by the news from Kansas, where the great struggle between the two principles in our nationality was beginning in bloodshed; but I cannot pretend that any of these things were more than ripples on the surface of my intense and profound interest in literature. If I was not to live by it, I was somehow to live for it.

IF I thought of taking up some other calling it was as a means only; literature was always the end I had in view, immediately or finally. I did not see how it was to yield me a living, for I knew that almost all the literary men in the country had other professions; they were editors, lawyers, or had public or private employments; or they were men of wealth; there was then not one who earned his bread solely by his pen in fiction, or drama, or history, or poetry, or criticism, in a day when people wanted very much less butter on their bread than they do now. But I kept blindly at my studies, and yet not altogether blindly, for as I have said the reading I did had more tendency than before, and I was beginning to see authors in their proportion to one another, and to the body of literature. The English reviews were of great use to me in this; I made a rule of reading each one of them quite through. To be sure I often broke this rule, as people are apt to do with rules of the kind; it was not possible for a boy to wade through heavy articles relating to English politics and economics, but I do not think I left any paper upon a literary topic unread, and I did read enough politics, especially in Blackwood's, to be of Tory opinions; they were very fit opinions for a boy, and they did not exact of me any change in regard to the slavery question.

I SUPPOSE I might almost class my devotion to these periodicals among my literary passions, but it was of very short lease, not beyond a year or two at the most. In the midst of it I made my first and only essay aside from the lines of literature, or rather wholly apart from it. After some talk with my father it was decided, mainly by myself, I suspect, that I should leave the printing office and study law; and it was arranged with the United States Senator who lived in our village, and who was at home from Washington for the summer, that I was to come into his office. The Senator was by no means to undertake my instruction himself; his nephew, who had just begun to read law, was to be my fellow-student, and we were to keep each other up to the work, and to recite to each other, until we thought we had enough law to go before a board of attorneys and test our fitness for admission to the bar. This was the custom in that day and place, as I suppose it is still in most parts of the country. We were to be fitted for practice in the courts, not only by our reading, but by a season of pettifogging before justices of the peace, which I looked forward to with no small shrinking of my shy spirit; but what really troubled me most, and was always the grain of sand between my teeth, was Blackstone's confession of his own original preference for literature, and his perception that the law was "a jealous mistress," who would suffer no rival in his affections. I agreed with him that I could not go through life with a divided interest; I must give up literature or I must give up law. I not only consented to this logically, but I realized it in my attempt to carry on the reading I had loved, and to keep at the efforts I was always making to write something in verse or prose, at night, after studying law all day. The strain was great enough when I had merely the work in the printing office; but now I came home from my Blackstone mentally fagged, and I could not take up the authors whom at the bottom of my heart I loved so much better. I tried it a month, but almost from the fatal day when I found that confession of Blackstone's, my whole being turned from the "jealous mistress" to the high-minded muses.

I HAD not only to go back to literature, but I had also to go back to the printing office. I did not regret it, but I had made my change of front in the public eye, and I felt that it put me at a certain disadvantage with my fellow-citizens; as for the Senator, whose office I had forsaken, I met him now and then in the street, without trying to detain him, and once when he came to the printing office for his paper we encountered at a point where we could not help speaking. He looked me over in my general effect of base mechanical, and asked me if I had given up the law; I had only to answer him I had, and our conference ended. It was a terrible moment for me, because I knew that in his opinion I had chosen a path in life, which if it did not lead to the Poor House was at least no way to the White House. I suppose now that he thought I had merely gone back to my trade, and so for the time I had; but I have no reason to suppose that he judged my case narrow-mindedly, and I ought to have had the courage to have the affair out with him, and tell him just why I had left the law; we had sometimes talked the English reviews over, for he read them as well as I, and it ought not to have been impossible for me to be frank with him, but as yet I could not trust any one with my secret hope of some day living for literature, although I had already lived for nothing else. I preferred the disadvantage which I must be at in his eyes, and in the eyes of most of my fellow-citizens; I believe I had the applause of the organ-builder, who thought the law no calling for me.

IN that village there was a social equality which, if not absolute, was as nearly so as can ever be in a competitive civilization; and I could have suffered no slight in the general esteem for giving up a profession and going back to a trade; if I was despised at all it was because I had thrown away the chance of material advancement; I dare say some people thought I was a fool to do that. No one, indeed, could have imagined the rapture it was to do it, or what a load rolled from my shoulders when I dropped the law from them. Perhaps Sinbad or Christian could have conceived of my ecstatic relief; yet so far as the popular vision reached I was not returning to literature, but to the printing business, and I myself felt the difference. My reading had given me criterions different from those of the simple life of our village, and I did not flatter myself that my calling would have been thought one of great social dignity in the world where I hoped some day to make my living. My convictions were all democratic, but at heart I am afraid I was a snob, and was unworthy of the honest work which I ought to have felt it an honor to do; this, whatever we falsely pretend to the contrary, is the frame of every one who aspires beyond the work of his hands. I do not know how it had become mine, except through my reading, and I think it was through the devotion I then had for a certain author that I came to a knowledge not of good and evil so much as of common and superfine.

IT was of the organ-builder that I had Thackeray's books first. He knew their literary quality, and their rank in the literary world; but I believe he was surprised at the passion I instantly conceived for them. He could not understand it; he deplored it almost as a moral defect in me; though he honored it as a proof of my critical taste. In a certain measure he was right. What flatters the worldly pride in a young man is what fascinates him with Thackeray. With his air of looking down on the highest, and confidentially inviting you to be of his company in the seat of the scorners he is irresistible; his very confession that he is a snob, too, is balm and solace to the reader who secretly admires the splendors he affects to despise. His sentimentality is also dear to the heart of youth, and the boy who is dazzled by his satire is melted by his easy pathos. Then, if the boy has read a good many other books, he is taken with that abundance of literary turn and allusion in Thackeray; there is hardly a sentence but reminds him that he is in the society of a great literary swell, who has read everything, and can mock or burlesque life right and left from the literature always at his command. At the same time he feels his mastery, and is abjectly grateful to him in his own simple love of the good for his patronage of the unassuming virtues. It is so pleasing to one's vanity, and so safe, to be of the master's side when he assails those vices and foibles which are inherent in the system of things, and which one can condemn with vast applause so long as one does not attempt to undo the conditions they spring from. I exulted to have Thackeray attack the aristocrats, and expose their wicked pride and meanness, and I never noticed that he did not propose to do away with aristocracy, which is and must always be just what it has been, and which cannot be changed while it exists at all. He appeared to me one of the noblest creatures that ever was when he derided the shams of society; and I was far from seeing that society, as we have it, was necessarily a sham; when he made a mock of snobbishness I did not know but snobbishness was something that might be reached and cured by ridicule. Now I know that so long as we have social inequality we shall have snobs; we shall have men who bully and trundle, and women who snub and crawl. I know that it is futile to spurn them, or lash them for trying to get on in the world, and that the world is what it must be from the selfish motives which underlie our economic life. But I did not know these things then, nor for long afterward, and so I gave my heart to Thackeray, who seemed to promise me in his contempt of the world a refuge from the shame I felt for my own want of figure in it. He had the effect of taking me into the great world, and making me a party to his splendid indifference to titles, and even to royalties; and I could not understand that sham for sham he was unwittingly the greatest sham of all. When he called himself a snob he was safe in the love which I bore him, and which could not take him at his word.

I think it was Pendennis I began with, and I lived in the book to the very last line of it, and made its alien circumstance mine to the smallest detail. I am still not sure but it is the author's greatest book, and I speak from a thorough acquaintance with every line he has written, except the Virginians, which I have never been able to read quite through; most of his work I have read twice, and some of it oftener.

WHEN THINGS ARE AGAINST US

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

**A**S a general thing, let a man, young or old, make a failure in life and he is at once ready to rest the blame on some natural, mental or physical drawback or disadvantage. "Luck is against me" is a common cry, or it is reasoned out at "I cannot help my limitations." In me cases it is undoubtedly true that some ople were born, as the saying goes, under an unlucky star." In the great jority of instances, however, the effort d attempt to overcome obstacles are nting.

THE MISNAMING OF CHILDREN

**A**M free to state that I have a great deal of sympathy with those who are under disadvantage of an unfortunate name ren them by parents who thought they re doing a good thing. Sometimes at baptism of children, while I have held one hand in prayer I have held up the nder hand in amazement that parents ould have weighted the babe with such dissonant and repulsive nomenclature. ave not so much wondered that some ldrn should cry out at the christening it as that others with such smiling faces ould take a title that will be the burden their lifetime. It is outrageous to afflict ildren with an undesirable name because appened to be possessed by a parent or igh uncle from whom favors are expected, some prominent man of the day who y end his life in disgrace. It is no ex- se because they are Scripture names to l a child Jehoiachin or Tiglathpileser. t long ago a child was brought to me baptism, and when I asked the father the desired name, he replied that it was thsheba. Now, why any parent should sh to give to a child the name of that in- nous creature of Scripture times, passes yond my understanding. I have often t at the baptismal altar—although, I icy, not oftener than have other cler- men—when names were announced me, like saying, as did the Rev. Dr. hards, of Morristown, New Jersey, when child was presented him for sprinkling d the name given, "Hadn't you better l it something else?" Misnaming a ld, encumbering it with something that n obstacle to its success all through life, he most cruel act on the part of a parent, d one of the most unnecessary things ce we have so many good names. ere is no excuse for any assault and ttery on the cradle when our language opulent with names musical in sound d suggestive in meaning, such as John, aning "the gracious gift of God"; or nry, meaning "the chief of a house- ld"; or Alfred, meaning "good coun- lor"; or Joshua, meaning "God our vation"; or Nicholas, meaning "victory the people"; or Ambrose, meaning "mortal"; or Andrew, meaning "manly"; Esther, meaning "a star"; or Abigail, aning "my father's joy"; or Anna, aning "grace"; or Victoria, meaning "victory"; or Rosalie, meaning "beauti- as a rose"; or Margaret, meaning "a arl"; or Ida, meaning "Godlike"; or ara, meaning "illustrious"; or Amelia, aning "busy"; or Bertha, meaning "eautiful"; and hundreds of other names t as good that are a help rather than a idrance.

THE HINDRANCE OF A FAMILY NAME

**W**HERE the hindrance lies in the family name the question becomes some- at more complex. If I had been started life under a name which either through iculous orthography or vicious sugges- n had been found an incumbrance I ould have resolved that the next genera- n should not be so weighted. It is no meaning to change a name. Saul of rsus became Paul the Apostle. Hadas- ), "the myrtle," became Esther, "the r." We have in America, and I suppose s so in all countries, names which ought e abolished, and can be, and will be lished for the reason that they are a el and a slander. But if for any reason u are submerged either by a given name y a family name that you must bear, d will help you to overcome the out- ge by a life consecrated to the good and ful. You may erase the curse from the ne. You may somewhat change the nificance. If it once stood for meanness u can make it stand for generosity. If once stood for pride you can make it nd for humility. If it once stood for ud you can make it stand for honesty d purity and truth.

**AG**AINST PHYSICAL DEFECTS  
**P**EOPLÉ have often written me saying that they labored under the misfortune of incomplete physical equipment. We are by our Creator so economically built that we cannot afford the obliteration of any physical faculty. We want our two eyes, our two ears, our two hands, our two feet, our eight fingers and two thumbs.

A celebrated surgeon told me of a scene in the clinical department of one of the New York hospitals, when a poor man with a wounded leg was brought in before the students to be operated on. The surgeon was pointing out this and that to the students and handling the wounded leg, and was about to proceed to amputation when the poor man leaped from the table and hobbled to the door and said: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to disappoint you, but by the help of God I will die with my leg on." What a terrific loss is the loss of our physical faculties!

The way the battle of Crecy was decided against the French was by the Welshmen killing the French horses, and that brought their riders to the ground. And when you cripple this body, which is merely the animal on which the soul rides, you may sometimes defeat the soul.

Yet how many suffer from this physical taking off! For such I have the one and only message of good cheer. I believe God will make it up to you somehow. The grace, the sympathy of God will be more to you than anything you have lost. If God allows part of your resources to be cut off in one place He will add to it somewhere else. As Augustus, the Emperor, took off a day from February, making it the shortest month in the year, and added it to August, the month named for him, so advantages taken from one part of your nature will be added to another.

WINNING IN SPITE OF ODDS

**W**HEN one looks over history it is amazing how much of the world's work has been done by men of subtracted physical organization. Sergeant S. Prentiss, the great orator of the Southwest, went limping all his life, but there was no foot put down upon any platform of his day that resounded so far as his club foot. Beethoven was so deaf that he could not hear the crash of the orchestra rendering his oratorios. Thomas Carlyle, the dyspeptic martyr, was given the commission to drive cant out of the world's literature. Rev. Thomas Stockton, of Philadelphia, with one lung raised his audience nearer Heaven than most ministers can raise them with two lungs. Do not think so much of what faculties you have lost as of what faculties remain. You have enough left to make yourself felt in three worlds, while you help the earth, and baulk Hell and win Heaven. Arise from your discouragements and see what, by the special help of God, you can accomplish!

Remember, too, that all physical disadvantages will after a while vanish. Let those who have been rheumatized out of a foot, or cataracted out of an eye, or by the perpetual roar of our cities thundered out of an ear, look forward to the day when this old tenement house of flesh will come down and a better one shall be builded. The resurrection morning will provide you with a better outfit. Either the unstrung, worn-out, blunted and crippled organs will be so reconstructed that you will not know them, or an entire new set of eyes and ears and feet will be given you. Just what it means by corruption putting on incorruption we do not know, save that it will be glory ineffable; no limping in Heaven, no straining of the eyesight to see things a little way off; no putting of the hand behind the ear to double the capacity of the tympanum; but faculties perfect, all the keys of the instrument attuned for the sweep of the fingers of ecstasy. But until that day of resurrection comes let us bear each other's burdens.

Some labor from lack of early education. There will be no excuse for ignorance in the next generation. Free schools and illimitable opportunity of education will make ignorance a crime. I believe in compulsory education. But there are multitudes of men and women in mid-life who have had no opportunity. Free schools had not yet been established, and vast multitudes had little or no school at all. They feel it when as Christian men they come to speak and pray in religious assemblies, or public occasions, patriotic, or political, or educational. They are silent because they do not feel competent. They owe nothing to English grammar, or geography, or *belles-lettres*. They do not know a participle from a pronoun.

NOT ALWAYS WHAT WE KNOW

**S**UPPOSE a man in middle life finds himself without education, what is he to do? Do the best he can. The most effective layman in a former pastoral charge that I ever heard speak on religious themes could, within five minutes of exhortation, break all the laws of English grammar, and if he left any law unfractured he would complete the work of lingual devastation in the prayer with which he followed it. But I would rather have him pray for me if I were sick or in trouble than any Christian man I know of, and in that church all the people preferred him in exhortation and prayer to all others. Why? Because he was so thoroughly pious and had such power with God he was irresistible; and as he went on in his prayer sinners repented and saints shouted for joy, and the bereaved seemed to get back their dead in celestial companionship. And when he had stopped praying, and as soon as I could wipe out of my eyes enough tears to see the closing hymn, I ended the meeting, fearful that some long-winded prayer-meeting bore would pull us down from the seventh heaven.

Not a word have I to say against accuracy of speech, or fine elocution, or high mental culture. Get all these you can. But I do say to those who were brought up in the day of poor schoolhouses and ignorant schoolmasters, and no opportunity, you may have so much of good in your soul and so much of Heaven in your every-day life that you will be mightier for good than any one who went through the curriculum of Harvard, or Yale, or Oxford, yet never graduated in the school of Christ.

THE DRAWBACKS OF MANY

**T**HEN there are others under the great disadvantages of poverty. Who ought to get things cheapest? You say those who have little means. But they pay more. You buy coal by the ton, they buy it by the bucket. You buy flour by the barrel, they buy it by the pound. You get apparel cheap because you pay cash. They pay dear because they have to get trusted. The Bible was right: "The destruction of the poor is their poverty."

Then there are those who made a mistake in early life and that overshadows all their days. "Do you know that that man was once in prison?" is whispered. Or, "Do you not know that that man once attempted suicide?" Or, "Do you know that that man once absconded?" Or, "Do you know that that man was once discharged for dishonesty?" Perhaps there was only one wrong deed in the man's life, and that one act haunts the subsequent half century of his existence.

Others have a mighty obstacle in their personal appearance, for which they are not responsible. They forget that God fashioned their features and their complexion, and their stature, the size of their nose and mouth and hands and feet, and gave them the gait and the general appearance; and they forget that much of the world's best work, and the church's best work, has been done by homely people; and that Paul the Apostle is said to have been hump-backed, and his eyesight weakened by ophthalmia, while many of the finest in appearance have passed their time before flattering looking-glasses, or in studying killing attitudes and in displaying the richest of wardrobes—not one ribbon, or vest, or sack, or glove, or button, or shoestring of which they have had brains enough to earn for themselves.

Others have wrong proclivities from the start. They were born wrong, and that sticks to one even after he is born again. They have a natural crankiness that is two hundred and seventy-five years old. It came over with their great-grandfathers from Scotland, or Wales, or France. It was born on the banks of the Thames, or the Clyde, or the Tiber, or the Rhine, and has survived all the plagues and epidemics of many generations, and is living to-day on the banks of the Hudson, or the Androscoggin, or the Savannah.

A SOURCE OF PRACTICAL RELIEF

**I**N the way of practical relief for all disadvantages and all woes the only voice that is worth listening to on this subject is the voice of Christianity, which is the voice of Almighty God. Whether I have written the particular disadvantages under which you labor or not, I distinctly declare, in the name of my God, that there is a way out and a way up for all of you. Take courage from that Bible, all of whose promises are for those in bad predicament. There are better days for you either on earth or in Heaven. Have God on your side. Have faith in Him, and though all the allied forces of discouragement seem to come against you in battle array, and their laugh of defiance and contempt resounds through all the valleys and mountains, you might, by faith in God, and important prayer, pick up a handful of the very dust of your humiliation, and throw it into the air, and it shall become angels of victory.

T. De Witt Talmage

Dr. Talmage

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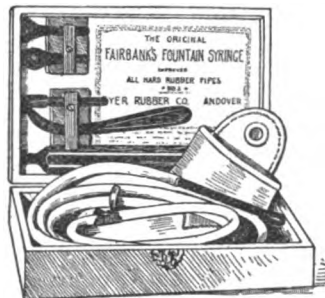
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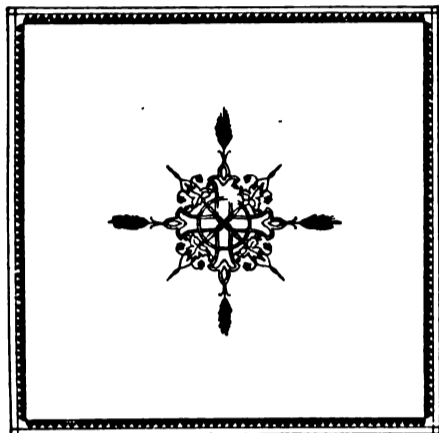
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ECCLESIASTICAL EMBROIDERY

By Harriet Ogden Morison



DESIGN for a "fair linen" cloth, as shown in Illustration No. 4, covers the top of the altar and hangs down at each end. The grape and wheat effect, which has been appropriately chosen, should be worked in the simple satin stitch, the grapes and wheat carefully stuffed to give a raised appearance, the beard of the wheat to be worked very



A PURIFICATOR (Illus. No. 1)

fine to look feathery, the leaves in heavy satin stitch, or half the leaf solid, the other half seeded. In reproducing the border the design might be repeated twice or three times, according to the width of the "fair linen." When less work is desired simply outline with Roman floss, which gives a silky appearance, or a Syrian silk, which is less glossy, but wears nicely. For a solid effect we cannot do better than adhere to the simple white cotton thread, which, when washed and pressed on a soft flannel, allows the design to come out like new. The size of a "fair linen" depends entirely upon the length of the altar, and the width from the front to the retable. It should hang down at the ends not less than eighteen inches, and as much longer as the height of the altar will allow or the taste of the worker dictates—there is no positive rule in this matter. A hem of an inch and a half or two inches is suitable. The "fair linen" represents the cloth which was wound around our Lord's body at His burial.

CLEANSING THE LINEN

SPECIAL attention should be given to the proper cleansing of all altar linens, especially to those which come in direct contact with the chalice. In olden times this was done by one in Holy Orders, and in the present day most parishes have a sacristan who attends to all these duties, or the young women who belong to the altar guilds or chancel committee see that the linens used upon the altar are carefully cared for in every particular. A special sink or basin should be set apart for the altar linens to be washed in, and before they are regularly washed they should be rinsed in clear water two or three times. This care should be taken with the corporal, purificator and the linen lining to the pall. The outside embroidered cover seldom requires to be washed.

THE PALL OR PALLA

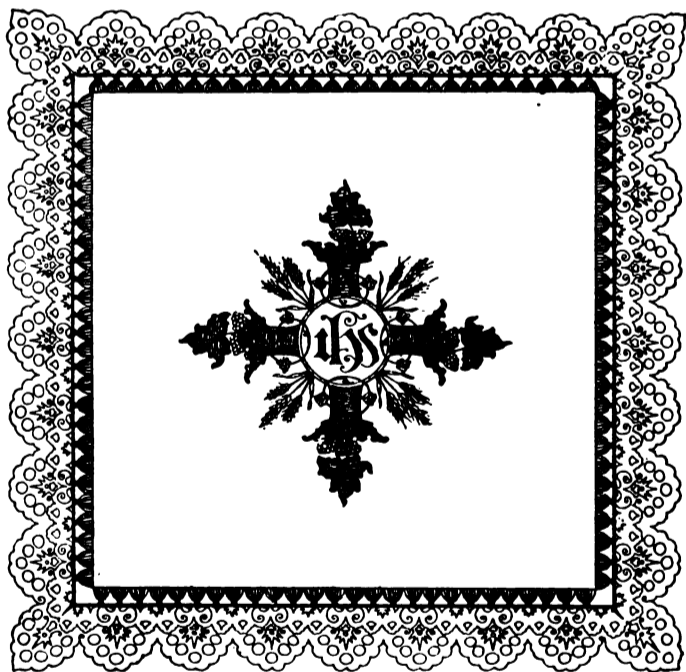
IN the working of the linen cover for a palla much taste and fine work may be displayed. The design, as given in Illustration No. 3, not only shows the direction of the stitch, but gives one some idea of the solid effect of the design when finished.

A pall is a piece of cardboard, from six to eight inches square, and covered with two pieces of linen, the upper embroidered cover, as given in the drawing, with a lace edging (always a real lace), the under linen simply with a narrow, hemstitched hem, and merely tacked at each corner of the cardboard that it may be easily taken off to be laundered. The crown effect of the design should be brought out most clearly in the working, as, also, should the sacred monogram.

A PURIFICATOR

BOTH for corporal and purificator there is a regulation mode of folding the linen. The corporal should be folded into three divisions, then again into three, making a square, and placed in the burse, both before and after the celebration. Fold a purificator first into three divisions, then again lengthwise into three, making an oblong with the centre cross on the outside. The purificator is placed over the chalice, also both before and after the celebration. It is used by the priest to cleanse the sacred vessels.

As the size of a chalice varies a simple way of making a purificator the correct measure is to take the diameter of the cup of the chalice and multiply it by three. As shown in Illustration No. 1 the purificator is a square with a cross exactly in the

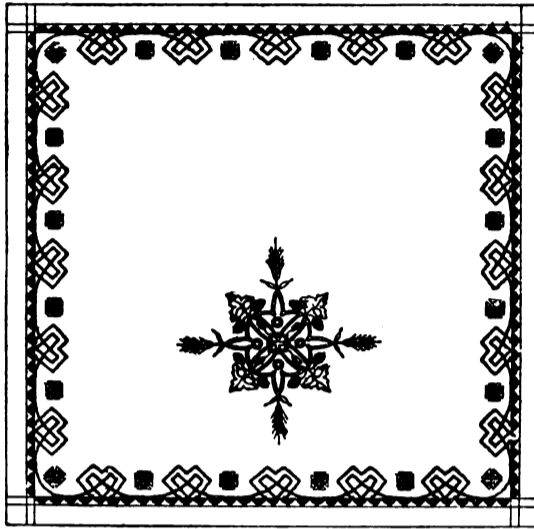


THE PALL (Illus. No. 3)

centre. It should have a hem about half an inch in width, which may be either neatly hemmed or a few threads drawn and hemstitched. The cross can be simply outlined or the old-fashioned minute stitch is effective. This way of making and embroidering a purificator is sufficiently handsome to go with almost any set. Four purificators is the usual number sent with a set of altar linen.

THE CORPORAL

SIMILAR in shape to the chalice veil is the corporal, as shown in Illustration No. 2, the ordinary difference being in the size. When a linen chalice veil is used, instead of a silk one, to mark the difference a cross may be placed on one and the sacred monogram on the other, with a cross behind the monogram, if one is preferred. The scrollwork border with the small crosses between, as given in the drawing, would have a good effect if outlined. Then seed the small crosses and outline around the edge. Confine the solid satin stitch effect entirely to the centre cross. Work both the grapes and wheat in the same manner as given for the embroidery on the "fair linen." The hem should be narrow, about



THE CORPORAL (Illus. No. 2)

half an inch, and hemstitched. In arranging the corporal on the altar so place it that the cross and that on the centre of the "fair linen" may be far enough separated to allow space sufficient for the chalice, thus avoiding any danger of its being upset by an uneven surface.

FRINGE FOR A "FAIR LINEN"

MUCH anxiety is often felt about finishing the ends of a "fair linen," as the simple fringe gained by pulling the threads of the single

linen is not heavy enough to accord with the weight of work of the embroidered border. A linen fringe comes for this very purpose and can be obtained at any of our ecclesiastical art furnishers. But in most cases the pride of the worker is such that a natural wish is to have the entire offering her own work. In such cases the fringe is the obstacle that is easily combated, fortunately. Leave the linen long enough at each end to double under and form a hem, which can be hemstitched to carry out the effect of the hem on the rest of the cloth. Hemstitch, also, the two pieces together at the edge in order to have them securely fastened. Thus there are two thicknesses of linen to fringe, which in most cases will be sufficiently heavy. But should a still thicker fringe be desired insert an additional piece of linen between the two sides, thus giving three thicknesses of linen to fringe. Then separate the threads, and knot as many times as the length of the fringe will permit. For ordinary use the simple hemstitched hem is sufficient. A handsome lace also makes a pleasing finish, and sometimes above the hem the effect of Mexican lace work is given by drawing the threads for about two inches and working any of the many pretty designs given for that most exquisite style of lace work. In ecclesiastical, more almost than in any other form of embroidery, care must be taken that the articles when completed shall be of the very finest workmanship.

(From the New York Tribune.)

Marion Harland Writes an Open Letter

MAY 5, 1894.

Participation in a newspaper controversy is so distasteful to me that I have refrained until now from making public over my own signature the simple facts relative to a letter written in November, 1887, which commended a certain baking powder "so far as I had any experience in the use of such compounds."

In 1890 I prepared a new edition of "Common Sense in the Household." Many of the old-fashioned receipts called for cream of tartar and soda, for which it was necessary to substitute baking powder. I then carefully tested six different baking preparations. Finding Cleveland's Baking Powder the best in quality, the most economical in use, and always sure to give uniform results, I did what every intelligent housekeeper who keeps pace with the progress in domestic science would do, adopted Cleveland's Baking Powder and have used it ever since.

Under these circumstances it is certainly not just toward me or the public for a manufacturer to continue to use, in spite of my earnest protest, an old testimonial (frequently too with the date suppressed), and one that in the rapid growth of the culinary art may fairly be regarded as outlawed. It cannot assuredly bear truthfully the caption "Up to Date."

I therefore write this open letter to correct any false impressions that may have been made.

I wish to add further that real merit is the only consideration that ever has or ever could induce me to recommend any article to the public.

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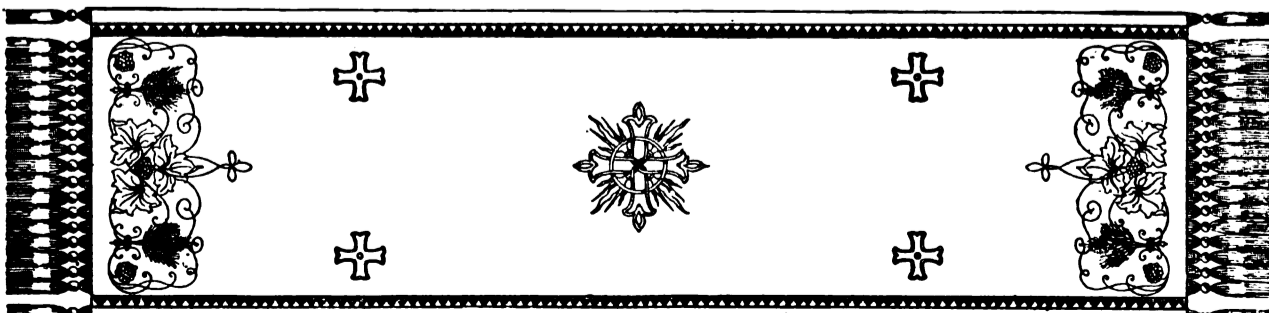
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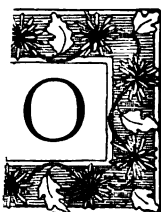
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THE "FAIR LINEN" CLOTH (Illus. No. 4)

MAKING A SUBURBAN HOME

By Robert J. Burdette



ONCE upon a time—so I am informed by a friend who reads dialect stories in the original, and therefore understands all about everything—when this world was only two or three million years old, and just cooling off, it was a great mass of desolation; huge rocks, barren as the of a dude; hardened lakes of lava; r piles and ash heaps from restless noes, dumping ashes everywhere out regard to ordinances yet to be; all conglomerate debris of creation lying nd in awful disorder and disheartening idance; a hopeless wilderness, good othing, save to build a railroad through government aid, and people it with nies of deluded immigrants, lured eto by promise of cheap lands, light s, low freight rates, convenient markets three crops a year. My friend assured that very rarely indeed is it vouchsafed mortal man to gaze upon such a scene diversified upheaval and general worth-ness as Creation presented while they re waiting for the varnish to dry. I ed him if he had seen all this himself. reply he smiled upon me in such a pity-; and superior manner that I am uncer- n to this day whether he had or not. I her think, however, he had.

THERE are several ways, or less, if not more, in which the suburbanite may enter into his rural kingdom. He may buy a house and place ready-made. There are firms of good suburban Samaritans who build suburban houses on the incubator plan; hatch them out by the score; build them for you while you wait, and finish them off with such architectural freaks and frenzies as would make angels weep, if they had to live in some of them. If the man in town is impatient, and has no money with which to establish charities and hospitals, but needs it all himself, he goes to an incubator and picks out his house. But if he has a little more money and a little more time, and is fond of excitement, and likes to add to his little store of experience, he can buy a book of designs, with one thousand five hundred colored plates, showing him not only how to build his house, but exactly how to paint it, without making any draught on his own originality or taste; nay, more, he can buy another book showing him how to lay out his "estate" of one-half acre, with a carriage drive that gets into the yard, darts around the house, twists itself up in a short turn and forgets the way out. Then the "carriage company" has to drive across the tennis lawn to turn around, unless the horses are well broken and the distance from the labyrinth to the gate not too great, in which case the driver can back out, with some trifling assistance from the host, who can go—I don't know whether you would call it before or behind the carriage—anyhow, he can go in the rear of the vehicle, and at critical moments lift the whole juggernaut by the hind axle and slide the wheels off the grass into the drive. Ready-made houses are not to be laughed at. Only like ready-made garments, they don't fit quite so snugly as a tailor-made suit; they are more apt to shed buttons at untimely seasons, to rip in the side seams, and spring a leak in the most important pockets.

The true suburbanite, however, buys all these books, then he plans the house over to suit himself and reserves exclusively for his own amusement the arrangement of his "grounds." You always call anything less than an acre a "place"; an acre or about that is "grounds," and anything over two acres is a "country place," and is entitled to a name which few can spell, nobody pronounce, and the meaning whereof no man knoweth save the owner.

THE ideal suburbanite has no time to fool with an architect; he supervises the construction of that house himself. A laudable and loving ambition, for is it not his home? The workmen are pleased with this arrangement; it takes them about five minutes to ascertain just how much less than nothing it is possible for a man to know about house building, and yet be able to distinguish an auger hole from a mortise. When he speaks of "jice" as "joists," they take his measure. And when he calls "studd'n" "scantling," he is up to his knees in the consommé, and getting in deeper at every step. But blessed be the placid bliss of perfect ignorance, he doesn't know it. He is serenely happy. He prowls about that house getting into trouble at every turn. He falls through the first floor "jice" and abrades his happy shins. He looks up to see what is the matter when the down-trodden sons of toil on the second floor shout, "Look out below!" and catches a hatchet-handle in his eye. He walks under the scaffolding when the plasterers are at work, and gets gouts of mortar on top of his new hat and down the back of his neck—but what of that? The mocking laughter of the busy "mud-wasps" disturbs him not; he joins in it, merriest of them all. Is it not his own hat and his own neck? And oh, bliss of the blistered, is it not his own mortar?

And sometimes she comes out with him. The down-trodden and oppressed are not well pleased to see her, daintily picking her way about the half-finished house. They do not have one-half so much fun with her as they do with her husband. She doesn't know any more about building material than he does—not so much. Anything made of wood is a "board" to her. But she knows the plans and specifications of that house by heart, and can repeat them forward and backward. She hasn't been on the ground half an hour before the foreman is summoned to her presence to "show cause why." The window he left out, because he thought it superfluous, goes in; the one he put in the wrong place comes out; the pantry put in the wrong place, because it was easier to put it there, is dynamited.

THERE is a quiet little cyclone for about fifteen minutes, and when she goes away, promising to return to-morrow and see how they get along with these alterations, they know she will come. Not one of these things had her happy, fussy husband observed. As they go back to town he is so quiet and preoccupied that she thinks he must be studying his Sunday-school lesson—he has a class of boys—and refrains from interrupting him. In her mind she thinks so—which, by the way, is the place where the majority of people, with a few exceptions, which readily occur to you, do their thinking. Really, she knows what is the matter with him, and what he is thinking about; she will not triumph nor gloat, but she quietly makes up her mind to cultivate the society of the laboring classes a little every day until everything is on that house, clear to the mortgage. Dearest and gentlest and most patient of tyrants, supremely exacting and infinitely indulgent, submissive in defeat and tender in victory—God bless the very shadow of you!

THE day comes when the suburbanite's house is as nearly finished as ever it will be. A house in the country is like a cathedral—it is never completed. The very day the suburbanite moves in—the day of the first big spring rain—looked so pleasant when they came to load that the men brought open vans and forgot the tarpaulins—that very day some of the workmen return to finish something, and go away without doing it, because, after tearing part of it down to get at the rest of it, they remember that they forgot to bring some indispensable tools. At intervals of three or four weeks during the first summer they return to look for tools, which they darkly insinuate have been appropriated by some of the family. They don't just say so in so many words, but their significant glances show plainly that they rather suspect the baby.

But at last, when the weary are at rest, how sweet to sit on the piazza and view the pleasant landscape, a part of which is the suburbanite's very own. His own part of it is what catches his eye. It appears to have caught, also, a little of everything else in the material universe. Four different kinds of clay came out of the cellar, and were utilized in grading the place on top of the good soil and turf, wherefore the "grounds" look like a particular map of some undiscovered country. The first sweet, restful Sunday in the country the suburbanite sits in the place where his own vine and fig-tree will grow, if vines and fig-trees can be made to grow in a strange soil of broken window glass, abandoned chunks of putty, tangles of tin trimmings, shattered slates, discarded paint-brushes, old boots, tin cans and broken brick, with amorphous blendings of barrel hoops, shot with the hard pan of a mortar-bed. As his eyes wander over the "lawn," its lumpy grading marked by the uncertain footsteps of a cow which had evidently strayed in there to look for a good place to lie down and die in, but couldn't find a spot free of incumbrances, his face brightens. He catches sight, away over there in the corner, of a gleam of emerald, swaying in the sunshine. "Grass! grass!" he shouts joyously. He flies across the broken "lawn," he kneels down to caress the dainty harbinger of a velvet sward—a mocking vision that spoke the word of promise at long range and broke it close at hand—garlic, the scourge of the lawn; garlic, that will abide so long as grass grows and water runs.

TOP soil for that Sahara—with apologies to the desert—of a lawn there must be. He begins to call it a "lawn," you know, from the day the first load of red and yellow clay is dumped upon it from the cellar. All his married life he has heard the wife of his bosom revile dirt; he has seen her fight against it and cast it forth from his home by the sweeperful. Oh, wicked, sinful waste of good, precious, life-giving dirt! Now that he wants a little of it, about half an acre, for that "lawn," lo, it costs him a little more than wheat, although not quite so much as good flour. But when at last the lawn is graded and seeded with the very best lawn mixture of the two hundred very best lawn mixtures urged upon him by two hundred of the only reliable seedsmen in America he is repaid for all expense and toil by the pleasure of watching the grass grow. Likewise the all-pervading plantain, which shares with truth the eternal years. The gay little dandelion lifts up its golden head, and scatters seed after its kind by the million thrice told. The timid garlic scents the dewy air of incense-breathing morn with its perennial breath that makes the very sparrows tired, while the tough dock, rude bully of the lawn, thrusts its long roots deep into the heart of the prehistoric strata and murmurs to the man bending above it with tugging arms and breaking back, "We are here to stay." And last of all the grass dies also. And the spring and the winter are the first year.

Robert J. Burdette

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# HOUSE FURNISHINGS IN PARIS

By Maria Parloa

**I**n a two hours' walk in almost any part of Paris, one may find material enough for a most delightful story, if an interesting and amusing story were the main thing; but to draw the picture honestly one must study all the little details of daily life. In these first articles we will study the surroundings of the better classes, reserving the special conditions of the very rich and very poor for consideration later.

There are certain things that one will always find in the Paris apartment, be it simple or elaborate. These are hardwood floors, good walls and ceilings, some sort of cooking apparatus in the kitchen, and a mirror in every chamber, and in all but the very cheapest apartments two mirrors in the *salon*—one over the mantel and a second one hung on the wall directly opposite. These mirrors are always of generous size; even in the simplest little apartment they are as wide as the mantel on which they rest, and they generally reach to the ceiling. The plaster used on the walls and ceilings seems to be of a much better quality than that used in America. This plaster rarely cracks, although when heavy omnibuses pass through narrow streets the houses are shaken. The stability of the plaster does not, however, depend wholly on its superior quality. The walls and foundations of the houses are very stable. In houses of any pretension the ceilings of the *salon*, chambers and dining-room are finished handsomely in stucco. Sometimes the walls are finished in this manner also. The woodwork is painted light, except in the dining-room, entrance-hall and kitchen. Of course, in very handsome houses the ornamentation varies, much gold and rich coloring being used. As a rule all the rooms except the parlor are papered; in very fine houses they are sometimes hung with silk or tapestry. The floor of the kitchen is of brick tiling, all the other floors of polished wood, generally oak. The sink in the kitchen is quite unlike anything known under the name in America. It is usually a slab of limestone chiseled to a depth of about two inches set upon a frame; the walls around it are tiled. The waste-pipe passes through one corner of the block of stone. Closets for clothing are hardly known in the apartment houses, although sometimes there are small spaces in the halls and at the entrance to chambers which are utilized for this purpose. The closets for table service are sometimes in the hall between the kitchen and dining-room and sometimes in the dining-room, and in some apartments a corner of the dining-room is taken for the china-closet; immense mirrors are set in the doors of this closet, but generally the dining-room is free from closet or mirror.

### WINDOWS, SHADES AND DRAPERIES

**T**he French window is like a double door and opens inward. For this reason inside shades generally are out of the question. A shade is frequently used on the outside, the material being similar to that used for awnings, and the fixtures are such that it may be used for an awning or hung close to the window. All the windows have what may be called a "glass curtain." These curtains are placed close to the glass and hang straight and smooth. They are rarely drawn back, and therefore must be of a material that will screen the room from outside observation without obscuring the light. Besides these glass curtains there are always heavy draperies. One of the most noticeable things in the French house is the lavish use of draperies everywhere, but especially in the bedroom. These hangings are generally artistic and help to furnish and soften the room, but more than this they serve as a protection against draughts, and this means a great deal in a French house, for while the builders give substantial foundations and walls the fittings of the doors and windows do not compare with those in houses in America that are at all well built. The fastenings of the doors, too, are ugly and unwieldy. So the housekeeper resorts to all sorts of means to keep her rooms comfortable without a too liberal use of fuel. Rubber weather-strips are often fastened around the doors, but *bourrelet* is the thing most used. This is a thick roll of flax which is covered with cambric and is sold by the yard. It is not ornamental, but it does protect the room from the wind, which will find its way under and at the sides of the doors. The draperies are made of a heavy material and lined. If, however, a light fabric like chintz is used, a middle lining of coarse Canton flannel is placed between the chintz and the cambric lining.

### THE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

**I**n France, as in every other country, the style in which the house is furnished depends largely upon the taste and purse of the housekeeper. The French are naturally an artistic people, and they carry this into everything that pertains to their daily lives; the utility does not appeal so strongly to them as does the beauty of a thing. The *salon* is always furnished in such a manner that the effect is light and graceful. If the room is small it is apt to be too crowded for the English or American taste; but even in a small room the furniture is arranged with such admirable skill that a great number of people can be seated in such a way that the conversation can be general, and in the French *salon*, where the family or friends gather in the evening, this is a desirable thing, since general conversation is the rule. Into this room is gathered everything that will please the eye. Although the French use such an abundance of mirrors, gold and light colors, the effect is always soft and harmonious. Notwithstanding the house is so well furnished with mirrors the housekeeper finds space for still more. Sometimes one or two very beautiful ones are hung in the *salon*. The floor is usually covered with a rug, but sometimes it is carpeted. Cabinets, small tables, low chairs and small sofas are scattered through the rooms; china and gilt ornaments of all shapes and sizes are placed on cabinets and mantel. Pretty lamps, too, are not wanting. If the *salon* is very large the furniture is so arranged that groups of people can take corners here and there; sometimes a screen or an upright piano is so placed that a cozy corner is made in one part of the room. Growing palms and flowering plants are a feature of nearly every *salon*. The pots are sometimes placed in handsome *jardinières*, but more often in lovely baskets, which are trimmed with ribbons; very often there is also a basket of artificial flowers, which one could easily mistake for the natural ones. The dining-room is always simply furnished—only the table, chairs, sideboard and sometimes a side table. Each person is supplied with a foot-rest. A growing plant is often placed in the window of this room. The entrance-hall, or the ante-chamber, as the French call it, is furnished with a hall-stand, some chairs, a small table, and sometimes a sofa or carved wooden seats.

### RANGES AND KITCHEN UTENSILS

**T**he Paris housekeeper is not so dependent upon her kitchen as is the housekeeper in most other countries. There are but few things which one cannot buy ready cooked; still the kitchens of the well-to-do people are well supplied with the necessary apparatus for good cooking. Large apartments always have a large range with oven for roasting or baking, also attached to the range a large boiler which can be used for either roasting or boiling. All these ranges have a hot-water tank, which must be filled by hand; the hot water is drawn through a faucet. A boiler attached to the range is a rare thing. When it is remembered that no laundry work is done in the house, and that a bathroom is not common, it will be seen that the hot-water boiler is not so essential as with us. Smaller ranges are made with several small compartments where a little charcoal fire can be made, if one needs only to broil a bit of meat or fish, simmer a stew or soup, or make a cup of chocolate or coffee. Of course, besides these places there is the regular fire-box in which anthracite coal is burned. This fire heats the whole range, and with it one can bake, roast, broil and boil. Nearly all the ranges have the hot-water tank, which is fitted into the body of the range at the side or back. Many of these tanks have round openings in the cover, into which fit deep porcelain saucepans, the tank being utilized as a hot-water bath for keeping food hot. Besides these ranges for coal many kitchens contain gas ranges and other gas appliances for cooking.

In all the best kitchens the greater part of the cooking utensils are made of copper, but many housekeepers who keep but one servant, or perhaps more, prefer the blue and white ware, which is light, clean and safe. Copper is expensive at first, but then it lasts indefinitely, and it holds the heat well. The shape is taken into consideration; the simplest forms, such as bowls and saucepans, without covers, costing about twenty-eight cents a pound; the price runs up to eighty cents a pound, and the silver-plated platters, such as one finds in American kitchen-furnishing stores under the name of granite dishes, are much higher.

### FURNISHINGS OF THE BEDROOM

**A**LTHOUGH the French live so much in the bedroom, unlike the Americans they do not attempt to disguise the bed. Indeed, this is the most prominent feature of the room, the canopy giving an imposing effect to the simplest bed. Besides the bed there are generally a chest of drawers, washstand, commode, wardrobe, small table and chairs; if the chamber is large a sofa or long chair, and possibly two wardrobes. The clock, candelabra and fixtures for the fireplace are a part of every room. One rarely sees a dressing-case in these chambers—the mirror in the wardrobe, and that over the mantel, and a small table answering for toilet purposes. In a handsome room there is usually a screen to cut off the corner where the toilet arrangements are kept. The long chair is a couch with a comfortable high back at one end; sometimes this chair is made in two parts, one forming a comfortable chair with a high back, the other a square seat without any back. When one wishes to lie down the square can be placed close to the chair, thus making a comfortable couch. Of course each person has his or her special belongings that must find a place in the chamber, which, if it is not large, soon becomes crowded.

The heavy curtains for the windows and for the bed are generally of the same material. If the bed is in the middle of the room a small framework of wood is fastened to the walls and the ceiling above the head. If, however, the bed is in a corner of the room a larger framework is required to give the proper effect to the hangings. This frame is covered with the material used for lining the draperies; this same material is plaited or gathered at the top and fastened to the framework, so that it falls in graceful folds below the bed. The curtains are fastened to the outside of the frame. Handsome pegs to correspond with the wood in the chamber set are fastened into the wall at each side of the bed; the curtains are held back on these pegs by heavy cords and tassels. The frame for the canopy is sometimes attached to the bedstead. The bedspread is frequently made of the same material as the curtains. All sorts of goods are used for these draperies.

### THE BELONGINGS OF THE BED

**B**OX-SPRINGS are used in nearly all the beds, and they are generally sold as a part of the bedstead. But one mattress is required with these springs. The best mattresses here are made with about one-third curled hair and two-thirds long wool, the wool costing almost as much as the hair. The French think all-hair mattresses too hard. These part-wool mattresses do not keep their shape as well as those made with curled hair, and they must be made over as often as once in two years. The pillows are square. Pure linen is used a great deal for sheets and pillow-cases. The latter are always square. The sheets are extravagantly long, generally about three yards and a half. The bolster is rolled in one end of the under sheet when the bed is made; this method, of course, requires a very long sheet. Sheets of all grades of linen, and costing from six to sixteen dollars a pair, can be bought at all the large dry goods shops. The work is done in convents and prisons, and therefore, the ready-made article is cheaper than if one bought the linen and hired them made. The sheets are usually hemstitched, and sometimes there is a great deal of fine needlework on them. Sheets and pillow-cases with one letter embroidered on them can be bought for about the same price that is charged for plain ones. All household linen is marked by embroidery; one seldom sees the name written in ink. As was stated before the bedspreads are often made of the same material as the curtains, but this is not universal. All sorts of materials are used. Linen spreads exquisitely embroidered can be bought at the large shops at from forty dollars upward. These are not showy, but they are dainty, light and clean, and will last a lifetime. Russian embroideries are used a great deal; the daintiest are linen open-work and the embroidery is in gold. Each province and some of the foreign countries send their special kinds of embroideries for bed-covers.

### THE FIREPLACE AND MANTEL

**A**S there is a fireplace in nearly every room of a Paris house certain furnishings are provided for them as a matter of course. For the fireplace there must be the grate or andirons, the shovel, tongs and poker. Besides these things every fireplace is provided with a low fender, more or less elaborate. In handsome rooms these are usually gilt. The clock and candelabra or a pair of vases seem to be a part of the French mantel. One rarely purchases a clock alone. The candelabra or vases are made to match the clock. These are sometimes very simple, but there is always a little ornamentation; for the more elaborate sets the finest materials are used. For example, the case of the clock may be of the finest Sèvres and the ornamentation of gold; the candelabra or vases must be made of the same material. Candlesticks are in each bedroom.

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# THE HAPPY VACATION DAYS

By Ruth Ashmore

**T**HEY come to some of us always—whether we are busy workers in the home nest, or whether we are out in the work-a-day world. Sometimes we don't have them as often as we could wish to, but once in a while, at least, there come a few days or weeks away from home, which, making a change, constitute a vacation. The girl whose vacation is most interesting to me is that one who is out in the business world, and who, as it is permitted her, may have two weeks' and sometimes a month's vacation. Before she looks at it as a pleasure I should like this girl to think of her vacation as a necessity, for after months of work she needs the wholesome medicine that comes from a strange place, strange food, and, best of all, fresh faces and new people. I like to think of her vacation as being made up of golden days, so that when she returns to her home and is doing her best at the work which is laid out for her she will be cheerier and more contented because of the pleasure she has had. It is possible that you are the fortunate girl who is asked by a friend, or some one of your kinsfolk, to come and spend your two weeks in the country. You have accepted the invitation, and it is only necessary for you to start to enjoy the days of rest.

### THE STARTING OUT

**F**IRST of all, you are going to look in your purse, and then you will find out about your tickets. You know exactly how long you are going to stay, and, as a wise girl, you are going to buy, if you can, an excursion ticket, for the little money saved on that will help give pleasure to somebody else. Being a thoughtful girl there will be packed in with your gowns a little remembrance for each one of the household—nothing very expensive, but something that they can't get where they live. For the one who loves to read there will be some of the new books in paper covers that are sold for a few pennies in the big city stores, and which your cousin in the country is yearning to read, for she has heard about them. Then there will be some little trifle in the way of a handkerchief, or a belt, or a ribbon for the hair, as you think suited to each of the girls, and for some one else who loves sweet things there will be a box of candy such as cannot be gotten in the country town. You can take a five dollar bill, buy all this pleasure, have a good bit of it left, and yet get a little something for each one. For my own part I like this mode of giving better than sending these same things afterward, when they are entirely too suggestive of "for value received." With your ticket gotten, your trunk packed, you are all ready to start to enjoy yourself.

### ABOUT THAT TRUNK

**N**OW I want to say a word about that trunk. It mustn't be so huge that it will fill up the room that possibly you may share with some one else, and yet you must have in it the things you think you will need, the simple gowns that you consider best suited for the country, and that rather dainty-looking evening one, which, as you know your friend will give a party in your honor, you will certainly need to wear. Nothing is more vulgar than overdressing, but there is something almost equal to it, and that is the carrying of one's meanest belongings and concluding that they are good enough for the people you are to be among. Your hostess, when she gives the little entertainment in your honor, wants you to look extremely nice, and likes you to pay her and her friends the courtesy of wearing, not only a pretty and becoming frock, but one which bears the stamp of the city upon it. On your arrival, unpack your trunk, distribute your little gifts, put your belongings in the place prepared for them, and make up your mind that you are going to be as little trouble as possible. But in making up your mind to this, act, but do not let your intention be apparent to your hostess.

During your visit you are going to keep your trunk locked—not because you doubt anybody's honesty but because you are not going to put temptation in the way of the weak. Sometimes when there are children in the house they have a naughty desire to look at the visitor's belongings, and by being careful enough to make that impossible, you may save your hostess from a mortifying quarter of an hour. So lock your trunk quietly and in a way that only suggests that it is what you are in the habit of doing.

### AT THE VERY BEGINNING

**B**y a little tact you can soon find out what pleasures have been arranged for you, and, my dear, you must adapt yourself to them; join in everything gladly, and then you may be very certain that pleasure will come to you. Don't conclude, because you are thrown with girls whose gowns are not quite like yours, or who haven't the same easy way of talking about what is going on, that these girls are less intelligent than you, because very often in the small village people give more thought to what they read and to what they hear talked about than do the women of the cities, and consequently their opinions on certain questions are of worth because they have been well thought up.

I once heard a street boy use a slang word that struck me as very expressive, and I asked him what it meant. The word was "snifty." And his explanation was that it meant being inclined to think that you knew more, and were more than any one else, and that you showed it in your manner. Now, will you let me use that same word to you? Don't, because dinner is served at one o'clock, announce in a disagreeable way that you are in the habit of having yours at six, but just stop and think how delicious a country supper is. Don't say when, because of their hospitality, it becomes necessary for two or three girls to sleep in a room, that you think it is more healthy for people to sleep by themselves, and, above all things, don't be disagreeable and refuse to tell the girls of things they like to hear about. They could tell you of a thousand things that you don't know, but they like to hear how a great singer looks, how a well-known woman dresses, and they enjoy the full account of a fashionable wedding. It is so easy to make one's self agreeable when so little is asked, and yet, I am sorry to say, I have known of girls who visited in the country and who made themselves extremely disagreeable by refusing to be chatty and pleasant, except to the special people to whom they had taken a fancy.

And then, too, I want you to be neat. It is true that in the hall bedroom, which is too often your home in the city, you go away leaving everything in disorder, and the maid attends to it. In the country even money sometimes will not get service, and so, before you go down to breakfast, arrange your bed so that it may air, straighten up your washstand, and, when you have discovered how the household machinery moves, offer to help the daughters of the house in arranging the bedrooms, go direct to yours and put it in order, or, if you think it advisable, and if you feel that they prefer to attend to these things without your help, amuse yourself until their return.

### AT A BOARDING-HOUSE

**W**ELL, suppose you are paying your board. If you are among strangers there are many things that you would leave to be done by the people who are paid for it, but there are other things for which you do not pay. Because you pay your board you have no right to sit at the table and complain and make things disagreeable for other people. The very fact that you do pay your board gives you the right, if you are dissatisfied, to leave at once, but certainly not to stay and become a burden to everybody else. In the country, where fresh vegetables and fruit are plenty, it is often impossible to get the meats which are so easily obtained in the city. Now, you ought to have thought this out before you went to the quiet boarding-house, and if you didn't you ought to reason it out after you get there and make the best of everything.

You know, even in a boarding-house, there is a deal that money will not buy. There is often kindness and much consideration. The woman who keeps the house may have seemed to have paid you little attention when you were well and having a good time, but when you are suddenly taken sick you will be surprised to see how good she can be to you, and you will realize that there are things that one's board does not cover. It has been thought very funny to rail against women who take boarders—especially those women who take boarders in the country. It is not; it is very vulgar. Now, my dear girl, make up your mind that every woman would rather fill her house with friends to whom she could be the gracious hostess than have about her strangers whose relations with her are those of business. If you are, as I hope, a girl of good manners you will behave to the woman to whom you pay your board every week with the utmost courtesy.

### THE GOOD TIMES

**I**f you want to enjoy yourself you must make up your mind that you will join in all the good times. You will not permit yourself to have petty dislikes that prevent your playing croquet or tennis, or going on a picnic, or staying away from an evening party because Miss So-and-So is in it. Nothing is so vulgar as these small dislikes that are so very suggestive of a spiteful, mean disposition. If Miss So-and-So has been ugly to you, or you have heard of something disagreeable she has said, pay her back in the best sort of coin—be so agreeable to her that she will be convinced that you didn't hear the gossip and failed to notice her rudeness. I once knew of a girl who cried for two hours after hearing that a young woman had said: "I don't wonder Miss Blank never gets tired; she is used to work." After all the tears had been shed this girl dried her eyes, washed away the signs of grief with some rosewater, went down-stairs, and when she met Miss Spitz, who was really a pretty girl, she had the courage to go up to her and say: "You don't know what a delight you are to my eyes, you are always so beautifully dressed." The girl was telling the truth, but by her tact and sweetness of heart she made a good friend out of a mean enemy. It is a curious thing, but it is true, that in the vacation times the weeds come as well as the flowers, but then that always happens where the sunshine is, and, after all, with a rose in one's hand it is a very easy matter to either ignore the weeds or trample them down.

### WHAT I SHOULD LIKE

**F**OR you to have the very best sort of a time. The working days are so many that I would like to think that every one of my girls is going to have a vacation, no matter how short, that will be a delight. To do this she must forget the work, forget the troubles, and live, just for a little while, in the present. But while living in the present she can make each day so perfect that in the future she will look back to it with joy. Being thrown among strangers, my girl will, of course, be pleasant with them, but I must suggest that she does not grow over-confidential and tell all of her private affairs to the acquaintance of a week. That you are where you are, that you are quietly and properly dressed, that you are pleasant, and that your manners are good, are quite enough for the stranger to know; and how much money you earn, what you do with it, and the responsibilities that you have, should not be talked about.

### ABOUT THE YOUNG MEN

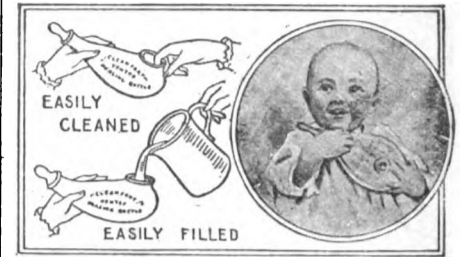
**O**f course some of them are there. They see what a charming girl you are; they are a little more than kind in their attentions to you. But be just a little careful. Don't permit one young man, unless you know him very well, and he is the sweetheart, to take up all your time; and don't make yourself a subject for gossip by going off with him alone for long walks or long drives. Don't spend all your morning swinging in a hammock with him, or all your afternoon in a corner of the porch chatting with him. Do I object to young men? Most certainly not. I think it is right that they should bow down before the young woman of to-day, show her every courtesy and do whatever they can to add to her pleasure, but I do object to her, no matter how innocently it may be done, making herself a subject for gossip. And I do not believe that the summer young man thinks very much of her when she is willing to give up everybody else for him.

### SOME IDEAL VACATIONS

**Y**OURS can be one of them. With a little thought and much consideration you can make each day so rounded in its happiness that the whole vacation itself will seem afterward to have been so full of joy and gladness that, while you know it has been, you will almost wonder as to the reality of it. But that is in your own hands. To be able to enjoy one's self when one's frock is not as fine as some one's else; to be able to be merry when one rides in an old-fashioned trap and the other girls are in a fine turnout, and to be glad, even if one isn't asked for every dance, constitute the art of enjoying one's vacation. To throw envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness to the winds, to refuse to listen to gossip, and to see the agreeable side of everybody will help make the glad days seem gladder. You can do all this, that is, if you start out with the intention of enjoying yourself. If you are listless and indifferent you need not expect to have people consider you, or to have them care whether your days are pleasant or not; but arming yourself with all the pleasant social virtues there is no reason, my dear girl, why you may not have a thoroughly good time. Take for your motto the Golden one, and you may be very sure that this year's vacation will be full of joy, full of happiness, and that you will look back at it when it has passed and gone as one of the ideal periods of your life. Won't you do as I ask you to?

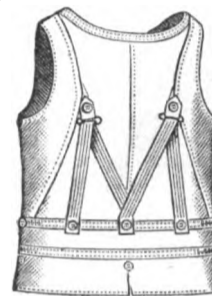
EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 31 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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# THE ART OF DRESSING IN WHITE

By Isabel A. Mallon

**W**HEN wearing a white gown thought must be given to the becomingness of the shade, for, after all, there are as many tints in white as in other colors; the one that may suit the pale blonde is absolutely unbecoming to the rosy brunette. Dead white, which has a glint of blue about it, is seldom becoming to any one. It brings out the imperfections of the complexion, tends to deaden the gloss of the hair, and dulls the brightness of the eyes. The white that touches on the cream or coffee shade is undoubtedly the most artistic and best suited to the general woman. However, in choosing it one must be careful not to get too deep a tone, which is apt to look not quite dainty, and to give the impression of a faded yellow, rather than a cream white. White gowns are usually counted



A DAINTY MUSLIN FROCK (Illus. No. 2)

as expensive, the fact that they soil so easily and necessitate visits either to the laundry or the cleaners that cost much, being the reason given for their so-called expensiveness. Yet with care one may be worn an entire season.

### MATERIALS AND TRIMMINGS

**T**HIS summer laces and ribbons are noted on thin white gowns, while velvet and silk are used upon the thicker ones. Chiffon, crêpe, muslin, plain and embroidered, light-weight silks are the thin whites most in vogue, while cloth, piqué and heavy linen are the preferred thicker ones. Linen, which is rather newer than piqué, has one disadvantage: it creases easily, and I do not think it stands laundering as well as does the heavy corded fabric. Piqué is greatly liked when made up after the tailor designs. The jacket which last year was called the Eton, but is now known as the Zingara, is one of the favored models. The long frock coat is also developed in piqué, but it is only suited to the girl who is tall and slender, the full, flaring skirt making a short figure look awkward. Of the ribbons used velvet and satin are given the preference. The ones noted are imperial purple, petunia, olive green, moss, and where a frock is to be worn in the evening or for driving, white matching the material, pale rose, blue and Nile green are also seen. When the heavier stuffs are developed in simple styles, sashes of velvet are liked, and then the collar and cuffs, and frequently the sleeves, are of that fabric. Of course, when velvet is used in combination with piqué it is never supposed that the gown will be laundered. Shoulder capes, as well as belts and sashes, made of velvet, may be worn with any summer gown.

### A WHITE PIQUÉ GOWN

**A** WHITE piqué gown is shown in Illustration No. 1. The skirt, which is quite plain, is made after the flaring five-gored fashion, which fits smoothly about the hips and front, and has the fullness laid in box-plaits at the back. With this is worn a white silk blouse, having a turned-down collar and deep cuffs, and over it a Zingara jacket of piqué made double-breasted and closed with enormous white pearl buttons, three only being necessary. The jacket collar is faced with olive green velvet, and the cuffs are of the velvet, with three of the large pearl buttons set upon each. The silk cuffs of the blouse come below the piqué sleeves, which are large and very wide, even at the wrists. The belt is a folded one of green velvet, with a pearl buckle in front. A tie of white silk is arranged in a stiff bow, and shows from under the collar of the blouse. With this frock is worn a sailor hat of dead white straw, with high bows of green velvet at the back and a band of white satin ribbon about the crown. The gloves are white undressed kid, and the parasol is of green velvet with a white handle. If one did not care to use velvet for the trimming upon such a gown as this, moiré, which is greatly in vogue, could be substituted for it, but as a contrast is desired between the blouse, the gown proper and its trimmings, the preference is given to velvet.

### A DAINTY MUSLIN GOWN

**M**USLIN, which always makes a dainty-looking gown, is to be preferred when it is embroidered. The embroidered material does not cost much more, and the little figures upon it tend to give it a body, which is most desirable, as the fabric will not then so easily wrinkle and grow stringy. For wear under a muslin skirt I would advise two thin skirts of lawn prettily trimmed with frills of the same, unless, indeed, one should be fortunate enough to possess a white silk skirt. The frock pictured in Illustration No. 2 is made with the usual flaring skirt, and has for its decoration two frills of the material edged with a rather coarse lace, each flounce having a row of insertion set in, the width of material between the insertion and edge being a little over one inch. The upper flounce is draped at regular

intervals and caught with a rosette of white satin ribbon. The bodice, which is a full blouse, has strips of the insertion alternating with strips of the material set in, so that it looks as if the fabric were bought in that way. In reality, yards of the material are arranged in that fashion and then cut as is necessary. The high collar is formed of a band of the insertion, with a rosette of white satin ribbon on one side. The sleeves, which are full, are of muslin, and have deep, square caps formed of rows of insertion and muslin falling over each from the shoulder to the elbow, while below a band of insertion, just about the wrist, is caught on the outer side with a rosette, and forms the cuff. The sash is crossed and arranged in one long loop and two ends at the back.

### A STYLISH LINEN SUIT

**T**HE heavy, coarse white linen, which is in vogue, is best adapted for a walking dress. Sitting upon it makes it crease, and the wise women walk in it and lay it aside as soon as they arrive at home. The tailor-made effect is almost invariably shown in linen, as shown in Illustration No. 3. The skirt is plain, and has for a finish about the lower edge a heavy cord of the material itself. On each side are two pockets cut into the gown, stitched as the tailors do, and having pointed laps with pearl buttons set in the points. The coat is the long-skirted, full, flaring frock, one of its edges being finished with a small cord, the buttons upon it being medium-



A WHITE PIQUÉ GOWN (Illus. No. 1)

sized pearl ones. The shoulder seams are fashionably long, and the sleeves are full and drooping, shaping in to the arms. With this coat is worn a dark blue linen waistcoat, buttoned with small pearl buttons, and showing above it a white linen collar attached to a dickey and a white silk scarf. The hat is a dark blue straw, with a rather broad brim, faced with coarse white lace. About the crown is a twist of soft white silk, and at the back is a bunch of white roses. This costume is not an expensive one.

With the piqué gowns there is a fancy for wearing light scarlet waistcoats, and it must be said that the color or contrast is really very pretty. However, as the waistcoats are detachable and not costly, one might have a blue, a red and a brown one, so that a change can often be effected and with good results.

The white gowns which I have described are none of them expensive, and with the assistance of a fitter it is quite possible to have them at slight expense. As I said first, there is an art in dressing in white, and that art consists in selecting the right material for the right time of day, remembering always that the charm of white lies in its purity as well as in its suitability.



A STYLISH LINEN SUIT (Illus. No. 3)

**Llama Fleeced Stripes**  
**Polka P. K. Fleece**  
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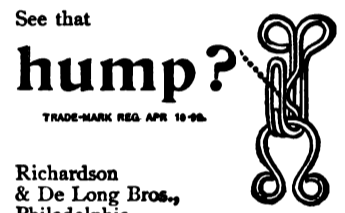
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## THE APPLE, THE PEACH AND THE PEAR

By Eliza R. Parker

**A**PPLES, peaches and pears are quite as healthful diet as berries, and are delicious and appetizing served uncooked, fresh and cold, or made into pies, puddings and creams, for the breakfast, luncheon, dinner or tea table. When serving them in their natural condition select those of a spicy flavor; drop in ice water for a few moments, then wipe and polish with a soft towel. Arrange in a small fancy basket, giving each guest with the fruit a plate, a silver knife and a finger-bowl.

To serve apples with cream take very ripe apples; pare and slice; place in a bowl and sprinkle with powdered sugar and a little nutmeg; set on ice until cold, and serve with thick, rich cream. Apples and peaches iced make a very easily-prepared dessert. Pare well-flavored apples and ripe sweet peaches in the proportion of three peaches to one apple; chop into small pieces; place in a fruit bowl in alternate layers, sprinkle with powdered sugar and pounded ice. Serve immediately.

A very acceptable breakfast dish is baked apples. Wipe sweet, ripe apples clean; remove the cores; stand them in a baking pan; fill the centres with butter and sugar, sprinkle lightly with cinnamon and powdered sugar. Bake in a moderate oven until tender. Serve cold in their own syrup.

Coddled apples are made of tart, ripe apples of uniform size with the cores carefully removed. Stand the fruit in the bottom of a porcelain-lined kettle; spread thickly with sugar; cover the bottom of the kettle with boiling water, and allow the apples to steam on the back of the range until tender. Take up carefully without breaking; pour the syrup over the apples and stand aside to cool.

To make apple snow, pare, core and steam half a dozen large tart apples until tender; press through a sieve and set aside to cool; when cold add a cup of sugar and the juice of a lemon; beat the whites of six eggs; add carefully to the apples, and serve immediately.

A very delicious dish for dessert or high tea is Charlotte de Pomme. Pare and quarter ten tart apples; put them in a kettle with two cups of sugar and half a pint of water; let steam gently until clear. Take up; line a deep baking dish with slices of spongecake; turn the apples in, make a hole in the centre and fill with currant jelly. Set in a slow oven for one hour; turn out carefully on a dish. Serve with sugar and cream.

Apple sponge is made by covering half a box of gelatine with cold water and allowing it to stand for half an hour; then pour over it half a pint of boiling water, and stir until dissolved. Press a pint of stewed apples through a sieve and mix with the gelatine; add a pound of sugar, and stir until it melts; squeeze in the juice of two lemons; turn the mixture into a tin pan; set on ice until it begins to thicken. Beat the whites of three eggs; stir into the apples; beat all together until thick and cold. Pour into a mould and set on ice to harden. Serve with whipped cream.

To make apple dowdy, butter a baking dish and line the bottom and sides of it with thin slices of buttered bread. Fill the centre of the dish with thinly-sliced apples; grate over a little nutmeg. Mix half a cup of molasses with half a cup of boiling water, and pour over the apples. Sprinkle with brown sugar, and put over more buttered bread. Cover the top of the baking dish with a tin pie pan, and set in a moderate oven for two hours. When done, loosen the edges with a knife, and turn out on a dish. Serve with sugar and cream.

A delicious apple meringue may be made by covering the bottom of a baking dish with pieces of stale cake dipped in sweet milk. Pare, core and slice three or four tart apples; spread over the cake; sprinkle with half a cup of sugar, grate over a little nutmeg, and bake in a moderate oven until the apples are tender. Take out; heap meringue over the top, and set back in the oven to color. Serve cold with whipped cream.

To make apple slump, a famous New England dish, sift a quart of flour; add a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of butter with half a teaspoonful of soda; mix to a soft dough with buttermilk. Have six large tart apples pared, quartered and cored; put them in the bottom of a baking dish with one pint of water; roll out the dough; spread over the apples; cover the dish, and stew slowly in the oven for half an hour. When done, dust with sugar and serve with hard or soft sauce.

**A**PPLE dumplings may be either baked or steamed. Pare a dozen good cooking apples and take out the cores. Make very light short biscuit dough, roll out half an inch thick, and cut in large rounds; put one apple in the centre of each piece; fill the space from which the core was taken with sugar, and work the dough over the apple. Arrange on a plate a little smaller than the steamer; place it in the steamer and let steam for three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot on the plate on which they were steamed. Serve with hard sauce.

Apple tarts may be made by taking a pint of stewed apples; strain, and mix in the yolks of six eggs, the juice and grated rinds of two lemons, half a cup of butter with one and a half cups of sugar; beat all together, and line small tart tins with very delicate puff paste; fill with the mixture, and bake in a very hot oven for five minutes. Spread the top of each tart with meringue, and set in the oven for one minute.

**W**HEN serving uncooked peaches, select very ripe, soft peaches; pare and split; remove the stones. Place in a glass bowl, sprinkle freely with sugar, and set on ice until very cold. Serve with rich cream.

To make peach pyramid, cut a dozen large ripe, firm peaches in halves, peel, and remove the stones. Make syrup of a pound of sugar and half a pint of water, to which add an ounce of gelatine dissolved in a little warm water. Pour half the syrup in the bottom of a deep mould. Set on ice until cold; add the peaches, and pour over the remaining syrup. When firm turn out on a flat glass dish. Arrange a wreath of peach leaves around the pyramid. This makes a very pretty as well as a very delicious dessert.

Wash a cup of tapioca through several waters, and let soak over night. In the morning put it in a saucepan with a pint of boiling water, and set on the stove to simmer until the tapioca is clear. Pare half a dozen peaches and cut in quarters; stir into the boiling tapioca with half a cup of sugar. Take from the fire; turn into a deep dish, and stand aside to cool. Serve very cold with cream, and call it "peach tapioca."

**Croquante** of peaches is made by boiling a pound of sugar and a teacup of water together until they jelly. Take from the fire. Grease a two-quart mould with fresh butter. Have a dozen ripe peaches pared and cut in halves; dip each half in the syrup; cover with syrup, and press against the sides of the mould; continue until the bottom and sides are lined, and stand in a cold place to harden. When firm fill the centre with Charlotte russe, and set on ice for two hours. When ready to serve turn the mould upside down on a plate, wet with a warm cloth, and lift off carefully.

To freeze peaches, pare and remove the stones from very ripe, soft peaches; allow a pound of sugar to every pound and a half of fruit. Place the sugar in a saucepan with water to make syrup; let boil for five minutes; strain, and stand aside to cool. When cold mix with the mashed peaches; turn into a freezer and freeze.

Peach cream is made by putting a pint of rich cream in a saucepan and setting on the fire to boil; add three-quarters of a pound of sugar and stir until dissolved; take from the fire and mix with a pint of sweet cream; let cool; pour into a freezer and freeze. Pare and mash a dozen very ripe, soft peaches, and stir quickly into the frozen cream; freeze rapidly for five minutes longer; remove the dasher, repack the tub, and stand aside two hours before serving.

**W**HEN serving pears for breakfast, select only ripe, mellow fruit; wash and polish with a soft cloth; arrange in a basket on a bed of pear leaves, or they may be pared, sliced and sprinkled with powdered sugar.

When baking pears, take the large, sweet ones; do not remove the stems. Stand them in an earthen baking dish; pour in a cupful of boiling water; add half a teacup of sugar; cover the dish, and set in the oven to bake slowly until the pears are tender, basting occasionally with the syrup. When cold serve with cream.

A delicious *compote* of pears may be made by selecting the best flavored table pears, cutting them in halves, and trimming them into shape. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar, a pint of water and the juice of a lemon. Simmer the fruit in it until tender, yet firm; take up carefully on a glass dish. Lay a thin covering of apple jelly over them; boil the syrup until rich and thick, and pour around the pears.

### CANNING, PRESERVING AND SPICING

**W**HEN preserving large fruits, select only the best cooking varieties of sound, fresh fruit, which is not over-ripe; pare carefully with a silver knife, and throw immediately into cold water to prevent discoloration. Use equal quantities of fruit and sugar; weigh accurately and cook slowly until tender and transparent.

Delicious apple preserves are made by paring, coring and quartering firm, ripe apples. Allow one pound of sugar to half a pint of water; put in a preserve kettle; add the juice and rind of one lemon, and let boil five minutes; put in the apples, and let cook gently until clear; take from the fire; stand aside to cool; when cold put carefully in jars; boil the syrup low; pour over and cover closely.

In making peach preserves, select large, firm, freestone peaches; pare, cut into halves and remove the stones; weigh, and to each pound allow a pound of sugar. Spread the peaches out on large dishes, and cover with sugar; let stand five or six hours; put into a porcelain-lined kettle, and bring quickly to a boil; then let simmer slowly until clear; take up carefully, a piece at a time, and put into glass jars; let cool; pour over the syrup, and cover.

Pear preserves are made in the same manner.

**W**HEN making apple jelly, take ripe, tart apples; wipe, but do not peel; cut into pieces; put into a preserve kettle with water sufficient to cover; set on the fire, and let boil slowly until the apples are very tender; take up and strain through a jelly bag without squeezing. To every pint of juice allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Put the juice into a porcelain-lined kettle, and bring it to a boil; add the sugar; stir until dissolved, and boil rapidly until it jellies. As soon as jellied put in glasses; cover and set in a cool, dark place.

To make peach jelly, pare, stone and slice acid peaches; put into a stone jar with a little water. Stand the jar in a kettle of boiling water; cover, and let boil for an hour; stir and break the fruit; pour into a jelly bag, and let drip without squeezing. Measure the juice, and to every pint allow a pound of sugar. Put the juice into a kettle; let come to a rapid boil; add the sugar; stir until dissolved, and boil until jellied.

Delicious peach marmalade may be made from very ripe, soft peaches, wiped carefully, but not peeled; cut in halves, remove the stones; allow half a pound of sugar to every pound of peaches. Put the peaches in a preserve kettle, add water to cover, and bring slowly to a boil; stir and mash the peaches; add the sugar with a handful of peach kernels pounded to a paste; boil and stir until thick and smooth, being careful not to scorch; put away in glass jars.

Apple and pear marmalade may be made in the same way.

**T**AKE quarters of peeled apples, peaches or pears. Make a syrup of three-quarters of a pound of sugar and half a pint of water to every pound of fruit. Boil the fruit slowly in it until clear; take up carefully, spread on dishes, and set in the sun to dry; when dry roll each piece in granulated sugar and pack in jars, and you will have a delicious fruit conserve.

Spiced peaches are prepared by taking seven pounds of ripe, soft peaches; wash and wipe, but do not peel. Put a pint of strong apple vinegar into a kettle with four pounds of brown sugar, and set over the fire to boil. Take one teaspoonful each of ground cloves and mace, two teaspoonfuls of allspice and cinnamon, with half an ounce of ginger root; put into a little muslin square, tie, and throw into the vinegar. When the syrup is boiling hot drop the peaches in, and let heat through; take from the fire and turn into a stone jar; stand in a cool place over night. Next day drain the liquor from the fruit into the kettle, and set over a moderate fire; when boiling pour back into the jar over the peaches. Repeat the scalding process for nine days, the last time adding the fruit to the syrup while boiling, and let heat through; put in jars and seal.

Apples and pears may be spiced in the same way.

In canning apples, peaches and pears, they should be prepared as for preserving, boiled in clear water until tender, and then put in the syrup. Select only ripe, sound fruit; pare, core and throw in cold water; when ready to can take the fruit from the water, weigh, and put in a porcelain kettle; cover with boiling water; let cook until tender. While they are boiling make a syrup of one pound of sugar and a quart of water for every four pounds of fruit; flavor with the grated rind and juice of one lemon. With a skimmer lift the fruit from the boiling water and put carefully into the syrup; let heat through; put in the cans; cover well with the boiling syrup, and seal. In canning pears use a pint of water to a pound of sugar to make the syrup.

Keep your preserves, jellies, conserved and canned fruits in a cool, dark and perfectly dry place.



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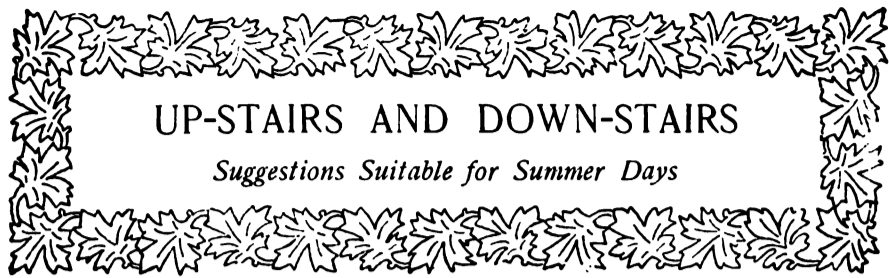


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UP-STAIRS AND DOWN-STAIRS

Suggestions Suitable for Summer Days

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER

BY HELEN JAY

**N**O class in any community needs help more than the army of young housekeepers who are trying their best to make a limited income cover the thousand and one expenses of daily life. They blame themselves because a dollar does not hold more than one hundred cents, and anxiously plan how they may meet necessary expenses and also put something by for a "rainy day." When first married the husband may have set aside whatever sum could be afforded for living expenses. At first this seemed more than sufficient. The housewife had been able to lay aside a little occasionally, and she had not felt that horrible helplessness which the lack of ready money brings. But after two years everything is changed. The demands of one week encroach upon the next, and the saving of even a penny is impossible.

**O**NE source of the trouble is generally overlooked, especially by the husband, and that is that while the allowance made to the wife remains stationary, the demands upon it are constantly on the increase. The sum that proved abundant for the first two years of housekeeping proves insufficient for the third or fourth. During the first year little, if any, new clothing was required; for some time the trousseau acted as a basis from which at small expense gowns, hats and cloaks might be evolved. At that time, also, the furniture and kitchen utensils being new, repairs and additions amounted to a very small item. Often, too, there comes a little stranger to the home, necessitating larger bills. The allowance remaining the same the wants of three must now be met by it. The husband does not always realize that while he works no harder comparatively one year than another, each year of married life brings to the wife new experiences and increasing duties. He should be thoughtful enough to increase the household allowance accordingly. When an additional dollar cannot be afforded I would say to the wife: Cease to reproach yourself for your inability to perform impossibilities. Do not worry so much about that "rainy day" as to allow it to darken your domestic calendar. Anxiety and sleepless nights will surely hasten its coming. If you are unable to increase your bank account and at the same time provide nutritious food for your family, let the bank account go. There is no economy in semi-starvation. Your children are investments. Their sturdy limbs and rosy cheeks promise a better provision for the future than the savings bank. Money spent on them in the right and proper way will yield good interest. Avoid experiments in your housekeeping. Give a wide berth to beguiling advice in regard to the home manufacture of furniture. About one woman in a thousand has mechanical skill enough to make an article of furniture worth having.

**T**HERE are many receipts which on the surface appear economical, but experience proves them to be either unpalatable or requiring so many accessories as to equal, if not exceed, in the end the cost of a good steak or roast. American husbands will not live upon made dishes. So if you value your own peace and your husband's good will you will not read too much about the saving grace of sauces and seasonings. Knowing how, when and where to buy are three secrets of thrift. A servant, however tried and trusted, should not be allowed to make household purchases. The housewife should deal directly with the tradesmen if she wishes to receive the full value of her money.

Some authorities advocate buying everything in bulk. This is not possible, however, in the ordinary household, it, as a rule, having no suitable place for storing large supplies.

Coal, kindling wood, flour and soap should, if possible, be purchased in bulk, while coffee, tea and sugar in quantities ranging from five to fourteen pounds will strike a happy medium between the ruinous hand-to-mouth method of supply and the evils of storage. It is astonishing how prices vary within the radius of a few blocks. Becoming wedded to one shop is a disadvantage, as in one block you may find things of the same quality selling for less than in another. Consultation with a reputable coal dealer and laying in the winter's supply in March, April or August, will lessen the year's expenses.

SUMMER-TIME COOKING

BY FRANCES E. LANIGAN

**T**HE end and aim of the housekeeper during the hot months of summer are to provide her table with food and provisions that shall tempt when appetites fail, and nourish when it seems hardly possible that sufficient food can be taken to sustain life. The wise housekeeper, if she be dependent to any extent upon her own energies in the preparation of her meals, or if she feels the quality of mercy toward her cook, will make almost any sacrifice to secure either a gas or an oil stove, and will then use the kitchen range only when absolutely necessary.

And on these necessary days it will be well for her or her cook to accomplish many things in the way of baking, having an accidental baking day as it were.

**T**HE most healthful and appetizing breakfast on a hot morning is one where but the simplest of foods are served and a small variety of these, so that the appetite may be tempted without being bewildered. Fruit should be served as the first course always, in the daintiest of dishes and with the accompaniment, where it is proper, of powdered sugar, cracked ice and cream. Where the menu for the breakfast is inexpensive it will be found possible to have fruit every morning without adding to the average cost of the meal. French rolls purchased from a good baker, thinly-sliced bread, any easily and quickly prepared and baked biscuit or bread will provide the table with a variety, to be varied on cool mornings by dry, buttered or milk toast, and the more elaborate muffin or gem. Fine hominy grits and the less heating varieties of wheat and oats will add the other needed dish to some tables and an always necessary extra course to others. Coffee, tea, chocolate and milk are, of course, in either winter or summer the breakfast beverages. When it is necessary to add a more substantial diet to the morning meal, try eggs, either boiled, poached, scrambled or made into an omelet, fried tomatoes, creamed codfish, or any preparation which may be easily cooked, or, better still, any one of the many dainty dishes that may be prepared at the table in the chafing-dish. Let your breakfast-table be immaculate in its appointments and, if possible, have a few fresh flowers in a low bowl in the centre of the table.

Luncheon should be a meal of even greater simplicity. Milk, tea, either hot or cold, good bread and butter, radishes, sliced tomatoes, a lettuce salad with either potatoes, lobster, shrimps or cold meat, and a mayonnaise dressing as accompaniment, or a lettuce salad with a French dressing. Salads of the vegetable variety are extremely healthy and appetizing in warm weather. Cold meat, thinly sliced, garnished with parsley; cold boiled rice served with cream; fruit and plain crackers of some sort will finish out the midday meal. Avoid too much cold ham in summer.

**F**OR dinner, where a course dinner is necessary, serve also the simplest things possible. Vary the first course by commencing once in a while with clams served on the half shell, a creamed fish served in scallop shells, or any cream of vegetable soup, or cold consommé. Lamb chops garnished with peas or tomatoes; fried fish served with sauce tartare; sliced cucumbers; broiled or fried chicken for the next course. Potatoes need not form a part of the summer dinner. Until the new ones come, rice or spaghetti may serve as a substitute. Of summer vegetables there are always an abundance to choose from. A salad course should always be included in the summer dinner menu. Lettuce, endive, asparagus and sorrel are a few of the greens which are available for serving with either a French or a mayonnaise dressing. Crackers and cheese are a necessary accompaniment of the salad course.

Keep to simple desserts, and, when possible, to cold ones during the summer months. Custard, either baked or boiled, may be served in a variety of ways; curds and whey, lemon jelly with whipped cream, blanc mange, baked apples and cream, rice pudding, tapioca and apple pudding. Any of these desserts are easily prepared, and when left on the ice for eight or ten hours before serving make a delicious conclusion to a summer dinner, as do any of the small fruits served with cream. Pies of all sorts and hot puddings may safely be let alone.

A CHAPTER ON LOBSTERS

BY ELIZABETH L. J. PHISTER

**I**F purchased alive, lobsters should be of a dark green color and the shell not bruised nor broken. If already boiled the shell should be firm and a good bright red, with the tail well curled under.

If the tail hangs out straight they have died before being boiled, and are not good. Epicures prefer the "hen lobsters" on account of the coral or eggs.

TO BOIL LOBSTERS

**H**AVE sufficient well-salted water boiling to cover the desired number of lobsters. Drop them in alive and boil till thoroughly cooked, which will take from twenty to thirty minutes. When boiled they should look a good red color and seem firm. If boiled without salt they will taste insipid.

To open and take from the shell break off the large claws, separate the upper jointed part and drain the liquor into a cup. Then remove the small claws and pull the tail from the body. Crack the large claws and joints well with a mallet, and remove the meat with a fork. A nut-pick or skewer will be of assistance in taking the meat from the joints. If there is much white fat in the shells scrape it on to a plate.

Lay the tails flat on a board and cut nearly through lengthwise a little to one side of the centre by pressing with a carver or chopping-knife. Some persons prefer to open by slipping a pointed knife between the meat and shell on the under side and ripping up the shell. Having laid the tail open you will see a black line running through the centre which must be carefully removed.

Pull the bodies from the shell and carefully scrape every bit of green fat ("tomalley") and coral on to a plate. Here again we must look out for the black line, as it runs the whole length of the lobster. It may not be black all the way but will be apparent as a whitish cord. The bodies may be broken lengthwise, the cells on the sides broken apart and the meat removed.

Care must be taken in doing this not to get the bony substance with the meat.

Save the best of the small claws to garnish the salad and add the rest to the shells.

LOBSTER FARCIE

**M**AKE a very rich drawn butter by adding to a full pint of boiling milk two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed smooth with a quarter of a pound of butter. Stir till thick, then add the meat of two medium-sized lobsters chopped quite fine, and a can of French mushrooms drained from the liquor and chopped. Season highly with salt, red pepper, mustard and mace. Mix all thoroughly and let it stand for an hour.

Fill into the shells of the tails and backs. Sprinkle crumbs over the top, dot with butter and bake a nice brown. Serve in the shells and garnish with parsley and slices of lemon.

BAKED LOBSTER

**M**EAT of two lobsters, half a can of tomatoes, or a pint of fresh tomatoes stewed, a cup of crumbs, salt, cayenne pepper and onion to season, butter the size of an egg. Rub a baking dish with an onion, melt a little of the butter in the bottom, then add the other ingredients in layers. Finish with a layer of crumbs dotted with butter. Bake brown and serve hot. If any is left over put in a smaller dish and brown again.

LOBSTER SALAD

**C**UT or chop the meat of two lobsters into pieces about half an inch square. Arrange in a neat pile on the dish. The coral and tomalley may be placed on top, or served on a separate dish—but not mixed in with the meat.

Garnish the whole with lettuce and the small claws, or slices of hard-boiled egg. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING

**T**O the yolk of one egg add a quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard and a half teaspoonful of salt. Stir with a fork till thoroughly mixed. Add a few drops of olive oil and stir till it is all worked in before adding more. Continue to add the oil a little at a time. When it becomes too thick to mix easily stir in a little vinegar, and proceed as before. The quantity of oil added may be gradually increased. If too much is added at a time the mixture will look thin, and curdle. If this occurs put the plate on ice and stir hard. If that does not "bring it back" the only way will be to begin again with fresh ingredients, and after it is well started work in the old. Have the eggs and oil cold and with a little care it will not curdle. One egg will absorb about one-half pint of oil.

When finished the dressing should be about the color of boiled custard, and much thicker. Be very careful to keep your mayonnaise in a cool place until ready to pour over and mix with your prepared lobster.

Mayonnaise prepared in this way, placed in the refrigerator and carefully covered will keep for a week or more.

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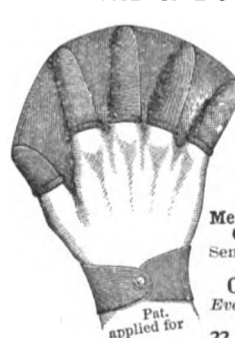
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**'A FORGET-ME-NOT' LUNCHEON**

By Mrs. Burton Kingsland

**A** LUNCHEON is ever the most cozy, friendly and informal manner of entertaining a few special favorites, and the forget-me-not gives a lovely keynote of color for the table. Strange to say, although light blue is the favorite of nearly every woman under the blue heavens, I have never seen a table decorated in that shade.

In these days of æstheticism, a feast, to be acceptable, must appeal to the eyes as well as to the palate, and people of abundant leisure demand novelty. No matter how delicate the fare, or fine the surroundings, their taste craves the stimulus of the new thing.

I would suggest for the centre of the table a lamp, either light blue, white, gilt, or even brass—provided that the silk shade is of the true turquoise blue. Surrounding this, a generous wreath of forget-me-nots, six inches in width. Fortunately, the dainty blossoms are always plentiful, and can be easily arranged by the merest novice if placed in the low glass troughs that florists keep for hire, and which may be adapted to any form. A large ring-shaped trough made of tin may be had for one dollar and fifty cents, and with a light blue ribbon tied about it to hide its plebeian nature, where the parting of the flowers may betray its presence, the effect is dainty and pretty. The shape is rather better than that made with the glass troughs. White candles with tiny blue shades (crimped paper ones are effective) at the four corners of the table may be further supplemented with *bobèches* woven of artificial forget-me-nots twisted, as though growing, about the base of the candles. The last are a pretty novelty at one of New York's most famous shops, but so simple are they any one could make them.

If the hostess be so fortunate as to possess a square of linen embroidered with the flowers it will, of course, add much to the completeness of the decoration.

**U**NFORTUNATELY there are no cakes nor bonbons with the blue coloring, but white ones will replace them acceptably—if cut-glass or silver dishes hold them—banishing all color but blue and white from the table. A little ingenuity may supply the bit of blue required. Take the ordinary little white paper cups with crimped edges that caterers use to hold fine bonbons; cut out of turquoise blue note paper a five-petaled flower in the shape of a forget-me-not, about two and one-half inches across. Make a hole in the centre, the size of the opening of the paper cup, and fasten it with a little mucilage to the crimped rim. This will make an appropriate receptacle for a pale pink bonbon, like the heart of the little flower.

If the hostess be a bit of an artist, the name-cards may be ornamented with sprays of forget-me-nots, but if her talents lie in other directions a little bunch of the natural flowers, or even the artificial ones of finest quality, may be tied to the cards by little bows of blue ribbon. The stems of the natural flowers should be seen, but if artificial ones be used the ribbon should be wider so as to conceal them.

Under the ladies' names may be written "Forget-me-not," each in a different language, since the little flower never changes its name, except to make its message intelligible to the different nations.

"*Ne m'oubliez pas*" becomes "*Non ti scordar di me*" in Italy. In Germany it says "*Vergess mein nicht*," and to the Spaniards "*No me olvides*."

On the reverse side of the card might be written some quotation relating to the sentiment of parting, such, for instance, as

- "Though lost to sight, to memory dear."
- "Absence breaks slender ties, but rivets strong ones."
- "I count myself in nothing else so happy, As in a soul remem'ring my good friends."
- "Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see, My heart, untravel'd, fondly turns to thee."
- "Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been; A sound that makes us linger;—yet—farewell!"
- "Though the deep between us rolls, Friendship shall unite our souls; Still in Fancy's rich domain Often we shall meet again."
- "He'er will forget the bright visions that threw Their enchantment around me while lingering with you."
- "What shall I do with all the days and hours That must be counted ere I see thy face?"
- I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee, In worthy deeds, each moment that is told, While thou, beloved one, art far from me."

**T**HE custom of giving "souvenirs" has been vulgarized by exaggeration, but at an entertainment like this they are certainly in place. The little photograph frames, made of imitation enameled forget-me-nots, have the merit, at least, of being harmonious with the rest of the decorations, and are, perhaps, prettiest in the shape of small hearts. The menu of the luncheon might temporarily hold the place later to be occupied by the pictured face of some dear one. These little frames have the merit of being inexpensive, and are pretty enough to be their own "excuse for being."

If the hostess have deft fingers and does not mind a little "fussing" a very pretty receptacle may be made for the ice cream.

A tinman will make a wire netting around an ice cream tin of the ordinary "brick" shape, at a trifling cost. Artificial forget-me-nots may be so interlaced in its meshes as to make the surface all of flowers, and occasional leaves. If the wire be twisted so as to form handles at the ends, they may be wound with light blue satin ribbon and tied with bows.

This basket filled with strawberries made of fresh strawberry ice cream is exceedingly dainty, but it has the advantage of being decorative enough not to require the ice cream to be in any special form unless preferred. If the flowers composing the basket be of a pretty shade one need not be very particular as to their quality.

Such a little reunion will, I think, impress itself on the minds of the guests, and be recalled, during the time of separation, among the "pleasures of memory."

**A TENNIS TEA**

By Elizabeth A. Cornett

**I**N these latter days of the nineteenth century, when it is quite the fad for a tea, luncheon or evening company to have one distinct feature predominating, I set my ingenuity to work to devise some sort of entertainment for a few friends.

The contents of my purse were meagre, yet I did not want to dispense with the graces of hospitality on that account. After deep pondering "a tennis tea" was evolved.

My dining-table was made to accommodate twelve persons, two at either end and four at each side. A small-sized mirror was taken out of its frame and laid on the centre of the snowy damask cloth. Some silver thread or cord, rather coarse, such as is used in certain kinds of tinsel embroidery, I arranged in parallel lines about half an inch apart across the mirror; then, in the same way, I wove it across in the opposite direction, to represent the strings of a tennis racket, pinning it to the tablecloth at the edges of the mirror to hold it in place.

From the woods I gathered great quantities of ferns, the kind that measure about an inch in width, and whose leaves are without indentures. These I laid, or pinned invisibly, around the mirror to form the shape of the racket.

A small incision not larger than a silver three-cent-piece was made in a new tennis ball. This I partly filled with water—enough to make the ball stand firmly—and in it placed, as in a vase, a few white carnations, with a couple of sprays of florist's asparagus, and the ball thus embellished was laid on the racket.

Diminutive courts, about fifteen by thirty inches, were marked out by pinning ferns to the tablecloth, making the line where the net would be at right angles with the edge of the table. One court was laid at each end of the table, and two at either side—six courts in all. Two people sat at each court. The plates, knives and forks, salts, etc., were laid in the two large spaces on either side of the net line.

Bread was served, cut in miniature rackets, with a ball of butter on each. Instead of a waiter the waitress used a racket, with a doily on it.

Cheese straws, instead of "straws," were cut and baked racket shape, and served with an olive on each.

Cold tongue, pineapple preserves, chicken salad, omelet, chocolate and tea, oranges and cake, comprised the menu. The oranges were skinned and looked like veritable tennis balls as they were brought in on the novel waiter.

A card of celluloid, racket shape, with a tiny white ribbon bow on the handle, and racket strings traced by pen in red ink, and bearing the guest's name, designated each cover. On the reverse side of these dainty keepsakes were the words "Tennis Tea," with the name of the day, month and year on which the tea was held.

**A FERN LUNCH PARTY**

By Irene T. Cowlshaw



**C**OO and pretty entertainment for the late summer is a fern party, and especially is it within the reach of all out-of-town residents. Gather from the woods as many ferns as you can, the largest to the smallest—each has its particular mission in the scheme of decoration.

In sending out your invitations paste neatly at the top of the card a tiny fern of delicate pattern. On the day of your entertainment, if the exterior of your house will lend itself to the plan, mass ferns generously around either post at the foot of the steps; have them follow the railing, be arranged in shady corners on the porch, and, of course, meet the eye in the hall. In the dressing-rooms, over the white linen covers on the dressing-tables, lay the ferns so they will completely cover them, and decorate the mirrors, fireplaces and mantels. Exquisite effects can be made at the windows with the soft lace curtains. In the drawing-room bank the mantelpieces, and at one end tie a large green satin bow, made of feather-edge ribbon. Tie bunches of ferns on the lampshades. You will find the green of ferns will blend with almost any shade of silk, but, of course, all strikingly inharmonious colors must be removed from the room.

When the guests enter the dining-room the effect should be that of going into a fernery. Bank the mantel as in the drawing-room. In the corners have large boxes filled with ferns, and arrange them to run up as high as possible, which can be done by the aid of tacks and fine green cord. Have the table laid with a fine white damask cloth, fern pattern, and at the two diagonal corners arrange gracefully loose bunches of the larger ferns tied with large bows of ribbon. The linen centrepiece should be embroidered in a fern design, and on it place a big glass bowl filled with the choicest specimens of the delicate plant. Set each plate on a mat of ferns, which can be easily made by covering a stiff foundation with them. The white candles should have green paper shades, and the *entrées* should, whenever permissible, be garnished with bits of green. For favors get small glass bowls. Tie a narrow green ribbon around the groove in the top, line with moss and fill with earth, and then plant in them tiny specimens of maiden-hair fern. This is exceedingly novel and will be a welcome souvenir.

**AN ICE DINNER**

By Mrs. Garrett Webster



**H**OW many housekeepers have received with dismay the news that some intimate friend is visiting a neighbor's in sultry, summer weather, knowing that the intelligence means to them the necessity of giving a dinner to the visiting friend and her hosts, and asking some people to meet her—and this, when the thermometer is most at home in the nineties, and even thoughts of food and dining produce acute discomfort?

However, it is possible to give a formal dinner, which will delight all concerned, even on a sultry August evening, and such a one is the ice dinner, which is hereafter described.

Limit the diners to eight in number, if possible, unless your dining-room will seat more than this with ample elbow-space. Name seven o'clock as the hour for dinner, and suggest in your informal notes of invitation that evening dress, like oysters, be limited to the months with an "r," and your male guests will then call you blessed.

Cover the table with the snowiest of linen cloths, and use for a centrepiece a frosted-glass bowl of white, or so-called Christmas roses. At each cover place a guest-card of pure white pasteboard sprinkled with diamond dust, in imitation of frost, and having tied to it, with a frosted ribbon, a *boutonnière* or a bunch of the white roses. Use only white bonbons, in glass dishes, for candies, and candles with white frosted shades for illumination.

The dinner must be of the simplest. Little neck clams, served on the half shell, in beds of cracked ice, with celery as a relish, will make an acceptable first course. Omit soups, unless you wish to serve iced bouillon, for which but few people care. Cold salmon, cold trout or any other fish served cold with mayonnaise dressing will be found delicious and appetizing. Your meat course, which should follow, will be the only one in which hot dishes are to be served: Frenched lamb chops, Bermuda potatoes and green peas. Guava jelly should accompany the chops. Lettuce with French dressing, salted wafers and Neuchâtel cheese should be served in the salad course. Vanilla ice cream, moulded into snowballs, and ornamented with a sprig of holly or evergreen, if either can be secured, with frosted fancy cakes, angel's food, or any other white-icing cake, will make a delicious and simple dessert. Iced or hot coffee—whichever is preferred—and bonbons.

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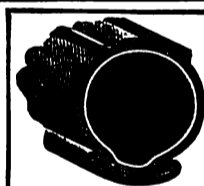
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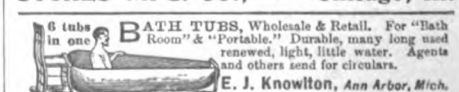
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LITTLE SUMMER BELONGINGS

By Isabel A. Mallon

**A**LL women know how much the small belongings of a costume tend to make it a success or a failure. It is the knowing what to wear or what to avoid that shows an acquaintance with the art of dress. The woman who wears a lace collar with a tailor-made frock, or a stiff linen one with a soft lawn gown, simply does not deserve to have pretty clothes. With a street dress it is in best taste to have quiet belongings, but they must, of course, all bear the hall-mark of suitability and neatness. With the tailor gown there is, if the collar of the bodice does not furnish a finish, a linen collar, with its edges broken, to be worn, and when this is assumed, cuffs to corre-



MRS. MALLON

spond are proper. There is a fancy just now for the wearing of silver links enameled in white, the design usually being a fleur-de-lis or some conventional flower. These buttons are not expensive, while they are pretty and in good taste. If a jacket is worn over a shirt waist, then a scarf is necessary, and that may be of black silk or satin, of gray soft silk or of white China silk; it should be two inches wide, about thirty-two long, and should be tied in a stiff bow and straight ends just in front. One may have pearl buttons for closing the shirt waist, or small silver ones matching the sleeve links may be used.

THE PARASOL IN VOGUE

FOR general wear that movable background, the parasol, is of the ordinary plain shape, is of silk in one color, and has, preferably, either a handle of natural wood simply twisted at the end or tipped with a Dresden china knob. Handles made heavy with silver or gold are not good form, but a pretty caprice affected by young girls is the having on the natural wood stick a duplicate in silver of one's own manner of writing one's Christian name. The lettering is small and the decoration is by no means conspicuous. The colors liked are scarlet, crimson, dark blue and moss green, and the parasol selected for general use is usually chosen with a thought as to the dress with which it will be oftenest worn.

For more elaborate wear, chiffon or lace parasols continue in vogue, and while they are of good size, still they distinctly suggest a parasol and not an umbrella. A very pretty white chiffon one is covered with two thicknesses of the thin stuff, is decorated with two flounces, one falling over the edge, while at the top is a very large bow of white moiré ribbon. The handle is of white enameled wood, and has on its knob small bullet-like pieces of gold set in regular order around it. Frequently imitations of precious stones are used in this way, but I do not think they are as desirable as the gold. Black net, chiffon or lace parasols are invariably becoming, and suit themselves to all costumes. French handles show small watches or pencil cases set in them, but the watches are generally more decorative than useful, and in the summer days one seldom requires, when visiting or walking, anything so businesslike as a pencil. Very many women have parasols to match their summer silks; this can be done very economically, as one nearly always has a parasol, the frame and stick of which have outlived their cover.

ABOUT HER WAIST

THE ribbon belt that encircles my lady's waist is not adapted for wear with a cloth skirt and cotton shirt, so that much thought is given to jaunty-looking belts that will add the finishing touch of nattiness to the get-up in which one would travel, wear for out-of-door sports or use as a general costume. Belts of kid are in black, gray and white. The buckles upon them may be of silver, gold or bronze. These last are particularly fancied if a quaint one can be found. The silver buckles are broader than they are long, and follow elaborate floriated designs. They are seen on the regular silk belting quite as often as upon kid. The gold buckle that is preferred is extremely plain, being a simple round one with the ordinary slide through the centre. Sometimes a cipher or monogram is wrought upon it, but this is the exception rather than the rule. Where one has many belts a pretty one to join the group is of orange and black striped belting with a buckle, presumably of gold, and beyond it a very narrow slide of gold. From the slide to the buckle, hanging quite far down on the skirt, are a couple of closely-woven gold chains, and on these may be suspended the innumerable belongings usually seen upon the chateleine. The fact that they are silver and the chain is gold makes no difference, for the combination is rather liked.

THE LAWN HANDKERCHIEF

THE prettiest handkerchiefs shown are of fine lawn with a narrow hem sewed by hand and a lace finish, real, of course, of Valenciennes that is about one-quarter of an inch wide.

Others are of striped linen lawn, blue and white, pink and white and lavender and white, and these have as their border a hemstitched hem which is in width about half an inch; upon these, with the letters running down rather than across, are embroidered in colored thread the initials of the wearer. Lace handkerchiefs are very seldom seen. When one wishes a very fine mouchoir it can be gotten, but its fineness is shown in the material, in the work upon it and in the lace that outlines it. Then the initials are wrought in a medallion that is quite open, while they are put in on the background wrought in fine stitches by a lace worker. I do not think that this work is done outside of the lace-making countries, and feel quite sure that when it is ordered here, that from the length of time required before it can be delivered, it must sail across the ocean twice. Handkerchiefs of silk or chiffon elaborately embroidered are not in good taste at all, and in the stores where a specialty is made of fine lingerie, the knowledge of their existence is denied. To have one's handkerchief exquisitely fine, laundered without starch and only perfumed from its lying in sachets redolent with orris or violet, is conceded by the people who know the art of dress to be all that is necessary.

BOWS OF GAY RIBBON

THE long Incroyable bows of broad moiré ribbon with their end trimmings of lace are pretty and becoming when worn by slender women, but on those who are short and stout they tend to give a most ridiculous air. Properly arranged, the loops should stand out as far as the shoulders and the ends reach almost to the knees, while a paste buckle should be just in the centre of the bow. These bows should only be of black with white lace upon them, or of white with white lace. They are very decorative and do much to make a plain bodice look elaborate. At the same time one should be sure of their becomingness before one is bought.

Bows for the hair are made of satin or gros-grain ribbon two inches wide, and when they are to be worn at one side there should be three high loops and two ends all standing up and each end cut out in a V. These bows should be sewed, and the hairpin necessary to hold them in place should also be tacked on the under part so that it will slide right into the hair and pose the bow. If the ribbon is not stiff enough to stand alone then the fine wire used by milliners may be caught on the inside and it will keep them in position.

THE COQUETTISH VEIL

THE veil, which seems to disguise while it reveals, has always been liked by women who dress well. By choosing material that is becoming the veil is made of importance, and by its careful adjustment, when it keeps the hair in order, its use is easily understood. For traveling, or wear when one really wishes to cover the face, the sewing silk veil of dark blue, black, red or white with its satiny border at the top and bottom is in vogue. Only a yard and a quarter of this is required for a veil, and in New York that will permit the getting it for twenty-five cents. The heavy Russian nets are not liked for summer time, as they are what they look—very warm. The Brussels net, having a lace border of white, and white sprays upon it at regular intervals, is suited to a round hat, and though not always becoming, has an air of good style. Brussels net of very fine quality, with chenille dots upon it, is not new, but is always in fashion and always becoming. With the summer bonnets, veils of thin tulle, in pale blue, pink or white are liked; they are not expensive, neither do they last long, but they are very becoming, and their extreme lightness makes them seem particularly well suited to bonnets trimmed with flowers, or made to look as summery as possible. A net that is not quite as heavy as the Russian, but which is square in mesh, is cut into rounded veils and has a border formed upon it by three rows of love ribbon, a sufficient distance between each row being allowed to make them effective. These veils are almost invariably worn by elderly ladies who prefer somewhat large bonnets.

SHOES OF MANY KINDS

FOR general wear the low shoe of brown soft kid is conceded to be at once most comfortable and most useful. It has a pointed toe, deep vamp and square heel. In buying such a shoe one would select a number at least one size too large, so that discomfort may not result from the point. With these shoes are worn stockings of either lisle or silk, matching them in color. Suited to most all times and costumes the brown shoe is yet an undress one, a black patent leather shoe being counted proper with an elaborate toilette. For evening wear the plain slipper of patent leather, or satin with a medium high heel, is liked. On that of patent leather a buckle of cut steel or jet is usually noted, while on the satin slipper is seen an enormous rosette of black net heavily spangled with gold. For evening affairs one has slippers to match the gown. Slippers of black and white striped silk are on sale already made, and look very well with black costumes that have white upon them, or, indeed, with those that are all black. However, when it is possible, I should advise in the evening the wearing of a black shoe or slipper, for it always makes the foot look smaller and it does not attract the attention that one made of some fancy stuff would. Scarlet slippers, intended only for house wear, are elaborately beaded with jet, and usually have no other decoration. If you wish to keep your shoes, brown or black, in good condition treat them both quite often to a massage of vaseline, rubbing it in well and yet not using too much of it. This will make the shoes comfortable to wear and will keep them bright and clean. In boots, laced ones are much oftener seen than those that are buttoned, it being conceded that as one can adapt a laced boot to the foot it becomes more desirable, especially during the warm weather, when, if one walks much, the feet have an inclination to swell.

FOR THE HANDS

IN tan, gray or black the undressed kid glove continues in vogue; in shape it is a short mousquetaire fastened with two buttons. In white, a glacé glove is liked. In white, buttercup, dark tan or dark gray, heavy glacé kid is shown with a stitching to match on the back and four large buttons for the closing. These are especially for wear with tailor-made gowns. With a pretty cloth suit a white glove, fitting easily, with its large pearl buttons and its white stitching, is a most dainty contrast to the frock, and gives to the entire costume a decidedly dressy look. Evening gloves are by no means as long as they were, the styles approved of reaching not quite to the elbow and being only slightly wrinkled. Silk gloves wear out so soon that, while they are cool to look at and pleasant to wear, they are seldom economical.

A FEW LAST WORDS

UNLESS one's veil is smooth, one's gloves are dainty, and with all their buttons upon them, one's handkerchief is in harmony with the costume—indeed, unless all the little belongings are in good order, it cannot be expected that one's toilette can be counted a success. These little things do much toward making a woman look well, but care must be given them so as to keep them in good condition. If only one pair of gloves is possible, elect that they shall be dark; if only one veil can be gotten, let it be one that is sufficiently strong, so it will not tear easily, and remember that in buying your shoes one pair of good ones is worth ten pairs of fancy ones made of cheap material.

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STYLES IN HOUSEHOLD LINEN

By Emma M. Hooper

**U**NDER the title of household linen are classed the table and bedroom linens necessary to every home. The styles or patterns of these change every year, the sizes remaining about the same. For the dining-room there are table-cloths, napkins, centres, doilies and tea-tray and sideboard covers. In the bedroom list come sheets, pillow-cases, shams, splashes, bureau covers, counterpanes and towels, all of which are of interest to the housekeeper intending to replenish her stock of linens, which she usually does while the linen sales are taking place in the large cities in the spring of the year.

THE PRESENT TABLE-CLOTH

**P**URE white damask is the only cloth allowed for dinner, and comes in grades from fifty cents to five dollars, with the happy medium for seventy-two inches wide at one dollar and a half to two dollars and a half for evenly-woven Irish linen. The widths vary from a yard to ninety-two inches, and the lengths in regular dinner cloths are three to eight yards. Of course, when cut in the piece any length desired may be obtained. The large cloths show a medallion centre and double border, the upper one resting on the table, with small designs scattered between. A large bouquet of blooms in the centre, lilies, roses, palms, fleur-de-lis, etc., has the border of the flowers arranged lengthwise and single buds between the centre and edge. Again a landscape centre will have a border of field flowers or harvest fruit. Among the designs are lotus, trefoils, fleur-de-lis, fruit patterns, palms, shaded disks, dots of various sizes, diamonds, blocks, lilies, carnations, chrysanthemums, passion flowers, wheat, thistles, roses, etc. Ferns, ivy and oak leaves are always pretty, though now numbered with the *passé* patterns. Table linen should always be hemmed by hand with a very narrow hem that is perfectly straight. An even edge can be procured by pulling the threads until one reaches across the entire width; then pull the cloth straight, as a laundress does when dampening it for ironing. For every-day use a large initial is marked with indelible ink near one corner in old English lettering. Handsome cloths have a monogram of long, slender letters, three inches, or an initial embroidered with linen thread or silk on each side, half way between the table and edge of the cloth at the centre of the length.

FOR LUNCHEON AND TEA

**T**HE unbleached German linen cloths of a creamy tint are often used for breakfast and luncheon, with napkins to match or in white. They are kept from boiling as long as possible to preserve the yellowish tint. They are heavier and cheaper than Irish linen and have about the same patterns. Several importers tell me that if Irish linen is grass-bleached it will outwear the German, but not if it has been bleached by chemicals, which, alas, can only be discovered by sad experience. Separate cloths for luncheon are from two yards and a half to three yards long. A dinner cloth reaches to within twenty inches of the floor on the ends, but for other occasions it is but ten to fifteen inches below the table edge. Fruit patterns are liked for luncheon cloths, also disks or dots. Luncheon sets of white and yellow, pink, china blue or green are bordered and fringed, and cost from four dollars to eight dollars for a cloth two yards and a half long and a dozen napkins. These are embroidered in white near one corner. A breakfast, luncheon or tea cloth never hangs as deep on the ends or sides as one for dinner. The Turkey-red cloths are used in some households for breakfast and luncheon, especially where children are. The appearance of a table set with snowy damask is too attractive to need describing, and provided the linen is beautifully clean and well ironed it is not of necessity the finest of the fine. Table linen, glass, china and silverware never received more attention than at the present, and manufacturers are putting forth every effort to please all housekeepers who take pride in their store of napery.

For ladies' luncheon parties pure white cloths are preferred, with flowers, centre-piece and doilies giving the color. Sets of table linen, including the single cloth and twelve napkins, are frequently given for bridal presents. Mixed linen and silk cloths are among the choice articles of table linen possessed by only a few. This material has a gloss like a piece of creamy satin, but the cost, thirty-five dollars, for one handsome set is rather exclusive in effect.

NAPKINS AND DOILIES

**F**OR ceremonious dinners napkins are aptly called "young table-cloths"; they are seven-eighths of a yard square, with one or two initials or an intertwined monogram two inches long across a corner. The three-fourths of a yard size is used for ordinary dinners, and marked with letters an inch and a half long. Luncheon and breakfast napkins are five-eighths of a yard square, with an initial an inch long. Tea napkins are of this size, or the little fringed designs half a yard square are used. When one possesses a mahogany table nicely polished, and wishes to dispense with a cloth for tea or luncheon, one of the three-quarters or seven-eighths napkins is put under each plate, a centre-piece in the middle of the table, and each dish is set on a doily. The word doily covers a multitude of sizes, shapes and designs. They come of linen, net, momie, etc., in sizes from twenty inches square down to a leaf barely four inches long. Square, round, oval, leaf and flower shapes are seen, with white or wash silk embroidery. The lace net and open Spachtel work doilies are sometimes put over colored silk, but it will have a tawdry appearance to me to introduce a color on a table, except in flowers. Doilies for fruit plates, finger-bowls, dishes, in fact, doilies wherever one can find an excuse for placing a bit of pretty handiwork. They are from three dollars a dozen when embroidered. Those of momie, stamped for embroidering, are from forty-eight cents per dozen. Some of the prettiest are eight inches square, and each of the dozen shows a different coloring and flower, as violets, pinks, blue bells, daisies, poppies, iris, crocus, lilies, rose-buds, forget-me-nots, mignonette and heliotrope powdering the surface of one dozen that sold for twelve dollars. The edges are hemstitched or scalloped when embroidered. If made in the style of drawn-work the edges are fringed.

TABLE CENTRES, ETC.

**L**ONG, square, oval and round linen table centres match all of the doilies described, and sell, ready-worked, from one dollar. The handsomest are the round ones embroidered to represent a wreath of roses, chrysanthemums or lilies, with the edges following the outlines of the flowers, which are costly to buy, though if the work can be done at home the expense is a trifle. Carvers' cloths of heavy butcher's linen are twenty or twenty-four inches by sixteen or eighteen, with hemstitched edges one inch wide, and merely an initial on one end or a design of fruit, wheat, crossed knife and fork, etc., embroidered in white or colored silk or cotton. These are put under the meat platter and removed with the first course. Linen cloths for keeping biscuits or corn warm are to be found ready-stamped for working, at nineteen to thirty-nine cents. They serve their purpose well, too. Tea-tray covers are hemstitched and powdered with tiny flowers irregularly arranged. The cover should be sufficiently large to extend three inches beyond the tray on all sides. Those in linen, damask or momie are from twenty-five cents, not worked. Sideboard scarfs of linen are sufficiently long to hang half way to the floor on the ends. They have hemstitched edges, usually a border of drawn-work, like an insertion, and are embroidered with fruit or flower designs in scrolls or set figures. In selecting linen by the yard to work remember that a round, even thread is the best for the always pretty, but eye-tiring, drawn-work that appears with all assortments of table linen.

LAUNDERING LINEN

**N**O matter how handsome table linen may be when new it may lose all beauty if poorly washed and ironed. All stains should be removed before the cloth is put into the water by pouring boiling water through the stains, if ordinary tea or coffee ones. Wine is removed by covering the stain as soon as made with salt and then pouring the water through. Linen should be slightly starched, unless one has the knack of ironing it while damp until perfectly dry, like French women do, which gives the proper stiffness. Let table-cloths and napkins get perfectly dry; then pull in shape, dampen, pack tightly and iron on both sides, the right one first to give the highly-polished surface. Fold napkins square and cloths lengthwise first, the centre line ever affording a guide to one setting the table to place everything exactly straight. Linen should be made very damp and ironed dry. Nothing is more repulsive or unhealthy than damp linen, be it a sheet, pillow-case or table-cloth. Sheets are not made as damp as a cloth, as they should be soft when perfectly dry.

SHEETS AND PILLOW-CASES

**F**RANCE, Ireland and Germany furnish ready-made sheets from two by two and a half yards up to three by three yards. These are from four dollars a pair at special sales, seven dollars being the regular price. If bought by the yard the average width, two yards and a half sheeting, costs from seventy-five cents to one dollar for a serviceable quality. Sheets should be three yards long to tuck in nicely, with a half to an inch hem on the lower end done by hand. The upper edge has a hem two inches and a half wide, which is hemstitched, done by hand, or even more ornamented by a border of drawn-work. The initials or monogram, five to eight inches long, are embroidered in silk or linen floss just below the border in the centre of the sheet. Bolster-cases are open at one or both ends, and are finished to match the pillow-slips, being from sixty inches to two yards long. Linen slips, and cotton ones as well, are sold ready made in square and oblong sizes. The cotton ones are very cheap, from nineteen cents apiece, while a pair of good linen slips twenty-two by thirty-six inches is one dollar and twenty-five cents to two dollars and a half. Hemstitched hems, two inches and a half wide, drop five inches below the pillow. A border of drawn-work is often seen; even lace and embroidery insertion are used and ribbons drawn through, with questionable taste. Square pillow-cases are neatly hemmed by hand and button on the pillows, with a frill of ruffling or embroidery around the four sides. These are twenty-seven by thirty-six inches. Pillow-slips are marked just above the border in the centre of the width with letters from three to five inches long. When the slip is elaborately trimmed it is removed at night or a smaller pillow substituted for night use. From personal observation I think that housekeepers can do better by making up muslin slips and sheets at home, as the best wearing grades are not sold thus, but in linen goods you get more for your money in quality and assortment.

SHAMS AND COUNTERPANES

**S**QUARE pillow-shams are used in spite of the fact that they were *passé*, unless a cover for bed and bolster are used *en suite*. The shams are of linen or fine muslin, with a hem and border of drawn-work or insertion like beading through which ribbon is drawn. Other styles show rows of insertion and lace, with a border of lace and ribbon threaded in and out of the insertion. Shams having a plain centre utilize this portion for a large initial or monogram. Another style has hemstitched edges, embroidered corner and centre parts. The open Spachtel work shams have a border and centre, or the latter is left plain for the initial of immense size. Shams are from two dollars a pair. A set of three pieces in linen, shams and a false sheet piece two yards and a quarter long by three-quarters of a yard wide and corresponding with the pillow-shams, costs from ten dollars. Honeycomb quilts are from seventy-five cents for a double bed, while a really good Marseilles counterpane is from two dollars and a half, a handsome one costing five dollars. Light colors in these quilts are selected to match the tones of the bedroom. All of the designs have a centre and border, and it is a mistake to buy a very heavy one, as it becomes a wearisome task to wash it. Colored centres have white borders, and plain white quilts have hand-worked designs for twelve dollars.

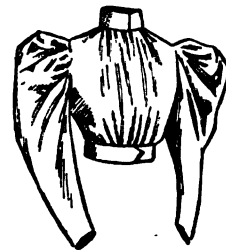
THE NECESSARY TOWEL

**T**OWELS may be had from twenty-seven to fifty inches in length, and from one dollar and a half to eight dollars a dozen, without ascending to the very costly. Popular prices are three dollars to four dollars a dozen for huckaback and four dollars to six dollars for damask towels. Linen huckaback has hemstitched ends or a deep fringe. Colored and white borders are equally favored. Large honeycomb and small diaper patterns are used. Damask borders appear with huckaback centres. Huckaback by the yard is about thirty-five cents and is hemstitched at home. Damask towels are handsome to look at, but do not absorb the water like huckaback. Flower designs abound in these, colored and open-work borders and a deep, knotted fringe. It is a good plan to have the towels for each room of a different border and thus keep each one's separate. Towels are marked just above the border at the centre of the width with white or colored cotton or silk, using a two-inch initial. The so-called baby towels for infants' tender skin are of soft bird's-eye diaper simply hemmed. Towels are very cheap to what they were a few years ago, notably those of huckaback. Bath or Turkish towels of terry, cotton or linen are from thirty-five cents each for a serviceable quality, though I would advise a shopper to pay sixty or seventy-five cents for one, rather than fifty, as they wear many years when purchased of a good grade. Long damask towels ornamented with embroidered, fringed and drawn-work ends, in which a little color is introduced, are sold at from one dollar and a half, and make serviceable bureau or bedroom table scarfs. The designs through the centre may be outlined with silk.

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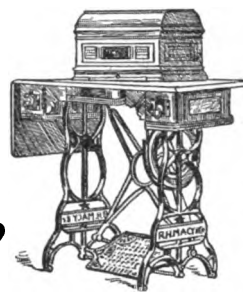
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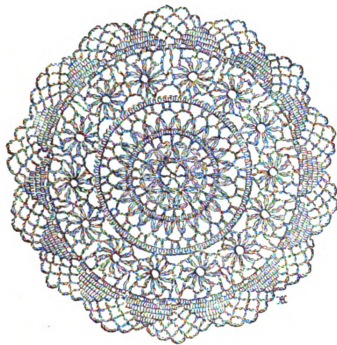


DAINTY DOILIES IN CROCHET

By Margaret Sims



DOILIES are always in great demand, they are useful in so many ways, not only for the toilet-table, for which those illustrated on this page were specially designed, but also for table use, or to serve as mats for flower vases or ornaments on dainty parlor tables. For the three charmingly original circular doilies under consideration I am indebted to Miss Alice Luka. For parlor use they will work out nicely in the colored lustrous thread made for covering moulds, or in crochet silk twist if economy is not an object.



PRETTY DAISY DOILY (Illus. No. 1)

Dress trimmings in mould crochet are very much admired. In Illustration No. 4 is shown a very handsome example. It also suggests how to arrange moulds of various shapes to suit any particular purpose.

DAISY DOILY

WHEN making the pretty doily in Illustration No. 1 begin with 1 ch; into this 1 ch work 6 tre with 4 ch between each. Next row, into each space work 6 d c. Next row, 5 ch, 2 d tre in between two groups of 6 d c. \* 5 ch, 2 d tre into the top of the shell just made, then 3 d tre into same place as 1st, 2 d tre, 3 d tre into top of shell just made, 3 d tre into same place as 1st, 2 d tre, 3 d tre between the next two groups of 6 d c; repeat from \* all around. Next row, 7 ch, \* 1 tre in centre of 1st horizontal shell, 3 ch, 1 d tre in between the shells, 3 ch; repeat from \*. Next row, 5 d c in every 3 ch. Next row, 3 ch, 1 d tre in same place from which the ch started, miss 5, 2 d tre between the next two groups of 5 d c in previous row; repeat from the beginning, all around. In working these shells keep the 4 d tre forming two shells all on the needle, and work them off together. In the previous round of shells near the centre each single group of 3 d tre forming one shell is worked off the needle together in the same manner. Next row, 2 tre under 1 loop of 5 ch, with 2 ch between, 2 ch, 2 tre under next loop, with 2 ch between, 2 ch; repeat all around. Next row, 1 d c into, not under, every stitch of previous row, and fasten off. The daisies are made separately.

MAKING THE DAISIES

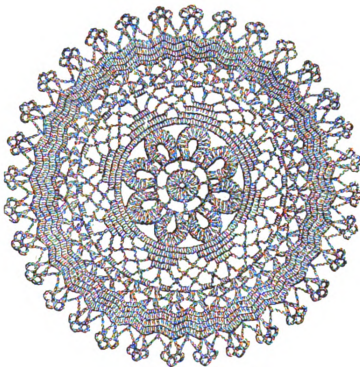
FOR each daisy make a ring with 8 ch; into the ring work 2 d tre with 5 ch between ten times; the daisies are caught to the centre and to each other in working, as shown in the drawing. There should be 5 st missed on the foundation between the daisies, and 3 st between the 2 st that unite them to the foundation. There should be fourteen daisies to complete the circle.

Now commence with 1 d tre in the space between the last of the 2 d tre left free on the top and the connection with the next daisy, \* keep the last two loops on the needle, 1 d tre under 1st free loop of 5 ch on next daisy, work off the 2 st together, 5 ch, 1 tre under next loop, 3 ch, 2 d c under next loop, 3 ch, 1 tre under next loop, 5 ch, 1 d tre in space next the connection to following daisy; repeat from \*. Next row, 4 d c under the loop of 5 ch, 3 ch, 3 d c under the 3 ch, 3 ch, 3 d c under the next 3 ch, 3 ch, 4 d c under loop of 5 ch, 3 ch; repeat from the beginning. Next row, start on the second of the 1st 4 d c, 3 d c in each of the following st, 3 d c under the loop of 3 ch, miss 1 st, 2 d c in next 2 st, 3 d c under

next 3 ch, miss 1 st, 2 d c in next 2 st, 3 d c under next 3 ch, 3 d c into next 3 st; this leaves the last of the 4 d c in previous row free, 5 ch; repeat from the beginning. Next row, work 13 d c over the 19 in previous row, taking up both loops at the top of each st; this leaves 3 st on either side, 5 ch, 1 d c under loop of 5 ch, 5 ch; repeat all around. Next row, 10 d c over the 13 d c, 4 ch, 1 d c under next loop, 5 ch, 1 d c under next loop, 4 ch; repeat from the beginning. Next row, 6 d c over to d c, 4 ch, 1 d c under next loop, 5 ch, 1 d c under next loop, 5 ch, 1 d c under next loop, 4 ch; repeat from the beginning. Next row, 1 d c into 3rd of 6 d c, 2 d c into the next st, 4 ch, 1 d c in next loop, 5 ch, 1 d c in next loop, 5 ch, 1 d c in next loop, 4 ch; repeat from the beginning. This row completes a very pretty doily. It can be worked in fine or coarse cotton, according to the size required. A very novel effect is gained by working the daisies and shells in pale yellow or pink cotton, the rest in white or cream. A new and most popular idea is to blend delicate colors with white, cream or écu in crochet, both for doilies and ends on a bureau scarf.

FOR PARLOR TABLE

THE pretty doily in Illustration No. 2 is made by making a ring with 12 ch; into the ring work 24 d c; fasten off. Next row, 8 ch, 1 d c into ring of 24 d c; turn; 8 d c into each st of the ch; turn, and repeat in ribbed crochet until six rows of d c have been worked, including

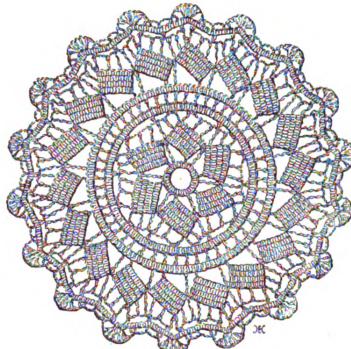


DAINTY PLACE DOILY (Illus. No. 3)

the 1st row; then miss 1 st on the ring, making a tre tre into the next, that is, turning the thread three times over the needle before taking up the st; repeat from the beginning until six blocks of ribbed crochet are made. Next row, 2 d c in the top corner of a block, 5 ch, miss 2 on block, 1 tre in next st, 2 ch, miss 2, 1 d tre, 1 ch, 1 d tre on side of next block, 2 ch, 1 tre, missing a space equal to 2 st, 5 ch; repeat from the beginning all around. Next row, 2 d c under centre of 5 ch, then 5 ch, miss 1 space, 1 d c under the 1 ch of last row, 5 ch, miss 1 space, 2 d c under loop of 5 ch, 5 ch; repeat from the beginning. Next row, 1 d c into, not under, every stitch. Next row, 1 tre in every other st, separated by 2 ch. Next row, 1 d c into every st; fasten off. Next row, repeat the blocks attached to the centre ring, also the following row. It will be necessary to miss 3 and sometimes 4 st to make the blocks lie flat, instead of 1 between the blocks and the tre tre. Next row, 1 d c under the 1 ch, 5 ch, miss 1 space, 2 d c under the next loop 5 ch, 2 d c under the next loop, 5 ch, miss 1 space; repeat from the beginning. Next row, 1 d c into every stitch. Last row, 1 d c over d c in last row but one, \* 3 ch, miss 3, 1 d c, miss 1 st, 1 tre in next 1 ch, miss 1, 5 tre in the same st, each separated by 1 ch, 1 ch, miss 1, 1 tre, miss 1 st, 1 d c in next 3 ch, miss 3, 1 d c over d c in 1 ch of last row but one; repeat from \*. If color is to be introduced into this very original and fanciful doily work the blocks and the two rings of d c between the blocks in color, the rest in white, cream or a contrasting tint.

DAINTY PLACE DOILY

MAKE a circle of 4 ch; into this work 16 tre. Next row, into every other stitch 1 tre with 4 ch between each tre, making eight spaces. Into each space 3 tre, 5 ch, 3 tre. Next row, 14 tre into each 5 ch, 1 d c between the two groups of 3 tre; fasten off. Next row, 4 d c in the four centre stitches of 14 tre, 7 ch; repeat all around. Next row, 1 d c into every stitch. Next row, over each shell 10 d c, followed by 5 ch; there should be 1 st missed under the 5 ch. Next row, over the 10 d c work 6 d c, then 5 ch, 2 d c under 5 ch, 5 ch; repeat all around. Next row, 3 d c into the 2 centre stitches of 6 d c, 5 ch, 2 d c under 5 ch, 5 ch, 2 d c under next 5 ch, 5 ch; repeat all around. Next row, 1 d c in centre of 3 d c, 6 ch, 2 d c under every 5 ch, with 6 ch between. Next row, 5 d c under every 6 ch, between the groups of 5 d c, 5 ch three times, then 1 ch only, then 5 ch three times; repeat all around. Next row, under the 1 ch, 2 d tre, 2 ch, 2 d tre under each loop of 5 ch, 2 tre, 2 ch, 2 tre; repeat all around. Work another row exactly the same, making shells of d tre over the d tre. Next row, 1 d c into every tre, 3 d c under each 3 ch. Next row, 1 d c into every st; increase 1 st over each shell. Next two rows, exactly



FOR PARLOR TABLE (Illus. No. 2)

the same. Last row, 1 tre in point over the shell, 3 picots of 5 ch, 1 tre in same st, 3 ch, 1 d c in centre st between the points, 3 ch; repeat all around to complete the doily.

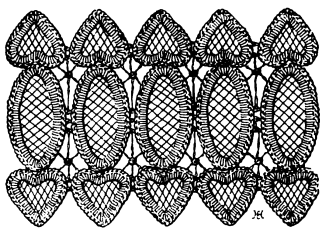
PRETTY DRESS TRIMMING

FOR women of leisure I would suggest that very expensive trimmings can be made in mould crochet at a nominal cost, especially as the moulds are now sold at a very reasonable price; this could scarcely be said on their first introduction, when they were obtainable only at one or two stores; now they are to be seen everywhere. The trimming in Illustration No. 4 may be worked either in lustrous thread or silk; the fillings can be in the same color or a contrasting shade, or, better still, in gold, especially when combined with black or a dark, rich tone of color. The moulds are first covered with close double crochet; this is edged with a row of single stitches.

A KEY TO CROCHETING TERMS

I HAVE been asked to publish a key to the abbreviations used throughout in giving directions for working. The abbreviations are as follows:

- Ch, chain.
- \* St, single stitch; known also as slip stitch in which the thread is drawn through both loops at once.
- 1 d c, double crochet; for this stitch the thread is drawn first through the loop, then through the two remaining on the needle.
- Tre, treble; turn the thread once over the needle before inserting it in the stitch to be taken up, draw it through one loop, then through two and again through the remaining two loops.



PRETTY DRESS TRIMMING (Illus. No. 4)

D tre, double treble; turn the thread twice over the needle, drawing it through three groups of two loops.

T tre, treble treble; turn the thread three times round the needle, drawing it through four groups of two loops.

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FEEDING A BABY IN SUMMER

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil

**T**HE effect of the summer heat upon the health of the baby is a subject of disquietude to many mothers. While it is impossible to regulate the temperature and obtain the cool air that would be a boon to the little creatures if it could be had, there are other factors as important as the state of the ether that the mother can control. Often the intestinal disturbances which are attributed solely to the weather from errors in diet, improper preparation of food, or neglect of cleanliness in feeding apparatus, all perfectly preventable causes. It is most important that attention should be attended to, because heat weakens the digestive powers and renders them less able to triumph over comparatively trifling obstacles.

**B**RINGING the prevalence of a hot wave the slightest symptom of indigestion should receive immediate attention, and be met by an alteration in the food and redoubled attention to every possible source of danger. Slight deviations from the usual character of the motions are the first danger signal, and should not be disregarded. If they are at all frequent a physician should be consulted. If one cannot be obtained, and a change of food does not improve the condition of affairs, very small doses of castor oil may be given, three or four drops for a baby two months old, increased to twenty drops for one a year old, every three or four hours for four or five doses. No tritum should be given without a doctor's permission, as much harm may be done by the indiscriminate administration of this class of medicines. Usually the regulation of the food is all that is necessary.

**A** BABY'S stomach at the time of birth holds about six teaspoonfuls, so it is self-evident fact that not much food is required at one time. The tendency is to over-feed babies. They are sometimes starved by the quality of their food, but very seldom by lack of sufficient quantity. The capacity of the stomach increases rapidly during the first and second months, and not so fast after that time. Some authorities maintain that the amount of food should be regulated by the weight rather than the age of the child—one weighing eight pounds being able to take six teaspoonfuls once in two hours, while one of twenty pounds weight should have sixteen teaspoonfuls once in three hours. A young baby should not be fed more often than every two hours, because the stomach requires rest just as the other organs do, and will surely rebel if it is over-worked. It is very important that it should not be overtaxed at night. It is best not to give food more often than once between 10 P. M. and 6 A. M., and if possible it should not be given at all. A baby should never be wakened at night for food. If the child cries sometimes a little warm water will satisfy the demand and bring sleep when milk would only cause discomfort.

**U**NLESS the mother lives in the country and knows from personal observation the conditions under which the cows are milked it is safest to sterilize the food. Recent experiments have proved that the germs which render the milk harmful can be destroyed by heating it to a temperature below the boiling point, and keeping it at this heat for one hour. A number of bottles are provided, each containing food sufficient for one feeding, the whole supplying enough for twenty-four hours. After being filled the bottles are plugged with a wad of cotton-battening, and stood on a perforated tin pie plate inverted in a saucepan of warm water over the fire. When the temperature of the water reaches 190° Fahrenheit, or is "scalding hot," not boiling, it is kept at this point for one hour, not being permitted to boil. The bottles are then removed and placed in the refrigerator, one being taken out at a time as needed. The plug is removed, the rubber top put on, and the food given to the child. When a number of bottles cannot be obtained the milk may be heated in a saucepan until the surface skims over, remaining at this point for one hour, and then be poured into a glass self-sealing jar or bottle, previously well scalded, securely covered and put in a cool place until used. If the milk has to be kept for more than twenty-four hours, as on a journey, the process of heating should be repeated three times, letting it cool between.

**V**ERY few babies can digest undiluted cow's milk. It forms into hard curds which the delicate stomach cannot break up. By adding the necessary water the proper proportion of fat in the milk is diminished, and this must be restored by putting in cream. The reaction of the milk that is the baby's natural food is alkaline, that of the cow is acid, so we add lime-water to neutralize it. It is also deficient in sugar. These requirements are combined in the formula of a celebrated physician, which is called cream food, and is composed of two tablespoonfuls of cream, one of milk, one of lime-water and three of milk sugar water. The milk sugar water is made by dissolving half an ounce of sugar of milk, a dry white powder that may be purchased at any apothecary's shop, in half a pint of boiled water.

These proportions are for a very young baby. As the child grows older the quantity of milk is gradually increased.

Barley seems to have the power to prevent the cow's milk from coagulating into such a firm curd as it forms when given alone, and may be tried if the cream food does not agree with the baby. To make it, wash four tablespoonfuls of pearl barley and boil in one quart of water for two hours. Strain, add a little salt, and use it to dilute the milk, instead of milk sugar water, adding a pinch of dry sugar of milk. Sometimes, in spite of the most careful preparation of the food, the baby seems unable to digest it. Peptonizing, or predigesting the milk before it is given, must then be tried. The albumin of the milk is converted into peptones by this process, thus saving the stomach a part of the work that must be accomplished before the food can be absorbed to nourish the body. Different preparations of pepsin or pancreatin may be purchased for the purpose. The proportion is five grains of pancreatic extract and fifteen grains of bicarbonate of soda to each pint of milk, or milk and cream mixed in the proportion recommended in cream food. Dissolve the pancreatin and soda in four tablespoonfuls of warm water. Stir this into the milk, put it in a covered jar, and let it stand in a vessel of water at 115° Fahrenheit for about half an hour. It should be tasted from time to time, and removed the instant a trace of bitterness is perceived, putting it on ice or bringing it to the boil, to stop the process. In preparing the food the milk must be diluted with milk sugar water or barley water, about one-half or more, according to the age of the baby.

If it is often difficult to find the exact proportion that will agree with the individual baby, and the strength of the food must be varied until it is found. The use of peptonized milk should be continued only until the child is able to digest milk as ordinarily prepared. In discontinuing it the pancreatic extract and soda may be mixed with the milk, and the food placed on the ice without being heated for a few feedings, thus making the change a gradual one.

**I**T sometimes happens that the baby, from some disturbance of the digestive functions, cannot take milk for a time. However it may be prepared white curds appear in the motions, showing it is not properly assimilated, or the meal is followed by an attack of colic. In these cases a substitute must be found. Flour balls are made by placing three cupfuls of wheat flour in a strong, white cotton cloth, tying tightly, like a pudding, plunging it into a pot of boiling water, and boiling for ten or twelve hours. Remove the cloth, cut away the damp outside part of the flour, and grate or scrape the inside to a fine powder. Mix this with boiled water to the consistency of milk, rubbing it smooth with a little liquid at first and gradually adding more. Give from two tablespoonfuls upward, according to the age of the child. The long boiling turns the starch of the flour into dextrin, which a baby can digest. If cream can be borne a small quantity should be mixed with this food to supply the fat it lacks. If not a few drops of cod-liver oil may be tried instead.

Whey food is made by taking one pint of milk and stirring into it one teaspoonful of liquid rennet, and putting it in a warm place where it will become "milk warm," but not hot. In a short time the curd will form. Break this in small pieces with a spoon, and strain through a piece of cheese-cloth or thin muslin. In mixing the food add a fourth part cream to the whey. Barley water may be given without milk for a time, either alone or thickened with the powdered flour ball.

**M**ILK must be the reliance, and these substitutes should only be used as temporary expedients to tide over an emergency. Cream will often be tolerated in a food where milk cannot be borne. Fat is very necessary to babies, contrary to the popular belief, and cream supplies it. Beef tea, or animal broth of any kind, should not be given in summer, except under the direction of a physician. Water should be given at intervals to babies as well as older children. It is particularly necessary in hot weather. It may be boiled and then shaken in a jar or pitcher, that it may acquire again the oxygen that was driven off in the process.

It is very important that food should never be given hot. The proper temperature is 99° Fahrenheit, or "milk warm."

The strictest attention to the quantity, quality and temperature of the food will be useless to prevent disorder of the digestive organs if the most exquisite cleanliness is not observed in the care of the feeding bottle.

It should be round, with a plain rubber top; tubes are an abomination not to be tolerated.

The bottle should be emptied, washed in cold water and scalded after each feeding, a little baking soda being added to the water occasionally.

**B**Y the time a baby has reached the second summer in his career his diet is apt to have been increased by the addition of many articles of food. There is more room for error, and no doubt it is due, in a large measure, to imprudence in this direction that this season has attained its unenviable reputation and become a source of uneasiness to mothers.

The process of teething, which is going on at this time, keeps up more or less irritation of the system, and if to this is added a sharp attack of acute indigestion the little sufferer fares badly. It is never well to try experiments during this period. If the child is thriving on a diet to which he has become accustomed let him continue it. If it is necessary to change or increase it do so gradually.

Meat must be given very sparingly; even in the form of soup it is safest to omit it. Milk, eggs and some of the farinaceous foods will furnish all the albuminoids that are required.

Milk undergoes change so quickly and deteriorates so rapidly in hot weather that it should always be sterilized, even when it is to be eaten with porridge, and not used simply as a beverage.

When eggs are used one a day is sufficient, and if properly boiled the white is as soft and easily digested as the yolk. Pour a pint of boiling water in a saucepan, place the egg in it, cover the saucepan and draw it to the side of the stove where the water will not boil. In ten minutes the egg will be done.

To prepare a poached egg drop the egg into boiling salted water, pull the pan aside to stop the boiling process, and remove the egg as soon as it is set. Longer cooking makes the white tough and indigestible. The white of an egg, being almost pure albumin, is a valuable food, but if it is coagulated into a hard mass by being overdone much of its value is lost.

**B**READ two days old with warm sterilized milk poured over it is readily digested. Soda or graham crackers, or any of the varieties of milk biscuit, may be safely used.

Farinaceous foods must be thoroughly cooked. Oatmeal should be boiled in a double boiler at least six or eight hours. Corn starch blanc mange is unobjectionable. Hominy, farina, cracked wheat, and many of the delicate preparations of grain which have attained popularity, may all be eaten with sterilized milk.

Macaroni broken in small pieces and boiled in milk may be given. It is well to remember that it should be dropped into boiling milk, and a little boiling water added immediately to restore the heat lost. If this is not done the macaroni is apt to become pasty. Salt should not be forgotten.

Junket may be made as directed for whey food, only as soon as the curd is set the dish is removed to a cool place and not disturbed until the junket is required. It may be eaten with cream and a little sugar. An egg may be stirred into the milk, which is also sweetened, before the rennet is added, making rennet custard.

To make gelatine cream, use one-fourth of a box of gelatine soaked in one-fourth of a cup of cold water. In half an hour set the bowl on top of a tea-kettle of boiling water; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and half a teaspoonful of lemon juice; stir until the sugar is dissolved. Pour the mixture into a cold dish, and when it begins to stiffen add one and a half cupfuls of rich milk, or half milk and half cream.

Giving fruit to young children in hot weather is a matter requiring much discretion. A very little should be tried at a time, and if this is well borne more may be ventured on within reasonable limits. The fruit should be eaten early in the day, never after two o'clock. It must be ripe, yet not over-ripe, and perfectly fresh.

Bananas are usually indigestible, yet some children can eat them with impunity.

"Lactated Food Saves Babies' Lives"

From the thousands of letters received from grateful mothers we append two, which tell their own story.



FLORENCE J. JOHNSON  
St. Louis, Mo.

"I take pleasure in sending you a picture of my little girl who was born on January 27, 1891. I nursed her until she was five months old, but sickness prevented me from continuing. I then tried fresh cow's milk, but found that it was slightly constipating, and several other foods that were recommended to me seemed to do her no good, and she was simply wasting away. I went to a druggist in Chicago and he told me to try a box of Lactated Food, which I did, and she has never had a sick day since, and is always bright and happy. She took the first prize in the baby show here this spring. I am now raising another little girl on Lactated Food.

"I cheerfully recommend Lactated Food to mothers who have tried to raise their children on prepared food, as we have tried all kinds. It keeps their bowels in a healthy state all the time. To any one wishing information concerning Lactated Food it will be cheerfully given.

"Yours respectfully,

"MRS. J. A. JOHNSON

"Sept. 8, 1893 211 Walnut St., St. Louis, Mo."



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Harlan, Iowa

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"Respectfully,

"MRS. B. B. GRIFFITH

"Nov. 23, 1893 Harlan, Iowa."

To Mothers

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The purpose of this Department is to bring the members of the Order of the King's Daughters and its President into closer relations by personal and familiar "Talks" and "Chats." All letters from the "Daughters" bearing upon this one and special purpose only, should be addressed to MRS. BOTTOME, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and she will be glad to receive them. Please do not, however, send letters to MRS. BOTTOME concerning membership in the Order, or business communications of any nature. All such should be addressed direct to the headquarters of the Order, 158 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, and prompt attention will be given.

HEART TO HEART TALKS



**J**ULY! This is the month in which Independence Day occurs. As a child I thought much of Fourth of July, and though my father was born in New York City, he was of a Scotch ancestry, so I used always

to wear the plaid of the MacDonald clan—in the way of a sash, at least. Now, at this time of my life my thoughts about Independence Day are not my childhood thoughts. I can say as I used to sing:

"On my brow, love, on my brow, love,  
There are no signs of care,  
But my pleasures are not now, love,  
What childhood's pleasures were."

In the language of George MacDonald I call "that mind free which escapes the bondage of matter, which instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison wall, passes beyond it to its author, and finds in the radiant signatures which it everywhere bears of the infinite spirit, helps to its own enlargement."

THE FUTURE LIFE

**H**OW I do wish that in all our calculations we would not leave out our future after death, and that our life here is a preparation for that future. I know we have always heard this preached, but somehow we have not taken it in in a practical way. I like to get glimpses of the future life through the analogy of Nature, as well as from the Bible. A friend was telling me the other day of an uncommon butterfly, the Royal Admiral. It was so wonderfully beautiful he thought he would like to ascertain what it lived on in its caterpillar state, and found it lived on honeysuckle. Ah, he thought, that accounts for the beauty of its wings. Shortly after he was shown a still more beautiful butterfly, and he was curious to know how it had fared in its caterpillar state, and he found this butterfly, the most beautiful of all, had lived in the lowlands in the marshes, and had fed on garbage. So he said maybe we shall find in the future the most beautiful ones arrayed the most beautifully will not be those who had the lovely surroundings here and all the culture that wealth could give them, but those who had come from the lowlands of sorrow, who had been denied all the beautiful here, but there may far outshine those who here lead dainty lives. It does seem to me that life would be quite another thing with us if we would not disconnect it from our future. And there are no flowers that we admire but would teach us a lesson if we would only consider their underground life, and how they bore the darkness and dirt, but continued to grow. I have often fancied they felt an instinct that there must be something better, and so they pushed their way up to the light. But we know, who believe in Jesus, that there is immortality and life; life without the hindrances that embarrass us here. Then why do we not keep it in mind, why do we not say, "What does it matter whether I have this or that now—I shall have them all some day and much grander?" Alas, alas, we do not live in the future, but just in the now. And all this in the face of all we have been told by God Himself. How glad I shall be if some who read this will say, "Now I am not a caterpillar who curls himself up at last and says, 'Well, my days are over; I shall never be able to crawl around any more; it is hard to die and leave this beautiful world, but I suppose I must go,'" and never dreams of the beautiful butterfly life that awaits him. We do know—we know that life and immortality were brought to light by the gospel, and that after death we shall enter on a freer existence, that in believing in Jesus we have everlasting life now, and that death is only an incident in our immortal life. Then why do we not act like it, and make more of what we are going to have than of what we are denied here? Now who will join my hope circle?

EDITOR'S NOTE—"The King's Daughters" will be omitted from the August issue of the JOURNAL. Mrs. Bottome will resume her "Heart to Heart Talks" in September.

OUR WORKING-GIRLS

**S**OME time ago I wrote a letter to our dear working-girls and had it printed, but I cannot reach you all with it, so it has come to me to send it to you in this way:

Dear Daughters: You know how I should like to see you personally at your desks, behind your counters, in your places of daily work, and speak a loving word to you, and because I cannot do that I think I will write you a little letter. I am glad that you wear to your places of labor the silver cross of our Order with the significant I. H. N. on it, for in your moments of weariness it will help you to remember that,

"You are a royal line,  
All children of a King."

Those around you may not see your beautiful robes, but if you have faith, hope and love you have on the royal dress of the King's Daughters and "within is glorious."

You know all outward conditions are soon to pass away. Your working days will soon cease; but never forget that He who was called the Carpenter's Son, who wrought with His own hands in a humble shop, is your King and mine. To-day all labor is glorified when done in His Name. You do not have to go where He is not willing to go and where He will not stand by you all the day long. And all you have to do is simply your duty.

I can give you no idea of the sorrowful people I have met or written to this past month—and so many of them young girls. I looked into such a beautiful face one day as the words fell from her young lips, "My life is blighted." I could not say it was not, for it was, but I could say, "What is your life? It is as a vapor (a fog) that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away, and then the unclouded brightness of a happy eternity!"

I stood in a factory a short time ago and learned a lesson that is likely to remain with me. As I entered all seemed confusion—the buzz of the machinery, the whirl of everything dazed me. But I soon saw that all was right and that each one was doing the task assigned to her. I stood and looked at a young girl whose work was to untie knots. Now, if she had said, "This is such a little thing to do, and I get so tired of it; I think I will try and do what the girl next to me is doing," she would have damaged the whole work. That simple thing of untying the knots had to do with the beauty and finish of the whole fabric.

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies." You have heard of the man who became very distinguished, and when some one who ventured to remind him of his days of poverty, said, "I remember when you had to black your own boots," quickly asked, "Didn't I do them well?" Oh, if we could see that all the nobility there is in our lives is simply in doing the will of God. I was a mere child when I heard a holy woman say that if two angels were sent on a mission to earth, one to take a message to an earthly throne and the other to sweep the street, it would be all the same; it was the Father's will that concerned them and only that—Thy will be done on earth even as it is done in Heaven. And, now, dear Daughters (perhaps His hard-working daughters), you will do all and bear all in His Name, will you not? You will be brave for Him, patient for Him, loving for Him, and let your little cross be to you the symbol that He was all this for you.

But you say, "It is hard to be poor." No one knows it better than the blessed Christ. He had not where to lay His head; but He is on the throne to-day, and you know you are going to be exalted with Him in outward conditions by-and-by. But the inward glory of Christ-like character is your business now.

"What will it matter by-and-by  
Whether my path below was bright,  
Whether it wound through dark or light,  
Under a gray or golden sky,  
When I look back on it by-and-by?"

"What will it matter? Naught if I  
Only am sure the way I've trod,  
Gloomy or gladdened leads to God,  
Questioning not of the now, the why,  
If I but reach Him by-and-by."

"Nothing but this, that joy or pain  
Lifted me skyward, helped me to gain,  
Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,  
Heaven—home—all in all, by-and-by."

CULTIVATING HOPE

**I** HAVE cultivated hope for a good many years, if only to have it to give away, and I assure you the calls on what I have are neither few nor small. Through this page come to me more letters from hopeless people than I ever expected to see, not merely hopeless for this world, but for the next. I should think such people had never heard that God had come into this world in human form to give hope to just such people. "Is there any hope for me?" one writes. I answer, did you ever hear of Jesus Christ? Did you ever hear He came into the world to save sinners, now mind, not good people, but bad people—just such people as you are? Do you ask me what you must do in order to get Him to save you? I answer, nothing but believe He will do what He says. If you want to be saved from your sins you can be saved, and He will not only forgive you, but so change you that you will love the good and hate the bad, and become holier and happier every day of your life until you pass from this world into one where sorrow will never touch you again. Your tears He will wipe away. Now all this is for hopeless people, hopelessly bad only as they turn to Jesus Christ, who is the hope of the world. Many and many a time this past winter, as I have read of the beautiful receptions given by wealthy people, I have been so glad that when Christ sent out invitations it was said, "This man receiveth sinners." So you see you are invited, and so am I—and I propose to go—I have a right, and so have we all. Sinners have a right to Jesus Christ; He exists for the one purpose of saving sinners, and if after all this you still say you are hopeless, all I have to say is you will not lay hold of the good things set before you.

A LOVELY DREAM

**I** HAVE noticed this past month such a new spirit of helpfulness in members of our Circle toward those I have spoken of from time to time as being very sad, and before me lies a letter with a helpful dream in it that one of our members thinks will help some discouraged one. She says: "One night I dreamed of walking in a valley, narrow and dark, shut in on either side by high mountains. The way was so rough and my feet weary with the long journey, and my heart was sore and oppressed by my many burdens. Suddenly the thought came to me that if I could only ring the bells of Heaven the grief and care would slip away and I should find happiness. Eagerly I left the valley and commenced climbing the mountain-side. Up, up, until the world was lost to view, and still I kept my upward way until before me stood the white walls of the Eternal City half hidden by fleecy clouds. At that moment a long rope was put in my hand, and with nervous haste I clasped the two ends and with all my force threw the loop above my head. It caught on something far out of sight, which in my heart I knew to be the longed-for bells. Seating myself I began pulling the rope with joyful anticipations, but to my surprise and sorrow the weight on my heart grew heavier with every downward motion of my hand, until the pain in the valley was as nothing in comparison. Soon a white-clad figure stood before me, and a voice asked, 'What are you doing here?' No words can describe the mingled gentleness and sternness in the implied rebuke. I turned toward him and poured out all the long, sad story of my weary life, my desires and my disappointments. Very gently he replied, 'You have made a mistake. The bells of Heaven can only be rung from the valley, and the rope hangs so low that the smallest child can reach it.'

"But I never found it," I said.  
"My child, every loving deed, every act of self-denial that you performed, every gentle word you spoke set all the bells of Heaven ringing with joyful sound."

"Then I dropped on my knees and with clasped hands sobbed out, 'But I am so tired of the self-denials,' and the beautiful voice replied, 'Even Christ pleased not Himself.'

"With joyful cry I sprang to descend, and awoke, and I thank my God the lesson learned that night has never left me."

GOD'S EVERLASTING LOVE

**I**T seems only yesterday since I wished you a happy new year, and now the year is half over. Has it been so far a happy new year with you? Are you happy? Perhaps you answer, I cannot use the word happy, but I can say I am blessed. Well, I stand reprov'd, for that is the word the Master used, and blessedness is a better word than happiness, because sometimes we "mourn" and He says, "Blessed are they that mourn" (not murmur), "for they shall be comforted." To mourn, holding His hand, is more blessed than all besides.

*Margaret Bottome*



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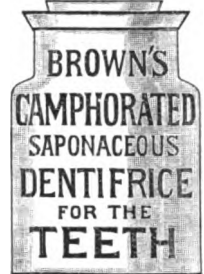
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## SOME USEFUL THINGS WORTH KNOWING

*A Page of Suggestions of Utility and Beauty*

### PRESSING AND MOUNTING FLOWERS

BY LUCY SHAW WILLIAMS

**I**n gathering the flowers you are desirous of preserving, care must be taken to select perfect ones, and it is also well to have specimens of the fruit, bud and root, as well as of the blossom. Quite often flowers are found of so delicate a nature as to wither almost immediately after separation from the parent stalk. For such as these it is expedient to carry a small book with sheets of blotting-paper, between which the specimens may be placed as soon as collected.

**F**OR pressing, several simple articles are necessary: a large book, a supply of printed newspaper, a pocket knife, a lead pencil, a small board about eight by ten with blotting-paper tacked upon it, and a soft towel. After removing all dirt and moisture the specimen should be carefully spread upon the blotting board. It will be observed to be thicker in some parts than others, as the stem, calyx or buds. It is these fleshy parts which keep the pressure from the more delicate petals and allow them to wither. This may be avoided by rolling the pencil over such places and rushing out the juice. If the plant has a root, and that happens to be thick, it may be shaved away on the under side. Such of the juice as the blotter has not absorbed should be removed by the towel, and the plant placed upon a sheet of the newspaper. Here it may be arranged as it is to appear afterward, all parts which will not lie down easily being pressed into position with the fingers. After carefully placing another sheet of paper over it and placing it in the book it is ready for the press, which may be a stone or any weight of fifty to one hundred pounds.

After being put under pressure the plant must not be disturbed for two days, and it should be remembered that upon this time depends the main appearance of the flowers afterward. After that time it should be placed in another part of the book, are being taken not to disturb the papers; these may be changed on the fifth day. The time for its final removal from the press is left to the judgment of the artist, but remember that there is much more danger of leaving it in too short a time than too long. The unmounted flowers should be placed between the leaves of a book, and will look much better if kept under a pressure of five or six pounds.

**T**HE mounting is the most interesting, as well as the most artistic work of all. Any heavy white paper cut in sheets about eight by ten is appropriate, but I like best that I get at the book store in tablet form. An unruled tablet of fifty sheets may be obtained for fifty cents. There are three ways of mounting: first, mucilage is placed on the back of the plant and it is gummed to the paper; second, small strips of paper are pasted across the stems and branches of the plant to hold it in place, and third, small slits are cut in the paper each side of the stem. Slips of paper one and one-half inches in length are introduced through the slits from the under side, passed over the stem and down again, where they are gummed fast. Enough of these are used to hold the plant in place.

In arranging each specimen it should be the aim of the artist to make it look as early as possible as it did in natural growth. After the mounting the completion of the herbarium is left to the taste of the artist. The common name of the flower may be placed in one corner of the sheet, or if it is desirable that it should have a little more scientific value the names of the order, genus and species may be added. A quotation appropriate to its flower may be written or printed across each page.

For the covers matboard or embossed cardboard may be used. It should be cut three inches longer than the paper each way, and have holes punched in each piece near the corner, through which the cords or ribbons for tying them together may be drawn. There are many ways of decorating the cover, but I have in mind two which I liked especially. One was a dainty little painting of buttercups and daisies, with the year in which the collection was made underneath. The other carried out the idea within more perfectly, and consisted of a spray of four-leafed clover artistically glued across the upper left-hand corner, and "western beauties" in fancy lettering in the lower right.

A nice herbarium, whether it may be a memento of a summer's outing or the gift of a distant friend, is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

### CARE OF FURNITURE AND WOODWORK

BY JAMES THOMSON

**W**ITH the more general desire among our people to surround themselves with beautiful woodwork should come the knowledge necessary for keeping such work in proper condition. It is no exaggeration to say that a great amount of injury is worked on the costly woodwork of our houses through ignorance on the part of servants. When one reflects on the many costly articles having polished surfaces to be found in the modern home, the care of which devolves on those whose early training entirely unfits them for such tasks, it is easy to appreciate the importance of the mistress possessing the knowledge necessary to direct them aright.

**I**T is customary in some households to wash the furniture with soap and water. Such a method may be entirely safe when practiced by careful persons. As the average maid is likely to treat a valued Vernis Martin cabinet with the same consideration accorded a common floor, it is well that the use of soap and water by her in connection with furniture should be forbidden.

When soap is used for furniture it should be of the best quality, having but a small amount of alkali in its composition, and the water used should be luke-warm, applied with a soft cloth and quickly wiped off, particularly from all corners and crevices.

Dark mahogany, which is now so fashionable, is particularly sensitive to soap and water, arising from the fact that the coloring matter which operates to darken the wood through the action of light is an acid, so that when the alkali of the water is permitted to remain upon it it will, in reaching the acid, for which it has affinity, destroy the polished surface.

Raw linseed oil and spirits of turpentine, in the proportions of two-thirds oil and one of turpentine, is the model furniture reviver. It is what professionals rely on; as a rule they use no other. The woodwork should be first carefully wiped off with a dry, soft cloth, and the dust thoroughly removed from corners and carvings. The best article to accomplish this is a large paint-brush, usually called a painter's duster. The oil may then be applied with a smaller brush, wiping off with a soft cloth and rubbing thoroughly dry. It will be found that dents and scratches lose their prominence under this treatment; should this method be pursued regularly there will be no difficulty experienced in having furniture retain a fresh appearance.

When a piece of furniture is very badly defaced and dented it should be intrusted to some good repairer, who may sometimes find it necessary to scrape off the old finish entirely, in order to make a satisfactory piece of work. When the wood is slightly dented one may sometimes overcome the trouble by steaming the indentation with a hot iron and a wet cloth, afterward making a small pad of muslin and rubbing over the surface some thin shellac, just adding a touch of oil to make the work easier. Scratches may be treated in the same way.

**O**F all woodwork that with the high varnish polish is the most difficult to keep looking well—it is so easy to mar it and so difficult to repair. When dents and scratches do not go entirely through the polish they may sometimes be removed by rubbing over with linseed oil and rotten stone, using a small piece of flat felt to do the rubbing. Care, however, should be used so as not to rub too hard.

Hardwood floors, if polished with shellac or varnish, may be first washed with soap and water, and then thoroughly rubbed with a cloth wet with oil and turpentine or kerosene and water; this will make them look as well as when new. Floors finished by the waxen method of our ancestors may be revived by the use of turpentine applied with a brush—those sold for the purpose, having a long handle and weighted with lead, being, of course, the best. Spots caused by water may be obliterated on waxed woodwork by rubbing with oil. When the wax has become worn in places nothing short of complete renewal will prove satisfactory.

Cheese-cloth will be found to be the best material available for use in the care of furniture. After it should be commended worn-out muslins and calicoes. For polished surfaces nothing can equal a well-worn silk handkerchief, using a little of the oil and turpentine to take out dim spots and finger marks, then rubbing vigorously.

### THE ART OF PICTURE HANGING

BY MINNIE ROHRER RAMSEY

**F**OR the direct means of hanging pictures the conventional gilt and silver wires are still used, though picture dealers will tell you that small chains of iron and steel are the novelties, and will be much used for the hanging of engravings, photographs and etchings. The exquisite and very fashionable medallion pictures and the dainty small water-colors framed in old-toned brocades are invisibly hung. This is accomplished by a wire tightly drawn across the centre of the back and catching on a brass hook or screw. These pictures are always hung low. A pretty custom among Japanese artists is to use a frame of plain oval moulding covered with silk tightly drawn. This is often of solid color, but sometimes has a dash of gold or silver, or a flight of birds in strokes of white. Then a strong, handsome silk cord of contrasting color is drawn around three sides of the frame, and held in place by tiny steel or silver staples. Leaving the upper corners the cord draws quite high and ties in a large and rather complex bow with handsome tassels.

Photographs ought to be delicately framed in carved maple, gold or light enamel frames. Silver and white also set off a photograph.

For hanging photographs in a young girl's room ribbons of her favorite color may be used. Etchings for a hallway are prettiest, if there are enough of them, hung step fashion, thus bringing them just to the climber's level, and making the erstwhile toil a pleasure. It is better to hang a picture too low than too high. One with much detail should always hang low.

Never scatter pictures regularly around the walls. Bunch them if you will. Perhaps, after all, "bunching" is the best method, if only it is tastefully planned, as it imparts a certain luxurious impression. That is, it is far better to arrange a pretty grouping of four or more paintings, and then, after a restful expanse of wall space, another quite different "bunch," than to distribute all favors equally.

Deep-toned oil paintings should be hung together; the same, also, of light and delicate works. Some people prefer to put the dark pictures in the deepest shadow, where they acquire a richness and sombre depth.

### THE MOUNTING OF PHOTOGRAPHS

BY ABRAHAM BOGARDUS

**I**T is to be regretted that many of the albums sold for receiving prints are not made of properly prepared Bristol-boards. If these boards have been bleached in manufacturing, the prints mounted on them will surely become yellow and fade from the chemical used in fixing the prints, and a long and thorough washing will be necessary to eliminate every trace of it and make the prints lasting. Wash the prints thoroughly and then mount them on boards. In buying mounting-boards select only such as are prepared for photographic purposes.

When preparing to mount the prints use a dish larger than the prints. Use enough clean water to entirely cover them, laying them face down in the water one on top of the other. After they are thoroughly soaked raise the mass and place them, still face down, in a body on a clean cloth, pressing with the hand to remove surplus water. For mounting, use common starch made rather thin. There is nothing better. It may be used warm or cold, but not hot. With a soft, flat brush put the starch on the back of the top print, gently raising it and using a knife to catch the corner and place it on the mount. After it is in place and while wet place a white blotting-paper over it and gently rub the blotter with the hand until the print is smooth. It may now be placed separate and allowed to dry. Have several blotters to use alternately, as each becomes too wet for use. Do not use heat to dry the mounted print. The gloss of the prints will be greatly improved if they are passed through a burnisher, as is done by all professionals. But this must only be attempted after they are perfectly dry on the mounts.

One great advantage in using the starch is the fact that any surplus oozing from the edges of the print will not show on the mount, as all the different gum pastes would do.

Thin mounts are not good; they will roll up as the print dries. The board should be thick enough to hold the picture without curling. Should they curl, passing them through the burnisher will straighten them out. A professional will burnish them for you for a trifle.

Use your taste in regard to the size of the mounts. A wide margin is desirable. For the protection of your collection, and a neat thing to do, after your pictures are burnished, is to paste by the corners on the back of the mount at the top a piece of tissue paper large enough to fold over the print as an "apron." It will shield the fine burnished surface from scratches by contact with the mount adjoining it in your portfolio.

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To begin to train herself in either a musical, vocal, artistic or elocutionary sense next autumn, without any expense to herself, she can do so by a little exertion during the summer. She can choose an education, under the best teachers, in music, singing, drawing, painting, elocution, sculpture, etc., and all without a penny's outlay by herself. Of the one hundred and more girls educated in these branches by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL last winter most of the girls did the little work that was necessary during the previous vacation. How they did it, and how any other girl can do it, is told by the successful girls themselves in a little book entitled "Girls Who Have Push," which will be sent to any address for the mere asking by

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Philadelphia

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

J. P. C.—Lucy Larcom died in Boston, on April 17, 1893.

R. K.—"Rocky Fork" was written by Mrs. Mary H. Catherwood.

IRENE—The name of the author of "An Englishman in Paris" is not known.

WELLS COLLEGE—Frank R. Stockton is the author of the story "The Hundredth Man."

SCHOLAR—Pope translated "The Iliad" into verse; Bryant translated it into blank verse.

G. IRENE—The expression "Barkis is willin'" occurs in Dickens' novel "David Copperfield."

N. B.—You will find a "penny for your thoughts" in the fourth chapter of Heywood's "Proverbs."

Mrs. C. D.—Mr. Fuller's novel, "The Cliff Dwellers," is a study of Chicago from one point of view only.

READER—The poem, "King Robert of Sicily," was written by Longfellow. You will find it in "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

FLOYD E. T.—Unruled paper, of size 5½ by 8½ inches, is best for manuscripts. Write on one side of the paper only.

NAVSINK—There is a memorial in the form of a stained glass window to James Russell Lowell in Westminster Abbey.

CARRIE—The Secretary of the American Copyright League is R. U. Johnson, 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ATILLA—"John Oliver Hobbes" is the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Craigie. She resides in England, but is by birth an American.

WORK—You ask for one paramount rule in authorship which you can always keep in mind. I would say: Be thorough, above everything else.

ELSIK—Julia Magruder, the author of "A Beautiful Alien," is unmarried. A sketch and portrait of her appeared in the JOURNAL of October, 1893.

NORTH AMERICAN—"Julien Gordon" is the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger. She is of American descent, but was born in France.

TOWN GIRL—"Th. Bentzon" is the *nom de plume* of Madame Blanc, a French literary woman who has translated a great many American novels into French.

M. M.—There is no doubt but that editors prefer type-written manuscripts, and an author serves her best interests when she submits her material in that form.

E. F.—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney is the author of the poem "Released," from which you quote. (2) "Max Adeler" is the *nom de plume* of Charles Heber Clarke.

ESSEX—Robert Bridges, the poet, is an Englishman. (2) Marie Corelli was adopted while very young by the second wife of the late Dr. Charles McKay.

T. J. M.—It is never in good taste to thinly portray one's friends in poem, article or story. If cleverly disguised it is another thing, but the veil should not be gauzy.

R.—The usual royalty paid by publishing houses on books is ten per cent.; that is, if a novel is published at one dollar, the author receives ten cents on each copy sold.

OLD PARTY—Thackeray became editor of "The Cornhill Magazine" in 1859, and continued his connection with it until his death in 1863. His death was very sudden.

J. B. D.—Celia Thaxter's maiden name was Lighton. She was born in 1836 at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Her husband, Levi Lincoln Thaxter, is dead.

CHANCELLOR—Brander Matthews resides in New York. He is married and has one daughter. Mr. Matthews does not depend upon literature for a living. He inherited a fortune.

WALTHAM—Longfellow's poem, "The Two Angels," was written on the birth of his youngest daughter and the death of the wife of his friend and neighbor, James Russell Lowell.

TERRY—Mr. Howells' only living daughter, Mildred, is quite an artist. She has done an occasional illustration for poems of her father's, and is said to be giving art very serious attention.

USAGE—Titles of books and newspapers when formally given are usually marked with quotation marks, but where the title of a book is well known the marks may properly be omitted.

W. ROCKHILL—Mr. William Dean Howells' literary biography, under the title of "My Literary Passions," began in the JOURNAL of December, 1893, and will be continued throughout the year 1894.

THOMSON—Mr. Howells' novel, "The Coast of Bohemia," which appeared in the JOURNAL during the year 1893, has been published in book form by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

G. H. H.—Richard Harding Davis' story of "Gallegher" was declined by three editors before it was accepted by the editor of "Scribner's Magazine." It was, I am quite sure, declined by "The Century."

L. P.—It is courteous, if not obligatory, to secure permission from the author whose verses you wish to set to music. Simply ask the privilege, addressing the author in care of the magazine in which you saw the poem.

BOSWELL—"The Atlantic Monthly" magazine was founded in 1857. (2) John Boyle O'Reilly died at Hull, Massachusetts, in August, 1890. (3) Edward Bellamy was born at Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, in March, 1850.

GIRHART—Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Emerson and Lowell were all at Hawthorne's funeral. Hawthorne's death, which occurred at Plymouth, New Hampshire, was very sudden. It may literally be said that "he fell asleep."

SHENANDOAH—The suggestion of the poem "Excelsior" is said to have come to Mr. Longfellow from the heading of a New York newspaper which bore the seal of the State—a shield with a rising sun and the motto "Excelsior."

FERGUS—It is really nothing short of an impertinence to write to an author asking for a favor or reply, and then forget to inclose postage. The very least a correspondent can do is to defray the actual outlay incurred in the reply of a letter.

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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.

**EWORTH.**—The plant of which you send specimen is *Authericum*.

**Mrs. L.**—Palms are grown from seed, never from cuttings of the leaves.

**H. H. L.**—I am not familiar enough with pomological matters to advise you.

**E. M. L.**—You will find your question answered in replies to several questions in this issue.

**MANY INQUIRERS.**—Do not ask to have questions answered "in next number." It cannot be done.

**Miss T.**—After lifting bulbs in summer store them away in a cool, dry place until September. Let the place be dark and airy. See that they do not get damp.

**Mrs. F.**—Fumigation with tobacco will kill the aphid. So will application of tobacco tea. If the tea is used dip the plants in it, or apply with a syringe.

**F. G.**—The plant from which you send a leaf is *Fartingium*. It should have a rich, rather heavy soil, considerable water, and liberal pot-room. Keep in partial shade.

**G.**—Three or four tablespoonfuls of bonemeal can be used about each Rose-bush fortnightly, with safety, and frequently much larger applications are made. Dig it into the soil.

**Mrs. C. A. D.**—The Rose is infested with scale. If you will prepare an emulsion of kerosene, as advised in former numbers of this magazine, and apply to the plant, you can kill this pest.

**F. A. S.**—The "little kernels," which you say the soil in your pots is worked up into, come from the boring through the soil of the angle or fish worm. I know of nothing but lime-water that will drive them away.

**L. M. M.**—The *Cosmos* is a late bloomer, and should be started very early in the season. It does best in a moderately rich soil. (2) A Palm ought to winter well in a pit warm and dry enough to keep *Heliotrope* in bloom.

**Miss J.**—I cannot, in this department, give the information you are in need of. It will be necessary to go into details to some extent. I will try to answer your questions in an article on the subject some time during the present season.

**J. J. B.**—There is very little benefit to be derived from plunging in soil on greenhouses benches. A few inches of sand under the pots takes up the moisture satisfactorily, and helps to keep the air humid by steady evaporation.

**E. B.**—One of the best vines for a sunny window is *Coclea scandens*. It is a very rapid and luxuriant grower, and has large, bell-shaped purple flowers. There is a kind called *Variegata*, with foliage marked with white, which is very pretty.

**K. F.**—There is a double red *Lilac*. You might like it better than the single sort. I am inclined to think, however, that double *Lilacs* are much like double *Lilies*—not so beautiful as the single ones. That is a matter of taste, however, and you might not agree with me.

**I. V. B.**—If the leaves of your *Metallia Begonia* turn brown and drop off I presume you will find that the root and its defective. This disease comes from lack of proper drainage. The soil should be light and porous, and no water should stand in the bottom of the pot.

**ORANGERIE.**—If the leaves fall off your *Orange* I would suggest that you examine the ground on the side of the foliage. If you see red or dark brown specks there, or tiny webs, you may be quite sure that spiders are at work. Remedy: the daily application of water over the plant.

**COUNTRY GIRL.**—Your *Dahlias* should be started in the house in April. They should not be put out in open ground until the weather is warm, and all danger of frost is past. (2) *Asters*, *Pansies* and *Chrysanthemums* will bloom in ear from seed, but *Anemones* and *Carnations* will not.

**A. H.**—The *Hoya* likes a rather coarse soil, and not much water when not making growth. It likes a good deal of heat, and its roots must not be disturbed if you want it to do well. When it becomes well established it makes a very rapid grower. I have had it grow ten and twelve feet in a season.

**Miss R.**—In the majority of cases *Begonia* drop their foliage because of improper drainage. Sometimes the plants ripen, and at this stage they shed their leaves. Use a light, fibrous loam, and see that at least two inches of drainage goes in every pot. If your plant is badly affected report it, and cut it back sharply.

**Mrs. T. H. H.**—I would plant the *Violet* in a somewhat shady place, and one that is cool and airy. Use a light soil that has the ability to retain moisture well. Perhaps your failures have resulted from not having a hardy variety. The *Neapolitan* and *Marie Louise* varieties are not suited to outdoor culture at the extreme north.

**W.**—Bulbs should not be taken out of the ground until they have thoroughly ripened. You will know when this process is accomplished by the foliage turning yellow. You can replant them if you once, or keep them out of the ground until fall, if you follow the advice given. (2) *Hyacinths* are not injured by having their flowers cut.

**J. T. L.**—If the leaves of your *Rubber* plant have dead spots in them some insect is at work on them, or you have sprinkled it and allowed drops of water to remain on the plant while the sun was shining on it. A drop of water in a sort of lens which often operates like a sun-glass, burning a spot in the leaf beneath it if exposed to the sunshine. Insects seldom attack this plant.

**M. E. C.**—By "*Japonica*" do you mean the *Camellia*, or the *Acacia*, both of which are often called *Japonicas*? The term is not intended to be understood as the name of the plants, but to tell us that they are natives of Japan. The *Camellia* is not hardy with winter in the Cape, *Jasmine*, *Camellias* bloom, but the *Acacia* seldom does. The latter is grown for its foliage.

**S.**—If the leaves on your *Heliotrope* turn black it comes from one of two things—the drainage is poor and the soil becomes sour from too great retention of water in it, or the water applied falls to thoroughly penetrate the entire quantity of soil in the pot, in consequence of which the mass of fine roots at the centre fail to receive the moisture they need. Possibly the plants require larger pots. *Heliotrope* is always a satisfactory summer bloomer; if given rich soil and plenty of water it will grow profusely and luxuriantly.

**Mrs. J. F. J.**—*Hyacinths* often bloom before their flower-stalk has elongated sufficiently to hold the flowers well above the foliage. If you notice a tendency to do this, make a cone of thick brown paper and invert it over the plant, after cutting off about an inch at the apex. The flower-stalk will reach up toward the light coming through the aperture, and thus the flowers will be coaxed out of their hiding place.

**A. H. J.**—If you wish to try your luck with bulbs that have been forced, plant them out after they have ripened their foliage precisely as you would plant bulbs received from a dealer. The trick will wear off, and nothing will be seen of them until the following spring. Some will survive, and some will die, and possibly some will flower, but as a general thing they fail to give satisfaction after being forced in the house.

**Mrs. M. M.**—I do not know what treatment is given the perennial *Phlox* by florists to make it seed freely. I always buy my plants because I prefer certain colors, and the only way to get a particular color is to order a named variety. That it is grown from seed I know, but I also know that most people fail to propagate it in this way. Will someone who has had experience with this plant give us some information on how to grow it from seed?

**Mrs. C.**—One of the most satisfactory summer-flowering *Begonias* that I have ever grown is the variety called *Wolowensis*. It has very beautiful foliage of rich green, with the thick brown paper stalks are red. The foliage seems almost transparent. The flowers are a soft, beautiful pink, produced so freely as to nearly cover the entire plants. If given a light, rich soil and plenty of room, or in a pot, the variety will soon form large plants, and flower for several months.

**Mrs. M. L. T.**—In order to grow these plants successfully they should be kept in a moderately cool place during winter—so cool, in fact, that they will pretty nearly stand still. In a warm house they make too early a growth, and the plant does not have that strength which is necessary to successful flowering. After blooming in spring let the plants remain quite dry for a time; then report, cutting back at least a third. This should be done about September. If you have a cool, light cellar you can keep them there until about the first of March.

**A. M. G.**—Has the Rose of which you complain thin petals? I have seen Roses that failed to open well, and sometimes the trouble came about from moisture, which caused the petals, always thin of texture, to drop down on the outside of the flower, thus preventing it from opening. The only remedy is to shake the bush in the morning or after a rain. Sometimes imperfect flowers are the result of lack of proper nutriment. I have in my garden a June Rose which seldom has a perfect flower on it, though apparently thrifty, and full of buds each season. I have never been able to discover the cause of the trouble.

**BUSY WOMAN.**—If your loam is rich use it without the horse manure. (2) *Pansies* do well in a somewhat shady place. (3) *Sweet Peas* should be given a moderately rich soil, and planted quite deep—at least four inches of soil should cover the roots after the plants begin to bloom. Dig a trench for the seed and cover to depth of an inch at first. As the plants grow draw the soil about them until you have the depth mentioned as desirable. Sow the seeds as early in spring as possible. (4) You can use *Petunias* or *Nasturtiums* in the tile sections you speak of under the trees. Leave the horse manure out of the soil for them.

**Mrs. L. A. C.**—In a majority of instances *Begonia* drop their leaves from defective root action, and this generally results from lack of drainage. If you have a light and porous soil, made up mostly of leaf-mould or fibrous matter from old soil, and put at least an inch or an inch and a half of broken pottery in the bottom of each pot, there will be no danger of over-watering. The danger will be in not giving water enough to keep the soil moist all through, therefore give your plants attention daily in this respect. Worms in the soil are injurious, therefore I would not advise you to use any manure. Too heavy and wet soil is quite likely to bring down the roots.

**A. M. G.**—Small plants cannot be put in pots large enough to accommodate them when a year or two old, as soon as received, because their roots are small and delicate, and are not able to make use of the large amount of nutriment that a large pot full of soil would contain. Small plants in large pots are overfed, or fed to death. They must be fed while young and small in quantities suited to the limited capacities of their stomachs, the same as when they are full grown. It is true that out-of-doors small plants flourish in the ground, and are not affected as plants in pots, but this is because plants in the ground are growing under natural conditions, which is not the case with plants in pots.

**AMATEUR.**—The *Croton* is unsatisfactory outside a greenhouse. (2) *Montbrosias* do fairly well in a living-room, but there are plants greatly preferable. (3) Fancy-leaved *Caladiums* are not suited to a living-room culture. (4) The *Cape Jasmine* can be flowered on the porch in summer, and consigned to the cellar in winter. (5) *Palms* do well in the house, if shown up daily and kept out of the sun. (6) *Wax plants* get *Kentia fosteriana*, *Lantana borbonica* is a sturdy variety, and will please you. One of the best plants for a living-room is *Synanthes yuccifolia*. It will grow where anything will, and is so unlike other plants that it always attracts attention. Try it.

**AMATEUR.**—If you are going to use four-inch iron pipe, I would have two runs, of two pipes each, so arranged that both could be controlled by valves. One run would doubtless furnish enough heat for ordinary winter weather, during the day, and the other could be turned on at night, if necessary. In very bright, sunny days no fire heat would be needed, therefore it would be advisable to have the pipes arranged so that all heat could be shut off. I would advise having several two-inch pipes instead of four-inch, because these can be put together with a screw joint, thus saving much work, and they heat up the house much quicker because the quantity of water in them is so much less than that in large pipes.

**A. L. S.**—*Sweet Peas* must be planted as early in the season as possible. Make trenches about four inches deep, and sow the seed in them, aiming to have each *Pea* about two inches from its neighbor. Cover with about two inches of soil. When the plants have grown to be four or five inches high draw more soil about them, and continue to do this from time to time until you have each row ridged up two or three inches above the level of the bed. In order to grow this flower well the roots must be down in a cool, moist soil, and they must be given an early start. (2) *Callias* ought to be reported yearly. If properly treated there should be several leaves on each plant all the time. If they die off so that there are but two or three at a time something is wrong in treatment.

**C. A. G.**—The *Othonna* ought to bloom if it gets plenty of sunshine. You speak of having your plant in a tub, I presume it gets so much root-room that it prefers to make a growth of branches rather than the production of flowers. Five and six inch pots are large enough for such a plant. Try putting the plant in a smaller vessel. You can divide it and make half a dozen plants of it. (2) The *Speciosa Fuchsia* will seldom fail to bloom in any house, and it grows the year round. It should be allowed to rest during summer if you want flowers from it in winter. Keep it rather dry until September, and cut off at least half its top. Report in fall give more water, and keep it in a half-shady place—preferably an east window. Give it a soil of leaf-mould and some sand, and see that the pot is well drained. It is best to drain the inch one if the plant is large—has the best drainage. Unless you give this plant care it is not worth while to attempt its culture.

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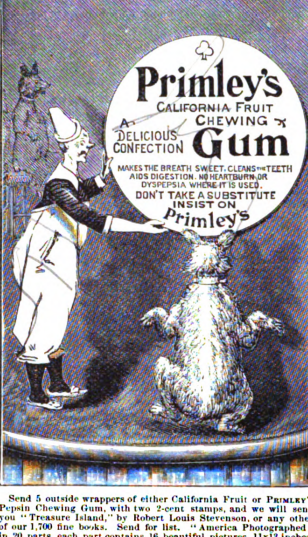


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**SIDE-TALKS  
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Under this heading I will cheerfully answer each month any question I can, sent me by my girl readers.  
RUTH ASHMORE.

**LOUISE**—When writing a letter it is quite proper to use each side of the paper.

**BEATRICE**—A kiss on the forehead is usually supposed to be significant of much respect.

**E. S. W.**—When visitors enter the room where the hostess is sitting she should rise to greet them.

**MADGE AND OTHERS**—I do not approve of my girls giving their photographs to their men friends.

**J. B.**—A letter of introduction should be written on a sheet of note paper, placed in an envelope and left unsealed.

**ROSE**—Chatelaines continue to be worn. (2) No traveling dress is quite as useful as one made of dark blue serge.

**I.**—Even if you are in deep mourning it would be quite proper for you to lay it aside and be married in pure white.

**C. L.**—"Fin de siècle" literally means "the end of the century," but as it is used now it means the fashion of the times.

**COUNTRY GIRL**—A letter to a man friend should begin, "My Dear Mr. Brown," and end, "Yours cordially, Alice Smith."

**ROSAMOND**—I should consider it in bad taste to sign a letter "Ever yours," to a young man who was merely an acquaintance.

**MRLA**—Try powdering your hands well, before you assume your gloves, and you will find that they will be less apt to perspire.

**V.**—Crêpe is worn for a mother for one year. (2) In the summer a light-weight Henrietta cloth will make the most suitable dress.

**MINNETTE**—The very minute the married man begins to tell you of his wife's faults has the time come for you to cut his acquaintance.

**M. H.**—The prettiest curtains are those of white dotted muslin, trimmed with ruffles of the same and tied back with broad white satin ribbons.

**H. A. S.**—Even if the gentleman has asked you to correspond with him I don't think I should do it when the acquaintance is such a recent one.

**A FRIEND**—A type-written article, written, of course, only on one side of the page, is apt to receive greater attention from an editor than a written one.

**BELLE**—A knife should be held by its handle and the finger not allowed to extend up on the blade. In eating with a fork it should be held in the right hand.

**OLD MAID**—I think it would be very unwise to permit your daughter to visit at the house of a married man at a time when his wife and family were absent.

**T. E. T.**—As the gentleman is only a student he should not be addressed or introduced as "doctor"; that title does not belong to him until he has been graduated.

**N.**—The question of wearing mourning for one's betrothed must be decided by one's self, for it is purely a personal question that the laws of etiquette do not govern.

**MOUNTAIN MAID**—A napkin is for personal use to protect one's gown and to wipe one's fingers on, while the doily is simply laid on the plate or under it, as may be necessary.

**L. H. G.**—It is customary nowadays to have a marriage follow an engagement as soon as possible. A simple trousseau is considered in rather better taste than an elaborate one.

**ONE OF THE BOYS**—In escorting a lady home a gentleman would go up the steps with her, wait until the door was opened, and as she entered the house raise his hat and say good-night.

**E. C.**—I do not think it wrong to ask God to give us anything, but I think it well to realize, when asking, that He will in His great wisdom only give us that which He thinks is best for us.

**PINKY**—I do think it very improper for you to go out walking with young men without your mother's knowledge, and I also think it in bad taste to give a locket with your picture in it to a young man.

**Mrs. W. M.**—I certainly do think you are to blame for not getting up and eating breakfast with your husband, and I can quite understand that he feels himself neglected, and is, in consequence, cross.

**SPEARMAID**—As the gentleman leaves your letters unanswered so long he evidently does not wish to hear from you very often, and if in your place I should let the same length of time elapse in answering his letters.

**VESTA**—When I said that I believed God heard our prayers I meant it. For though it is true that the prayer of the righteous man availeth much, I am perfectly convinced that God listens with love and pity to the sinner.

**X. Y. Z.**—If you have a girl friend with you at church, or at some entertainment, and a young man offers to walk home with you, simply say: "Miss Smith is with me, but I think we will both be glad to have a protector."

**TWO CHUMS**—I think a girl should give up using slang, not only during Lent, but for all time. However, if she tries to stop for a certain length of time, it will, of course, be easier for her to speak good English afterward.

**C. C. C.**—In laying a mahogany table without a cloth, doilies would be put under every plate and dish in use. (2) I do not know of any such magazine as you refer to. (3) It is always in good taste to seal one's letters with wax.

**UNKNOWN FRIEND**—A married woman signs her name "Mary Smith," and only becomes "Mrs. John Smith" when she is writing letters in the third person. (2) "Yours truly" is the common method of ending a business letter.

**ORPHAN**—When a young man is rude enough to say things before you that are vulgar, or capable of misconception, I should advise your keeping perfectly quiet at the time, but after that declining his acquaintance altogether.

**GRAY SISTERS**—It is usual to wear black trimmed with crêpe for six months and then plain black six months when a sister dies; after that, colors may be assumed. What used to be known as second mourning is no longer in vogue.

**Mrs. H. M.**—As, for the reasons you say, the announcement cards did not reach you for eight months, I should advise your writing a letter to your friend explaining to her why she had not received your wishes for her happiness before.

**KATHERINE C. B.**—I do not think a man has a right to ask a girl to marry him unless he is able to support her. (2) There would be no impropriety in a party camping out during the summer, provided at least two married ladies were of the party.

**Y. Y. Z.**—As the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is kind enough to put "Miss" before my name you might conclude that I was a girl bachelor and not a married woman. Being what I am, can't you understand that I am in sympathy with all girls?

**VIOLA**—I agree with your parents in thinking that you ought to refuse to marry a young man who is in-temperate. Very many girls have married such men, hoping to reform them, but the man who will not do right for right's sake will never do it because of a woman.

**H. F. C.**—In sending out announcement cards, they go to all of one's friends, even to those who may live right next door. (2) It is very common nowadays where one has two Christian names to drop the second one when one is married, retaining her surname in its place.

**R. E. C.**—Do not attempt to introduce your friend to a number of people at once, but present one or two to her, and as the evening progresses, see that others are introduced to her. (2) I do not think it proper for a very young girl to go to places of amusement with a young boy alone.

**KANSAS**—A bride may, if she wishes, omit the bridal veil, but she should then wear a dainty bonnet or picture hat. The ushers and best men are invited by the bridegroom. (2) The "at home" cards might properly enough read, "At home Thursdays after February second."

**SARDIE**—In making formal calls one leaves cards whether one's hostess is at home or not. (2) If one has a private parlor in a boarding-house it is quite proper to receive all of one's visitors there, and certainly when boarding one cannot expect whoever keeps the house to act as a chaperon.

**C. E. F.**—One leaves one's card whether one's hostess is at home or not, the object being that in case she has many visitors she will, on looking over the cards, remember exactly who has been there, and be able to put in her visiting book the names of those to whom she is indebted for a call.

**INVITATION**—An announcement card means that the lady who has been married wishes to continue your acquaintance, consequently it demands a call. (2) It would certainly not be in good taste to invite your clergyman to dine with you and to leave out his wife when she is at home and quite able to go out.

**RUGBY**—It is quite proper in taking a young lady to an evening entertainment to offer her your arm as early as seven o'clock if it is at all dark. (2) In asking some one to dance, simply say, "May I have the pleasure of this dance?" (3) In walking with two ladies, a gentleman would walk on the outer side.

**BERTHA**—In every large family there is somebody who hasn't quite all she would wish to have, so suppose you take the money collected in your slang box and give it to that one of your own people. My dear girl, if we all looked after the poor of our own household there would be no beggars on the face of the earth.

**EMERALD**—The tips of the fingers are put in the finger-bowl and may then moisten the lips; both lips and finger-tips are dried on the napkin, which is not folded. (2) When a gentleman is walking with a lady he raises his hat whenever she bows to a friend; this is out of respect to her. But she should not bow when he meets an acquaintance.

**REX**—At a quiet wedding at home the bridesmaid and groomsmen would walk in just ahead of the bride and groom. After the ceremony, on entering the dining-room, the bridal party would go first, then the members of both families, and after them the guests. The bride puts the knife in the bride's cake, but it is usually cut by some one else.

**ANNA**—The engagement ring is usually given immediately after the proposal has been made and accepted. It is worn on the third finger of the left hand, is removed at the time of the wedding, and afterward is assumed as a guard to the wedding ring. (2) I, personally, do not approve of marriages where the husband is younger than the wife.

**GRACIE**—When you do not wish to dance with a young man, simply say that you are not going to dance at that time, and after that accept no invitation for that dance from any one else. (2) When a friend, man or woman, lends you a book, it should be returned with a note of thanks. (3) A girl of sixteen wears her dresses well below her ankles.

**VALENTINE**—I certainly do think that unless a man means to ask a woman to marry him he has no right to monopolize all her time and be disagreeable when other people are civil to her. Under the circumstances I think I should accept the courtesies offered me by some other people, and when he objected to it, quietly, but firmly, tell him that he had no right to govern me.

**U. T. D.**—Thank you very much for your kind words of commendation; only one who works realizes what an incentive to do better, kindly words are. While I do not think that the young woman who is engaged, but who is far away from her sweetheart, should live like a nun, still I do not think it wise for her to accept invitations from young men unless some other girls are included.

**FLOSSIE**—I think young women who would come into church late, act in a noisy fashion and commit the vulgarity of chewing gum should be cut by all the thoroughly nice girls in the neighborhood. (2) I certainly should not say anything to my friend against the man to whom she is engaged. It is possible that what you have seen may have some other reason than the one you suppose.

**MAY**—The reason for leaving two of one's husband's cards is because one is for the hostess and one for the host. (2) It is in extremely bad taste to fasten the napkin to the bodice. (3) A soft-boiled egg is eaten directly from the shell; the pointed end is broken off and the regular long-handled, small-bowled spoon is used. (4) The skin of a baked or a boiled potato is removed with a knife.

**I. J.**—A hostess should say to her visitor as she is leaving that she hopes to have the pleasure of seeing her again. It is not necessary for a visitor to ask her hostess to return her call; common courtesy is supposed to teach her that. (2) In addressing an envelope to a clergyman one should write, "Reverend James Brown." (3) Announcement cards are sent to all of one's friends, even to those who have received cards to the wedding.

**Q. K.**—If the young man is twenty-three years old, the young woman nineteen, and there is no objection on either side, I do not see why they cannot be married. (2) The bridegroom's mother should call upon the girl he is going to marry when they both live in the same town. (3) I scarcely know what you mean by asking, "What is the highest duty of husband and wife to each other?" I can only say that it seems to me that it would be to love each other at all times and to be thoughtful and considerate to one another.

**A WESTERN GIRL**—I cannot tell you how much I sympathize with any girl who realizes that her mother is not trustworthy and takes no care to train her children to be refined and good. The only thing that you can do is to keep to yourself what you see and hear, and do your best to teach your brothers and sisters what is right. God sometimes does seem a long ways off, but if you will ask Him continually for help you will grow nearer and nearer to Him until you find rest and help. In answer to your letter I can only say, "God bless you and be with you through all the days of your life."

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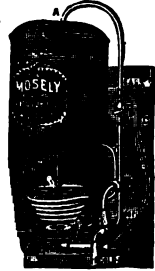
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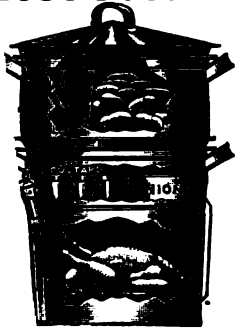
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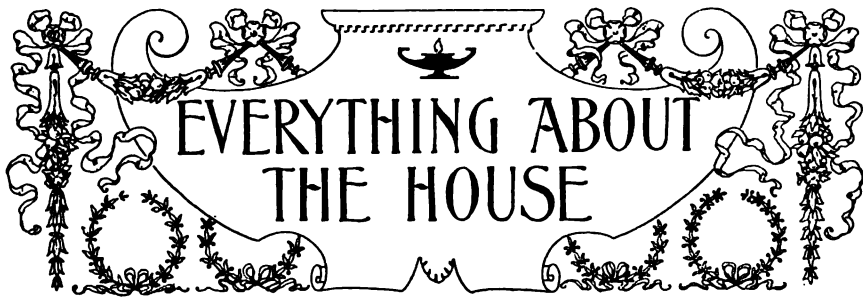
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The Domestic Editor, during Miss Parloa's absence, will answer, on this page, questions of a general domestic nature.

E. P.—Directions for cleaning white fur rugs were given in the September JOURNAL for 1892.

YOUNG WIFE—Make your chicken fricassee with boiling water instead of cold and you will have no further trouble of the sort you mention.

A. C. P.—If you will send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope I will furnish you with the addresses of two weavers of silk portieres.

W. G. H.—It is claimed that sulphuric ether applied with a soft sponge will remove grease spots from wall paper, but as it is extremely inflammable I hesitate about recommending it.

N. P. J.—Sauce tartare is made by adding three olives, one gherkin, a teaspoonful of capers, all chopped finely, and a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar to a half pint of good mayonnaise.

WARE—At any large house-furnishing store you may buy the wooden articles which are used for the making of butter balls; they are slightly grooved, and after a little practice the balls are made without any difficulty.

W. J. K.—Turpentine or lye diluted with hot water will either one of them remove the varnish from your floor, but it is more than likely that they will also remove the oil and make it necessary for you to have your floor reoiled.

BAR HARBOR—The salad course at a dinner always precedes the dessert; with it are always served crackers and cheese. Men as a rule prefer one of the English cheeses or Rochefort. (2) Sap-sago cheese is served grated.

N. L. P.—Dotted Swiss curtains made short and tied back with ribbons will be pretty for your tower windows. (2) For suggestions in regard to furnishing a hall read the answer to E. B. S. in the May number of the JOURNAL.

MARY—To remove the coating from the interior of a tin teakettle fill it with water, to which has been added a large piece of sal soda, and let the water boil for about an hour, at the end of which time your kettle should be free from any foreign substance.

Miss J.—To broil a lobster plunge it into boiling water, then lay on a board and split lengthwise with a cleaver. Broil over the coals for about twenty-five minutes. Serve very hot with a little melted butter poured over. Garnish with parsley and slices of lemon.

L. M. S.—Fireplace cushions are used for lounging purposes where persons have a deep, old-fashioned chimney-place. They are made very large and are usually stuffed with hair. Corduroy, in plain colors, is good material for covering, as it is both durable and inexpensive.

ELEANOR S.—If you dip the fondant into the chocolate while the latter is freshly melted and hot the surface of the latter will have more of a glazed appearance than after it has been allowed to become chilled. The cooler it grows and the more it is worked over the duller the surface becomes.

ORDER—Finger-bowls should be filled about one-third full of water. (2) For ordinary use carpets with a small figure and of unobtrusive colors are the most serviceable. When buying carpets it is always well to purchase from a reliable firm, and also to be guided in your choice by the salesman who waits upon you.

MARIAN—Salted peanuts are a good substitute for salted almonds. Remove the shells and pour boiling water over the nuts until the red covering leaves them; spread on a flat tin, pour some salad oil over them, and place in a slow oven for about half an hour; then sprinkle with very fine salt, shake thoroughly, and set aside to cool.

JAMESTOWN—Fresh fruit stains may be removed from linen by pouring boiling water over the stained portion while it is still dry. (2) I do not think that it is possible to remove mildew. (3) Painted walls are much the best for a nursery, they may so easily be kept clean, and the great desideratum in a nursery is that it shall be immaculate.

E. B. G. AND MARY C.—Articles made from tortoise shell need careful attention, and from the date of their purchase should be occasionally rubbed vigorously with a piece of canton flannel or with the hand to prevent them from growing dull. If, however, they have been allowed to lose their polish they will need repolishing at the hands of a jeweler.

LITTLE NELL—Rochefort cheese takes its name from the village of the same name in Southern France. It is made from sheep's milk, and obtains its flavor from ripening six months in a cave near Rochefort. One part of the process which it undergoes is a pricking full of little holes, into which the air of the cave penetrates. The air in this cave remains the same temperature all the year round.

MRS. C. L. R.—A hardwood mantel draped with China silk of a tint to harmonize with your carpet and wall paper will be suitable. (2) I cannot give any very definite idea in regard to colors suitable for your portiere, as I know nothing of the furnishings of your room. A Bagdad rug showing Oriental tints would harmonize with almost any surroundings. (3) Hang the lace curtains straight from the poles.

MRS. B. W. W.—To thoroughly cleanse a chenille table-cover shake it free from dust and put it into a bucket containing one quart of boiling water and one quart of benzine. Cover and allow it to stand for fifteen minutes. Remove the cover, shake up and down in the water, wring, shake and hang on the line to dry. If it still shows any soil repeat the process. Have neither light nor fire in the room at the time.

MARY—To make Chili sauce, slice four dozen ripe tomatoes, and to them add ten red peppers and two medium-sized onions, all chopped fine. Put all into a large kettle with two quarts of good vinegar, four tablespoonfuls of salt, two teaspoonfuls each of cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg and allspice, one cup of sugar. If desired a little mustard and curry powder may be stirred in. Boil all together until thick enough to bottle.

MIRIAM—Straw matting is kept clean by washing with a clean cloth and luke-warm water, to which has been added a little salt. (2) Remove the brush from your carpet sweeper and give it a thorough washing in strong soapsuds, to which a little ammonia has been added. While it is drying have the rest of the sweeper cleaned thoroughly with kerosene. When the brush is dried and replaced you will find your sweeper almost as good as new.

L. J. B. AND G.—The trouble with your cake may be that you either do not use a sufficient quantity of baking powder or that you do not mix the batter to the proper consistency. Different brands of flour differ so widely in quality that each needs different treatment. The centre of a cake should be allowed to set, before the pan containing it is moved in the oven, and while baking, the oven door should not be opened longer at a time than is necessary to take a swift glance at the cake.

P. S.—To make cornmeal griddle cakes, throw into a heaping cup of cornmeal a generous dash of salt, and turn over it enough boiling water to thoroughly scald the meal. Add one cup of milk, either sweet or sour. If sweet milk is used add one-third of an even teaspoonful of soda. Add one egg well beaten; stir all together, and add flour until the batter is rather thick. If the griddle be well greased and the fire brisk these cakes should be very light and tender when browned.

DORRITT—Borax, if scattered very freely about your kitchen, should, to a great extent, remove the roaches and beetles with which it is infested. In household matters, as in all others, it is always well to go to the root of the evil before attempting a cure. If your cellar is damp and not altogether clean it is more than likely that is the cause of your having so much trouble with roaches. For the sake of your own and your family's health remedy the cellar evil, attending to it before you commence on the kitchen. When the cellar is in good condition have your kitchen put in the same; allow nothing to remain in it that is uncovered; keep newspapers off your pantry shelves. Keep or see that all the kitchen utensils are as clean as are your china teacups. Then attack the roaches by giving them a liberal diet of powdered borax.

FANNIE C.—To clean your lace curtains, place them in a large tub with luke-warm water, into which half a pound of finely-shaved soap and a little household ammonia have been added, and allow them to soak over night. In the morning wash carefully with your hands and rinse them in a tub of clean, warm water, and then in water containing bluing. After pressing out all the water possible spread your curtains over sheets on a carpet in an unoccupied room. When they are almost dry dip them in hot starch and fasten them again to the sheets, pinning them with pins in such a way that the pattern of the border will be brought out. Open the windows of the room and leave your curtains pinned to the sheets on the floor until they are perfectly dry, when they will be ready for use. If you want them an écaré shade rinse them in weak coffee instead of bluing.

MRS. W. S.—A rug may be made of old stocking yarn in the following manner: Cut the yarn in lengths of two and one-half inches. In order to make the tufts thick enough several strands may be laid together. It is easier to make the rug in two strips, sewing the strips together after they are knit. Cast on as many stitches as are required for half the width of the rug. Then knit in the strands, which may be arranged in clusters of equal thickness, and fasten them securely in the middle with a stitch; next bring the back half forward and knit one stitch behind it. Continue to the end of the line. Turn and knit back without using any strands, then turn again and repeat from the beginning. If this method should prove neither close nor rich enough, increase the number of strands of yarn in each bunch. When both strips have been knit sew them together. Clip the surface evenly, and line with heavy bagging or sail-cloth.

M. E. B.—Parker House rolls are made in the following manner: Add to one pint of milk a small tablespoonful of lard, a pinch of sugar and plenty of salt, and place the whole on the range that the lard may melt. Stir into the mixture enough flour to make it about as thick as sweet cake. Add one-half a teacup of yeast, and set it to rise. When it is risen sufficiently light stir in flour, knead with your hands thoroughly, and set to rise again. When it is very light make into little rolls and bake brown in a very hot oven. If you have not had experience in yeast-making the following receipt for the same will be found satisfactory: Put one small handful of hops into a quart of cold water. Let it boil down about one-half. Mash eight good-sized potatoes fine. Sprinkle one cup of flour on top of these, then pour on the boiling hops, stirring quickly, and add two-thirds of a cupful of salt. Now add one quart of cold and one quart of rather warm water, and lastly one pint of baker's yeast. Set away to rise in a warm place.

M. F.—You do not say whether the "menu of five courses" is to be for breakfast, luncheon, dinner or supper, but I give herewith a five-course dinner menu, which I trust will be what you desire:

- Little Neck Clams on Half Shell
- Crackers Celery
- Consommé
- Spring Lamb, with Sauce
- Fresh Currant Jelly
- Bermuda Potatoes, Cream Gravy
- Green Peas
- Tomato and Lettuce Salad
- Mayonnaise Cheese
- Crackers
- Frozen Strawberries
- Fancy Cakes
- Coffee

(2) The bread-and-butter plates at a formal dinner serve the purpose only of bread plates, as it is not customary to serve butter on such occasions. If it is used, however, have the butter made into tiny balls, and place one or two on each bread-and-butter plate beside the rusk or bread served. (3) All the appetenances of each course should be removed before the succeeding one is served. The bread-and-butter plates, however, should be removed before the salad course, as crackers and cheese are passed with this, and the salad plate is used to hold all three things. (4) The salted almonds should be started in rotation about the table by the hostess soon after the guests are seated. They are not usually passed by the maid. Some hostesses possess tiny cut-glass or china individual dishes, on which the almonds are placed when the guest helps himself, but it is quite usual for them to be placed on the bread-and-butter plate. Bonbons should be passed by the maid when the coffee is served, and eaten from the plate, from which the finger-bowl and doily have been removed. (5) It is not a matter of anything more important than fashion whether tumblers or goblets are used on the dinner-table; each season brings its own custom. The possessions of the hostess generally determine which shall be used.

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