

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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NOVEMBER, 1895

TEN CENTS

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

The Genuine
Fibre Chamois



and
how it
LOOKS!

What LILLIAN RUSSELL says to REDFERN about FIBRE CHAMOIS and its imitations.



*the shirts and sleeves
to put them that very
stylish and graceful
effect. I think that
the woven petticoats
does not for half
the style that the
genuine fibre chamois
does. So naturally
see nothing but the
genuine fibre. The
imitation of the
petticoats, articles
I have found to be
worse than useless.
Truly yours
Lillian Russell*

*New York
The May 17th 1895
Miss Redfern
210 Fifth Ave.
Middleton
Kindly make
up for me the
four I selected
yesterday, using
as you suggested
the fibre chamois
in the waist for
warmth, and in*



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THE CENTURY

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1895

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

THE HOLIDAY DANCE AT



WORROSQUOYACKE

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "A Bachelor Maid," "An Errant Wooing," etc.

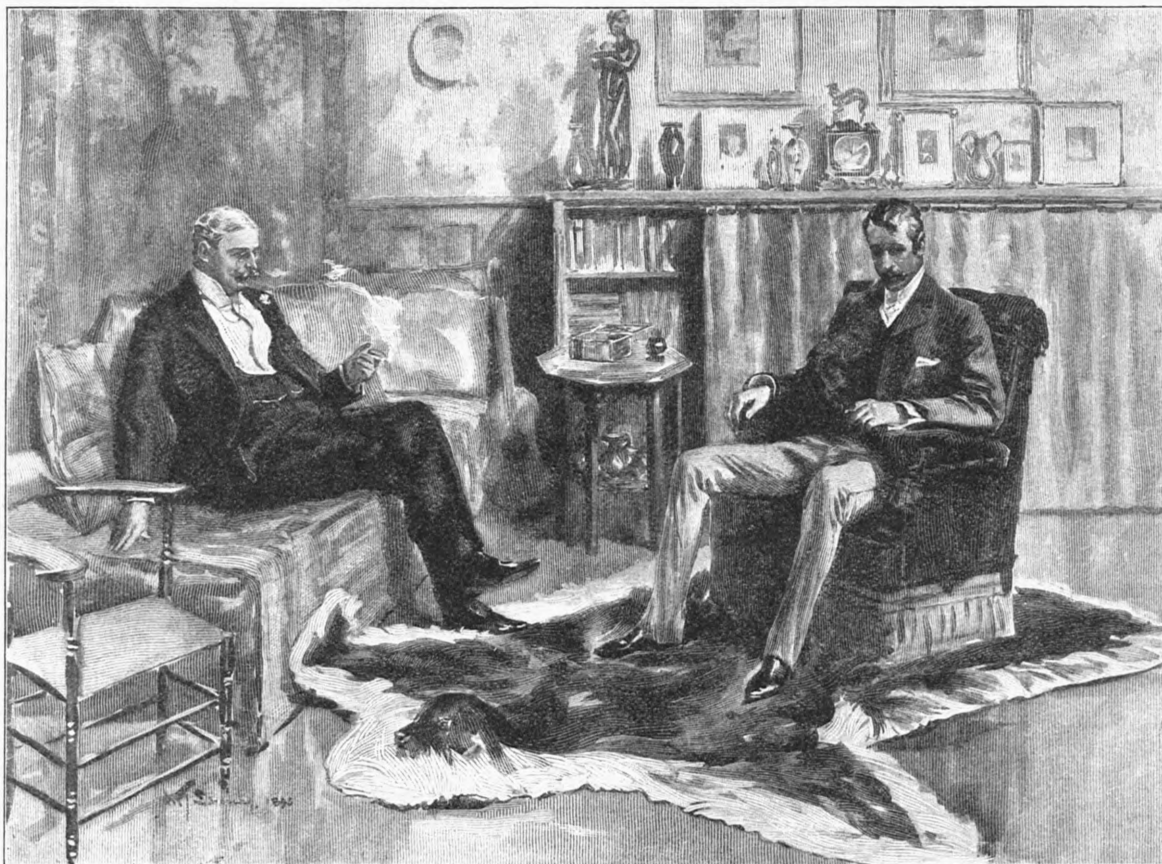
DRAWINGS BY W. T. SMEDLEY

ONE evening in November, when the world and his wife and the ramifications of his family, to say nothing of his less-quoted attendants, the flesh and the devil, had surged into the Madison Square Garden for the horse show, New York's great social function, Miss Camilla Godfrey sat in a corner of her aunt's box looking out upon the brilliant scene with a certain weariness of spirit. She was a girl of twenty-one, who had begun her life in society three years before with many aspirations, chief among them the desire to avoid commonplace, and was about to disappoint herself and please her friends by marrying a most conventional man.

Sydney Blackburn, who was considerably past thirty, had exhausted first impressions of many foreign countries, and was now laboriously engaged in trying to find out the merits of his own. He was a well-born, well-mannered, well-to-do club man, not subject to violent emotion of any sort, agreeable in a lazy way, and sufficiently good-looking. Add to this that he had a collection of jades, was an amateur in fine horses and had recently purchased a stock-farm in Virginia—and one has all that the world in general was able to make out of Miss Godfrey's reputed *fiancé*.

Camilla's aunt, the Countess Cagliari, who sat in a front seat, leaning over the rail and talking in the liveliest fashion to one man after another who stopped to do her homage, although now almost a stranger to her native city, had been a famous New York belle of a generation past. Originally the beautiful Elizabeth Godfrey, younger sister of Camilla's father, and of an influential family of old Knickerbocker stock, she had, about eighteen years before, enjoyed almost a monopoly of quotation as the most original girl in society. People of Camilla's date, who heard this story handed on, tried to imagine any one of their contemporaneous acquaintance holding the palm for anything

in New York, and gave it up. There were quite too many white swans in the current now to single out one from among the flock. But people of Elizabeth Godfrey's day had shorter visiting-lists, and knew each other better, and remembered each other's antecedents. They could have told you that, while the Godfreys were still in enjoyment of an autocratic sway over society,



"Wilcox did not move a muscle, but smoked his cigar in silence to the end"

Elizabeth, the beauty, was supposed to have been engaged to some man who "threw her over," and had thereupon married Count Cagliari, an authenticated nobleman holding an excellent position at the Italian Court. Left a widow two years before, the Countess had remained in seclusion on the Cagliari estates until her

tears were definitely dried, and had now returned to her old home to look with curious eyes upon its transformation. When I say old home I do not refer specifically to the well-known Godfrey house, the scene of so much entertaining in bygone years, at the corner of — Street and Fifth Avenue. That had been sold upon the death of Camilla's grandpapa, and with fresh paint, large bow-windows, an "American basement" entrance of the approved new style, and an extension with a conservatory built out behind, had passed into a higher state of existence. Of the sons and daughters of the family, all were married and scattered, and the Countess had quite too much knowledge of the world to want, in any case, to take up her permanent abode with one of her brothers or sisters after this interval of separated tastes and habits. So she had hired a pretty flat, stocked it with carved wood and *marqueterie* and gilding and brocade transferred from her Roman palazzo, and had told her brother Charles and his wife to count on her as a chaperon for Camilla, whenever she might be needed.

Camilla, upon first glance at her long-expatriated aunt, wondered how she could ever have been called such a radiant beauty. The rose-bloom of the lady's cheeks had faded, the childlike gold of her locks had given place to a pale ash-brown, obviously thinner about the temples. There were, even, at times, when the Countess' face was in repose, or when she was overtired, a variety of tiny imprints of time visible upon its fair surface. But then, on the other hand, her features were rarely in repose. Camilla found in her aunt a most charming animation of mind and manner. She contrasted her with her own mother for example, to the disadvantage of that admirable dame. How dull Mrs. Godfrey seemed, standing inside her fine portal at a reception, or presiding over her large formal dinners, of which three were regularly given every month of the season, by comparison with her graceful sister-in-law, at the Countess' "five o'clocks" and little feasts that were so magically pleasant.

Mrs. Charles Godfrey had seen no cause to regret the sale of the Godfrey patrimonial mansion. She had herself inherited from her father—a most worthy merchant who had died content without setting foot across the threshold of New York "smart" society—a corner house farther up Fifth Avenue, newer and in every way more desirable, she thought, in which her husband had quietly hung up his hat upon marrying

brothers and sisters were excellent reproductions of their mother. Her father, a man of no vivacity of mind, had settled at home into the channel made for him by his wife, and, abroad, found his chief interest in the bank of which he was the reputable head. Camilla, an anomaly in her household, had, by now, despairing of changing matters there, begun to think she might better order them to her own liking in her own establishment.

Two of her sisters had already married and were the proprietors of unexciting husbands enshrined behind respectable brown-stone fronts. True, the more lately married of them had added to her brown-stone front, a modern stoop, built with steps turning sidewise, and a door half covered with iron grill-work of the most recent pattern; but even that did not enliven Camilla's visits to the house.

There had not been lacking suitors for our difficult young lady's hand. There had been two proposals in New York and one in Newport during the past season (as her mother was fond of narrating to her spouse), either of which would have been as good a match as Laura's or Charlotte's. But Camilla thought if she could do no better than Laura or Charlotte she would coif St. Catherine's tresses for all eternity. Her brothers-in-law—who were in reality estimable young men—excited in her the liveliest sense of boredom. Laura's boy failed to interest her, and Charlotte's girl, who was the image of her papa, sent her young aunt out of the nursery with a new perception of the vacuity of earthly joys. And now, in spite of all, she was said to be engaged to Sydney Blackburn.

Before my poor heroine is condemned as a very unreasonable and morbid young person, let me make haste to explain that, in her eyes, the crowning offense of the good people who composed her family circle, was their worship of and blind submission to the petty standards that control a very small circle of metropolitans—a sadly common complaint, indicating a mental state that would be summed up by a plain-speaking person like Thackeray in the plain word "snobism." Mr. Blackburn was, at least, no snob.

What a comfort it had been to find in her gracious and charming Aunt Elizabeth a quick understanding of the things that vexed Camilla's soul. Far too well-mannered to make plain comment upon the weakness of her form-loving American relatives, Madame Cagliari yet allowed her niece to feel her tactful sympathy, and to be sustained by her superior judgment in all such matters. To-night, as they sat together looking down upon the crowded promenade encircling the ellipse, and around at the rows of boxes where fashion rioted in grotesque form and color of attire, Camilla met in the older lady's eyes an expression of dismay answering to hers.

"My dear girl!" she exclaimed, "the half had not been told me of the exuberance of overdressing here. Why, most of them have come in velvet and lace and satin, to what is actually a stable-yard! How dull we must appear in our plain little tailor-gowns! Pray look at the outrageous woman coming toward us, in the crowd. The little fat one, I mean, who has those enormous frills to her cape, and bows on her hat of every color—why—I beg your pardon—it's your sister Charlotte."

"Yes, it is Charlotte," said Camilla woefully. "And she is perfectly satisfied with that outfit because she had it of Madame Léonie, who dresses the De Veres. Laura's new costume is just as bad, and they are both charmed with them. What can I do, Aunt Elizabeth?"

"Nothing, if they are happy. Believe me, my dear, it is only in America

the heiress. Here, Camilla had always lived, removing to Newport for the summers they did not spend abroad.

Until her aunt had returned to New York Miss Godfrey had accustomed herself to think of family life as an extinguisher upon everything that offered a gleam of variety in thought, habit or expression. Her

that people carry the sins of their near relations. It is *rococo* to be sensitive upon such minor points. There goes your father, my good brother Charles. Even if he has that crumpled, office-worn look so many New York men wear in middle life, he is handsome and *distingué*, and you, my child, get your looks from him."

GIRL LIFE IN MODERN JERUSALEM

* By Edwin S. Wallace

DRAWINGS BY ERIC PAPE



IN the memorable Day of Pentecost, mentioned in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, we are informed that at that time "there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews * * * out of every nation under Heaven." In this respect modern Jerusalem can equal the ancient city on any day, and surpass it in the variety of nationalities to be seen. To that gathering of scattered Jews could now be added representatives of countries then unheard of. A girl living in Jerusalem

happy one. From the cradle to the grave it is filled with hardships and self-denial: slave first of father and then of husband. When far enough advanced in years to attend school she is confronted by an almost ineradicable conviction that girls should not—must not—be educated. There is little in a girl's life save drudgery. She is first taught the humble lesson of complete submission—to be implicitly obedient and retiring. Very early she is put to doing work about the house, but is never, or rarely, instructed how to perform her tasks carefully and systematically, and she never becomes a good housekeeper. Among the upper-class native Christians the daughters are permitted a trifle more liberty than is accorded Jewesses and Moslem girls. Special guests in Christian homes are always looked after by the daughters of their hosts, no matter how many servants are kept. It is a mark of esteem and honor to visitors to have them personally served with refreshments, such as cigars and coffee, by the girls of the families. Aside from prettily discharging these servile offices the girls have no share in the pleasures incidental to the entertainment of the household's guests.

Of social life the girls of Jerusalem know nothing—absolutely nothing. They occasionally meet, a few together, and appear to enjoy each other's company a little. They talk about their household work—which is really everything they know—and indulge in some light gossip chat about friends, though their gossip is never of a harmful kind. In conversation they show some little animation and spirit, but, being ignorant and illiterate, they have no idea of grammatical form of expression. Moslem maidens try to atone for this lack of knowledge by emphasizing their sentences in the frequent use of expletives. Occasionally cards, dominoes and checkers are played, but the native girls have little inclination for any pastime involving mental effort. Such things as dances, fêtes and fairs are unknown to the girls of Jerusalem; occasionally they are taken on a family picnic

to some olive orchard near their homes where they pass part of the day. From these and all similar gatherings men are barred. There is absolutely no commingling of the sexes. For a girl to appear at any assemblage where there are men would be regarded as audacious and shocking. No Jerusalem girl would do such a thing; she would not dream of committing so fatal a breach in the unwritten, though well-defined, law governing the conduct of her sex. So strict is this law, or custom, of exclusion that under no circumstances would a girl attend the wedding of her brother to which were bidden guests outside the immediate families. Socially the life of a Jerusalem girl is melancholy, and her pleasures are tame, stale, unprofitable. It is, therefore, little wonder that she finds a pleasing employment of her leisure in lounging and vacantly dreaming—of nothing.

The women of almost every country have some graceful accomplishment—music or dancing, or some homelier employment in which they excel, but not so the girls of Jerusalem. As housekeepers they are indifferent, knowing nothing of making the home cheery and attractive, and the plainest sewing taxes to the utmost their skill with the needle. I must, however, set down, clear and plain, that they are always dutiful daughters, faithful wives and loving mothers, expending a wealth of affection upon their children and accepting the will of their husbands as law. As wives they have no voice in the management of their homes.

The independent girl is utterly and absolutely unknown in Jerusalem, for the reason that she does not exist. A girl must be an orphan, and without relatives, if she go out to service. She will live in the direst poverty, subsist upon the coarsest and scantiest food, or depend upon charity for her bread, rather than demean (as she considers) herself by working for hire in the house of strangers. I can learn of no native Jerusalem girl being in service, although one who can do housework well, as housework goes here, can earn one and a half dollars per week. It is safe to assert, I think, that there are no native Jerusalem girls out at service in the Holy City. Even had a girl the necessary educational equipment she could not engage in business. The publicity of being a bookkeeper or saleswoman would bring her crushing and overwhelming disgrace, and no business man in Jerusalem could be induced to introduce so startling an innovation as that of employing a woman in his store or office.

Religion draws a clearly-defined distinction between the people of Jerusalem, and consequently there is no social intercourse among the Christians and Jews and Moslems. There is no class distinction among the Christians, and but little among the Jews. The latter, of foreign birth and education, hold themselves a trifle aloof from their native sisters, but the line is not tightly drawn. Blood and birth count for everything with the Moslems, who are divided into three classes. Those who are descended from the Prophet and his family constitute the aristocrats—the elect; next comes the official class, while lowest in the social scale are the working people and their families.

Are the girls of Jerusalem pretty is a question I am sure will be asked, and it is one not answerable except by both "yes" and "no." Some with their straight forms, dark, rich complexions, black hair and eyes, are beautiful indeed; others are plain, very, very plain. Judged by our standard their style of dress is unattractive and unbecoming, but they hold exactly contrary views, so there is a fair difference upon this point. However, they are not affected by changing styles, nor do they suffer from the evils of modern dress. The great majority (I am told by a Christian mother) do not know what a corset is, consequently they have good health, and, I may set down here as not entirely irrelevant, most amiable dispositions.

Moslem girls are kept in closest seclusion. While mere children they are taught that it is a disgrace to appear in the presence of men with uncovered faces. Accord-

ingly they are provided with veils, usually hideously ornamented, and of texture so fine as to prevent any of the features being seen, but not too fine to prevent the eyes behind them seeing about all that is going on in the vicinity. They also wear coverings, made of silk if the father can afford it; if not, of some cheaper material. This



FAMILY OF BOKARA JEWS

may be a native of the Holy City itself or of any city in the world. It is not necessary to inquire what induces this varied population to settle here; it is enough to know that it makes up a unique city, influenced somewhat by the ideas and customs brought by the residents from their former homes and being influenced by the usages and habits obtaining among the people around them.

A girl born in a Jerusalem home stands one chance in nine of being the child of Moslem parents; one in seven of being a Christian by birth, and two chances out of three of belonging to that "peculiar people" who are proudly able to trace their descent from Abraham.

The chances are, a hundred to one, that the life of a girl in Jerusalem will be passed in a decidedly religious atmosphere. Jerusalem homes, no matter what the faith of the home-makers, are conspicuous for this. There are more rabbis, more priests and missionaries and more sheikhs in Jerusalem than can be found in any other city of its size on earth. The reason for this is because the devotees of these forms of religious faith imagine that residence in such a place enables them the better to live a strictly religious life. Of course no parent so believing will neglect to look to it that his children share the benefits to be derived from living in "The Holy." Children soon learn that religious duties are the supremely important ones. This excess of religion gives a serious turn to a young girl's life and imparts to it very early the serious aspect of maturity. This may be the reason that Jerusalem children, and especially girls, lack that freedom and joyousness such as is seen in the actions of the children of America and of the countries of Europe.

There is no joyous, beautiful period of girlhood for the daughters of Jerusalem households. They know nothing of the innocent, healthful pleasures of happy youth. During a two years' residence in Jerusalem I have not had a single vision of merry, romping, playful girlhood. The fact is that the children of "The Holy" do not know how to play, but I am glad to note that some of the missions here are trying to impart this particular knowledge before attempting more serious teaching. Treated with the scantiest consideration—just tolerated—and made to understand very early in life that she is held greatly inferior to her brothers, a girl's life is not a



NATIVE CHRISTIAN GIRL



MOSLEM MOTHER AND CHILD



MOHAMMEDAN GIRL—STREET DRESS



"UPPER-CLASS" JEWESS IN HOUSE COSTUME

wrap is designed to hide all the rest of the costume. It even covers the head. In this decidedly unattractive garb the wearer is as secluded from masculine gaze as she would be behind the closed doors of the harem. Native Christian girls are not quite so much secluded, but their little liberty would be considered bondage by American girls of the same age. On the street many of them appear with an article of apparel that very much resembles a sheet. This covers the entire person just as the similar Mohammedan garment enshrouds the Moslem girl. Many have also veils so arranged that, should a male Moslem appear, they can be quickly drawn over their faces, and their features concealed.

To marry is the chief and sole aim and aspiration of these girls. They are taught that their only mission in life is to become the slave—wife—of some man just as their mothers are. Naturally their chief aim is to have some one marry them who can provide for them comfortably and who will treat them kindly. Other than this most pardonable ambition they have none. Before girls are well on in their teens marriage is thought of. This is true among all classes and religions. Perhaps the child does not think of it herself, but it is thought of for her by those who do her thinking and whose conclusions she must obey. The prospective bride is seldom consulted as to her wishes in the important matter of the choice of a life partner. The fathers, or nearest of kin, of the future husband and wife attend to all the preliminaries. The main item always to be considered is dowry. The groom must have so much money or its equivalent and so must the bride. Much depends upon the position in life they or their people occupy. A marriage may, and usually does, take place without acquaintance, and accordingly without love existing between the high contracting parties; but never without money.

Of courtship as it is known in America or England there is none whatever. A young Mohammedan never sees the face of the girl who is to become his wife until after marriage. His mother and sisters may see her and report their impressions, but if it is a case where the union is by them considered a desirable one they are likely to accredit her with charms she does not possess. Among Jews and Christians there is a greater latitude in this respect, though the young people are never permitted to see each other without the presence of a third party. In every case the services of an intermediary are necessary.

Brides at fourteen are not uncommon and at twelve occasion little remark. I have known of one bride ten years of age. She was a Moslem, and, without knowing what was being done, was married to a man old enough to be her father. These child-wives cannot but excite the keenest pity of thoughtful, intelligent people.

In the above statement the Moslem population is specially referred to. They are the worst in this respect, though Jews and native Christians are not free from these sins against God's law, and hence against themselves. The life of the average girl in the Holy City is fatal to development into that true womanhood which is the beauty, the glory and the salvation of a life and a nation. The whole policy is repressive, and in the atmosphere that it begets there is no chance for those virtues, which, sown in early childhood, should have opportunity for growth in girlhood in order to mature and beautify into true wifehood and loving motherhood.

* United States Consul at Jerusalem.

FANCIFUL USES OF CRÊPE PAPER

By Emma H. Heath



and the best part is the comparatively small expense and infinite variety of changes in color combinations.

First to be considered is the room, and perhaps a description of one which I helped decorate not long ago will suggest more ideas than I could give otherwise. It was a large room in a club house, some thirty by forty feet, with ceiling sixteen feet high, crossed and encircled by big oak beams. On one side were three window seats, and opposite a big fireplace with window seats on either side. Something entirely different from anything that had ever been seen was wanted, and this was how it was done: Morning-glories in pink, purple and crimson made in vines with large leaves of tissue paper were everywhere. Before each of the window seats were hung curtains of morning-glory vines, made by hanging lengths of the vines close together across the opening from the top of the archway, and then draped back each way and let to fall gracefully on either side. The beams were all hung with garlands of vines across and all around the room. The doorways at either end of the room were hung with curtains, and long vines trailed down carelessly over the pictures.



BOA

The Gothic arches over the fireplace were outlined with the vines. The room was illuminated by a big circle of electric lights, and from this to each corner hung a long vine of lights. These were wound and hung with vines, and each light was shaded with a big morning-glory, as were also the lights on the side chandeliers about the room. The fireplace was filled with palms and ferns, and the whole effect, when lighted, was a big bower of morning-glories. Of course it took quantities of vines—fifteen hundred yards—but many hands make light work, and the morning-glory is really one of the simplest, as well as one of the most effective, flowers that can be desired for decoration.

In modern parlors where some particular color is desired, the crêpe paper is very effective if hung or draped outside of the lace curtains; either the plain color is used or the white with two stripes of color in each edge. The gaslights should be covered with shades of the same color. Only general directions can be given for these shades as there are so many sizes in gas globes. First cut a strip of asbestos paper two inches wide, and long enough to fit snugly around the larger part of the globe. Cut a strip of crêpe paper the same length as the asbestos band and ten inches wide; glue it to the band two inches below the edge and ruffle the heading and lower edge of crêpe by pulling the paper with the right hand between the thumb and finger of the left hand. Crease the paper under about one inch below the band, and stretch between the fingers the same as the edge. This gives a more graceful shape and also keeps the paper from coming in contact with the glass shade, which is sometimes hot enough



A DAINTY BAG

to scorch anything that may touch it.

To make the chrysanthemum globe shades a wire frame made the shape of a globe is used, quite open at the top, and the bottom ring the regulation size for any shade frame, so that it will fit on the lamp ring. This is first covered with crêpe paper of the color desired; the paper is cut wide enough to reach two-thirds of the way around the globe; glue one side to the wire on the side of the globe, and then stretch the paper around the largest part of the globe and glue the ends together. Then glue the paper to the wire top and bottom of the globe, and trim close to the edge. Next, take tissue paper the same shade and cut into strips about three inches wide, double it together



SHADE OF CRÊPE PAPER

and cut in slender-pointed petals like a chrysanthemum, making them in strips instead of around a circle as for the flowers. These petals are curled by placing them against the knee and rolling the round end of a hat-pin over them, from the point toward you. After you have a number of strips curled begin gluing them to the globe, commencing at the top and going round and round closely so the petals fall together. By experimenting with a few strips one can readily judge how many will be required. A row of leaf-green petals around the bottom of the globe adds an effective and artistic finish.

To make tulips or daffodils, much the better way is to take natural flowers and cut a pattern from them. For the tulip, pieces of fine hair-wire, covered with strips of crêpe paper, from which the fullness has been stretched. The leaf is a strip of crêpe paper, seven or eight inches long and two inches wide, with one end cut in a rounded point. The square end is wrapped around the tulip stem near the bottom, and a second leaf is put outside of that on the opposite side of the stem, just as the tulip leaf grows. Some of the yellow tulips are very pretty painted red in the centre of each petal, like the red and yellow variety, the kind we are most familiar with.

For the daffodil, the centre is cut in a long strip and one edge cut in quite deep

scallops; the fullness is pretty well stretched out before it is cut. It is then rolled up until you have a centre the size you wish, then it is put on a heavy wire for a stem, the same as the tulip. The outside leaves should be cut separately and wired, and the stem is covered the same as that of the tulip.

In the supper-room the tables may either have strips of the crêpe paper laid over the table or a spread may be made to cover the table entirely, as the crêpe can be had forty and sixty inches wide. The edges are ruffled by drawing them between the thumb and finger. If small tables are used the prettiest effect is gained by using the little princess lamps or tall candlesticks, with what is called the twilight candle instead of a wax candle. The former is a porcelain candle with a tiny burner and chimney and holds oil; for these lamps small shades are made exactly the same as for a large shade. For the princess shades eight-inch frames are needed, the shape being a matter of taste, and for the twilight lamps the paper is gathered on to a band of Bristol-board half an inch wide and just long enough to fit around the top of the holder that is attached to the lamp. A piece of number three or five satin ribbon tied around the heading of this shade, with a pretty bow and ends, adds a graceful finish. They may also be trimmed with a cluster or spray of the prevailing flower, and mica spreader and chimney should be used with this shade. A strip of crêpe ten inches wide and one and one-half yards long is needed. The shades for the princess lamps are made double, white being generally used under the color, and they are gathered with a thread instead of on a band, but precisely the same measure is used for both kinds of these pretty shades.



SHAVING BALL

Next to be considered are the costumes, and these may be also

ing the fullness evenly from the crown band to the wire. For the full crown take a strip three-quarters of a yard long and six inches wide; gather one edge and draw the fullness together tightly and tie the thread securely; glue the ends of paper together, and the lower edge to the crown band; flatten the crown by stretching the paper to form a sort of puff. The trimming may be varied.

The bag must be made over a lining of thin silk to be substantial. To make one of nice size use one-quarter yard of crêpe paper and the same amount of silk; hang it with number five ribbon from the waist, and trim with tiny bunches of rosebuds. An ordinary Japanese fan, with an odd-shaped handle, may be trimmed with crêpe paper on both sides. On one side a big bow of crêpe paper and a cluster of rosebuds may be placed. The same ideas may be carried out in favors, by making them in a variety of colors and trimming. There are caps for the men in several styles. A simple one is the sailor cap; a strip ten inches wide and one and one-half yards long, gathered on one edge with thread which is drawn as tight as possible and fastened, the ends of the crêpe glued together, and the lower edge glued to a band the size desired for the cap. These caps



CRÊPE PAPER HAT

are made either in black or in all light colors. The mortar-board cap in the different college colors, and the jockey cap in the bright colors are very attractive and exceedingly popular favors.

To correspond with the fans, *boulonniers* or clusters of flowers to match the trimming may be used for the men, and canes trimmed with bunches of flowers and ribbons to match the bags are particularly showy. Then there are boas entirely of flowers, made by sewing the flowers and leaves to a strip of ribbon. They can be made of roses or chrysanthemums, carnations, bachelor-buttons, buttercups and daisies. Violets, interspersed with rosettes of crêpe paper, make a very pretty combination. For the men there are any number of styles that may be made in shaving cases. A quite effective one is the big ball made of tissue paper. These may be made in one color, shaded, or in several colors.

The college colors are always popular: Princeton's is orange and black; Yale's, blue and white; Harvard's, crimson, and the more delicate coloring of Vassar, pink and gray, and Smith, yellow and white. To make the ball, the paper is cut in six-inch squares and pulled through the hands from the centre of each square until it is sufficiently crinkled; then these are strung together through the point of each square, before it is opened, until there are enough squares to make a fluffy ball. This is hung with a yard and a half of number five ribbon, and the ends tied in a graceful bow so that it may be hung on the arm while dancing.



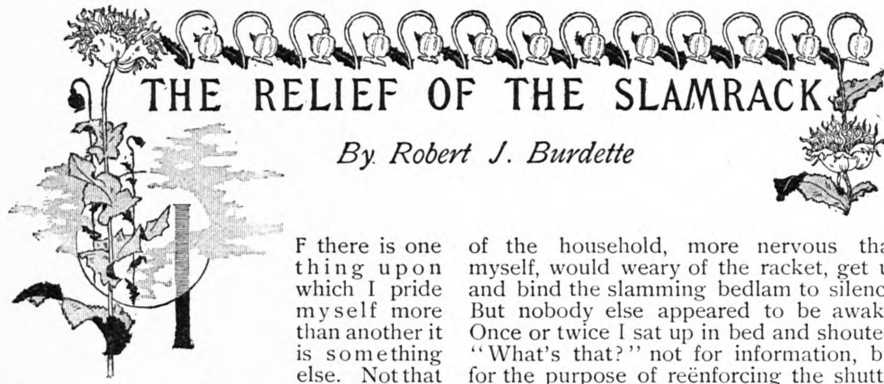
ROSES

Then there are the streamers in the different college colors. These are very easily made and very showy. Slender sticks, twenty-seven inches long, are wound with

tissue paper to match the streamer, which is cut from crêpe paper. If two colors are desired they should be glued together in two strips and then cut into shape after they are joined, and then the streamers glued to the sticks. The subject of favors is practically inexhaustible, and the decorative possibilities of crêpe paper so great and varied that they cannot be detailed in a magazine article, nor outside the one or two books exclusively devoted to the theme. I have simply endeavored to outline some of the most practical or general ornate uses of the freely pliable paper fabric.



FAN



THE RELIEF OF THE SLAMRACK

By Robert J. Burdette

IF there is one thing upon which I pride myself more than another it is something else. Not that I assume any credit to myself for this superiority, because it is a faculty which is inborn with me. Very few men can say as much, and the man who dares say more is none. At least, none that I know of. With these remarks, which explain themselves as well as any living creature can explain them, permit me to pass to the next thing, which will be much the same, only different.

Visitors who have been permitted to an interior view of the Den wherein I store the intellectual apparatus with which I conduct my experiments upon human patience and credulity, have often remarked upon its neatness and its systematic order. I have not infrequently made the assertion that I could go into that room the darkest night in the year, at the darkest hour, and lay my hand upon the book, memorandum, pencil or whatever it was I wanted. And this was not idle boasting; it is true. I usually light a lamp before going in, but that has no effect upon the darkness of the night. That is just as dark as ever it was. It has pleased me to note that the visitors believed me. At any rate, they said they did. And I believed the visitors. If they did not believe me, then we were in the same boat anyhow, and I had the proud satisfaction of knowing that I was quite as truthful as my friends.

ONE night, not so long ago but that I have had time to forget it, were it not for my interest to remember it, I was aroused from a beautiful dream by the slamming of a shutter. I can go to sleep in a railway station hotel, with the yard engines playing tag up and down the tracks all night, without a struggle. But a slamming shutter murders sleep with a refinement of cruelty that would give Macbeth points. You never know when to listen for the next slam. And you don't know whether it will be a single or a double slam. The next time it flies open you can distinctly hear the catch fall into place, and you say, "Thank Heaven," as devoutly and earnestly as though you really believed that Heaven sends angels down to earth to fasten shutters for men who are too lazy to get out of bed and walk across a room only eighteen feet wide. Heaven is good to us; vastly better than we deserve, the majority of us—all of us, in fact, except myself and a few personal friends whom I could name, being unprofitable servants—but I do not believe that Providence condescends to do general housework for people who snore. So far as I can remember I can recall but one instance in which the Lord ever closed a shutter for anybody. He did close a window for Noah. But that was probably more to keep the other sinners from getting in, than to save Noah a little trouble. But just after you have thanked Heaven for the catching of your shutter it comes back again with a crash that makes the glass rattle and jingle, and sets every nerve on the quiver.

ANYBODY who might overhear your next remarks would conclude that if ever Heaven shut a door for you you would be on the outside. Sometimes the shutter pats softly against the window half a dozen times, just stirring you up lightly. You listen and wonder what that queer sound is; it sounds like burglars; you never heard a burglar, but that sounds just like one. You listen with your hair arranging itself pompadour; the gentle tapping keeps up. You cry, "Who's there?" Nobody says anything, and at last, like the boy hunting the cricket, you decide that it is "nawthin' but a noise," and lie down again. Just as your head touches the pillow the shutter, which has only been going through these preliminary tappings to get on a good ready, hauls back, makes a false motion or two and lets go against the side of the house with a bang that turns your heart to ice, and silences the meat-hound howling in the next yard. To save your life, after that, when you get your nerves calmed down sufficiently to permit you to walk across the room without waiting like a teetotum, you get up to fasten the shutter. You then discover that it is on the adjoining house, and go back to your bed again.

BUT this night, after going through the nervous agony attendant upon a shutter seance, I became convinced that the sleep destroyer was loosely adjusted to his own property, and moreover that it was a Den window. I remained perfectly quiet for a long time, hoping that some other member

of the household, more nervous than myself, would weary of the racket, get up and bind the slamming bedlam to silence. But nobody else appeared to be awake. Once or twice I sat up in bed and shouted, "What's that?" not for information, but for the purpose of reënforsing the shutter and arousing some one of the family. Once awake I knew the sufferer could not get to sleep. But the alarm failed. I could hear deep breathings from the other rooms; I could hear the shutter softly creaking as it lined up to buck the centre once more; I could hear a distant cat bewailing the mocking fate that had shut up the barn and locked the kitchen while it was foraging at a neighboring manse; I could hear all the noises, loud and soft, near and far, it seemed to me, that were making themselves heard anywhere in the world at that time. But not another soul in the house could hear anything.

I AM a patient man, but patience has limits, even in the constitution of the patientest man living. I exhaled a hollow groan for the callous indifference of my family, sleeping while I was distracted and maddened by the furious bombardment against the side of the house. Then I arose, and in my bare feet—the night was darker than the Cave of Adullam, which has the reputation of being a rather shady place—or I would not have done such a thing for the world. Feeling my way cautiously in the rayless gloom, I struck the edge of the door only once, backed off, got past it next time successfully, and uttering audibly a statement that would have saddened the hearts of my family had any of them been awake, I went downstairs, doing, I fancy, a somewhat creditable ballet, as I felt my way through the darkness with poised and flourishing feet. However, it was wasted grace; thrown away on the Cimmerian darkness—a friend of mine, Ben Evrawhair, says he once traveled across the Cimmerian Desert, and it was so dark at noon that he trod on his own heels—but I kept on dancing just the same. I reached the Den; I opened the door after feeling all over it five times before lighting upon the knob, and stepped cautiously into the room.

THE old room; the room that I know so well; the room into which I am wont to go—according to tradition—in the inky blackness of the darkest night, and pick things up by the right end. I thought of these traditions as I started on my voyage of relief, and wished that I had drawn some of the shadiest of them less darkly. I put out my hand and felt something that was a stranger to me. It felt like a globe, but I knew the globe was never placed on top of the bookshelves. I felt carefully all over this new object. Just as I pushed it off and it went crashing to the floor I recognized it. It was a lamp which belonged in the sitting-room, but I had carried it up to the Den because my study lamp was not filled. A man making a voyage of relief in his bare feet across a carpeted plain, newly strewn with a broken lamp chimney, is about as pleasantly situated as a mettlesome horse charging across a battlefield planted with spike-blooming caltrops. By much tiptoeing, however, with very slow, solemn movements as though I were performing a religious dance, I avoided the crystal fragments. I made one high, long stride to get out of the haunted ground, and stepped into a large waste-basket, a sort of a Pompeian vase-looking thing with a narrow top. My foot forced its way into the top, but it was like pulling off a porous plaster to get it out again. I got rid of the basket, but upset a rocking-chair in the struggle, and went into camp to think about it.

I MADE a cautious detour to avoid the fallen chair, and when my calculations told me I was past it I knew where I was, stepped out boldly and fell over it. I didn't so much mind running my arm through the bottom of it, because it was an old chair anyhow and needed recaning. But as I realized that I had impaled myself in the short ribs on one of the Heaven-pointing rockers, a tired feeling crept over me that I would have traded for a match in a minute. I groaned heavily, hoping that some one hearing the fall and the groan would think I had been murdered and come in with a light. But if any one heard the groan he made an incorrect diagnosis. I picked myself up with some difficulty. Twice I was nearly on my feet when the chair tilted, got an underhold on me and threw me heavily. By most desperate efforts I kept it from getting on top of me, to which I owe the fact that I'm alive now.

Once more on my feet, I sidled over until I could touch the bookshelves. Thus guided, I moved forward cautiously

until I stepped on something which felt like a tack, but which I discovered afterward was only a piece of glass. I was nearing the banging shutter now; I could feel the cold air blowing upon me. I reached out one foot and felt that it rested on nothing. I felt down farther with it, but could not touch bottom. I stooped down and investigated. Somehow or other I had got turned around in my struggle with the rocking-chair, groped out of the Den, walked down the hall and was on my way down-stairs. A new danger threatened the expedition. If I were heard prowling around down-stairs I stood a good chance of getting myself shot at. Moreover, as I was an honest man, the master of the house, and not a burglar, I would be shot dead the first time anybody snapped at me. A real burglar, of course, would be missed forty feet in a room sixteen feet square. I got down on my hands and knees and crawled back into the Den, ramming into a pile of unbound magazines and strewing the floor with them.

AFTER crawling into the Den a sufficient distance to guarantee myself against another escape out of the door, I rose to my feet. As I began this manœuvre my head came in violent contact with some hard substance, with a crash that made a thousand lights dance fearfully before my eyes, and I sank back to my former recumbent posture and wept. I had crawled under the desk. But in the awful darkness how was I to know that? I retrograded from the desk, backing into a revolving-chair. I felt my way into this, sat down, went into camp and rubbed my head while I planned another forward movement. I bethought me that sometimes there was a box of matches on my desk, and reached out and felt for it. I put my finger into the ink-well. I did not dare go crawling and feeling around among my papers with a finger dripping with ink; I could not safely wipe it on anything on the desk, so I did the best thing: I wiped it thoroughly and carefully on my hair. "Thank Heaven," I said, "I am not bald."

Next morning when I learned upon further investigation that I had dipped my finger not into the ink-well but into the mucilage-pot, I wasn't so sure that a head of hair was always an advantage over a bald and glistening skull.

The shutter, which had been silent for some time, now fired a solitary shot. This guided me in the right direction. I moved forward with great caution, holding my arms outspread, and stepping high. With a shriek that might have curdled the blood in a turnip I put my foot into something cold and wet and slimy, and something scaly and horrible wriggled away from beneath it. I jerked my foot into the air, and trembling from head to foot, weak, limp and terrified, sank to my knees, rasping my shins as I did so on the sides of a common washtub. I then remembered that my son was keeping a young alligator, about ten or twelve inches long, for a young friend who had recently brought it from Florida. I now resolved that it should go into the ice-house the next day if another morning should dawn in this world upon the wretched being sitting in the cold and dark, shivering and sobbing.

HOW long I remained there I do not know. It was an oblivion of horror. I remembered all my sins—that is, some of them. I am not omniscient, of course. I remembered especially one crime I had committed inadvertently, for which, I had no doubt, I was now being punished. One time, in the far-away years when I went a-lecturing, I was entertained at the home of a friend of mine, in a town in Pennsylvania. He was a minister of the gospel. When I went to my room that night I noticed that his daughters had decorated the prophet's chamber with an endless array of Christmas cards and advertising chromos—a very rainbow of color and a kaleidoscope of design all over the walls. The cards were stuck up with pins. Every inch of space was covered with them. I walked around the room as one would walk about a picture gallery. Then I went to bed and had the nightmare.

I had to take a train at five o'clock the next morning. I refused to permit the family to get up at the unearthly hour at which I would have to arise. I said good-by the night before, and carried the alarm clock to my room. At four-fifteen A. M. I arose. It was dark as Erebus, this country, and I couldn't find the matches. I had a dim recollection of seeing a matchsafe on the wall the night before, and went around the room feeling for it. I scraped off a gorgeous snowstorm of picture cards. Round and round that room I went, mowing these resplendent walls with my clawing hands, feeling and hearing the pins and cards rain down about my feet. Once or twice I made my way to the bureau and picked up a box of hairpins, and inwardly reviled the foolish girls who would put a box of hairpins on a man's dressing-table and forget the matches. At last it occurred to me to investigate the box more closely. I opened it. It contained matches. I lighted the lamp and shuddered as I gazed upon those denuded walls. High as my

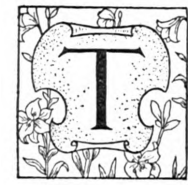
iconoclastic hands could reach there wasn't a pin or a card in sight. And the floor! Strewn with the wrecks of the chromatic press thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa. With wild and guilty haste I thrust myself into my clothes and fled, locking the front door on the outside, lest the family, awaking, should discover what I had done and pursue me.

ONCE more the shutter banged with a defiant, challenging slam, and by one mighty effort I got to my feet and made my way to the window. With that last crash the shutter had accomplished its mission of distraction. It had fastened itself back so tightly that when I tried to close it next day it came off the hinges.

It was cold in the Den, oh, very cold. But I could stand the cold. A faint light was kindling the east, and arrowy streaks of gray were shooting across the inky skies. I waited, playing castanet solos with my chattering teeth until the early gleam of a winter morning crept into the room like a ghost of light, and faintly outlined my way to the door. Then I hopped lightly but stiffly out of the Den and up to my room, lest my guilty track should betray me, washed the alligator mud off my frozen foot, and crawled into bed to wait for the grip or pneumonia to come along and finish the expedition for the relief of the Slamrack.

RESTORING OIL PAINTINGS

By Jacob Wagner



THE treatment of old paintings is a matter of very great importance and worthy of long study. Artists vary in the selection of their grounds and methods, necessitating, therefore, different treatment for each painting. It requires the skilled workman of brains, patience and long experience—furthermore a profound reverence for the preservation of the fine arts. A great many paintings have been ruined and are ruined every day by so-called restorers and ignorant laymen, even the artist of merit sometimes completely ruining old paintings by cleaning too much, and careless varnishing. Never has there been such interest taken in the portraits of our ancestors and paintings of historic interest as at present.

The painting to be treated should be carefully examined and if cracked badly it should certainly be given to some restorer of reputation. If not, and the subject only needs brightening up, carry out the following rules: Take the painting out of the frame and properly dust on back as well as face; if the canvas is slack it may be tightened by the keys in the corners of the stretcher frame; then take a soft clean sponge, some luke-warm water and pure Castile soap or a slice of raw potato and wash carefully until the dirt is all removed. When dry, wipe with an old soft piece of linen. The varnish must be the best mastic picture varnish and should be used with a great deal of discretion. If the painting treated has never been varnished it can be used full strength; if there is a body of varnish on it and simply needs reviving, dilute the varnish with one-half spirits of turpentine. The work should be done in a warm room after the painting is thoroughly dry and with a soft flat bristle brush, about two inches wide, made for the purpose. Apply the varnish rapidly with a full brush and be careful it does not run; then hold to the heat of a stove or radiator for a minute until the varnish sets, and place against the wall face in, so that no dust can get at it. In ten or twelve hours the varnish will be dry enough and the picture may be replaced in its frame. Paintings should be cleaned and varnished every five or six years to keep them in a proper state of preservation. If badly cracked by injudicious varnishing the greater portion should be removed—never all, as it destroys the tone. This work should be done only by the most experienced and skilled restorer, and never entrusted to the quack who may apply the fatal alcohol and remove the delicate finishing touches that all paintings possess, with the varnish; once removed they can never be replaced as before. This treatment is the most important in restoration of old paintings, and should always be done with the greatest skill and reverence. A word in regard to transferring and relining paintings. All canvases when old get very tender and the paint dry and brittle, therefore the subject should be relined or backed with a new canvas to strengthen it.

The process of relining and transferring is a secret known to but a few thoroughly trustworthy and competent men who have served an apprenticeship in the trade. Transferring is the last expedient, and only means, whereby a painting either on canvas or wood, that has lost its vitality or from which the paint is falling, may be saved. This process is very slow and requires the greatest skill and experience, and is, therefore, expensive. Old paintings of great value, or those of less merit, should be guarded carefully and attended to before destruction has actually begun its work.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S WIDOW

GENERAL HOUSTON'S DAUGHTER



MRS. SHERIDAN

IRENE RUCKER SHERIDAN

By V. Stuart Mosby Coleman

IT is almost impossible to imagine a great General sitting by his cheery fireside, or romping with his children, the central figure of a picture of delightful domesticity. Instinctively we paint him to our mind as a scarred warrior, grimed with the dust of battle and plunging through the smoke of bellowing guns. So, when we speak of General Phil Sheridan, it is the leader of a victorious army that comes into our thoughts, the conqueror who laid Virginia bare with his sword, now peacefully sleeping on her breast; not the tender husband and loving father, the beauty of whose home life was like a garland of roses twined about the cannon's mouth.

When Sheridan was scouring the beautiful valley of the placid Shenandoah, his widow, then Miss Irene Rucker, was going to school in Washington, within the sound of the guns and sight of the curling smoke that laid waste the beautiful Virginia valley. She was, doubtless, more interested in her grammar and her girlish pastimes than in the news from across the winding river, or of the man who led the invading hosts. After the great conflict had ended Miss Rucker's family was transferred, by the War Department, to Chicago, her father, General Rucker, being Quartermaster

on General Sheridan's staff. The latter was brought into close social relationship with his Quartermaster's family and at once refuted the adage which runs to the effect that luck never attends upon one in war and in love. Miss Irene, the second of the three charming daughters of the Rucker household, had just then returned from her school, the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Philadelphia, and General Sheridan was at once attracted by her beauty and brilliancy. His wooing was of the ardent kind, and the engagement of the dashing soldier and Miss Rucker was shortly announced. Their wedding, a comparatively quiet affair, attended by distinguished soldiers and men prominent in public life, followed, on June 3, 1875, just after the bride had passed her nineteenth birthday. General Sheridan was a few years his bride's senior, but not so much older as one would guess by merely recalling him as a great General of a war that had ended more than ten years before.

Mrs. Sheridan is still a young woman. She is slender, almost girlish in figure, and dresses with exquisite taste in dark colors. She is graceful and willowy, and carries her dainty head with an air of aristocratic ease. Her dark hair waves slightly into a becoming bang, her eyes are brown and bright while the contour of her face is a delicate oval. In manner she is simple and kindly, her birth and breeding showing plainly in the ease with which she meets all of her social duties and the tact of her cordial bearing. Mrs. Sheridan is rather retiring, and is devoted to her home and children. She orders the conduct of her household, even to the details,

and personally superintends the studies of her son, who bears the name of his illustrious father, of whom he is a speaking likeness. She finds time, also, to indulge her tastes for music and painting, for fancy needlework, and for the demands of charities. Until within a year or two Mrs. Sheridan has entertained rarely, except in the way of small dinner-parties and informal evenings for friends.

The Sheridan children are a bright and interesting group. There are four of them: Mary, the eldest, who was presented to society last winter; the twins, Irene and Louise—of whom the General was so proud—who will make their social *début* during the present season, and Phil, Jr., who is nearing his fourteenth birthday. The girls are just such daughters as might be expected of such a mother: pleasant, affable, well-mannered, well-educated, sweet and simple; full of life and spirit. In young Phil great hopes are centred. He goes to school in Washington, but when he is old enough his mother will have him sent to West Point, so that he can follow in the footsteps of his father. He is fond of all that relates to war and the army, and will no doubt prove himself worthy of his sire. The boy is well built, has a frank, honest countenance and is as full of fun and romp as any of his playmates. One dark day last winter when the little park was covered with snow, a party of boys were having a mimic battle with the snow-balls and young Phil was among the number. It was an interesting sight to see the little fellow as intent on his snowy ammunition as ever his father had been over his deadly cannon balls, and to watch his face glow with the excitement of the boyish battle.

The home of the Sheridans is one of the most interesting residences in Washington, not only for its historic associations, but for the attractions of its fair mistress and her children. It is in the centre of the fashionable residence section—on Rhode Island Avenue—and was the gift of Chicago friends to General Sheridan when he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army. It was here that he enjoyed the sweetest pleasures of home, and hence his remains were taken to their last resting place on the great brow of picturesque Arlington. The house bespeaks everywhere the great General and his glorious achievements on the field. The quaint hall is full of mementoes of the warrior, for in one corner on a wooden rack is a fine, silver-studded Mexican saddle and bridle which had been presented to him by an admirer,

and on a table is a large bronze bust of the soldier. An American flag is festooned gracefully above the picture of him which hangs on the wall, and within the parlors are numerous interesting souvenirs of the dead husband. The two parlors are oddly shaped and are furnished in a tasteful and almost luxurious style. Pretty tables full of dainty bric-à-brac stand about, and delicate pictures hang on the softly-tinted walls. In a glass case are preserved several handsomely-chased swords with golden hilts that were presented to the General, and in the same place are innumerable other valued mementoes.

Surrounded by the halo of her husband's fame, with a lovely home and a family of children of whom any mother might be proud, there is no happier woman in Washington than Mrs. Phil Sheridan.



THE SHERIDAN HOME: WASHINGTON

MRS. MARGARET HOUSTON WILLIAMS

By Patti McLeary Burford

THOUGH we Americans are given to worshipping royalty and titles, and are all in a flutter for months over the visit of some grand duke or princess to our shores, we have the proudest aristocracy right in our midst, and while our crown princes and princesses were not "born great" amid the glitter and gorgeousness of Court, they are all the greater because they are the sons and daughters of the self-made men and heroes who "achieved greatness" fighting on our battlefields for liberty. Chiefest among these royal princesses of ours is the subject of my sketch, Mrs. Margaret Houston Williams, second daughter of the distinguished General Sam Houston. Too much has been written of this great hero, who was in Congress and the United States Senate long years, Governor of Tennessee and Texas, President of a Republic, and greater than all else to Texan hearts, the hero of San Jacinto—too much has been written for the writer to attempt more, yet some may not have heard of the beauty and culture and intelligence of Mrs. Houston, who was a Miss Margaret Lea, of one of Alabama's most aristocratic families, and who, at the time of her marriage to General Houston in 1840, was contributing poems and prose of the highest order to various leading Southern journals. Apart from her father's and mother's greatness, the "bluest" of Scotch and Irish Presbyterian blood flows in Mrs. Williams' veins, her ancestors having been knights and barons of great loyalty and bravery in the time of William and Mary.

Mrs. Williams was born at Huntsville, Texas, in the month of April, 1848, while her father was in the United States Senate. Being the General's favorite daughter, because, perhaps, of her unusual precocity and amiability, and perhaps, too, because of her resemblance to his mother, she became the companion of his leisure hours and grew up in deep sympathy with him in his trials and cares, in those troublous political times. She was scarcely twelve years of age when her father became Governor of Texas. Her mother, though a partial invalid, exerted herself to do the honors at the Governor's mansion. Literary and musical *soirées* were the favorite social functions of those times, and "Maggie Houston" (as she was called in childhood) grew up among a brilliant *coterie* of men and women under the guidance of a fond, cultured, Christian mother, with her grand statesman father for her hero and idol.

The war clouds were gathering darkly in the beautiful South, and Governor Houston, refusing to sign the Secession Ordinance, which he with more than a prophet's ken, knew would be his beloved "Lone Star's" eternal ruin, was deposed. When her father playfully told her they had "cut off his head," and explained to her that he was "turned out of office," she saw the heartbroken look on his dear face, and her childish grief knew no bounds. She refused to be comforted, and even yet her tender woman's heart grieves, and she insistently declares from that time her father's heart was broken.

Her first great grief was her father's death in 1863. She was his constant, devoted attendant all through his illness, and her mother's and her name, "Margaret," was the last word he ever uttered. Though only fifteen at the time of her father's death, she had for some time been his amanuensis, and it was to her to whom he entrusted the writing of his will.

After General Houston's death Mrs. Houston moved to Independence, Texas, where Maggie had excellent advantages at the Baylor University, which was at that time one of the leading institutions of its kind in the South. She had scarcely made her *début* when at the age of seventeen she met the dashing Captain Weston L. Williams, to whom she was married shortly afterward. He was the son of a Baptist minister and planter of Mansfield, Louisiana, and a brave, chivalrous Southern gen-

tleman. This proved the happiest of unions, and she reigned a very queen in her husband's home and heart, till his death, a few years since, blighted her perfect happiness and left the burden of her estate and care of her five children to her charge.

Her eldest son, Sam Houston, is a fine, manly fellow, devoted to his mother, to whom he is a great comfort and joy. Frank Weston, the second son, has not yet attained his majority; he is a graceful, elegant young man, very talented and a perfect courtier in manners. May and Royston are yet school girl and boy, and give full promise of great usefulness.

"Madge," the eldest daughter, is the pretty blonde girl who was chosen by all Texas to christen the warship "Texas" two summers ago at Portsmouth. Mrs. Williams accompanied her daughter on this tour, and while in Virginia they were entertained royally at the homes of many distinguished people, among whom was Governor Letcher—the "old war Governor," who is a near relation of Mrs. Williams.

Their summer tour was one continued ovation till they again reached their "native heath" and the quiet and seclusion of their country home at Independence, where old and young, rich and poor, white and black, all delight to honor "Miss Maggie." Here, though she seems to live entirely for her children, there is never any distress or affliction in the village to which she does not minister personally or send some one of her household.

The crown of a father's and mother's greatness was never worn more nobly nor worthily than by this superb Christian woman. She reigns a social queen wherever she goes, and receives with sweet, gracious womanliness the homage rendered her. In regard to her father and his glorious career she is very sensitive and reticent, and it is with great difficulty she is induced to talk of it. So quiet and unpretentious is she in dress and demeanor that one would never guess her claims to the homage of a nation. She is a devoted member of the old Baptist church where her father and mother worshiped and which is the "mother church" of all others of its denomination in the great "Lone Star." Her home is rich in the spoils and trophies of war, such as the field glass, sword and saddle of Santa Anna captured by General Houston at San Jacinto, and innumerable other priceless relics.

Mrs. Williams is a member of the "Daughters of the Republic," an organi-



MISS WILLIAMS

zation composed of the lineal descendants of that brave band of heroes who fought under her gallant father and gained Texas independence in 1836. She has also undisputed claims to a membership in the "Daughters of the American Revolution," as several of her ancestors shouldered their muskets bravely and manfully in Revolutionary struggles.




THE PARADISE CLUB



By John Kendrick Bangs

*XII—A LOOK AHEAD



"It seems to me," said the Cynic scornfully, gazing out of the window at two young women speeding along the asphalted pavement on their bicycles, "it truly seems to me that the coming woman has arrived. Look at those creatures on those wheels. Did you ever expect to live to see anything like that off the stage?"

"I never did," said the Irresponsible Person. "Isn't it glorious?"

"Glorious!" cried the Cynic. "I think it's shameful!"

"Oh tut!" said the Irresponsible Person. "I can't see anything shameful in it. Those are perfectly healthful, modest, graceful women. I know who they are and they haven't lost one bit of their feminine charm by taking up the bicycle. In fact they've increased that charm by coaxing a bit of color into their cheeks, which is enough to drive a dealer in cosmetics to suicide. The wheel enables them to get some of the rouge of Nature into their faces, and the cosmetic man will have to shut up shop if the bicycle habit becomes general."

"They do ride well, eh?" said the Philosopher.

"Indeed they do," said the Irresponsible Person. "I've watched men and women alike on the wheel and it strikes me that in the manner of their riding, the women can give the men 'points' every time. There's none of the camel's hump development in the woman bicyclist. She sits up straight as an arrow. It does her back good and expands her chest, but the average man wheels himself into a state of phthisical malformation which suggests a new moon in its arc-like simplicity. Billee Tompkins is a fair specimen of the bicycle man. He's a beauty in costume. His neck, instead of rising up straight from his collar-bone, has a forward inclination like that of a donkey's when a wisp of hay is hung just out of his reach; his chest has an introspective air about it which is the surest indication that it is becoming anxious about itself, while his back takes on an outward and visible curve which leads a casual observer to suspect that its owner considers himself the under-study of Atlas in his great work of holding the world on his shoulders. From his waist up he looks like a human parenthesis, and from his waist down he looks like a foot-ball player; and the *toot ensemble*, as they say in the French quarter of Boston, is not beautiful. The thing to fight, if we are to fight at all, is not woman's benefiting her physical self by riding the wheel, but man's destruction of his physique by the same exercise. I'd make a law, if I were a despot, requiring male bicycle riders to sit up straight on penalty of arrest and a fine of five dollars for each degree of inclination out of the perpendicular. We don't want the coming man to have the legs of a Hercules at the expense of his lungs. I'd rather have two lungs and one leg than two legs and only one lung."

"The coming man might as well be that as anything else," said the Cynic. "The arrived woman when she gets control of him will maintain him in such a way that it won't make any difference whether he looks like a parenthesis or a comma. As for getting used to bending over, it is a good thing for him to get used to, for unless this ... development is speedily stopped he'll soon have new duties to perform which will keep him in a bent attitude all his days. With the women riding bicycles, and taking up the professions and all that, it won't be long before man will become merely a domestic animal. He'll have to run the sewing-machines; he'll have to attend to the household duties that are, in the nature of things, woman's work. His retrogression from a magnificent animal into a mere germ is getting to be a little too rapid for my comfort, and I shall be thankful over my turkey this year that I was born at a time when men were men and women were women, and am likely to die before the transformation of one into the other has been finally and fixedly consummated."

"Your views are perfectly correct for a professional cynic," said the Irresponsible Person. "But I don't think the coming man is going to subside into a mere germ. Of course if he is going to succumb without a fight and let the emancipated woman ride over him rough-shod; if he is to be an impotent non-resistant, he may, as you say, find himself in captivity, and if he eventually finds himself what you predict it will be his own fault, and, therefore, he will

simply have got his deserts. He will, consequently, not deserve nor receive any sympathy."

"You can't get away from the fact that the home must be preserved," said the Cynic. "The domestic economy must be managed as carefully as the business affairs of the man. There are children to be dressed, there are servants to be kept in order, cooks to be quelled, larders to be filled, a thousand and one little things to be looked after. Now if you enlarge the sphere of woman and get her talking politics, and riding bicycles, and practicing law and medicine, and architecture and all that, what becomes of the children and the servants, and the riotous cook and the larder, and the thousand and one things that must be done, unless the man steps in where the woman has stepped out? The children will grow up wild, the servants will be relieved of all discipline, the larder will be empty, the cook will place the house under a system of anarchy and the thousand and one little other things won't be attended to at all. It is inevitable that the man must attend to all of these things and his horizon will gradually become as narrow as that of the average woman."

"I don't agree with you," said the Irresponsible Person. "That may happen in some instances, but not in all, not even in many. The protective principle, as applied to woman, has limited her horizon. She hasn't been allowed to see anything of the world, and therefore many of them do take a narrow view of life, and mole hills seem to be mountains. A child cooped up in a tenement-house room considers a two-acre meadow off in the country, if he is fortunate enough to see it, as being almost as extensive as the State of Texas. So it is with woman. If she is narrow and spends two hours over a five-minute problem, it has been because of the restraints a false conventionality has imposed upon her. Remove these restraints and she will take the larger view of life, and the things she spends hours over now she will soon be able to do in as many minutes. As for man's being forced to assume certain domestic obligations, why shouldn't he? What is the ideal married man of to-day but a little pampered tyrant whose wife must smile cheerfully always whether she wants to or not, because he has been working hard all day? It never occurs to these moralists that she may have been working hard all day. He has gone down town to business and he wants something done and he presses a button, summons a clerk or bookkeeper and tells him to do it, and then he's tired and goes out to a four-dollar luncheon and meets a lot of pleasant fellows, swaps fish stories with them and goes back to business and gets tired again. She has remained at home all day, with the servants and the children. No child ever lived that was good for one whole consecutive day, and each little bit of discipline that she has had to mete out to them has been a sore trial to her. One of the youngsters has possibly fallen down stairs, and for an instant she has experienced a tragedy, the force of which is hardly mitigated by the discovery that Tommy has sustained no worse injury than a bump on his forehead. She sits down to a midday meal and before it is finished she has a disagreeable row with Tommy because he wants a whole pie and can't understand why he can't have it. The cook sends up word that the water pipe has 'bust,' and the waitress has given notice that unless the cook leaves she will. But the editorial writers go on writing and saying, 'Wife, always greet your husband with a smiling face'; and she, poor soul, physically weaker than he, having done twice as much work as he, does greet him with a smiling face, gets out his smoking-jacket and slippers and sits down to dinner, which is enlivened by such table talk as 'What, mutton again?' and 'This cook of yours ought to be employed in a crematory'; and 'What is this, coffee or ice-water?' He expatiates on the weariness of his business and its vexatious complications, but when she touches on Tommy's misbehavior he waves it aside with 'I wish you wouldn't bother me with these things. Punish him yourself, my dear. I don't want my boy to think of me as a tyrant.' All of this, mind you, is done in a kindly spirit on the man's part. It is only his blind selfishness that rules him. He loves his wife deeply, but he doesn't know."

"So if your coming man has to take hold of the domestic wheel once in awhile it'll do him good. No man ever lived who didn't think he could bring up his children better than any woman; he always thinks he could manage the household economy better than his wife, but when she asks him to go down-stairs into the kitchen and discharge the cook he trembles like a leaf. He'd rather tackle a longshoreman than

that cook, but he expects his wife to do it just the same."

"Of course he does," said the Cynic. "It's her duty, not his. He wouldn't summon her to his business office to discharge an office boy."

"It's not a parallel case," retorted the Irresponsible Person. "The office boy is not her servant, while the cook is the servant of the husband as well as the wife."

"They might share the unpleasant duty," suggested the Philosopher. "They could go down together and discharge her."

"You maintain then that the husband should share equally with his wife the duties of the household management?" asked the Cynic.

"No, I don't," said the Irresponsible Person, "but I do maintain that just because a woman happens to be a woman she should not be wholly excluded from the larger life which the husband enjoys; and I go further than that. There are many instances in which the husband is inferior to the wife. In a case like that I don't see why he attends to business while his wife's intellectual qualities are forced to waste themselves in the details of household management. If she would make a better lawyer than he, why shouldn't she go to the courts and practice while he stayed home and spanked the children? That would merely be the common-sense way of doing things. The fact is we say falsely that woman is the protected sex. She is not. She is the defenseless sex, and man is protected under our present forms imposed by society against the competition of woman. I say, down with that protection; encourage competition between the sexes, and as for the future let the fittest survive."

"I fancy I see a bride and groom engaged in a discussion of their respective intellectuality," said the Cynic with a smile. "My dear," he will say, 'I've been thinking the matter over and I am conscious that I am your mental superior. I will attend to the law business. You may look after our sweet little house.' To which she will reply, 'No, George. It is noble of you to speak thus, but I cannot permit you to subject yourself to the rebuffs of the world for which I, through my superior mental equipment, am the better fitted. I'll be the business head of the house, and my dear old hubby can manage the domestics.' There's a situation for you."

"It's interesting," laughed the Irresponsible Person, "but it wouldn't happen. When woman has been truly emancipated she won't marry until she can afford to support a husband in the style to which he is accustomed. Therefore, before marriage she will have studied and followed a profession. Then when the wedding day comes, by the mere comparison of their professional incomes for the year past the superiority of the one over the other will be easily demonstrated. It may even happen that both can preserve their duties without permitting matrimonial difficulties to interfere, and firms may be established and shingles hung out with some such wording on them as 'Barrows & Wife, Attorneys and Counselors at Law,' or 'Jennings & Husband, Bankers and Brokers.' In this way the income could be doubled."

"And the children?" queried the Cynic.

"Oh, as for them," said the Irresponsible Person, "they'd be all right. It's a mighty poor family that can't provide a sister-in-law on one side or the other to look after the children. If this were impossible the children could be brought up by a corporation founded for just that purpose, to their advantage. Most parents spoil their children and a corporation would never do that. A corporation never spoils anything that declares dividends."

"It's all very interesting," said the Philosopher. "But I notice that the Married Man hasn't said anything about it. What do you think of the question, Mr. Married Man?"

"I?" said the Married Man absently. "I? Oh—I agree with you. It's an interesting question. There's only been one trouble with the arguments that I could see. The Cynic has got his idea of a wife out of the comic papers, and as for the Irresponsible Person I think his married man came from the same source. In real life I am not aware that the question is ever put."

The Cynic was silent. The Irresponsible Person laughed. "That may be," he said. "It is always difficult for a man to say where he gets his ideas, but wherever I got mine, I'm for woman as she has been, is now and ever shall be—and what she wants she ought to have. And here's to her! May her sun never set."

"I'll drink to that," said the Cynic, "with the amendment suggested by a Western after-dinner speaker who was called upon to propose a toast to the emancipated women of Colorado, who vote and ride bicycles, and for all I know, play foot-ball and poker. 'Here's to the women,' he said, 'formerly our superiors; now our equals!'"

There was a hearty laugh from all and the toast was drunk with enthusiasm, and then upon formal motion, regretfully seconded, the Paradise Club adjourned *sine die*.

A BOUDOIR CONTROVERSY

By Fannie Edgar Thomas



MET Clara Jerome-Chester to-day."

"Ah, the celebrated sculptress? She is very happily married, I understand!"

"Oh, y-e-e-s. Her husband is a splendid man, rich, well thought of, devoted

to his wife. But you know, of course, that he has interdicted all her public work. Oh, yes, he has insisted on her giving it all up. At their engagement he forbade all further exercise of her art."

"And she obeys him?"

"Oh, certainly! She says she has quite a little time with herself when an order or a request for some testimonial work reaches her. She just goes and has a good cry and then it is all over."

"How does he dare? I do not think that a husband has any right to restrict his wife's privileges in such a manner!"

"I do not know anything about the right or the wrong of it with him, but I do know the one thing for her to do when he demands it of her, is to obey."

"What! You do not mean to say that a woman must give up everything that a man does not like because she is his wife?"

"I do not regard it as a 'must.' I regard it as a woman's highest privilege to give up anything—save conscience—for the sake of pleasing a good man. However, a man should make known his ideas on a subject like this at the engagement, as Mr. Chester did. Then it is all right."

"The idea! How would you feel to be called on just now to give up your grand musical career for the restrictions of domestic life, to concentrate all your great possibilities on the approval of one man?"

"Deeply grateful, my dear. I regard the talent of fully meriting the approval of one worthy man as the greatest on earth. I would gladly drop art, career and the public to-morrow to live in a shanty with my ideal lover."

"Oh, well, that is just sentiment. You know that you could not live in a shanty."

"I know that I would not have to with him, because my ideal man is not one that would have to remain long in a 'shanty condition'; but I know that I could—with him—if necessary. I am speaking of men worth the worship of women—such as all men might be. I think that when a woman is born so infatuated by a career instinct that all else seems valueless to her, she had better remain true to her instinct and let marriage alone. If women feel that they owe themselves to the world and humanity at large, through their calling, let them give themselves to it. There are such women. They are called from matrimony. Let the woman who is 'called' follow."

"What! Cannot a woman do both?"

"She can, but she can't—rather she won't—not if she is an ideal wife. The smartest, most charming, most delightful, most tactful woman that ever lived, has need of the fullest exercise of all the gifts, charms, brains and graces of soul she may possess to keep one man's love. I do not mean simply to keep him bound by his marriage ties—that a woman may easily do—but to keep the full bloom on the fruit of love, to keep love's garden radiant through all seasons, to keep the sky of love cloudless, its music pure, its victory supreme."

"But a domestic life is not always large enough to utilize all of a woman's possibilities. If she has no children, for instance—"

"Any woman in whom the home instinct is not warped or lacking, does not have to exert herself in these days of resource to find occupation and plenty of it, all conducive to the highest progress, too. It is only those craving the public life who offer this as an excuse. A woman who lives to fill the boundaries of four walls finds her hands full; but let her once commence filling outside boundaries, and her home arms grow to feel decidedly empty. A woman grows to need friction, applause, the excitement of endeavor. These are matters of habit. Once she has experienced them she finds 'home' a limited platform, and the 'approval of one man' a circumscribed wreath. As to children, the tendency of married public life is to lessen the desire for them. It certainly makes the care of them an impossibility. Either is striking at the foundations of the best purpose of life."

"Of course, I am not speaking of those women, who, by duty or necessity are compelled to breast the cruel current of a homeless sea. I can only feel for them an immense pity."

"But we are wandering off into strange and dangerous topics, my dear. I believe the original question with us was not the value or necessity of a public career to a woman, nor of a woman's loyalty to her art, nor of a man's rights in the matter of restriction, but simply her right to give up what she considers hers when a good man requests it of her. Obey, I say!"

"And I say not!"

"Well, you have your opinion and I have mine."

* "A Look Ahead" concludes Mr. Bangs' reports of "The Paradise Club" meetings, which began in the JOURNAL for December, 1894, and have continued consecutively through subsequent issues. Back numbers of the JOURNAL can be supplied for ten cents per copy.

THE LUCK OF THE PENDENNINGS

By Elizabeth W. Bellamy

DRAWING BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

XII



ESTHER was in the garden measuring off a space to be devoted to cold frames, when Roger came running to her waving something above his head, which, upon nearer view, proved to be a large yellow envelope. Esther, who, since her visit to Miss Trent, had been blissfully oblivious of the mortgage, turned faint at the sight; the size, the color, the unexpectedness of this missive suggested all the terrors of the law to her inexperience.

"Who brought it?" she faltered.
"I don't know; just a man on a horse."
Then Esther thought with anguish of her mother. "Has—has mamma seen it? Does she know?"

"No," Roger answered. "He came to the gate while I was mulching the rose-bushes, as you told me, and said, very particular, 'For Miss Esther Pendennis.'"

Esther sat down upon the little pile of bricks and lumber that was waiting to be converted into cold frames. She was literally unable to stand. With a trembling hand she tore open the envelope and found some torn papers and a note in a crabbed, unknown handwriting. And this was what she read with devouring eyes:

My Brave Young Kinswoman: Will you accept what I send with this as a gift from a lonely old man, fain to command the friendship of a girl whose kinship he is proud to acknowledge?

Believe me, I have not been unmindful of the noble effort you are making for those you love, and I should before now have given this testimony of my sympathy and admiration, but that my whole attention has been absorbed so completely by an affair of painful moment. Forgive me, and let me have the joy of realizing that Roger Pendennis's daughter has a heart as warm as was her father's.

Your kinsman and friend,
CARROLL ASHE.

It was a moment or two before Esther understood that the torn bits of paper accompanying the note represented the canceled mortgage. This unlooked-for relief coming in such a way, was more than she could bear with calmness. She bowed her head in her hands, and—to poor little Roger's wild dismay—she was shaken by uncontrollable sobs.

"Sister! Sister!" he cried, clasping her in his arms. "Who has hurt your feelings? Wait until I am a man, and nobody shall make you cry," he adjured her, with the pathetic, despairing hope of childhood, oppressed by a sense of its present powerlessness. "Sister! Sister!"

How it came about, Esther, in her excitement, never accurately knew, but presently she found herself in the midst of her family. She had an undefined recollection afterward that she had comforted Roger while he was striving to comfort her; that his sympathy had somehow added to the accumulation of emotion that overwhelmed her, and that, with one unspoken accord, she and her little brother had sought their mother.

Mrs. Pendennis certainly must have found it next to impossible to understand, from Esther's bewildering, incoherent eloquence, the cause of her excitement, but that Anne was at hand to explain Esther's visit to Mr. Ashe.

"Such coals of fire as are being heaped upon my head, mamma," said Esther, half-laughing, half-crying. "Was there ever a more beautiful letter? Not a word about that tempestuous visit of mine that I could not bring myself to confess to you."

"I think I understand it, dear child," Mrs. Pendennis answered, a smile shining through the tears that rose to her eyes. "And I think our cousin has understood you. Your father often said that in disposition you were exactly like Carroll Ashe."

"I must go to him at once," Esther declared. "I cannot be at peace with myself until I have told him how little I deserve this kindness—this magnanimity."

It was with a wildly-beating heart that Esther entered once again the familiar portal of her old home; but she no longer resented Mr. Carroll Ashe's ownership; she was glad that he and not a stranger was living under that beloved roof, for already the pity that awoke on first hearing of his "lonely and self-fixed existence," had grown into a filial affection, a yearning to comfort that loveless old age.

She was ushered into the same room where she had made her previous visit, but she had not now to wait; Mr. Ashe was seated by the fire, so lost in reverie, however, that he paid no heed to her entrance, and she was under the necessity of announcing herself. "I am Esther," she said. "I came—I came to"—then he looked up, and it went to her heart to see how he had aged.

"Ah, Esther?" he sighed, rising and taking her hands in his. "I thought you would come."

"I don't deserve your kindness," she said.

"I think you do," he contradicted, with a smile that gave his cold, grave face a new aspect.

"But you must know the truth; how bitterly I felt toward you—how unjustly—oh, I have so misjudged you," Esther confessed in great agitation.

"Very naturally," replied he dryly. "Most people do; perhaps it is my fault."

"No, it was my fault," Esther insisted.

"I—I was wicked enough to wish I might find a way to be even with you; I said so to Anne."

"I can well believe it," he declared, smiling again. "I have said such things in my impetuous youth—and been very sorry afterward."

There was so much to tell—for Mr. Ashe prompted her with ever-recurring questions—that it was dark before Esther was aware. "I shall miss the car!" she exclaimed, starting up. "Mamma will be so uneasy."

"You are not to take the car," Mr. Ashe announced with decision, reaching forward to ring the bell. "I will send you home in the carriage."

When he had given the order to the servant he betook himself to walking back and forth the length of the long room, seemingly oblivious of Esther's presence; but when the carriage was announced he put his hand upon her shoulder detaining her.

"Do not go just yet," he entreated. "There is something I wish to say to you." But he paused, and Esther was half-fright-

"Yes, I will send you word to-morrow," Esther answered.

"Then good-night, Esther. Your mother must not be kept too long expecting you. Let me put you in the carriage. I would accompany you gladly, but I am just recovering from an illness and I cannot brave the night air."

On her way home Esther was conscious of but one thought—the black, black shadow cast by this sudden sunshine of prosperity. She understood Mrs. Hackett now; but that, indeed, did not matter, it was the unwilling comprehension of Arthur Hackett that weighed upon her spirits. She assured herself that she was glad to know him in his true colors; she congratulated herself that she had never cared for him—yet she knew that she was happier before she made the direful discovery that he had declared his love to Esther the prospective heiress, not to Esther the market-gardener. Yes, she was happier far, even in the shadow of the mortgage, for then she had believed in him.

The lamps were lighted, and the family were gathered around the parlor fire when Esther entered, so full of her visit to Mr. Ashe that she did not perceive the presence of a visitor.

"Here she is, mamma," shouted Roger. "And here's Mr. Hackett, Esther."

Mr. Hackett, thus announced, rose laughing. Esther greeted him with a formality—not to say stiffness—that had the effect of making Roger feel decidedly snubbed. He thought Mr. Hackett irresistibly delightful, and he wondered what made his sister "so queer." But Arthur Hackett, having survived her lofty disdain on previous occasions, was conscious only that Esther appeared to have gained a strange, new beauty.

"I hope you were not worried at my stay, mamma?" she asked, ignoring Arthur Hackett's eyes. "Mr. Ashe sent me home in his carriage."

"No, I was not worried," Mrs. Pendennis answered serenely. "I was sure you would be taken care of. But I have been impatient for your return. Something has happened since you left, Esther." A restless light in her eyes, and a varying flush in her delicate cheeks gave evidence of an unusual excitement.

"Mamma has had news," said Anne. "Big news, you'd never guess," lisped Lucy.

"That land you were so fond of saying wouldn't sprout peas, Esther, well, it's going to sprout—millions!" piped Roger.

They all seemed to speak at once; but Roger's shrill exultation threw a light upon the situation that robbed Esther of all serenity. She had hardly given a second thought to Mr. Fastin's hint that the land might eventually prove a good investment, but as her glance took in the map lying upon the table, she remembered, with keen humiliation, her impulsive mention to Arthur Hackett of that barren property; she saw in him a purchaser, and all her pride was up in arms.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed in a tone of distress, and sat down unable to stand.

"She can't believe it!" commented Roger gleefully.

But the look she cast upon Arthur Hackett—a look of inquiry, reproach, indignant remonstrance, proclaimed to him, at least, that she did believe it. He understood her perfectly; he was amused; yet, fully appreciating the cause of her distress, wished to reassure her.

"Don't march too fast for the music, Roger," he said laughingly. "The land isn't sold yet. And, indeed, Mrs. Pendennis, I am convinced, from all I can learn about the prospects of that region, that your wisest course is to hold your tract yet longer. It is certainly worth more than these men are offering you."

He had addressed himself to Roger and to Mrs. Pendennis, but what he said was for Esther's benefit; and it had the desired effect.

"But, I don't understand, mamma?" she said, brightening perceptibly.

"I hardly understand, myself," Mrs. Pendennis replied, still tremulous from the excitement induced by this unexpected turn of fortune. "The postman brought me a letter soon after you left, from a firm of real estate agents, offering five thousand dollars—"

"It will soon be worth more," Arthur Hackett interpolated.

"I have not gotten over the excitement yet," quavered Mrs. Pendennis. "I wanted to send a telegram to say 'yes,' but Anne persuaded me to wait and see Mr. Fastin."

"If you had seen it as your duty to confer a bounty on those real estate agents, Anne never could have prevailed with you," Esther declared laughing.



"The world existed but for these two"

"I have been sorry, I have indeed," said Esther; "but I was a coward, I could not bring myself to tell you; I was afraid you might think it was only—asking—in another way. And now—now it is impossible that I can ever repay—"

"Do not speak of repayment," he interrupted. "You must understand that it is my right to make gifts to Roger Pendennis's children."

"Oh, it isn't the gift," Esther protested. "Anybody can repay money. It is the—magnanimity with which you overlooked my rude injustice."

"There was no magnanimity on my part whatever," Mr. Ashe insisted. "I pleased myself—that was all."

"Anne says that I behaved like a robber—a highway robber," Esther protested, being in no mood to spare herself.

"And Anne was right," Mr. Ashe returned, smiling gravely. "You robbed me of my heart, my brave young kinswoman."

Then laying his thin hand on hers, "You are very like her," he said with effort, "the daughter that I lost—my only child. For her sake, Esther, let us be friends."

"Yes," Esther promised, deeply moved.

"Tell me of your home," Mr. Ashe commanded brusquely, as if he shrank from encountering any further expression of sympathy. "I am left alone in the world, with no kindred but you Pendenings, and I crave a little place in your regard."

ened at the painful earnestness of his expression. "I am an old man," he proceeded after a moment, "and I have seen much sorrow; I would like to command a little happiness before I go hence. Esther—you spoke of repayment just now; take the place of the daughter I have lost—"

"As far as I can," Esther responded with ready sympathy, not fully comprehending his meaning.

"My wish is to adopt you—as my child," he explained.

Esther stood dumb with a surprise that had in it no element of joy, so unwelcome was the instant, irresistible suspicion that condemned Arthur Hackett. "He knew—he must have known," she whispered to herself in bitterness of heart.

"It is no sudden whim," Mr. Ashe went on, "I have learned much about you that assures me I shall not be disappointed in you—that you will well deserve all I can bestow upon you. Let me claim you."

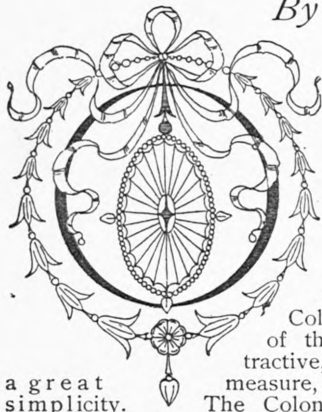
"And leave my mother—Anne—Roger—Lucy—my home?" gasped Esther—yet she was thinking of Arthur Hackett, too. "I do not ask that much of you," sighed Mr. Ashe. "I will consent that you shall divide your time equally between your mother's house and mine."

"Ah," murmured Esther, recovering herself, "you mean me too much kindness."

"Think of it," he urged, "and send me word to-morrow."

COLONIAL EMBROIDERY DESIGNS

By Helen Mar Adams



a great simplicity.

The Colonial style is one of distinctly American origin—a purely American creation—and for that reason is our own, and one which we take pride in employing when decorating and furnishing our homes. It was first used in the architecture of houses and churches erected during the latter years of the last century and the early years of this, and was at the height of its great popularity during Washington's administration, which was known as the Colonial period. That the Colonial is a very popular style at this time is shown by the general interest taken in it. It is much easier to find furniture, draperies and wall papers in a variety of designs in the Colonial than in any other style.

Among the strictly Colonial designs shown on this page some may be found to answer almost every purpose, but should there arise a desire to have one that would be adapted to an article other than the ones mentioned here it is possible to select parts from different articles pictured, and combine them to work out the sought-for result. While many of the designs illustrated are spoken of as being adapted to certain pieces, it does not necessarily imply that they cannot also be used for others. These, like other designs, may be employed where judgment directs.

There are several good body materials on which to embroider, but of them all good round thread

linen is the best; it lasts much longer, will stand repeated laundering and is more satisfactory in every way. The colors to be used in Colonial embroidery are the light, pleasing shades of pink, blue, green, brown, some of the golden shades and a little red. Stems should be in the brown and green shades; leaves in various green hues; ribbons and bows in the pink or light blue shades; berries or pearls in red. The selection of shades in silk or linen must, of course, be left to the good taste and judgment of the embroiderer, but when purchasing them it is best not to pick out those of vivid colors or sombre tones; rather keep to the soft light shades.

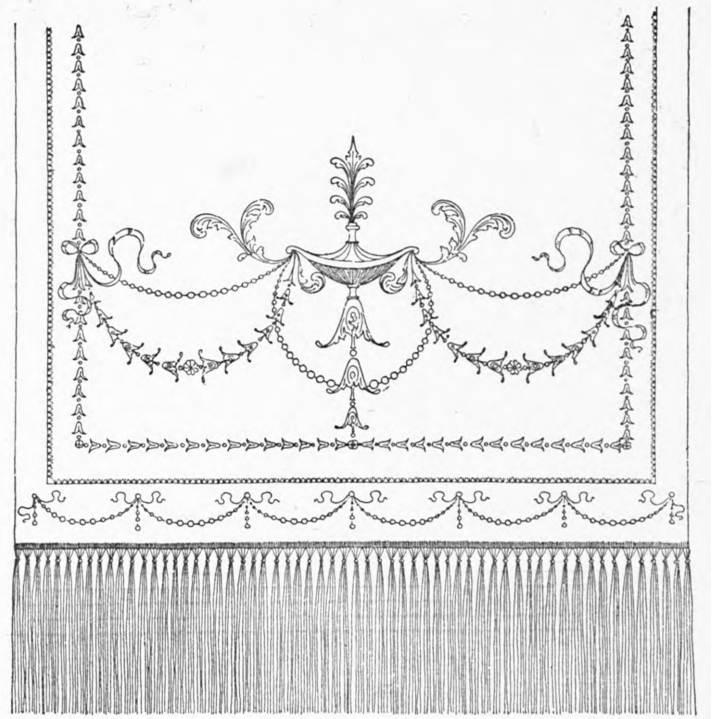
The lower centre design on this page is for the corner of a lunch-cloth or table-cover. Each corner is to be worked the same, and the running border of flower garlands is to extend around the entire outside edge of the cloth. The wreath may be worked in one corner only or in each of the four, as a matter of choice. For a cloth about one yard square, or a little larger, the garland border will look best if made about two inches

and a half or three inches wide and the wreath in proportion—about five inches in diameter. If this design is to be embroidered on a lunch-cloth it should be worked with cream or ivory white silk or linen; if for a table-cover, and colors are desired, the bows and ribbons can be of pink, light blue or white, the stems green, the flowers of various light colors and the leaves in shades of light green. Either the outline or solid treatment can be successfully employed, but the most pleasing results can be obtained by working the ribbons, leaves and flower petals solid, leaving the stems in outline. An inch or so outside the garland border some threads can be drawn and a line of fagot stitching worked. This need not be more than three-eighths or one-half an inch in width. At the corners work a web to fill up the little square hole where the threads have been cut. Outside the fagot stitching a margin two inches wide of plain material may be left, and on it the reeds and rosettes are to be worked, as shown in the illustration. Fringe of desirable length can be made outside the border by raveling out the edges of the body material, or a manufactured edging may be bought and applied.

The right and left centre designs on this page are for stylish square centrepieces that will result satisfactorily if made of round-thread butcher's or antique linen, and embroidered with filo-floss silk in the various light shades suggested for the treatment of the table-cover design. In both illustrations two ways of finishing the edges are shown: one hemstitched and the other fringed. For fancy pieces the edging of fringe is very desirable, but where frequent laundering is necessary the hemstitched edge will prove the most durable and

well worked on a small scale it can be enlarged as much as desired. A good size for it, however, will be about six inches in diameter. If outlined with white or light colors it will make a very attractive ornament, not only for pillow-shams but for scarfs, lambrequins, portières or other large pieces, where an individual design may be worked here and there effectively. For portières three or four of these designs worked along the top in a line, and the same number near the bottom are very attractive, and if embroidered in a straw color on very light sage-green material the effect will be very pleasing. Other colors for the body material to match the decorations in a room, will be quite as good if the proper care is exercised in the selection of colors for the embroidery work, so that both may be in harmony.

For the embellishment of pillow-shams, table-covers, scarfs and other square-cornered pieces the design for a corner is shown in the upper centre drawing. To carry this out effectively the outline stitch may be employed; the shell, however, can be worked solid, and to define the ribs more clearly each may be filled as it is being



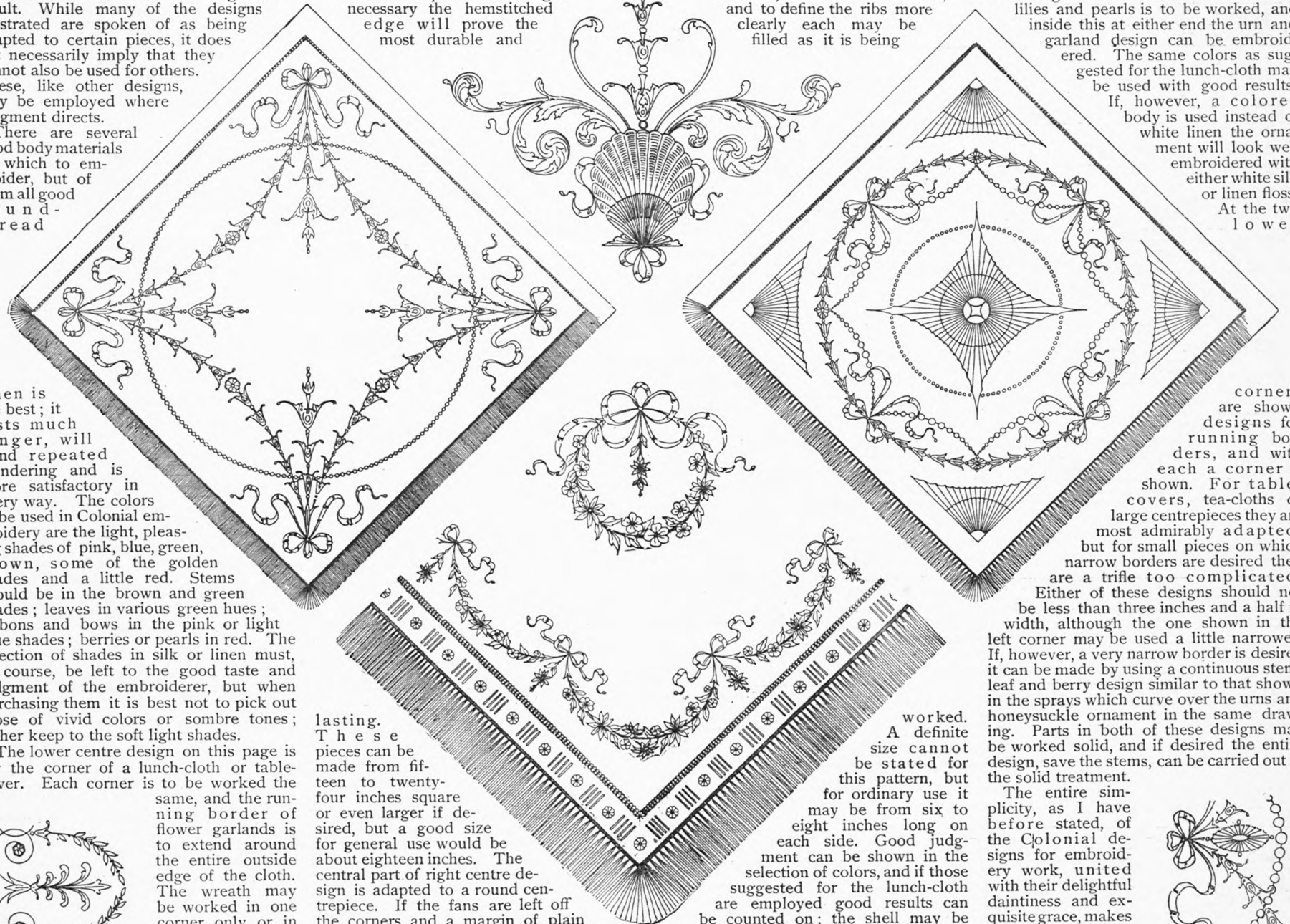
course, be governed by the top of the dresser, as some are but sixteen or eighteen inches and others fully twenty-five inches in width. If a scarf is made about eighteen inches wide it is almost certain to fit the average dresser top, and for one of this size the hem along the sides will look best if made an inch wide. At the ends a hem twice the width is to be made, and on it the series of pearl garlands and ribbons can be worked. To the ends of the scarf there may be added a long fringe. As shown in the drawing, inside the hemstitching all around the scarf a line of lilies and pearls is to be worked, and inside this at either end the urn and garland design can be embroidered. The same colors as suggested for the lunch-cloth may be used with good results.

If, however, a colored body is used instead of white linen the ornament will look well embroidered with either white silk or linen floss. At the two lower

corners are shown designs for running borders, and with each a corner is shown. For table-covers, tea-cloths or large centrepieces they are most admirably adapted, but for small pieces on which narrow borders are desired they are a trifle too complicated.

Either of these designs should not be less than three inches and a half in width, although the one shown in the left corner may be used a little narrower. If, however, a very narrow border is desired it can be made by using a continuous stem, leaf and berry design similar to that shown in the sprays which curve over the urns and honeysuckle ornament in the same drawing. Parts in both of these designs may be worked solid, and if desired the entire design, save the stems, can be carried out in the solid treatment.

The entire simplicity, as I have before stated, of the Colonial designs for embroidery work, united with their delightful daintiness and exquisite grace, makes them especially attractive to those who find satisfying and profitable pleasure in creating objects of decorative art for the home by the skillful use of the needle.

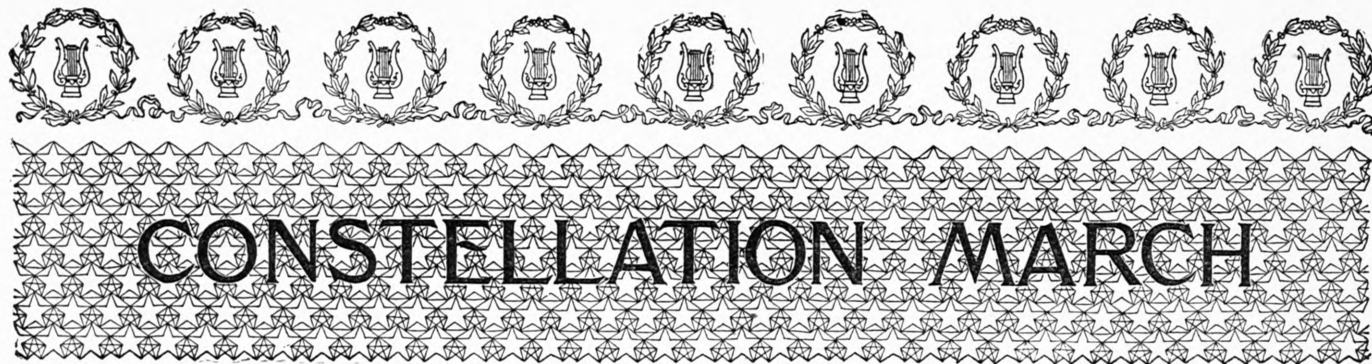


lasting. These pieces can be made from fifteen to twenty-four inches square or even larger if desired, but a good size for general use would be about eighteen inches. The central part of right centre design is adapted to a round centrepiece. If the fans are left off the corners and a margin of plain material allowed outside the circular wreath a line of buttonhole stitching may be worked and the edge fringed. The ornament in both designs will look well outlined, and to lend a contrast the pearls can be worked solid.

A design for the centre of a pillow-sham is shown in the initial illustration heading this page, and while it will look

worked. A definite size cannot be stated for this pattern, but for ordinary use it may be from six to eight inches long on each side. Good judgment can be shown in the selection of colors, and if those suggested for the lunch-cloth are employed good results can be counted on; the shell may be worked in pink and the scrolls light green, or the entire design in white.

For the end of a dresser-scarf the design in the upper right corner is dainty and attractive, and as the garlands may be lengthened or shortened it is adapted to a scarf of any width. A scarf for a dresser of the average size should be about two yards in length, while the width must, of



BY THOMAS CLARK

Composer of "The Belle of New York March," etc., etc.

2

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of three flats. The music includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece with similar notation and dynamics.

Third system of musical notation, including the dynamic marking *ff* and the instruction *marcato.*

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a series of accented notes in both staves.

Fifth system of musical notation, marked *Grandioso.* and *ff*, with a prominent bass line.

Sixth system of musical notation, continuing the *Grandioso* section.

Seventh system of musical notation, marked *Sva.* (Sustained), with a dotted line above the staff.

Eighth system of musical notation, concluding the piece with a first ending (1) and a second ending (2) marked *ff FINE.*

AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR

FOOT-BALL AND WOMEN



HERE was a time when foot-ball was incidental to Thanksgiving Day; nowadays Thanksgiving is incidental to foot-ball. Instead of having Thanksgiving Day on the last Thursday in November we have Foot-ball Day. The true significance of the day has, in a great measure, been lost sight of in the minds of thousands of people who now simply look forward to the coming of the day for its one event: to witness the special game of foot-ball, in the participants of which they are in one way or another interested. Unfortunate as this is, if the craze for foot-ball had stopped at the point of destroying the significance of Thanksgiving Day one might possibly overlook it. But it has not. The matter has gone deeper—so deep, in fact, that it is by no means an exaggeration to say that of all our modern sports none has so many pernicious influences surrounding it as has foot-ball, played as it is to-day. And a calm inquiry into the question will very soon convince even the most ardent advocate of the sport, of this fact.

WHEN foot-ball was first played at Yale and Princeton colleges it was a game of skill and agility—one of the finest games to look upon, and one of the healthiest of sports for men to indulge in. The games played in the years from 1875-1885, for example, were genuine intercollegiate sports. They were played on the college campus, and the spectators consisted mainly of the students of the contending colleges, the townspeople and a few invited friends. There were occasional hurts to the players, but they were only slight, such as young fellows are liable to in any game. Feeling entered into the playing, but passion was eliminated. As in the old Rugby games, "tackling" and "slugging" were unknown. Gentlemen played it because it was a game for gentlemen. Gradually, however, the game grew into notice, "neutral grounds" were sought—that is, grounds away from the college campus of either of the contending teams, the question of money entered into it, until to-day we are offered in a game of foot-ball simply the spectacle of a contest of pure brute strength with the bad odor of mere money-making and gambling surrounding it. This will seem to some to be harsh language, but no other words will apply to a sport which has degenerated until it may not inaptly be likened to the old Roman sports.

SO far as the brutality of the game is concerned there can no longer be two sides to the question. The most uncompromising advocates of the game have conceded this fact. Even college students of the younger set, who ordinarily apply very little reason to either sports or their outcome, were forced last year to acknowledge that the game of foot-ball, as now played, was disgraceful in its brutality. It is useless for the champions of one college to point the finger of blame to rival colleges. The fact that there is so much of this parleying more firmly proves the existence of the evil. If one game of college foot-ball differs from another it is purely and simply in its degree of brutality. If in one contest there happens to be a smaller exhibition of the paraphernalia of litters and surgical instruments, it is merely a matter for congratulation. Displays of fury and brutality only vary in number and results. How disastrous and fatal were these displays last year will be brought home more directly to people when by carefully-computed figures it is shown that forty-six deaths resulted last year from collegiate games of foot-ball within a short period of four months. And the figures I have quoted represent simply the death list. At the end of a season the accumulative record confronts us in its appalling enormity. No record has, of course, been kept of broken ears, lost visions and other disfigurements. As a matter of fact, there is no sport practiced by any civilized nation which can equal a record of forty-six deaths in four months. The prize-ring offers nothing in comparison to it, and yet we exert every effort to prevent pugilism by law. A bull-fight would be at once frowned down if attempted in America, and yet the records of Spain show that during the year of 1894 only twelve men lost their lives in the arena. Surely that is creditable in comparison with the American foot-ball death record of four months in the same year.

WHEN we regard the effects upon the players we meet a condition of things equally serious. Leaving the physical injuries entirely out of the question, the game of foot-ball, as it is played to-day, is an absolute detriment to the mental development of those who participate in it. I have, during the past six months, been at some pains to carefully inquire into the class standings of the men who comprise college foot-ball teams, and the results were interesting. In two cases I found that the majority of the foot-ball players stood among the lowest in their classes, while in the other two instances this same fact was true of one-half of the members of the teams. I know these facts are not in accordance with those advanced by authorities of the game, but they are facts, nevertheless, based upon figures which were secured by me from the most authoritative sources within the colleges. And yet it is told us that the practice necessary to a game of modern foot-ball is not at the expense of classroom work. How, then, I ask, can such facts—and they are facts which cannot be truthfully set aside nor contradicted—be explained? It needs only the most cursory investigation to demonstrate that classroom work and foot-ball training are directly opposed to each other in the results achieved. It is a case of brawn versus brain, and brain suffers. Furthermore, the so-called "fame" which is bestowed upon these college foot-ball players is directly injurious. Their lives are exploited, their portraits are printed, their every movement is chronicled until the subjects are made to feel a prominence which is at once preposterous and absurd. Before a boy is hardly out of his fitting school he is spoiled with a misplaced importance of himself and a mistaken "fame," the evil effects of which he carries with him through his life. This adulation makes "celebrities" of boys who are unfit to understand even the first lesson of life, and cannot distinguish between well-earned fame and a notoriety born of a passing fever and fad. They take unto themselves a distinction which is misleading and cruel in its disappointing results when the possessor of it goes into the outer world seeking where he expected to be sought. Nor is the effect on other students a wholesome one. It requires a strongly-balanced mind, such as is rarely given to a growing boy, for a young man to pursue a craving for knowledge when all around him he hears nothing but foot-ball talk, and sees the men next to him become the talk of the country through a cheaply-attained notoriety. It strikes for him, at the very outset of his career, a false note.

AGAIN, the influences which surround the game are distinctly injurious. The gambling instinct has entered into the craze to an alarming extent. More money is wagered and lost on one of the great foot-ball games than people have any conception of. Last year, for example, at a game played in Philadelphia, over \$41,000 changed hands on the result, while at a Springfield game fully \$75,000 was wagered and lost, a single bet as high as \$8000 being made, and that by a man of forty-five—old enough to know better. In one game in California, where only 5000 people were present at the game, \$28,000 was spent in bets. Young men have run themselves into debt, business positions have been lost, and good reputations have suffered while under the feverish influence of the game. But the players, some of their adherents will protest, are not responsible for people who choose to bet. On the contrary they are directly and absolutely responsible because they have taken the game outside of its normal limits and placed it on a plane where it necessarily attracts, invites and stimulates the gambling instinct. The whole evil to foot-ball is found in that one fact. Foot-ball has been overdone. The college game has been taken away from its only legitimate place: the campus. And it has come into disrepute because it has been so taken away from its birthplace, and been tarnished with a hippodrome taint. And who is to blame for this if not the players themselves? Even the money which has come to foot-ball teams has been mishandled. So much of it has come that those who are in the best positions to know are candid in asserting that wastefulness and prodigality have taken the place of economy and caution. The very ease with which such great sums of money are made, sometimes \$40,000 being divided between two contending teams as the result of a single game, is almost certain to inculcate the most pronounced methods of wildcat financing.

CARE not how earnest a man may be in his desire to advocate healthful sports, he cannot, if he will be fair, see one redeeming phase in the game of foot-ball as it has been played for the past two or three seasons. Those who have been most uncompromising in their advocacy of the game, who remained loyal until the last moment, were compelled last year to completely reverse their sentiments. The feelings of the most loyal graduates were turned from admiration to indignation, and even the few who still hold out for the game invariably find themselves in an apologetic attitude.

And if men have been compelled to turn from the game in shame and disgust, it behoves women to look into the matter and see how far they can go in their indorsement of it by their continued presence at games. Woman's part in this popular craze lies in the fact that she has encouraged it by her attendance upon it. That very fact has lifted the game to a position which it could not have attained by any other means. It is only right that any healthy-minded woman should wish to see a game wherein masculine strength and skill are shown at their best. Ever since the creation of the world she has been attracted by such exhibitions, and she always will be. It is woman's privilege to admire physical strength. And every man is proud to demonstrate his skill to a woman. But women should discriminate between masculine strength and brutal force. And as foot-ball is now played a woman shows her truest self-respect by remaining away from one of the "great games." It is not enough to have the foot-ball teams promise that the rules will be changed so as to make any repetition of the scenes of the past few years impossible. That was distinctly and definitely promised last year, with the result that the new rules were completely broken down, and exhibitions of brutality were more pronounced and revolting than in any other year in the history of the game. This year, undoubtedly the same promises, only stronger, will be made. But the woman with self-respect will be truer to herself and to her best instincts as a woman if she will let this year pass over without attendance at foot-ball games, and if she will continue to remain away until it is demonstrated to her that those who have the game in hand intend to bring it back to the point of respectability. The game of foot-ball can and must be modified so as to make it respectable. It is too good a game to be lost, since its excellencies are many. But its present deformities must be removed before well-bred women can continue to patronize the game. Last year women felt themselves demeaned by their attendance at such spectacles as were given. It is for them to decide whether they will spare themselves the possibility of a like feeling this year.

AMERICAN GENEROSITY

THE American is never so unnatural as when he is saving money, and never is he quite so much himself as when he is spending it. Hence, he has been the most unnatural mortal on earth for the past two or three years. But now, with the lifting of the gloom, and the sun of prosperity shining directly in his face, he is taking courage and heart. Once more he is going to spend, and, if appearances count for anything, he will spend freely this winter. Thanksgiving means more to him this year, and thousands of thank-offerings will have a ring of earnestness in them this month that they have not had for several years. For say what we like, dispute it as we will, we are a very material people. Our hearts are most thankful when our pockets are fullest and our bodies best fed and clothed. Generosity is a synonym with the word American. The American dearly loves to spend, and he it said to his credit, he spends with equal pleasure upon those he loves as upon himself—and sometimes even with more. It is the American trait not only to be generous, but to wish to see others happy amid personal happiness. The American is willing to work hard, but he must spend. All this is good: generosity broadens men, just as penuriousness contracts men. If we stopped at generosity all would be well. But Heaven knows we do not. Years ago we passed the line of generosity, and if there were another line beyond extravagance we would have passed that long since. But there is where we halt at present: at extravagance. We are known to-day as an extravagant nation, and our most dangerous weakness as a people lies in extravagance. No lesson seems severe enough for us to remember: within a year the most of us will have forgotten what we passed through in the two or three years which now lie behind us. We have rallied from the shock, and this is commendable; but to forget its lessons would be a misfortune. Let us be known as a generous people but not as a generation of spendthrifts, spending our money without reason and setting a false standard to those who are dependent upon us.

IT is a great pity that in this country we cannot grow older a little faster than we are doing; not in years, but in the learning of some vital lessons. Point out a national weakness, such as this idea of riotous extravagance which possesses so many of us, and we quickly reply, "Well, we're young as a nation, you know. We'll learn better as we grow older." But how much longer are we to remain young? How much further can we safely go in teaching children, by example or precept, that money is an article which must be spent and never saved? Because that is what we are doing, and nothing else. "But we don't want our children to be stingy," is the universal excuse. Certainly not. But do we want them to be spendthrifts? With our keen perceptions more alive to all points in human life than is customary with nations, are we so blind that we cannot see that a happy mean exists between extravagance and penuriousness? Are we always to cling to extremes, refusing to recognize a safer middle ground in this matter? It is not a pleasant thing to contemplate, if we will sit down and quietly do so, the effect this extravagance will have upon future generations. Already the results are noticeable. As I have said before on this page, the girls are few nowadays who have any true conception of the value of money: the vast majority of them are improvident. The same is true of our young men, three-fourths of whom live in these days abreast of their incomes, if not in excess of them. The fact is, that very, very few men, young or old, but especially the young, make more money than they spend. Habits of improvidence have not alone taken root among the vast majority of our young men, but they are taking firmer root all the time. It makes not an iota of difference what the income is, the result at the end of the year is the same. This is what improvidence does: it finds one at the end in precisely the same condition as at the start, if not in a worse one.

TOO many of us are fearful of being considered stingy, and this fear leads us to the point, not of generosity, as we seem to think, but of extravagance. To be provident is something which we must learn; to realize, in other words, that there is a medium ground between extravagance and close-fistedness. And it is found in being provident. This is what must be impressed upon the young, and we who are mature in years should set the example. Because we happen to have the means at our command is no excuse for setting a false standard to our children, showering luxuries upon them which in later years they will not recognize as luxuries, but as necessities without which they cannot do. Fathers are far too prone to make life too easy for their sons, regarding business as a sort of martyrdom for themselves, but one to be held off from their sons as long as possible. Young men are given a license in matters of spending money on clothes and indulgences far beyond their years or needs. Girls are spoiled by loving and well-intentioned mothers in a way that not only gives them false notions as to the fitness of things, but directly stands in the way of their future chances of happiness. Young men dare not assume the risk of marrying and supporting these girls whose wardrobes cost as much and very often more than do those of their mothers. We cannot blame the girls; naturally they take all that they can get. It is the mother who is to blame—the mother who in her love for her child really does her an incalculable and irreparable injury.

DO not want my readers to get the notion that I am an extremist in this question of saving money. Perhaps if I were, I would myself have more to-day than I happen to have. Where the means are at one's disposal I believe in comforts. We live but once, is a true saying, and we should get what comfort we can while we live. But there is a vast difference between this and the extravagance to which so many of us are given. Indulgent fathers and loving mothers apparently do not realize the harm that they are doing. But it is time they should come to a realization of it. The school of extravagance is not one in which to educate a girl or a boy. Its lessons are death-dealing, as many know. The school of wise, practical economy is far better. The most valuable lessons in life are to be learned there. To be provident is not to be stingy, mean, penurious nor close-fisted. It is to be wise. Generosity is not impossible with providence. It is well that we should let the young be as free from cares and worries as they can be, but it is not well that they should be allowed to reach young manhood or young womanhood with the seeds of extravagance in their natures, or without a true realization of the value of money. But we must begin with ourselves, we who are older. We must set the example of provident living, avoiding closeness on the one hand and extravagance on the other, remembering that the greatest evil of extravagance is visited upon those who live after us. Extravagance means a legacy of pain; providence a legacy of pleasure.

THE FATHER'S DOMESTIC HEADSHIP

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

ONE criticism passed upon this series of articles as thus far produced has been that it loads the wife and mother with an undue burden of responsibility and seems to leave the father practically exempt. While denying that any burden has been laid upon her that she is not peculiarly and providentially fitted to bear, it is certainly true that her obligations in the form in which I have attempted to state them are onerous and exacting. It must be remembered, however, that a considerable element of the sex is just now clamoring for a new and larger domain of responsibility, and there seems to be a good deal of fitness in availing of this juncture to remind them that they will have to do a good deal more than they have yet done in order handsomely and completely to occupy the territory that is already accorded to them and that is physiologically and temperamentally marked out for them. We have all seen a goodly number of admirable wives and mothers, but we have probably scarcely seen one who could not have been a great deal larger and more accomplished than she was without its being necessary for her to have a wider territory of exertion in order to evince and exercise all there was in her. I have taken no ground against woman's doing anything and everything that the most demonstrative and high-keyed representatives of her sex aspire to. In particular I have not even uttered a word against so serious an innovation as that of woman's going to the polls. I have only tried to show the infinite stretch of opportunity that opens before her in the line of service which the general instinct and the revealed word of God shows to be primarily pertinent to her. When the sex has succeeded in doing perfectly what God and Nature evidently intended to have her do it will be ample time for her to think about doing some things upon which God and Nature have expressed themselves less definitely.

STILL no urgency with which I have pressed the matter of woman's domestic accountability has been intended to relieve the other sex of an equal, not to say paramount, accountability in the same field. The head of the family is not the mother but the father. The husband is the house-band—a mode of representation which exhibits the home as securing its final unity and stability in and around the father. In every well-ordered household the man will defer to the woman and the woman will defer to the man, and there will be a good deal of domestic reciprocity that will admit of being pleasantly illustrated by what is known in astronomy as binary stars, wherein each member of a stella couplet bends to the other and revolves about the other. But when we have amplified all that we consistently can along that line it yet remains that it is the man, and not the woman, that is intended to be the house-band, and that the husband and father is the point of final determination. The Bible teaches us that this is so. All men know that this is so. Most women know that this is so, and such women as do not, have presentiments to that effect and go about with voices pitched sufficiently high to dull and deaden the note of those presentiments. I should have no object in denying that the instances are numerous wherein, as matter of fact, the mother is more distinctively the controlling and shaping energy of the family than the father, and better fitted to be such, which is only to say—what everybody knows—that there are masculine women and effeminate men. Nature sometimes tumbles together, in one bundle of individuality, physiological elements that belong to one sex and temperamental ingredients that are the property of the other. But the purposes of Nature are not to be inferred from her mistakes, and her regular productions indicate it as her intention that the father should be that determinative column of strength in which not only the wife and mother shall win her best support but around which mother and children both shall secure the finished coherency of perfect familyhood. If in this representation there is a dash of ideality, yet the lines here drawn cannot be said to be widely out of parallelism with the transparent intention of God's word; and it will certainly be found that the sweetest and strongest homes are those in which the criterion thus stated comes nearest to its realization.

IN all satisfactory and thorough treatment of the relations with which we have here to deal it has to be remembered that the man and the woman stand to one another in a complementary relation. Each is expressive of only a part of those elements of character required to compose a complete personality. The mistake which a man makes in trying to be womanly, and the far more frequent mistake which a woman makes in trying to be manly, springs from the assumption that it requires the elements of but a single sex in order to the production of all-round character. Sex is limitation, and to proceed as though it were not has debilitated the manliness of some men and ruined the womanliness of a good many women. If now I were to venture to specify the distinctive feature of the masculine and feminine sexes respectively I should say strength and grace. This does not mean necessarily that the woman is a weakling or the man a monstrosity, but that vigor and delicacy are the threads respectively upon which the qualities of the two are predominantly strung. Whether our thought be upon physical, mental or moral characteristics we do not like a man whose character can be designated by the word delicacy, nor a woman whose character can be summarized by the term strength. In this is indicated in general, though distinct terms, the relations which the father and mother are to sustain respectively toward the household. The mother, whether in her material or personal structure, is to be primarily the expression of all that makes for beauty, delicacy and grace of character and life. The father, on the contrary, it is right to expect will be the exponent of whatever can be best stated by such terms as vigor, strength and authority. The father will be the law of the home and the mother its gospel.

IF we had all been brought up in homes, such as I wish we might all have been blessed with, we understand what is meant by saying that when we were children our father was to us a kind of Old Testament and our mother a sort of New Testament. However much we loved our father our access to him was not of quite the same close order probably as in the case of our mother. Oftentimes, indeed, we approached him through her. We induced her to speak in our behalf, which is again an interesting reminder of what we find on theological ground in the employment of a new covenant intercessor in order to reach the old covenant Jehovah. I do not refer to this analogy between things in the family and things in the Heavens because I lay great stress upon it; at the same time the coincidence, if it be but a coincidence, is interesting. A great deal of the gist of high and divine matters is traceable in minutest shape upon exceedingly lowly and human ground. Even the fatherhood of God has been generally conceived as somewhat distanced from us, and we have depended upon a Christ or upon the "Divine Mother" of our Lord to bridge the interval. In the economy of Heaven, and similarly in that of the earthly home, we have an instinctive sense that approach to the place of authority and power must be mediated by motherly intervention.

WHILE, perforce of ordinary circumstance, the father's duties will hold him considerably apart from the contacts of home life, yet whatever successes he may achieve outside will not atone for any failure on his part to regard his home as the prime sphere of his obligation and the point around which his devotements will cluster in distinguished earnestness and constancy. Whatever he may have achieved in his art, trade, profession or other engagement, the man who stands at the head of a household has been in the broad sense of the term a failure if he has not been a true husband and a wise, strong and devoted father. It cannot be a successful home where the mother looks after the children and the father looks after his business. The most productive services rendered are always personal, and any amount of exertion expended outside in providing for the necessities of the home will not take the place of that tutorial ministry which comes only by the direct and continuous contact of father with child. However complete a woman may be as a mother there are qualities of character which the father will communicate to his children that the mother will be less able to do as well as less intended to do.

UNDOUBTEDLY there is a certain division of labor which will prove equally advantageous in domestic administration as in the conduct of any other class of affairs, and it will be to the peace of the household and to the successful running of its machinery that that division should be pretty distinctly made and not too frequently interfered with or departed from. But when it comes to the matter of developing in the children their young possibilities of manhood and womanhood the father, as well as the mother, has a constant and indispensable part to play. Neither can substitute for the other. The contribution toward personal character respectively rendered by them will be widely differentiated, but each will be an absolute essential. As already intimated the bone and sinew of character will probably be a quotation from the father, and the delicate tissue with which it is overlaid will as likely be a bequest from the mother. Without unduly pressing this distinction it has, nevertheless, its sure basis in the facts of the case, and the father who relegates to the mother the personal upbuilding of his children, without becoming himself an intimate factor in their constant life, ill deserves the paternal dignity that has been put upon him, and entails upon his children a legacy of defect which no maternal solicitude nor effort will quite avail to supply.

IT is the father who makes out the point of connection between the home and the great outside world with its large purposes and passionate competitions. While the home is the mother's world, the world has also to be the father's home, and it is the relation which he sustains toward the world and the character with which he comports himself in it that will go far toward determining whether the children, particularly the sons, as they come to mature years, will subject the world to the behests of large and sterling principle, or whether they will become themselves slaves of the world, torn by its distractions and dragged at the wheel of its despotizing ambitions. It is life and not precept that gives to the boy his bent. Solomon could cover an entire acre with astute and prudent proverbs, but that was of no account with his son Rehoboam, who took his cue from his father's behavior and not from his father's philosophy. Boys love their mother and believe abstractly in all the sweet and virtuous lessons learned at their mother's knee, but the world is so different a place from the home that once the boy has begun to get out into it, home virtue gradually comes to appear impracticable—a sort of dress-parade affair that is too delicate in its texture and too fine in its finish to sustain the rough usage of common, workaday life. He would scorn to lie or be tricky in his dealings indoors, but immediately he gets out-of-doors new combinations confront him, new exigencies challenge him; he finds that smartness plays the rôle that in his domestic surroundings he had always seen accorded to forbearance and truthfulness; and, not because the boy is bad, but because he has come into circumstances which he thinks his mother does not understand, where methods seem necessary that are hewn to a wider gauge than she could be presumed to feel the need of, he continues to believe in fireside virtue such of the time as he is at home, and inclines to its replacement by a rougher and more flexible type of virtue to be used in the contacts and exigencies of business.

NOW it is just at this juncture that everything practically depends on the father. The boy loves his mother probably more than he does his father, but so far as relates to the affairs of life in general and on its hard side, he has ten times the confidence in his father's practical and available wisdom that he has in that of his mother. And if his father finds it necessary in the conduct of business to strain one or two of the commandments the boy will keep on repeating the commandments to his mother and commence breaking them with his father, and that, too, without feeling that the sinuosity of the procedure involves any great amount of inconsistency. As it seems to him he is only doing what a man on his travels does with his watch which he sets according to the longitude of the region he happens at any time to be in, without any suspicion of having done violence either to meteorological or horological principles. The only thing that will save the boy and hold him in such a way true to the fixed pole of rectitude that no considerations of place or circumstance can deflect him is that he be under the domination of a father whose life in the midst of the world incarnates the principles learned from the mother in the midst of the home. The boy will believe in the feasibility of his mother's doctrine of righteousness if he sees his father take it out and exemplify it under the stress of business.

The father's life to this degree measures the power of the mother's tuition, and is as the hand of God hastening or postponing the fulfillment of her maternal longings and prayers for the children of the household.



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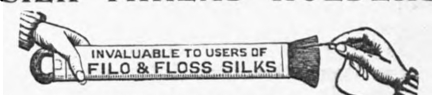


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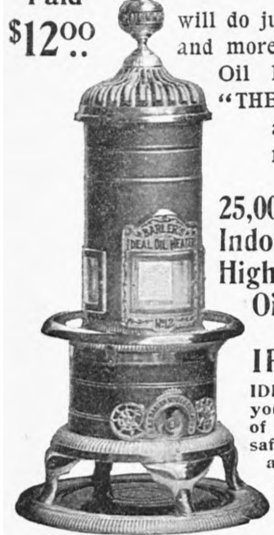
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THE MISTRESS OF THE SMALL HOUSE

By Ruth Ashmore



THE girl who got married last June, wisely enough had her arrangements made to begin her wifehood in a home. It was a little house with one maid as servitor to the inmates. This was the wise girl. The unwise one, the foolish wife, whose lamp goes out because it lacks home love, is that other who thinks that a home can be made

in a boarding-house. She shirks the little daily trouble that is required to make a home, and she lies around lazily, wearing those elaborate tea-gowns that formed part of her trousseau. But it seems to her, as the days go on, that her husband is not growing any fonder of her. Foolish little wife! To imagine that a husband could be firmly anchored to her unless he was caught to the firm foundation of a home!

The wise girl has looked over her wedding presents, placed the pretty pieces of bric-à-brac where they will be most effective, and put in their proper places the silver, the napery and all the useful gifts that came when it was known that Dorothy was going to keep house. From the very day when she first told "that dear boy" that she would be his wife, she has tried to learn all she could about making a home, and making it so that the people who live in it may get the greatest pleasure out of it. Rather to the horror of some of her relations, who believe in keeping the best for the stranger, Dorothy elects that her nicest silver, her finest napery, her brightest glass shall appear on her table every day. And she says, "Nothing that I have is too good for my husband." That is the way to start out, for then the maid realizes that the table must look always dainty for the family and will never fail to have it otherwise. Thus it is quite possible for the master of the house to bring an unexpected guest, since he is always certain that, even though the meal be simple, it will be good and well served. Oh, yes, it is quite possible to entertain, even though the house be small, and instead of a troop of servants only one maid in the kitchen. First of all Dorothy must arrange for that maid, remembering that the position of mistress and servant must be recognized.

THAT ONE MAID

IN choosing the maid Dorothy was careful that she was strong and healthy and good-tempered. She selected, in preference to a professional cook, a young woman who had never lived with any one else before. And she carefully, but certainly, taught her all her duties. She gave her a comfortable room, her own bed linen and her own towels; permitted her, indeed encouraged her, to have in her room the religious pictures that she liked and the photographs of her friends. Rika—that was this maid's name—soon learned that her mistress always meant what she said, and was as anxious for the happiness of those in her employ as for that of her herself. Up early, Rika stripped and aired her own bed. Then she attended to her fire. Then laid the table for breakfast and got that simple meal as she had been taught by Dorothy. And queerly enough she learned the beauty of a bunch of flowers, and if Dorothy forgot to put one on the breakfast-table Rika did not.

Breakfast over, the master gone, the table cleared of the larger dishes, Rika brought in a bowl of hot water, soap, a mop and a glass cloth, and Dorothy, as daintily as if she were dusting bric-à-brac, washed the silver and the glass and those dainty cups and saucers that would so easily be shattered if they were handled roughly. Most people are inclined to scoff at dish-washing. It only becomes unpleasant work when it is badly done, and this nobody knows so well as the dainty housewife. Following a custom of her mother's, Dorothy had a fresh breakfast napkin on the table every morning and a large one for dinner. Old-fashioned housekeepers call this nonsense. Housekeepers of to-day know that napkins that are only mussed and which do not require hard rubbing last twice as long. Mistress Dorothy dusted her own parlor and kept her own bedroom in order; she made her own desserts and invariably set her dinner-table. And Rika never failed her, when in answer to the little bell that must be on the table where there is only one maid, by appearing in anything but a clean cotton frock and a fresh white apron, and so expressing daintiness in her appearance.

A SERIES OF DAYS

ON Monday morning Rika was up early, and long before breakfast had commenced to wash the clothes that had been put to soak late the night before. These were all done and out on the line by twelve o'clock. A visitor on Monday was not forbidden, but Dorothy did not choose to have one often because she elected that that day there would be a cold luncheon. Tuesday brought the ironing. The shirts of the best boy in the world went to the laundry, and Dorothy, who found it pleasant work, ironed the handkerchiefs and the napkins, folding them as she liked best to see them. Wednesday morning meant the thorough cleaning of the dining-room and the silver. Thursday was devoted to the bedrooms, and here Dorothy gave a helping hand. Friday was the drawing-room's cleaning-up time, and again Dorothy came forward, covered up the bric-à-brac with soft sheets kept for that purpose, let the lamp shades repose on the bed in her room while the sweeping was going on, and then, when the sweeping and scrubbing and all the hard work was over, Dorothy placed things as she liked them, giving to her little room the air of being lived in by a gentlewoman. Saturday had innumerable duties—everything that had been left undone belonged to it.

"But the maid's going-out time," says the old housekeeper. I will tell you how she arranged about that. After dinner two or three times a week Rika was permitted to go out. Thursday afternoon from lunch time until five o'clock was hers, and Dorothy paid her a little more money that she might not ask to be away at meal time. Her church hours were given to her, and every other Sunday from ten to four was hers, and on that day Dorothy herself arranged the luncheon for that dearest boy.

ABOUT THE VISITORS

TO be sure she has them. Her own dear mother, and the new dear mother and the sisters on each side all come to pay a visit to Dorothy; but they are considerate visitors who take care of their own rooms and even give a helping hand, when it is permitted by the mistress of the house. But there are other visitors—friends of the dearest boy—and because this little household is run systematically it is possible to have them, not to be extravagant and yet to make them feel that they are honored guests. Dorothy soon realized that visitors would be impossible if she attempted to imitate her richer friends in their mode of entertaining; but being a hospitable little body, she thought it all out for herself, and she has her day at home and always the dearest boy can bring at least one unexpected visitor. And when I say "visitor" in this way I mean to eat a meal. The "at home" day is Friday, and Rika herself takes a pride in having everything look its best. The tea-table is laid in the dining-room and Mistress Dorothy, at her prettiest, receives her guests in the drawing-room which she dusted that morning. Expensive? Well, of course, it takes a little money, but it is much more satisfactory than having friends drop in when it is not convenient to see them and being forced to make an excuse for one's non-appearance. There is the tea and the brown bread and butter, and the cake—three or four dozen fancy ones are quite enough—some salted almonds and a pretty dish of bonbons. Rika is glad because the finest of the silver and glass can appear, and being a bit of a diplomat she occasionally surprises her mistress by offering her an extra maid, a friend of her own whom she has invited for the afternoon.

The question of cap and apron did come up; Dorothy bought them, and then explained them to Rika. At first she did not want to wear the cap. Her mistress said, "You can do exactly as you please about it, but your hair must always be plainly and smoothly combed. The cap with its blue ribbon bow is objected to by you because you think it stamps you as a servant. Well, you are one, just as I am a servant to whomever is higher than I. It is not a badge of servitude, but an announcement that you are a good servant in whom your mistress is interested." A Friday afternoon came when she appeared in them. Dorothy said nothing. But she spoke to the dearest boy about it, and that night, as Rika was brushing the crumbs off the table, he said to Dorothy, "My, how pretty Rika looks in her cap!" And Rika, being feminine, was pleased at the compliment and continued to wear the livery of a good servant because of its becomingness. She has seen the trained nurse, who has been taking care of the sick child in the next house, with her immaculate cap and apron, and she is glad to follow her example.

THE DARK DAYS

OF course they came. Days when everything seemed to go wrong; when Rika was upset and Dorothy was nervous and the butcher did not send the fish, and the mistress of the little house believed everybody was stupid except herself. But these days go by, and Dorothy's mother once taught her a valuable lesson. It was this: "Whenever you feel that a servant is stupid, sit down and think how much more stupid you are—you, who have had all the advantages of education and civilization, while this girl, of whom you complain, has been untaught and untrained. So have patience with her." And people used to wonder, those who got into her kitchen, why Dorothy painted on the kitchen door in gilt letters these words, "Remember mother's sermon." And many a time mother's sermon was remembered and Dorothy considered everything and grew patient. Sometimes the dinner was not right. One night a beefsteak was black on one side and red on the other, and the dearest boy looked disgusted and Dorothy wept, and the range would not work. But the dearest boy and the landlord, being men, had it out; and the dearest boy convinced the landlord of the necessity of a new range and everything worked harmoniously in the cooking line after that.

A dark day came once when Dorothy went to see a friend of hers who had married a very rich man. There was a beautiful music-room, and a library that was a picture, although its books were real and not like books in pictures. And Dorothy thought, wickedly enough, "Why can't I have all that? I, who love music while she doesn't know a thing about it. Why can't I have that library? My husband is a book lover and hers is just a stupid money maker. Oh, dear, it is hard to be poor!" And Dorothy was snappy and cross and Rika soon developed the same disposition, and altogether it was a horrid day. And then Dorothy thought, for her senses were returning to her, "Could I stand being married to that stupid man, even if he has plenty of money? My music sounds just as well on the rented piano and some day we are going to have one of our own. And we can read just as much in books from the library as if we owned them. There is no more story and there is no better English. I am a wicked woman. It is not hard to be poor except when you are poor in brain and poor in heart. And when you are loving of heart and strong of brain, why then you are not poor!" And Dorothy concluded, and I hope all the other girls who ever feel this way will agree with her, that, until she thoroughly understood herself, she would not allow herself to be made unhappy by visiting people of whom she was envious.

THE WISDOM OF IT ALL

CERTAINLY there is wisdom for two young people who have sworn to love each other, no matter whether there is poverty or wealth, no matter whether the days are bright or dark, to have a home of their own. Boarding-house life is bad for women, and I do not believe that any man has ever really enjoyed it. God created women to make homes—to make homes for the men they love and for the children whom God will send to them. And a home must be started at the beginning, at the beginning of this new life. Do not wait for a big house and many servants, but make happiness exist in a little house with one maid as a help. It can be done. I know it can. Dorothy is not a dream character. She is a real live girl, with all of a girl's faults and all of her virtues, but she is starting out right. And that is what I want all of my girls, who got married in the sunshiny months, to do. Do not shrug your shoulders, and say you do not like housework. Work is only disagreeable when it is badly done, and from washing the silver and glass to dusting the bric-à-brac and beating up a cake, everything may be daintily done and well done if you go about it in the right way and with the right spirit. You will have to be considerate and you will have to be patient. You will certainly make mistakes, but each mistake is one step toward success. Burden yourself with patience, consideration and tenderness; you will need to make calls upon them often and often. Then you will gain so much. You will be the happy housewife, the lady of the house who has the right to dispense hospitality and good will; the mistress, not only of the house, but of the heart of your husband, because for him you have created a home. And that is a womanly work—a better monument to you, my dear, than the painting of a wonderful picture, the writing of a great book, or the composing of a fine piece of music. From out a home all virtues and all great works may come. No man ever made a home. He does not know how. The woman's brain, heart and hands are necessary, and a home is such a beautiful thing. It means rest, it means peace and it means love. Make one for your husband and let him find these three great joys in its four walls.

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

ORGANIZING A LITERARY CLUB

By Louise Stockton



THE organization of a club should not be too large if it is to concentrate itself upon specified and individual work. A social or political club may go as far as the desirable element extends, but in a working literary club, for reasons easy to understand, it is wise to keep the membership limited in numbers, perhaps to not more than twenty-five. It is best to have from the start rules governing the organization; they should be brief, certainly tentative. It is much wiser to begin with government than to have it forced upon the attention in the rush of an emergency. There need be but few officers; it should be sufficient for a small club to have a president (perhaps a vice-president, to preside when necessary), and a secretary who can act as treasurer. The income should be generous, avoiding the fatal error of a poverty that impedes all proper freedom of action. If it is a reading club it needs books, it needs, perhaps, to go to the theatre—a use for expenditure quite as legitimate and to the purpose as a dinner or a luncheon—it may need stimulus in the shape of professional talks or lectures, but most of all it must have the sense of liberty which arises from the knowledge that the income is greater than the expenditure. Therefore, I should say, consider what you most desire to do, estimate what it will cost, and then decide whether it is possible. If you cannot fairly meet the expense decide upon something cheaper. Do not handicap yourselves and injure your work by an inadequate income, and never make assessments. Your club is always worth while and should cost you something.

PROVIDING THE SUBJECT

EVERY such society divides itself naturally into four divisions, the readers, writers, talkers and audience. Some of the readers may write, some of the talkers read, but this is the ordinary division. A subject must, therefore, be provided for each class. It must be something easy to write about, suggesting discussion; the literature should be accessible and entertaining, and it must interest the audience as well as the workers. All this being granted, one of the first mistakes to avoid is the selection of a subject that commends itself simply because it is important. Do not choose something which the members should know, but rather something they desire to know, and which in some way touches their interests. The test of a suitable subject is the manifestation of a desire to know more about it, and a perceived need of help from it. To be forced to wait upon the slow development of the programme for the awakening of interest is disheartening and disintegrating, but at the same time subjects which seem dull in prospect often prove delightful when they are properly handled. Nothing can be duller for club work than civics studied purely from books, but when it is developed from local and familiar conditions it is all life and vigor. To tell a country club that Ruskin is especially suited to its needs, provokes the quick reply that he is a writer for artists and art critics, that he is full of technical descriptions and absurd theories. Grant this, and still it remains true that no other writer is more necessary, stimulating or delightful to those who live in the midst of Nature, who need to learn to see, to compare—not one painter with another—but the tree in the winter with the tree in the summer, the sky at dawn with the sky at noon, the reflection in the water, of the shadow on the hillside, the color of the road with the color of the wheat. The "diagnosis of exclusion" comes into Ruskin work very strongly; the artist will take her share, the lover of landscape and of color hers, and the searcher for ethical truth what belongs to her, and each learn lessons as charming and enduring as they are important. For such reasons one cannot judge a subject simply because it does not invite interest—we must rather ask, does it possess it? Does it promise to us something we personally need and sincerely desire to know? And then, most important of all, comes the question, how shall it be presented? Take the history of Puritanism as a study of a period, and it is one thing; take it as a power that influenced our own National history and character, and it is quite another. In the first case it possesses historical value, in the second, live, active personal interest.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB

A PRESIDENT, who for clearness we shall here call the chairman, is the centre of the whole organization, and she cannot study her membership too closely or too sympathetically. She is not called upon to be the lecturer or teacher—these being distinct offices—but she needs to learn the best methods of developing and judging all her material. She will have her personal opinions, but the expression of them is not one of her duties, nor to be governed by them one of her privileges. To be impartial, reticent, to beware of her cronies, to be just to each one of the members of the club, to remember that the office of presiding officer has its responsibilities of silence as well as its duties of speech, is part of the education which she must give herself. If she is conscientious, no position makes larger demands on a woman's ability and few make smaller returns to her self-esteem. Some knowledge of parliamentary law is necessary in order that the meetings may be properly conducted, and to no one should she apply it more rigorously than to herself. There are chairmen who cannot put a motion without giving their opinion of it, and who will during discussions take one side or the other and argue, presuming upon the knowledge that no one will call them to order. No matter how able a chairman may be such transgressions of etiquette injure the club because she not only officially guides the discussion for her own side, but she insensibly steals the innings which should belong to the members. The treacherous gift of fluency is not always an advantage to a chairman, and she who educates herself to think twice before she speaks once may prove the best officer.

THE WORKERS

THE success of an organization depends upon the interest of the members as individuals, and the club which has a chairman possessing the magnetic force which attracts interest and makes each member anxious to "lend a hand" is better off than it would be in having the most eloquent of talkers. The chairman must, of course, know her subject a little better than the average member need, although there is no reason why she should not start as a student with the other members. If she has an advisory committee it should not be made of her friends, but, if possible, of representative members, and for this office she should remember that she does not need the best writers nor the most brilliant thinkers, but the administrative women who know the club and are willing to give time to the work. The brilliant woman finds her own place; it is the quiet worker who may need bringing forward, and it is often true that those who cannot contribute much to a programme are most wise in arranging it. There is, however, one privilege of the office I would advise a chairman to positively refuse—that of receiving informal complaints. I do not mean that she should not heed advice nor note the trend of criticism, but she should not permit herself to be held responsible for the failures or weakness of any meeting conducted by the members according to order. There must be bad readers, weak writers, tiresome talkers, but the chairman, who suffers doubly from them, should refuse to be held responsible for what is out of her own province. The president should serve at least one term, possibly two, as the business is not easy to acquire and the only teacher of real value is experience.

CONDUCT OF THE MEETINGS

THE first points here to be considered are, of course, the number of meetings, the length, the hour and the programme. As each club must settle for itself most of these details, I will pass directly to the programme and at once say, "Don't!" Don't try to make the meetings too full, don't try to crowd into one season all that belongs to the subject. If your own country, for instance, is under consideration, do not, as one club did last winter, fancy that the Missouri Compromise, Nullification, the lives of Clay, Webster and Calhoun, with some mention of Edgar Allan Poe and contemporary literature, can all be considered in one afternoon. A club is not a school nor even a lyceum, and it should not attempt to be too instructive. Its very name indicates its purpose, and the more conference and general work there is, the better will the purpose be served. Remember that no circle can thoroughly study a subject. Thoroughness is the prerogative of the individual.

THE PROGRAMME AND THE WORK

IN each meeting there should be a central idea which shall draw to it every part of the programme and give a concrete character to the work. A main paper; possibly others, very short; discussions and questions to be answered at the next meeting will all help to make an elastic and comprehensive programme.

The work should be arranged and assigned early in the season and no pains spared to induce members to read at home in preparation. The discussions should always suggest the fact of the existence of two plausible sides to the question. Instead of asking, "Was Napoleon Bonaparte a tyrant?" or, "Was the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte an injury to France?" suggest the points you wish considered in some such shape as Emerson puts them in one of his most famous essays:

"Here was an experiment, under the most favorable conditions, of the powers of intellect without conscience. Never was such a leader so endowed and so weaponed; never leader found such aids and followers. And what was the result of this vast talent and power, of these immense armies, burned cities, squandered treasures, immolated millions of men, of this demoralized Europe? It came to no result. All passed away like the smoke of his artillery and left no trace. He left France smaller, poorer, feebler than he found it; and the whole contest for freedom was to be begun again."

Here at once the whole situation is clearly put, and one can read the extract without stopping to consider and to decide whether France did fare well or ill because of him! It is a long statement, but it bristles with argument and in a discussion this is exactly what is needed.

Try to interest each member in the work, but be wary of too eager volunteers. An old editor used to say that there were people who distrusted their ability to write leaders or edit local news, but he never knew any one well-read or novel-bred (which is the same as not well-read), young or old, who was not competent to write book notices!

SELECTING THE READERS

THE same experience, in degree, holds good of readers. There are always people who offer to read. They can, so they say, do nothing else, but they are willing to do this. Pause before you commit yourself. Of course, you do not want the elocutionist, who, seldom in place, is always insufferable in club work, but intelligence, sympathy, a good carrying voice and unaffected manner—these you do need in the reader. Pause and consider whether your volunteer is likely to possess any of these qualifications. If not, do not experiment on your audience.

The writers should be limited in time. Do not hesitate to assist in educating them up to the point of knowing what to leave out. Do not, however, discourage writers. Nothing so stimulates interest in a subject as writing, and the briefest paper will make the largest subject the writer's own. Give five-minute papers a place; have a "Modest Members'" box for questions and suggestions—in every way try for original work. The club which reads, talks, writes, is alive; the club which listens only dies of starvation. In University Extension work the class which is held after the lecture shows plainly how much vitality exists in the centre.

CLASS WORK AND LECTURES

IN arranging for class work and lectures together, the theory is that it is proper to prepare for the lecture by the class work, but experience shows that people always will, if allowed, discuss the previous, rather than the coming lecture. Interest has been aroused, an idea evolved, and a class is always more ready to take positions and give opinions if it has had the subject presented in a previous meeting.

For discussion always appoint leaders and never admit papers. A short paper may make points for after-discussion, but a paper introduced as discussion kills spontaneous expression.

TO SUM UP

IN choosing your subject be sure it is akin to your interest. If history is chosen take an epoch, a great movement, rather than long chronological details; if Shakespeare, two or three plays should be the extreme limit for one winter; if literature, a few writers or one school, unless your object is to trace a development. In that event be sure to note well your landmarks and to thoroughly neglect the non-essentials. Do not have too large or too diverse an organization. Never have more fagots than the string will bind. Do not be stingy in providing what is needed. Do not put all the work and all the care on the president. Her office is certain to be arduous; do not make it necessary for her to carry the clock for you. Above all state your opinion before the meeting adjourns and not after, and when you talk it over between yourselves, criticise and discuss the subject and not the workers. This rule will promote harmony and prevent the personal criticism which does so much harm. And remember that upon each member rests the responsibility of success or failure, and that there is always work for each one in some direction.

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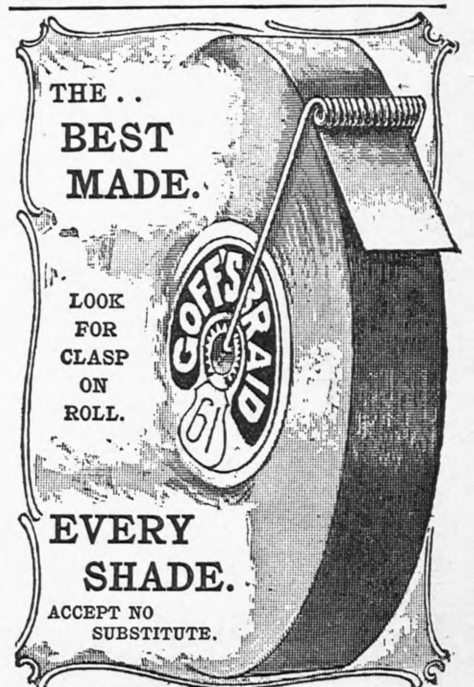
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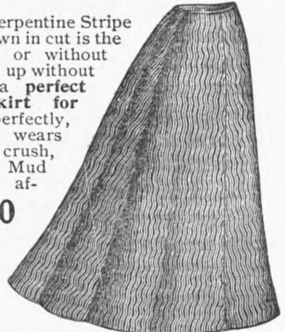
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THE SOCIAL LIFE OF A CHURCH

By Mrs. Lyman Abbott



HERE is no department of the work of a church which causes the earnest minister more perplexity than the problem of sociability in the congregation. It is so interwoven with the financial, the benevolent and the spiritual success of most churches that every one who is deeply concerned with the prosperity of either church or chapel is sooner or later obliged to have some ideas on the subject. Pews are taken or relinquished because the congregation is, or is not, "social," and the treasurer, and ultimately the minister, are thus affected. The various societies, guilds and schools, which form so important a part of the modern church, flourish or decline for the same reason. Congregations are not entirely made up of devoted followers of their "shepherd," but are largely composed of groups of friends and acquaintances, who worship and receive their religious inspiration together because they do other things together. The "cause" for which they are working is not the sole nor the chief attraction which brings the ladies of the church to the sewing society: it is the presence there of agreeable women, and an opportunity for friendly intercourse; and the true success of the society depends upon the appreciation of this fact and the ability of the earnest and consecrated leader to make use of it in the missionary work.

WHEN we speak of the church it may mean one of two very different things: It may mean a company of persons not necessarily related to or connected with each other in any way, except in coming to a common spot for worship and religious instruction. From this standpoint there is no more reason why a member of such an audience should speak to or seek acquaintance with another, than if they met at concerts, lectures or at market. But even then the ordinary civilities of life should be observed. At market one comes to say "good-morning" to the person whose presence becomes familiar there, while the very same ladies will sit in contiguous pews and pass out through the same aisle side by side for months, and even years, without a nod of recognition. But to most of us the church means something else than a preaching and worshiping station. It is an organized band of the followers of Jesus Christ, and if we do not find in the New Testament the exact plan for its organization we do find very clear and definite principles on which to base our plans, and even more clearly we find there the spirit of fellowship which is to be embodied, and without which plans are of no value. As He was sent into the world so are we, and even a superficial reading of His life will show us that entering into the fellowship of a church means something more than worshipping under the same roof. From this point of view a church is a company of persons loyal to Christ, and doing by associated effort the work which He came to do in the world. It is to deal with everything which makes or mars character, and all it does will be helped or hindered according as its members are bound together or separated by what we call social lines. It makes a great deal of difference whether a cord is stretched as a barrier or is used as a bond, and so the term "social lines" has more than one application.

AT the outset we should understand that a wholesome social life in a church does not involve an obliteration of all that divides men and women into groups outside the church. It does mean the obliteration of some of those lines. Except while under the power of an absorbing interest, degrees of intellectual cultivation, tastes, habits make companionship agreeable or disagreeable. So while men and women of diverse characteristics may work together happily under the stress of a pressing need, may sing together the same hymns, may join in the same prayers, they may not at all agree in minor matters of daily living, and, therefore, constant intercourse would not be desirable. A friendly feeling, expressed in word and deed, does not make it necessary that "Fishin' Jimmy," noble Christian though he be, should invite Mr. Gladstone to visit him, nor require that Mr. Gladstone should ask Queen Victoria to invite "Fishin' Jimmy" to one of her State dinners. Lady Aberdeen has proved to us that there is a possible fellowship in the home which transcends both intellectual and social distinctions without obliterating them. And the church should exemplify the same truth.

IT would be diverting if one could have for comparison the various plans which have been devised for increasing the sociability of a church. One scheme after another has been tried, only to be added to the list of failures. Systematic visitation by a committee is sometimes resorted to, but it does not wholly answer the purpose. Those receiving the call are at a loss to understand why this particular person is selected to visit them, and those appointed to the task may, with the best intentions, fail as completely in tact as did one lady who, with great desire to help her pastor, offered to visit some of the newer members of the church. Being a woman of position and having a particularly gracious manner her offer was accepted gratefully, and she began her pleasant task with enthusiasm, and was a charming visitor. Unfortunately she spoiled everything by announcing at each place as she took her leave, "Of course you need not mind about returning my visit: it is only a church call!" Obviously this was the way not to do it.

The very means used to advance acquaintance and develop the interchange of friendly offices may intensify antagonisms, divide into sets, and multiply "cliques." The mission-school teachers will make a company by themselves and have their social meetings and "teas," while the teachers in the church school will have theirs, and neither will ever meet the ladies of the sewing society, nor the young people in their guild. In a small church or in country towns the conditions are more favorable for active and comprehensive social life in the church, and there is less need for careful supervision of the efforts to create it, but in the large city churches it is most important to keep the various divisions of the church life in touch.

A LADY coming to the neighborhood of a large and prosperous city church was attracted to attend its services, not by the eloquence of the minister nor by the music, but by some printed statements which promised her a welcome especially in the prayer-meeting. But the promise was not fulfilled. She attended the meetings with great regularity for many weeks without receiving a word of greeting. She accepted an invitation, printed, to send her address to the minister and he soon called, but the church otherwise gave her no welcome. And yet this church justly feels a good degree of pride in its sociability. It has a large and efficient ladies' society, which assumes a great deal of the care of the management of the church, as well as accomplishes a large amount of valuable benevolent and missionary work, and the lady in question was soon told that she must seek admission to this society if she would feel at home in the church. Before this, however, she had decided to join the church, notwithstanding her failure to become acquainted. Being a conscientious woman she had not waited till she found a perfect church before joining it. Immediately on becoming a member she resolved that no newcomer should remain without a greeting from her, and an opportunity very soon presented itself for the trial of her resolution. But alas, her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. She could not make up her mind how to begin, and she was obliged to confess that to express a feeling of friendliness to an entire stranger was more difficult than she had imagined. The fact that she found it so indicated that she had not been in the habit in her former home of looking out for and taking advantage of opportunities to welcome the stranger. In joining the Ladies' Aid Society she found the friends she needed, but she had to make the advance. The church, through the Ladies' Society, did not get hold of the newcomer till the newcomer got hold of the society.

So far it will seem that nothing but obstacles and difficulties in our way have been found, but a clear understanding of these is necessary before we can wisely plan to avoid or overcome them. Knowing what they are we can more intelligently seek for the best ways to secure to the church that power which comes from true fellowship. In the first place, while all the responsibility of the social life of a church should not be thrown upon the minister nor the minister's wife, there must be some leadership, and if by reason of temperament or circumstances they cannot take it, some others must be found to guide, restrain, encourage and direct those elements in the church from which its social life proceeds. Every individual member should feel that in coming into the church there is a privilege of companionship which must be given and received graciously and in quiet ways, and each member should find a blessedness in serving some tired or sad or suffering fellow-member.

BUT there must be organization, and the details of it must depend on the circumstances of the church. As women are the leaders in social life outside the church they must be largely depended upon for keeping it wholesome and vigorous inside the church. By a plan, which has, in more than one case, succeeded in accomplishing the handiwork and raising the money needed in the benevolent work of the church, and which proves an important factor in its social life, all the women of the congregation, or as many of them as possible, are gathered into one society and divided into committees, each directed by an efficient chairman. Among these committees are distributed the various kinds of work undertaken by the society, and each committee becomes a little society by itself, arranging its order of work according to its own choice, meeting seldom or often, from house to house or in the parlors of the church, as is best adapted to the especial object to be accomplished. At stated times quarterly and annual general meetings are held to rejoice over satisfactory results of past efforts, and to confer about and decide upon future work. To these meetings Mrs. A will bring Mrs. B, who has come recently to sit near her in church. Here, too, will be the place to which the minister may introduce the lonely woman he finds on his pastoral visitation. It may be that warm friendships may thus be formed.

BUT the men of the church must take their part in this sociability. It would be greatly to their advantage and very helpful to the church if they met more frequently in other than the formal business and devotional meetings. An annual dinner is a good custom in some churches, with after-dinner speeches more or less serious. To this festivity Mr. A may invite Mr. B and thus open the way to further acquaintance between the minister and a valuable helper.

Still pleasanter are the occasions when men and women enjoy a social evening together, sometimes combining literary exercises with general conversation, with light refreshments to lessen formality. In one church the last winter has proved how valuable such gatherings may be when well managed. The president of the "League," as the society is called under whose auspices the meetings have been held, is a genius and has made each meeting unique. One he called "A Neighborhood Tea-Party," to which were invited all the ministers and their wives who lived within a certain limit. A topic was given for five-minute speeches and a little music was provided. This bare outline cannot give the charm of the evening, with the bright room prettily decorated, the graceful introductions of the speakers and the scintillations of wit, nor the earnest and serious words from the ministerial guests. Another evening was called "A Flower Meeting," every one being requested to wear one or more flowers. The speakers were restricted to ten minutes and a prize was given to the one saying most in that time. The president had for each meeting skillfully selected a large reception committee, thus interesting a very wide circle, and all the details had been most thoughtfully arranged. As a result old acquaintances were revived, new ones formed, and there was awakened a new interest in the congregation.

THE young people will find in some way recreation and entertainment; at least a part of it should be supplied for them under the supervision of the church. And the young men and women who do not need it for themselves should help to make it for those less favored with friends and social advantages. A place must be made for this part of the church work; the older members ought not to ignore it nor frown upon it, but while carefully excluding such forms of amusement as would be hurtful, they should be heartily in sympathy with the efforts of those who are especially engaged in promoting acquaintance and friendliness among the young people. It is not necessary to mention the numerous ways in which social evenings can be conducted. I would only urge that early hours be observed and that dignity be maintained.

The children, too, ought to have some provision for the cultivation of their very social nature. The future life of the church depends very much on the welding of the children to it. One church within my knowledge has been famous for its "Mission Band," and boys and girls have learned to love the church and have become its active supporters through the attachment they formed to it in their "Band."

The social life of a church is not to be the first object of its thought. It is not the centre about which the activities and the spiritual life are to revolve. The church which so regards it is already a failure. But the social agencies if consecrated to the Master's service, will contribute no small share to its devotional spirit and its practical activity, and will make possible that spiritual fellowship which is the true characteristic of the Christian church and which cannot thrive where social fellowship is suppressed.

IDEAS FOR CHURCH FESTIVALS

By Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Hartley

A PAGEANT OF COLONIAL DAYS

By Mrs. A. G. Lewis



AN historical pageant, strictly speaking, is made up of a series of tableaux vivants arranged in chronological succession to represent certain periods of history. Sometimes these pageants take the form of magnificent processions in imitation of the pomp and splendors of the Court glories so notable during the reign of Henry VIII. In other cases series of tableaux vivants are arranged to represent the costumes, characters and events peculiar to some particular historical epoch. A reader or historian, either by descriptive text or poem, explains the meaning of the scenes represented. Music suited to the nature of the tableaux, and if possible belonging to that period, continues during their exhibition. In some cases the characters are made with good effect to speak the exact words which history accords to them.

The arrangement of such tableaux is an art scarcely inferior to that of painting or sculpture. There are many things to be considered in their preparation. In the first place the persons chosen to represent the characters must look their parts; their costumes must be true to the style of the period even in the matter of coiffure or the trifling detail of shoe-buckle and garter. Then the size of the stage must be considered. With a large stage it would be absurd to prepare a tableau with only three or four persons represented; on the other hand, with a small stage it would be equally absurd to attempt to picture the broad blue Atlantic, the Mayflower with its crew and Plymouth Rock all in sight. Instead, the picture may give with admirable effect the pilgrims coming up the shore with an Indian chief extending to them the hospitalities of the new world, as represented in Sargent's famous picture, "The Landing of the Pilgrims." Discretion must be used in arranging for the lighting. A reception at the Court of France cannot be too brilliantly lighted nor the color be too strong in tone; while a scene which would represent simple folk and quiet country life should appear as if under a soft and subdued light.

OF all the periods of our own American history none is better suited for representation by tableaux than that of Colonial days. The costumes of that time may be made out of the cheapest fabrics. Furniture of Colonial pattern is to be found in many households. Wigs constructed from flax, short trousers, knee-buckles, long stockings, low-cut shoes, the dresses, shawls, bonnets, etc., of that period may be easily imitated.

A tableau of "The Landing of the Pilgrims," to be represented by an eager group of men, women and children coming up the sandy beach would be effective; an Indian chief dressed in skins, feathers, with moccasins bound upon his feet, with arm extended in sign of welcome; several of the women upon their knees in a prayerful attitude in token of gratitude for their safe deliverance from the perils of the deep.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish." Miles Standish lost his wife, Rose, during the winter of 1621. His mind soon turned toward pretty Priscilla Mullins with the wish to make her his wife. He became so much engaged with the affairs of the Colony that he had little or no time for courting. So he asked his friend, John Alden, to plead his (Miles') cause with Miss Mullins. This John consented to do. He found sweet Priscilla at the wheel spinning, and asked the momentous question. Priscilla gave him no answer but naively asked in reply: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John Alden?" The final answer is indicated by a succeeding tableau, which shows the happy pair receiving the parson's blessing.

"The Banishment of Anne Hutchinson"; "Hanging of the Witches"; "Banishment of Roger Williams"; "Massasoit Granting Plymouth to the Colonists"; "Kitchen in a Colonial Mansion"; Colonial amusements—the stately Minuet, "The Paring Bee"; "Overboard the Tea Goes"; "The Ride of Paul Revere"; "Minute Men of Lexington"; "Battle of Bunker Hill"; "Washington Taking Command of His Army"; "Reading the Declaration of Independence," etc., etc., are all interesting subjects for tableaux, and may be added to the list described. National songs and airs may well be introduced between the tableaux.

The grand tableau at the close should, if possible, include all who have figured in the preceding tableaux. Singing the "Star-Spangled Banner" by a full chorus waving the stars and stripes, would prove a fitting and a most patriotic finale.

A "MOTHER GOOSE" MARKET

By Mrs. Benjamin Hartley



THE "Mother Goose" Market may be held in a private house, but a hall is more satisfactory, as a greater number of booths or tables may be used and a prettier display made. By making each person who assumes a character responsible for the carrying out of his or her special part of the affair, the burden may be pretty evenly shared, and the objection to having two or three persons overtaxed for the benefit of the many be avoided. Should an entrance fee be decided upon, "the king who was in the parlor counting out his money" may be seated at a table near the door, making an imposing first impression in his royal robes.

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary," may preside over a flower-table and sell small plants in pots as well as buttonhole bouquets. She should wear a garden hat and a pretty cotton gown. "Little Nancy Etticote's" booth or table might be devoted to colored candles, pretty candlesticks, papershades, Chinese lanterns—everything, indeed, pertaining to lights. She should wear a white gown and on her head an imitation candle consisting of a cardboard cylinder covered with glazed cambric, at the top of which a small bunch of tinsel representing light. Match-boxes also are appropriate wares for her to have on hand. "The Farmer's Wife," with her sleeves rolled up and a big apron on, carrying a small basket of vegetables, employing her time paring them with the carving-knife, which she may also use in cutting off the tails of the "three blind mice," will prove effective. She may also have a display of chocolate mice and also the little Chinese ones, which so closely resemble the real creature as to make a nervous woman hesitate even to touch them. "The Queen of Hearts" should be dressed in white with a great many hearts cut out of red paper scattered over her skirt. A gilt paper crown with a heart in front, a necklace of tiny hearts and a belt of graduated hearts, will all aid in emphasizing the character. Her wares, of course, consist of various kinds of tarts, while sugar hearts, pincushion hearts and anything one may fancy in that form may find place. "Jack Horner" must be on hand, of course, with his pie—the latter made in a dishpan and consisting of bran in which are placed all sorts of small cheap articles, such as tiny dolls and other toys. The pan is covered with yellow brown paper and as each purchaser "sticks in his thumb and pulls out a plum" he pays a dime for the privilege. This is sure to be popular with the children. "Jack," who must, of course, occupy a corner, must be arrayed in the style of the old-fashioned schoolboy, with a flowered calico apron, gay stockings, short breeches with deep ruffles, and laced shoes.

"**T**HE old woman tossed up in a basket to sweep the cobwebs off of the sky," should have a pointed cap, a big apron and a gay shawl over her shoulders. Her booth, containing brushes and dusters as well as brooms and baskets of every kind, will prove remunerative. "Little Miss Muffet," in quaint costume seated on a "tuffet" of cushions covered with a green curtain or table-cover, may have various kinds of toy spiders, such as are to be had at Chinese stores, and cobwebs of fine wire. Above her table a large cobweb should be placed.

The refreshment booth is properly in charge of the "old woman who lived upon nothing but victuals and drink."

There are many other characters which will come to mind readily as appropriate for this entertainment, but enough have been described to indicate the possibilities of the bazaar. Over each table or booth a placard should be hung giving the name of the occupant. "Mother Goose" herself, in the brilliant costume depicted in her books, should move about briskly, introducing her various children to the guests and praising their wares. The music for the occasion should consist of "Mother Goose" melodies, sung by young people representing characters which have no appropriate articles for sale, thus dividing the labor.

At the "Baa-Baa Black Sheep" table woolen articles of all kinds should be displayed, and "Simple Simon going a-fishing with his mother's pail" should be in charge of the fish-pond.

"King Cole with his fiddlers three" should occupy a prominent position and play lively airs at intervals during the evening. If the Market should be held at Easter, among the characters should be the owner of the "black hen" that laid "good eggs for gentlemen."

A GYPSY ENCAMPMENT

By Mrs. A. G. Lewis



THE Gypsy Encampment proves very successful as a substitute for either fair or bazaar. In decoration, costume and general arrangement, it aims to reproduce the picturesque life of that semi-barbaric race, utilizing these features for indoor rather than outdoor purposes. Instead of the president and other subordinate officers who usually manage fairs, the leaders on this occasion may be a gypsy queen and chief and their attendants. Instead of tables for selling goods, booths with tent-shaped tops decorated with branches of greens and bright-colored buntings—red, yellow and blue predominating—may be substituted. Attendants at the booths should, of course, be dressed in gypsy fashion—the women in peasant waist, bright-colored skirts with stockings to match, low shoes, jaunty capotes, and showy ornaments; the men in loose blouses, high boots with trousers tucked in at the tops, broad-brimmed hats, bright-colored scarfs, and sashes with heavy tassels.

Young girls in costume should be stationed about selling oranges, apples, popcorn, peanuts, flowers, lemonade, etc.

ONE charming feature of a Gypsy Encampment might be the presence of tambourine players—little girls from eight to twelve years old, about a dozen in number—trained to accompany the violin and piano. Boys, also, in costume might assist, playing "bones" or clappers. These will form a unique orchestra. This tambourine drill must not fail to form a part of the entertainment. Any ingenious person with a reasonable knowledge of the different attitudes of tambourine playing may easily arrange a series of changes which the girls may practice together always in perfect time, allowing eight, sixteen or thirty-two counts to each change, as the music may require. A selection of music in 4-4 time will prove best for such a purpose.

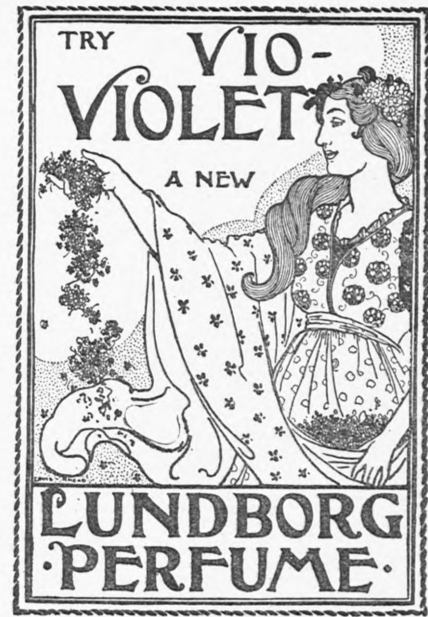
A gypsy wedding will also prove a novelty. It should aim to reproduce as nearly as possible, a wedding among the Roumanian gypsies of the present time, whose habits of life have many of them been borrowed from civilization. The wedding may, if desired, be represented by tableaux, yet a better idea of it may, perhaps, be gained by arranging for the ceremony and the assembling of the guests in the following manner: A piano or an impromptu orchestra of some kind may open the ceremony with a selection in 4-4 time of some spirited march tune. The march to the wedding, which should take place upon a platform, may be led by the tambourine girls in single file, then the boys playing clappers, then the bride leaning upon the arm of the gypsy queen, then the queen's attendants and other women guests. The bridegroom's procession opens with the bridegroom leaning upon the arm of the chief, then the chief's attendants and the other men guests; the tambourine girls and clapper boys playing continuously, while attendants and guests bring baskets laden with gifts for the bride. The march should then go on by a serpentine path, each person following directly the person who precedes them, until at last the guests come around to their places in the following order:

Men attendants and guests, women attendants and guests; gypsy chief, groom, bride, gypsy queen; clapper boys, tambourine girls.

The women guests each in turn courtesy to the bride while offering her their gifts, which may consist of bright scarfs, jewels or strings of beads. The bride as she receives the gifts, places them upon a rustic table which should stand in the centre of the platform. After this the men must present their gifts, each one kneeling before the bride as he offers his gifts. When all the gifts have been presented, the bride and groom should join their right hands together; the chief, stepping behind them, should lift his hands above their heads, the guests all standing with bowed heads, the music stopping for a moment of perfect silence until the nuptial knot is tied. The bride and groom then join hands, the queen and chief likewise, lifting their hands as high as possible to form an arch. The music should begin again and the march be renewed with quickened step, led as before by the tambourine girls, all passing in turn beneath the arched hands. This time the bride and chief, the groom and queen join hands, and the march proceeds as before. At last the bride and groom once more join hands, the guests marching away from the platform, the queen and chief being the last. In the retiring march the chief leads away the bride, and the queen the groom.

While the wedding is in progress sales may be going on at the different booths. The wedding gifts may be sold at auction for the benefit of the church treasury.

It will be necessary to have a liberal supply of greens, trees and flowers, also of colored bunting. The Encampment would be a failure without suitable and bright decorations.

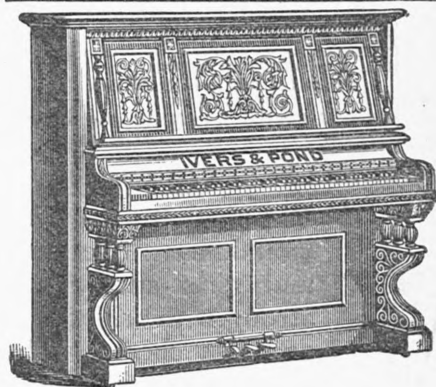


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ACCESSORIES FOR DAINTY GOWNS

By Emma M. Hooper

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ABBY E. UNDERWOOD

RUSH or stock collars will continue in style made of velvet, silk or satin, as woolen goods are usually too heavy to lie in loose folds. Rosettes at the sides are rather passé, but points of the same or a contrasting material form a pretty finish. These points are named after the Parisian modiste Paquin. One point is turned over on each side, being an inch and a half wide at the top and a sharp point at the bottom where it is even with the lower edge of the straight or crush collar. Another style has a crush collar, with two pointed tabs and a tiny knot on each side flaring out like a pair of bird's wings. For a demi-evening dress a collar that is very becoming to a short, full neck is



A REMODELED WAIST

of velvet, forming a deep point. The ends meet in front under two small rosettes, and the back is three inches deep. To the edge of this is sewed ten-inch lace, which is shown its full length front and back, while around the points it is only three inches below the velvet. By adding this collar and a belt, crushed or shaped in a point, of velvet, a house dress may be wonderfully freshened. Pretty collars and belts of number twelve fancy figured or striped ribbon are made by shaping the centre front with a V or dart. At the back the hooks and eyes are concealed by four loops on each side; two long ones project sidewise and two shorter loops are thrust straight out backward. Then for further decoration, straps of the ribbon may be added over the shoulders, ending half-way to the belt back and front under a small bow which may hold a fancy buckle.



A DEMI-EVENING TOILETTE

SOME DRESSY FRONTS
PLAID or striped silk may be used to advantage on a round waist laid in a wide centre box-plait and a narrower plait on each side. The narrow plait is studded with three small steel buttons just below the shoulder and three more half-way to the belt. Then a second cluster is placed in front of the one on the plait. Square epaulettes pointed at the outward corner are set under the side plait, and passing over the shoulder are shaped in the back as in the front. The crush collar fastens on the side, having two frilled ends meeting on each side. The crush belt ties on the left side in a handkerchief knot, which consists of two pointed ends tied in a knot, with one up and the other down diagonally against the wearer. A perfectly plain waist may be remodeled by adding a crush collar and belt of fancy silk, also a wide, double box-plait down the centre, allowing it to drop a little over the belt. On each side of the plait place a fan of lace eight inches deep, one long edge running under



THE STYLISH PRINCESSE GOWN

the plait and the other hanging loose. At the top of this lace fan have a rosette of ribbon or of the silk. Add three large fancy Rhinestone or steel buttons to the centre of the plait. Use the lace points that are sold for ten to twenty cents apiece for one on each wrist and one on each side of the front of the collar.

NEW WAIST DESIGNS
THERE is a tendency among tailors and dressmakers affecting tailor modes to bring out a basque having a double-breasted pointed front with a V neck, and flat basques added on the hips and back in coat style. The collar and tiny vest are then of cloth or silk, with a rolled collar and revers of the dress goods. Such a suit has the full leg-of-mutton sleeve, but never the round puff to the elbow. Six or eight large buttons are on the double front and smaller ones to match on the vest and up the outside of the sleeve nearly to the elbow. Plaid and mixed goods are worn for skirts, with a waist or basque of plain material matching one of the prominent colors of the mixture. The sleeves are of either fabric, though preferred of the plain. In following this idea two old dresses may be remodeled into one with economy and style as well. A round waist of brown Henrietta may be fitted to



A DRESSY WAIST

the bottom of the waist-line all around, leaving the centre front open so as to form a V and narrow space below. The fronts cut to fasten with a pointed end and buckled at the waist-line and three inches above, leaving a triangle between. Three buttons are placed on each edge above the straps or ends and buckles, and above them are large revers and a rolling collar of brown and blue striped silk cut on the bias so as to bring the stripes diagonal. A crush collar and plastron shirred at the neck are of plain blue silk matching the stripe, and shows to the waist-line. The sleeves are in a full puff to the elbow and close in fit below. The skirt, of mixed blue, brown and black, has the usual close-fitting front and side that are fitted with a few gathers in place of darts; it is five yards wide, interlined ten inches deep with stiffening and laid in two box-plaits at the top that flare toward the lower edge.

ONE-PIECE EFFECTS
LONG or one-piece effects are creeping in more and more, to the delight of stout figures. Under the name of redingote and princesse gowns some very pretty costumes are evolved. The princesse consists of a round or pointed waist of silk, finely-striped or plain woolen goods, with long shoulder seams and drooping leg-of-mutton sleeves, which are more becoming than puffed ones to a stout person. The skirt part is of plain or narrowly-striped woolen material made with a narrow gored front that continues in one piece up over the waist front as a bib plastron. This has a rounded neck and ends in narrow straps on the shoulders, showing the other goods above as a yoke. The skirt is five yards wide, has three godets at the back



NEW WAIST DESIGN

and is sewed to a belt, except the front width. The bib piece is edged with passementerie and narrowed at the waist-line so as to fit without darts. If very full-busted a dart must be taken in the centre of this piece reaching both above and below the waist-line. For ladies' cloth or velveteen, lovely qualities of the latter selling for a dollar a yard, the redingote is handsome for a full or slender figure. A skirt front should be of figured silk, with three small, bias overlapping ruffles at the edge. The redingote is fitted plainly, with three or five godets at the back and leg-of-mutton or puff sleeves. A crush belt from the side seams fastening in a bow on the right side is of the silk, as is the crush collar having a similar bow at the back. Three large buttons are on each side. The fichu comes from the shoulder seams and is of silk. With such a gown a hat trimmed with ostrich feathers should be worn.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "The Home Dressmaker," will be found on page 27 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



FASHIONABLE VISITING COSTUMES

By Isabel A. Mallon

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ABBY E. UNDERWOOD

It is through the interchange of visits that womankind keeps in touch with all that is going on in the world. The general woman has long ago seen the wisdom of a special "at home" day and realized the undesirability of having anybody "just drop in." No matter how intimate two people may be it is pleasanter to each to make the visit rather a formal affair, paying due respect to one's hostess by proper dressing and proper consideration of the hour and the day. One makes a call on all the people whose names appear in one's visiting book at least once a year; and these calls, if possible, should be made in person, for there is, after all, not very much compliment in paying a yearly visit by post, or even through the most dignified footman.



A VERY SMART COSTUME

WHAT TO WEAR

The hostess on her "at home" day is dressed daintily, but with great care, for she does not wish to convey the impression that her gown is finer than that of her visitors. The prettiest toilette is a well-fitting dress trimmed a little more elaborately than that which would be chosen for the street, and yet having about it no suggestion of the tea-gown or wrapper. In our illustration is shown a very smart costume to be worn by a hostess on her regular Thursday. The skirt is a black crepon with a tiny polka dot embroidered upon it in black silk; it is made with a pronounced flare and is a bit longer than a street skirt. The bodice is of heliotrope velvet having a plain fitted back and a draped front, the fullness being drawn up in such a way that it fastens high up on one side above the bust-line under a large bow of heliotrope satin. The full sleeves are of velvet and shape in to the arms by means of fine tucks that draw in the fullness, while the wrist finish is of heliotrope satin.

THE VISITOR'S TOILETTE

In the illustration is pictured the costume worn by a visitor and which, while it is rich-looking, is quite as proper to be worn when walking as when driving. The material used is golden-brown broadcloth. The skirt has the usual spring, stands out well at the back, not only because it is stiffened, but because around the edge is sewed the covered bone that comes for this purpose. The bodice is a fitted basque with a ripple skirt a little over a quarter of a yard deep. Five strips of cut jet start from the neck and shoulder seams in front, and reach to a little below the bust-line, where each is finished with a swinging jet tassel. The belt is of black galloon hidden under cut jets and having all around, at regular intervals, jet tassels like those on the bodice but somewhat longer. The high collar is of black satin ribbon with pointed jet sections coming over it as if a turned-down jet collar were worn. The sleeves are full puffs shaping in to cuffs that are decorated each with five large cut jet buttons placed on the outer side, though well toward the middle. The bonnet is a tiny brown felt capote trimmed with jet and yellow velvet roses. This bodice is made sufficiently large to have a chamois jacket worn under it, so that until very cold weather comes a wrap is not necessary. The gloves are light tan undressed kid. In any of the dark colors this costume would be pretty, and, of course, any pretty bead trimmings fancied could be substituted for the jet garniture.

The vogue given to heliotrope, silver gray and black is attributed to the fact that so many of the royalties are laying aside mourning and assuming these shades. A silver-gray get-up that is especially smart is shown in our illustration. The skirt is of silver-gray bengaline and has no trimming whatever. The bodice is of the same material and has square jacket fronts of silver-gray velvet outlined with a piping of steel passementerie. Just in front is a loose gilet of rose-colored chiffon. The sleeves have puffs of the velvet and cuffs of the silk with a narrow frill of chiffon. The bonnet is made of cut steel and pink velvet.



A SYMPHONY IN SILVER

A SIMPLE COSTUME

Another simple but pretty toilette has a skirt of black silk, and with it is a bodice of the same material having a yoke, cuffs and collar of white satin overlaid with circles of cut jet. A long wrap of black velvet trimmed with jet and black guipure lace is worn with this, and a tiny bonnet of black velvet decorated with fans of white lace, black tips and jet gives the finishing touch. No matter how simple one's gown may be, if there is a little care as to its arrangement, and the certainty that one's veil and gloves are quite correct, then one may feel sure that one is properly dressed, for a mistake is oftener made in over than in under dressing.

The woman who has to freshen up her black gown for visiting must remember that she can add a box-pleat of satin with some decorative buttons on it to the bodice, and that the sleeves may be puffs of satin with cuffs of the gown material, or they may be entirely of the satin. Her skirt will need only to be freshly stiffened and made immaculate, while the new trimming on the bodice will give a new look to the entire gown. A freshened bodice seen lately was a half-fitted one of black cashmere. It was trimmed with rows of butter-colored lace arranged in stripes as was fancied last summer on the grasscloth bodices. Then, over the high stock of black ribbon were four points made of butter-colored lace and insertion, and on the cuffs were deep points of the same colored lace that was a little wider. When the wearer grows weary of this she will put on a flaring sailor collar of velvet.

WITH THE BLACK SKIRT

Every woman knows that it is much easier to freshen up a bodice that is to be worn in the house than one that is to be seen on the street without a wrap over it, for that must be exact.

A hostess possessing a black skirt which she intends to wear with many bodices, displays onemake of pale yellow silk with a full gilet of rose chiffon over it and a zouave jacket of rose velvet spangled with gold. This sounds gaudy, but as the pink is very pale it and the yellow blend perfectly. Dressed



THE HOSPITABLE HOSTESS

carefully for a visit one is able to be at one's best, for it is absolutely true that a woman never feels so happy, nor so eager to make others happy, as when she is conscious that her toilette is a success. Pay your regular visits, my dear woman, and keep yourself in the world. When you grow careless of your social duties you will be out of the world. Arrange for your frock, arrange for your own "at home" day and start out with the intention of seeing your friends and of having the very pleasantest of afternoons.

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BREAD, ROLLS AND BISCUITS

By Hope Holly



ALMOST all persons prefer good home-made bread, and yet there are comparatively few houses where bread of this sort is to be found. This is somewhat surprising when one considers how easily bread may be made, and how great a saving it is to both health and pocket to have good and carefully prepared bread upon the table. To insure good results at bread-making it is absolutely necessary to have the best flour, good yeast, thorough kneading and a good oven. The perfect loaf is exact in shape, neither cracked on top nor at the side, is free from hardness on the one hand, or softness and pastiness on the other, and is neither sour, close nor heavy. Being thoroughly kneaded it has great porosity throughout the entire mass, consequently the gas will not liberate in excess in any one part causing large holes underneath the crust. The crust itself should be a rich golden brown in color, thin, sweet, tender and crisp, and the whole should have a sweet, pleasant flavor.

SOME GOOD RECEIPTS

WHILE it is quite impossible to give exact proportions for bread, owing to the difference in flour—some flours holding more moisture than others, and requiring different proportions of liquid, and also very different manipulation—yet, with careful attention to the required rules, even a novice at bread-making should have satisfactory results.

Many people object to using the compressed yeast cakes in making bread, and many others find these convenient little articles unattainable. These people must, therefore, of necessity, make their own yeast, and I give, therefore, full and explicit directions for making the leaven. Boil one quart of water and one-half cupful of dried hops for fifteen minutes. While this is boiling mash fine four well-boiled and good-sized potatoes. Pour the hop water into a bowl containing one pint of flour; add the mashed potatoes and beat smoothly. Add to this a half cup of sugar and two large tablespoonfuls of salt. Turn the whole mixture into a stone jar; cover and let ferment for three or four hours. Every time the mixture rises to the lid stir it down. When finished pour into a jar with a close cover, and stand where it will be kept cold. Save a cupful from this amount to make your next yeast with. To do this grate four raw potatoes into a quart of madly-boiling water; stir over the fire for five minutes. Take from the fire; add the sugar and salt. When luke-warm add the cup of yeast and proceed as before.

Bread made from milk retains its moisture longer than that made from water, but excellent bread may be made from water alone—and milk is unnecessary when bread is baked fresh every day. The following receipts have been thoroughly tested with excellent and profitable results:

DELICIOUS WHITE BREAD

INTO a large bowl or bread raiser put three quarts of sifted flour, make a hole in the centre and put in three heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar and good sweet lard or butter, and two of salt. Into one and one-half pints of milk pour one and one-half pints of hot water. Dissolve one cake of compressed yeast in one cup of luke-warm water; pour this into the flour and add the milk a little at a time until all is used. Stir it with a spoon until the dough has lost some of its stickiness, adding more flour when necessary. Knead thoroughly with the hands, using as little flour as possible, until the dough becomes soft and velvety. Remember the quality of your bread will depend largely upon the kneading. Do not make hard work of it by pounding it with your fists until you are out of breath, but knead it lightly and deftly until it cleaves from the bowl—when it is done. If a bread raiser is not used turn a milk pan over the bowl, cover the whole with a cloth and stand it in a warm place over night. Early in the morning knead it down, turn it out on a bread-board and divide into loaves. Each loaf should weigh one pound and three-quarters. Place in greased, square pans, cover and stand again in a warm place until light. Prick each loaf with a fork, thus allowing any gas that may have formed underneath the crust to escape.

There is as much art in the baking as in the making. The oven should be hot, but not hot enough to scorch. Place the pans in the oven with space between, if possible, thus allowing the heat to circulate.

DELICIOUS RAISED BISCUIT

AT three o'clock in the afternoon (in winter) dissolve one-half a compressed yeast cake in a half cup of luke-warm water. Put into a bowl one quart of flour, make a hole in the centre and pour in the yeast and one pint of warm milk. Stir thoroughly with a spoon, cover well and stand in a warm place until light. In the evening add two well-beaten eggs, one-half cup of sugar, one heaping teaspoonful salt, one generous half cup of butter, or butter and sweet lard mixed. Knead thoroughly, adding flour enough to make a velvety dough; cover and stand in a warm place over night. In the morning knead down, turn out on a bread-board and roll out with a rolling-pin to one-half inch in thickness; cut out with a cooky cutter and spread melted butter over the tops; fold over and place in shallow tins; cover and put in a warm place until light. Bake in a quick oven from fifteen to twenty minutes. If properly made these rolls are delicious.

GOOD BREAKFAST ROLLS

PUT one quart of flour into a bowl, make a hole in the centre with a spoon. Put in one-half cup granulated sugar, one heaping teaspoonful salt, one heaping tablespoonful each of good sweet lard and butter. Dissolve one-half a compressed yeast cake in half a cup of warm water, add to the other ingredients with one pint of warm milk, or milk and water, stirring thoroughly and vigorously for five minutes. Turn a cover over the bowl, and cover all with a cloth. Stand in a warm place over night. In the morning knead in flour enough to make a nice velvety dough, not too stiff; cover and stand again in a warm place until it is very light. Turn out on a bread-board, and roll out with a rolling-pin to a half inch in thickness. Cut out with a cutter, place a small piece of butter on one half and fold the other half over. Place on cooky tins, cover lightly and stand in a warm place until light. Bake from fifteen to twenty minutes in a quick oven. This quantity will make about thirty-six rolls. By commencing at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and kneading them up at night, one could bake them early in the morning. Twice the above quantity may be easily made at one time.

GRAHAM AND WHITE FLOUR

TAKE two quarts of sifted graham flour and put it into a bowl with two teaspoonfuls salt, one even tablespoonful each of lard and butter. Take a cup half-filled with granulated sugar and fill it with molasses; add this with one compressed yeast cake dissolved in one cup of luke-warm water; wet with one quart of warm water. Stir well, cover and put in a warm place over night. In the morning add white flour enough to make a dough easily handled; cover and put again in a warm place. When light knead down and divide into loaves weighing one pound and three-quarters each. Place in greased square pans; cover and stand in a warm place; when light bake one hour and a quarter in a moderately warm oven. A good graham bread may be made by using sifted graham flour in place of the white and baking one hour and a half.

GRAHAM ROLLS

PUT one quart of sifted graham flour into a bowl with one heaping teaspoonful salt, one-half cup of butter and lard mixed, one-half cup sugar and one-half pint of milk with one-half pint of hot water. Stir thoroughly, after adding one-half of a compressed yeast cake dissolved in one-half cup of warm water; cover and stand in a warm place over night. In the morning add sifted graham flour enough to make them roll easily; cover and stand in a warm place until light. Roll them into oblong shapes and place them on shallow tins; cover lightly with a cloth and put in a warm place until light. Bake in a quick oven. When done turn out on a board and brush the tops over with milk.

A GOOD BROWN BREAD

TWO cups of sour milk, two cups Indian meal, one cup molasses, one cup sifted graham flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking soda, sifted with one-third cup of white flour, one teaspoonful salt. Mix molasses and sour milk, then stir in the meal and flour; pour into two small buttered pails and steam three hours, then set in the oven and bake from twenty minutes to half an hour. Sweet milk may be used if preferred. Do not throw away the bran that is left after sifting the graham flour. It makes an excellent and nutritious jelly.

BRAN JELLY

PUT the bran into a porcelain kettle and cover it well with cold water. Stir it up well and then leave it to settle. When the water looks clear carefully skim off anything that floats on top. Drain off all the clear water possible, and add boiling water until the mass is the consistency of thick gruel. Stand on back of stove where it will boil slowly two hours. Place a sieve over the top of a bowl or pan and pour this gruel into it to drain. When well drained return it to the fire and let it come to a boil, adding a little salt. If it is not thick enough mix a little cornstarch with cold water and stir it into the boiling gruel. Pour into moulds or cups and set in a cool place, and you will have a delicate jelly that may be eaten with milk or cream or any sweet sauce.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD

FOR one large loaf use three pints of sifted cornmeal, three pints of rye flour, one cup of good hop yeast and one cup of molasses. Mix very soft with warm water, pour the mixture into a round pudding tin and allow it to stand until light. Bake with a steady fire for three hours.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD

THREE cups of cornmeal, two cups of rye flour, one cup of wheat flour, one cup of molasses and one-half a teaspoonful of salaratus. Mix rather thin with either milk or water, salt to taste, and boil four hours in a tightly-covered pudding mould.

RAISED GRAHAM MUFFINS

MIX two cups of graham, one of cornmeal and one of white flour with one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half a tablespoonful of molasses and enough warm water to make a soft batter.

Dissolve one-half a yeast cake in water; add it with one-quarter of a teaspoonful of soda to the batter, and let it rise over night. In the morning mould with a very little flour into biscuits and bake in a rather quick oven.

DELICIOUS RAISED BUNS

USE one quart of milk; boil one pint of it. Add to the whole quart a piece of butter the size of an egg, two-thirds of a cup of sugar and two eggs beaten together, one-half a cup of black currants and one-half a cup of yeast. Let the mixture rise over night.

DELICATE CREAM BISCUIT

ADD to two quarts of flour one teaspoonful of butter or lard, one large teaspoonful of sugar, one small teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of yeast. Let it rise over night and in the morning knead lightly and bake in a quick oven.

BREAD STICKS

THESE are made from raised bread dough, to which has been added the thoroughly-beaten white of egg. The proportion is the white of one egg to a pint of the dough. The addition of the egg renders the sticks crisp. They are baked in pans made purposely for them—pans with small troughs in which the dough is placed.

MADE WITHOUT YEAST

FOR the benefit of those who desire to use baking powder instead of yeast I append the following receipts: Delicious rice muffins may be made by sifting two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder into one pint of sifted flour; add one cup of cold boiled rice, two eggs, a little salt, one tablespoonful of butter, and milk enough to make a thick batter. Bake quickly in a hot oven.

EXCELLENT WHEAT MUFFINS

USE one beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two cups of flour, two cups of milk and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add salt to taste, and bake in muffin tins in a very hot oven.

OATMEAL GEMS

SOAK over night two cups of oatmeal in a pint of sweet milk. In the morning add two beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of sugar, a little salt and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a hot oven in hot gem pan.

GRAHAM MUFFINS

ADD one cup of sour milk to one-half a cup of molasses; mix in two and a half cups of graham flour, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt and one large tablespoonful of butter. Bake in a quick oven.

BERRY BREAD

CREAM together one cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter; add two beaten eggs, one cup of milk and one pint of either blue or huckle berries. Sift one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder into enough flour to make a stiff batter. Bake in a hot oven.

BAKING BREAD AND BISCUIT

THE proof of the bread and the biscuit lies in the "baking of it." A little experience, however, will enable one to have the oven just right. When the bread is baked it should be turned out on a clean cloth or board, and each loaf should rest so that the air may circulate about it. When cold it should be placed in a dry tin box or stone jar. Biscuits should be cared for in the same way, unless it is desired to eat them when fresh from the oven.



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HEART TO HEART TALKS



WE hear a great deal these days of nervous prostration, and they tell us that it is because the nerves are starved; and as I looked at the whole subject and thought of friends of mine who have to be shut in to what is called the "rest cure" I wondered if there were not a spiritual cure for much of this prostration, for there are not only starved nerves but starved hearts, and there is a need for a deeper rest than any so-called "rest cure" can give. And it may be that, in some cases at least, back of the starved nerves are these starved hearts. The heart wants food. I heard some time ago of a husband going home from business, and finding his wife not as cheerful as usual, said, "What's the matter, my dear? Can I do anything for you?" She replied, "Yes, I wish you would write me a letter as you used to write before we were married." Many husbands would have laughed and called her foolish, but he was a wise man; he went up immediately into his library, locked himself in and wrote a real love letter, just as he had written in the long ago—called her his sweetheart, as of old, and gave her the letter; her heart was hungry!

THE SOURCE OF TRUE REST

OH, what mistakes are being made! My mother never had nervous prostration, though she was the mother of a great many children, but she had a "rest cure," and as a child I knew it. She had a way of going up-stairs and locking her door in the middle of the day; and maybe that rest saved her. Looking back I feel quite sure my mother needed that every-day "rest cure" to keep her nerves steady, and that "rest" in that secret place wonderfully calmed her. Now while I am sure we were very thoughtless, and selfish in being so thoughtless, there was very little of the "don't" about mother—it was never a continual "don't do this" and "don't do that." She smiled at the boys that were so very noisy—maybe she had prayed for them at the "rest cure." This I know: I met her on the stairs when she came out of that room with traces of tears on her cheeks, but the sweet, bright smile on her face. Would it not be well to try and save ourselves and those around us from this almost fashionable disease called nervous prostration? Let us look at this word "hurry." One often hears the expression, "I am almost driven to death"—and we are in great danger of driving people almost to death. I heard a woman tell the following experience. She said: "I heard in the West that a meeting was to be held in the interest of a higher Christian life, and though the distance was so great I determined to get to it to see if I could not get back an experience I had lost. There was a time," she added, "when I led a most lovely spiritual life. I was peaceful and happy all the day long, and I tried to bring others into this glorious life of perfect love, but I lost the experience. My husband became very prosperous, and that involved a much larger establishment and many servants, and I am naturally a driver, and in driving so as to have things as I wanted them, in that way I lost my lovely inner life; and years have passed and I have not half what I enjoyed in the long ago. I am hungry—I am starving—and I have come this long way to get back my lost treasure. My husband urged me to come; he said he would be so glad to see me once again as I used to be." And one morning she said in my hotel: "I looked the ground all over again and I surrendered myself utterly to God; I made a thorough consecration of all my power and I am waiting for the Holy Spirit to take full possession of me." I cannot tell you the rest—I have no pen to describe the glory that came to that woman. I shall never forget her. I expect to see her in that long day of eternity. I had to leave the meeting after she spoke and after I had seen her face when the glory came. When I returned the next morning and inquired for her they told me she had returned to the West—she had received what she came for. She went home not to "drive," but to be moved by a power that would enable her to do all the work that was given her to do with ease.

THE "REST CURE" WITHIN OUR REACH

NOW some of us women cannot afford to go to some "rest cures"; we are not rich enough; it costs a great deal of money, and then we should be very much missed at home. Suppose we try a "rest cure" within our reach? We can make up our minds to have a still hour. But you say, "Oh, that is just what I cannot do—I haven't time; I am so rushed." Well, if you will not decide for yourself that you will have a little rest and that you will arrange for it, why, an enforced rest is probably ahead of you! You need rest for your body, and what is more, rest for your soul, and you will have to be alone once in awhile, and I think once in every day, to get it. I know women—to be sure they are women who can afford it—who take one day in every week for a day of rest; they go to bed; they have their books but no company; no one who calls can see them.

A DAY FOR REST

I KNEW a minister once who said he had to have one day with the Lord Jesus Christ in the week, so all who called were told that a friend was spending the day with him and he could not see visitors that day. I should think the Master would be pleased to have such friends, but I know I am writing to some who could not do that. My mother could not have done it, but you can spend the day with Him and He with you without your leaving the kitchen or the place of business. He will go anywhere with you. He knows all about a carpenter's shop—He worked in one for years; He understands working-people—He would be glad to go with you to the store or to the mill every morning. I know now how many girls that work in the mills read this JOURNAL, and they expect me to help them on this page. I have seen you in the mills—I know how you sit or stand all the day long just breaking the threads or tying the broken threads, just straightening the muslin as it passes over the machine; I know how tired you get and so does He, and I know He will be glad to stand all the day long by your side, and what is nearer still, be all the day long in your heart giving you strength and patience. And if at last the body does go under, the spirit will be strong and happy, and He will take you where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. But do let us here, in whatever sphere of life we may be, have an inward rest, and this rest of spirit will tell on the body, will tell on the nerves. If we have this, things will assume their just proportions. We shall say, "I do not need this or that, I cannot afford the strength and time," whereas now, perhaps, we say we cannot afford to do without them. When I said to a friend one day, "I thought you used to have this and that piece of bric-à-brac," "Yes," she answered, "but they only caught the dust and I had to dust them, and I would rather have the time to read." She simply chose the more important thing. One cannot have everything or do everything, so the wise way is to choose that which is the most important. Look out for number one, may be used in a right as well as wrong way. There is a best part of us that might be called the "number one" in us, and let us look after that, for as the Good Book says: "What will it profit us if we gain the whole world and lose ourselves?" I see people to-day that are evidently becoming less in themselves as they have more things, more money. Oh, it is so dreadful to see less of the eternal things as the temporal things increase—less love, less joy, less hope, more money, more clothes, more things, and some day the soul steps out and leaves the money and the clothes and the things, and the more joy, more hope, more love go with them, or if they haven't them there is nothing to go—only faith, hope and love abide! Now, shall we not pay attention to these most important things? Shall we not change the attitude of the words we so often use and say, "I have no time for nervous prostration; I must attend to the eternal laws written in my physical structure; I haven't so much time to spend on the things that are passing away; I can do without more clothes for my body, but I must have new clothes for my mind and spirit; I must take time to read and think and pray"? Let us make haste to believe God and then we shall know the meaning of "He that believeth shall not make haste," shall not hurry. Let us, while we can, seek the rest our souls need.

"NEARER TO THEE"

I THINK there are many people who think, without being aware of it, that only the trials and disappointments that we call crosses of this age, can bring them nearer to God. Now, I believe these are all designed to bring us to the source of all good, but I also believe the joys of life are equally designed to bring us nearer to Him from whom all blessings flow, and we ought to be able to say, "So by my joys, I'll be nearer, my God, to thee." I think that much of my life I have feared my earthly joys, my human loves. Maybe the hymns I have sung have had much to do with this. Anyway, I know I have feared my joys. Now, we all know there is a love that casts out fear, and it casts out all fear of joys as well as of sorrows. I well remember a young mother with her first baby on her lap, saying to her minister who had come in to see her as she looked down at the tiny little baby, "Oh, I am afraid I love him too much." The minister bent kindly over the babe as he said, "Poor little thing, all it wants is love, and you cannot give it too much of that." I have often heard people say they feared they loved the human too much, they feared they idolized their loved ones. The most satisfactory definition of idolatry to me has been—worshipping the creature apart from the Creator, cutting the stream from the fountain! Oh, no, you can never have love enough—"love is your weight"—so if you love the human there is all that much more capacity for God to fill. You are more to God.

I am thankful to see people love even a cat or dog. The capacity for loving, that is the needed thing. Now, throw aside all fear, begin to love generously those you love, tell them you love them, and get in the way of thanking God for all He gives you that gives you joy, and let joy in! Make room faster and then you will know that all this joy you must take to Him, for joy is a burden that we must ask Him to help us carry. Have you never felt your joy was too much for you, that you must be strengthened for it? Ask for strength to bear joy that is on its way to you, for, "There may be waiting for the coming of your feet, Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy, so strangely sweet— That your lips can only tremble with the thanks they cannot speak."

Only think of having your joy full! I like that word full. There is so much of half-filling that it is refreshing to read that the dear Christ wants our joy to be full.

LOVE FOR THE MOTHER

THERE are some pictures too sad almost to look upon, and one of these is to see a wife and mother who has laid her life down for her family, when slowly fading out of sight receiving at last the tenderness—the softened love tones of those most dear to her, for which she had hungered for many a long year. Still, better even so late than not at all, but do you not think with me, it is better to recognize our angels now? Will you not act on this suggestion? I met a beautiful woman the other day who reminded me of a time when at a seaside resort I gave a talk to young girls—this beautiful girl had just come to remain a week. I talked that day about our mothers, how much they were to us, and how we should miss them when they left us, for, of course, they could not always be with us, and how we should regret the little attentions we had missed giving them. This beautiful girl, an only child, took it all in; she said she could hardly wait for me to get through. She left on the next train for home, and startled her mother by her sudden return. Her mother exclaimed, "What is the matter?" "Oh, mamma," she said, "I have come back to be attentive to you. You won't die, will you, till I am a perfect daughter?" Long after that I met that mother on a train and she said to me, "I always thought I—was about as good as she could be, but from the day she returned from the sea that summer she was absolutely perfect." That mother has gone on and that daughter is now a mother herself, and she has not to regret that she was not everything a daughter could be to a mother. There are too many daughters who act as if their mothers were their servants. I am not talking to mothers just now, or I should say, Be careful! What some might call your unselfishness may ruin your daughter, and she, in turn, ruin others. Let your children have the benefit of the thought that they are to care for you, instead of you being made to care for them. You did care for them when they could not care for themselves, now let them care for you, and you be the strong angel mother to your children; and I hope your children will be the angels of your life, but angels down here need training. The angels in Heaven are represented as doing the will of the Father—let us be as like them as possible, living glad, obedient, happy lives, and so make this earth more angelic!

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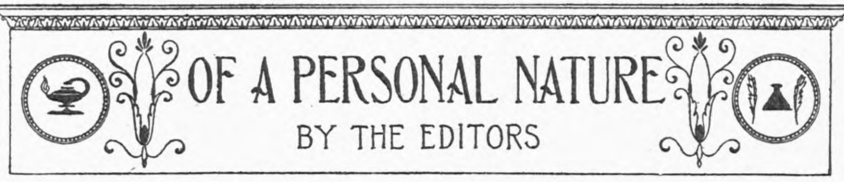
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Warranted all wool; pure indigo dye; worsted-lined; full double-breast across chest; full armholes; buttons straight close up to throat and fits perfectly over a heavy under-jacket.

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Dress reform underwear embodies the true principles of hygiene.

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Columbias sell for \$100 to every one alike, and are the finest bicycles the world produces. Other bicycles sell for less, but they are *not* Columbias.

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Far superior to any that other tailors charge \$18.00 to \$20.00. We are enabled to save you this amount by buying the entire production of several woolen mills and saving the expenses of traveling men. Goods sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination and trying on before you pay for them. We pay express charges. Write for our new fall and winter catalogue with samples, fashion plate, and novelty, all sent free.

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For EMBROIDERY. We send a 6-inch Scallop-edged Linen Dolly, with VIOLETS stamped on it, with Wash Silks to work. Also a Beautiful set of Violet Stamp- ing Patterns; one 17-inch CENTRE-PIECE, others for Dollies, Mats, etc. Our new Book on Embroidery and Catalogue of Stamping Patterns.

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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.

MRS. A. O. W.—The leaves sent are some variety of Geranium, but what variety I cannot say.

F. E. K.—The Begonia is *rosea grandiflora*. The other leaf is a Sedum.

N. F. L.—Daisies are hardy, but Nasturtiums are not. Feverfew is also hardy.

I. J.—Decaying matter from an old chip-yard is very beneficial among Roses. Some of the very finest Roses I ever grew were planted where an old woodpile had been.

M.—A "sport" is a variation from the original plant. It can be propagated and made permanent by proper cultivation. Some of our popular Roses are sports, while others are seedlings.

MRS. J. D. S. writes: "If 'J. K. S.' will put broken corn-cobs in the hill when planting Squashes, grub-worms will work in them and will not bother the vines. I never could grow the Wild Cucumber till I tried this plan."

E. P. B. writes: "In reply to your request in July number of the JOURNAL, I will say that one remedy for worms that work on Squash vines is this: Make holes in the ground about the plants and pour into them some copperas water. After using it we lost no more vines."

X. Y. Z.—A Lily-of-the-Valley bed should be prepared precisely like any other bed for bulbs. Set the plants as early as possible. Do this work in fall by all means. A shady location suits this plant better than a sunny one. You will find *Coreopsis lanceolata*, perennial Phlox, in variety, *Aquilegia chrysantha* and *coerulea*, and *Lathyrus odorata* very useful, hardy plants for cutting from.

W. J. I.—Ants do not harm plants to any great extent. Indeed, they are of benefit in most instances, as they catch the insects, which, if left to themselves, would soon damage the plants greatly. I think from what you say about the failure of your plants generally to develop buds that form, that there must be something wrong about the soil. Manure it well and cut away a considerable portion of the old and feeble roots.

MRS. E. P. F. writes that she thinks most persons fail to grow Manettia Vine well because they keep it in comparatively small pots, while it has a great mass of roots which must have room if you would have the plant flourish. There may be a good deal in this, as I know that many plants fail for lack of root-room. Will some one who has failed to grow this vine satisfactorily try the effect of giving it a good-sized pot and report?

MRS. J. H. writes: "In reply to inquiry of 'Kate M.' about the Aster in Colorado, I would say that it blooms in perfection in this soil. In Denver I have grown it with complete success. Your poorest soil will give glorious returns, even if it happens to be gravel, if you have plenty of water. My experience is that rich soil, or a soil even lightly manured, will cause an abnormal growth, and the plants, instead of being healthy and green, will take on a dirty white color."

Miss R. A. D.—A compost of loam and sand is suitable for Palms and Ficus. If the drainage is not what it ought to be the tips of the leaves will turn brown. If the pot is too small or water is not given in sufficient quantities the leaves will show the same defect. I cannot say whether the spots of which you speak are caused by insects or from an unhealthy condition of the roots. Examine carefully, and if you find scale on the foliage wash it well with a decoction of sulpho-tobacco soap.

M. H.—I think it advisable to keep Chrysanthemums in pots during the entire season, because when this is done the labor and risk of lifting and potting in the fall are avoided. The plants should be shifted from time to time during the season, if grown in pots, until you have them in eight or ten inch pots. Give rich soil and plenty of water. These are very important items. Pinch off the ends of the branches to make the plants bushy and compact. Do this, at intervals, until the latter part of July or middle of August. After that do not interfere with the development of the branches in any way.

MRS. G. D. C.—I am unable to tell you where you can procure seed of the Russian Thistle. It is considered such a dangerous weed that most States in which it has been found make it an offense to permit it to ripen seed. The law compels the owner of the land on which it is found to cut it as soon as discovered. In spite of this precaution against its general introduction, plants escape notice and many localities are becoming badly infested with it. I have never heard that cattle would eat it, and I would not advise you to experiment with it. In this State you would not be allowed to do so.

F. M. A.—Your Lily-of-the-Valley and Hyacinths failed to do well because they were not given time to form roots before you allowed them to bloom. The Lily-of-the-Valley amounts to little for forcing unless it can be given a very warm temperature at the start, to insure rapid development. The Hyacinth should have been potted and placed in the cellar for at least a month before it was brought to the light. Unless this is done the action of light and heat will cause the top to begin growth before there are any roots to support such a growth properly. (2) Smilax is propagated by division of the roots and from seed. (3) Ferns are propagated in the same manner—generally by division of the roots.

M. A. W.—If the poisonous Ivy is cut in August, close to the ground, I am told that it will not sprout much afterward. This, however, will not kill the roots. It is advised to scatter straw over the place where it grows and saturate it with kerosene, after which fire should be set to it. This operation performed in spring and fall is said to be sufficient to kill it, but I presume many of the roots will not be entirely killed and that there will be more or less sprouting afterward. Plowing it up would only make a bad matter worse, as each little piece of root which is broken off will soon become an independent plant. I am told that a solution of sugar of lead, applied as a wash, is an antidote for poisoning by Ivy.

M. C. S.—You ask for vines for use in an urn, but I do not clearly understand where the urn is to stand. If in the hall, as I infer from what you say about the stairway, I would advise English Ivy, because it is a vine that does not require a strong light, and it does well where many other plants would entirely fail. In the centre of the urn you could use an Agave or Sansevera, or *Draena indivisa* could be used, if kept in its own pot so that it could be taken back to the window after a day or two. If you have many plants the combination could be varied from day to day, using the Ivy as a permanent background for other plants. If Ivy does not form a dense mass to cover the ground, use a *Lycopodium* under it, or *Othonna* would answer very well.



Fall Outing Costume.
Each advertisement gives a practical suggestion for Fall Dressmaking. See succeeding advertisements for latest styles in gowns and wraps for Winter wear.

For Sale at all Dress Lining Stores.
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Sponge Crepon gives a winsome Style to every costume, for it is the Ideal Inter-lining for Dresses and the perfection of stiffening demanded by the present popular Styles of Dress.

Ideal—Because it combines Lightness and Stiffness—because it is uncrushable under severest tests, yet does not wear through the material of the dress.

Ideal—Because it meets all the demands of Dress-Making; by using Sponge Crepon a "home-made" dress may possess all the style of the latest costumes.

Waterproofed and so Interwoven that it can't pull out of shape. The women are all bound to have it as soon as they see it. We are telling them to Look out for the red selvedge.

64 inches Wide.
White, Slate, Cream and Fast Black.
Send for Free Samples of Colors and judge of its Superiority for yourself.

You Can Not Afford to Lose
any of the comforts of life, and one loses a great many who wears the old-style two-piece suit of underwear instead of a

Lewis Union Suit

It's so Comfortable
that in wearing it, the worries of life are easier to bear. Send 2c. stamp for our 32-PAGE Illustrated Catalogue which shows and tells you why, with testimonials from prominent people everywhere indorsing all our claims, and sample card with selection of fabrics sent at same time.

Comfort in WEARING in PRICE in HEALTH

Full fashioned, fit smooth from neck to ankle, no undershirt to work up or drawers to work down, and withal cheaper than two-piece suits of same quality, and conceded to be the garments best adapted to resist health-impairing influences.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THESE SUITS, should he not have them do not take a substitute, but send us your order. We will have it filled or refer you to a dealer.

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TUBULAR DRIVING LAMP
IT is the only practicable and perfect driving lamp ever made.
IT will not blow nor jar out.
IT gives a clear, white light.
IT looks like a locomotive head light.
IT throws all the light straight ahead from 200 to 300 feet.
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R. E. DIETZ CO.
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Mention this magazine and the number of this offer (No. 3).

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Our fully illustrated 170-page Catalogue will interest, and we will be pleased to mail YOU one upon receipt of your address.

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The Redfern gives the most elegant and durable finish to the dress skirt.

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that "last as long as the skirt."

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"S. H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best

The "ONEITA" UNION SUIT

For Ladies, Misses and Men

In colors white, gray and black, and in qualities all cotton, cotton and wool, all wool, silk and wool, all silk



- 1. More easily and quickly put on and off than any other make. 2. Entirely Elastic in every way and perfectly self-adjustable. 3. No buttons under corset which hurt and injure. 4. No inelastic stay down the front, eventually causing uncomfortable tightness. 5. Allows corset one size smaller. 6. A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

Ladies' Size 8 will fit figures under 115 lbs. in weight. Size 4, from 115 to 130 lbs. Size 6, from 130 to 150 lbs. Size 8, from 150 to 160 lbs. Extra Sizes 7 and 8, for over 160 lbs. Misses' Sizes, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8—fitting figures of ages from 3 to 15 years.

The "Oneita" Improved Bicycle Pants have extra heavy gusset in seat and crotch, furnishing protection and comfort at all points of contact. Patent applied for. Summer Undies, both in "Oneita" cut and in low neck and sleeveless—knee length.

If your retailer hasn't the goods in stock, he can obtain them of any leading jobber.

JAS. F. WHITE & CO., Worth and Church St., New York

Advertisement for G-D Chicago Waists and Bust Supporters. Includes illustrations of waists and bust supporters, and text describing the products and their benefits.

Advertisement for 'Please Your Feet' shoes. Features an illustration of a shoe and text describing the quality and fit of the shoes, including a price of \$3.50.

LITERARY QUERIES

Under this heading the Literary Editor will endeavor to answer any possible question of general interest concerning Literary matters. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

LARRABEE—"The Chap Book" is published in Chicago. JAMESPORT—Jules Verne was born at Nantes, France, in 1828. OLD LADY—Caroline Lee Hentz died at Marianna, Florida, in 1856. LANSING—Louisa Alcott's "Little Women" was published in 1868. THEODORE—William Black's novel, "Judith Shakespeare," has been dramatized. DANVILLE—Mr. Francis F. Browne is the senior editor of the Chicago "Dial." CORINNE—The play, "John-a-Dreams," was written by Mr. Haddon Chambers. CEPHAS—Mark Twain's story, "Pudd'nhead Wilson," has been dramatized. HILDA—Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen was born in Fredericksbaru, Norway, in 1848. OTIS—Captain Charles King, the novelist, was born at Albany, New York, in 1844. ATLANTA—George William Curtis' connection with "Harper's Weekly" began in 1857. GOSHEN—The Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., has written a "Life of Henry Ward Beecher." THERESA—Mrs. W. K. Clifford is the author of "The Love Letters of a Worldly Woman." FREMONT—Romanticism is a term used to designate the unnatural productions of the modern French school of novelists. T. H. H.—If I am not mistaken, the last paper written by Professor Huxley for a periodical appeared in the March, 1895, issue of the "Nineteenth Century." FOREST HILL—Mrs. Humphry Ward's maiden name was Mary Augusta Arnold. She was born in Hobart, Tasmania. (2) "Robert Elsmere" appeared in 1888. QUERIST—Horace E. Scudder succeeded Mr. Aldrich as editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1890. (2) John Brisben Walker is editor of the "Cosmopolitan." ETTA—The author of "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now," was Philip Phillips, who died in June last. Mr. Phillips was familiarly known as "The Singing Pilgrim." REUBEN—Matthew Arnold died in 1888. (2) Charles A. Dana was born at Hinsdale, New Hampshire, in 1819; he became editor and chief proprietor of the New York "Sun" in 1868. ANNE T.—Coventry Patmore, the author of "The Angel in the House," resides in England. He is in his seventy-third year. (2) Mr. James Payn is the author of "Lost Sir Massingbird." JEAN—Lew Wallace is himself authority for the statement that he wrote the greater part of "Ben Hur" at his own home, and that the last chapter was written in the cavernous chamber at Santa Fé. JERRY—Frank Forester, the author of "Frank Forester and His Friends," committed suicide in New York, in 1858. (2) Balzac is usually considered the head of the realistic school of French novelists. WINCHESTER—The widow of the late George W. Curtis resides on Staten Island. (2) I. Zangwill's story, "Children of the Ghetto," consists of a series of studies of the criminal classes of the English slums. KANKAKEE—"Arthur Penn" was a nom de plume of Brander Matthews. He does not use it nowadays, but writes altogether under his own name. (2) Thomas Bailey Aldrich is the author of "The Story of a Bad Boy." PAUL PRY—You will find the quotation, "The bearing and the training of a child is woman's wisdom," in Tennyson's poem, "The Princess." (2) "Becky Sharp" is a character in Thackeray's novel, "Vanity Fair." OLD TIMER—Dickens' "Child's History of England" was published in 1853 and dedicated "To my own dear children, etc., etc." (2) Mr. Edward W. Townsend, of the New York "Sun," is the author of "Chimmie Fadden." A. S. J. W.—In J. B. Buckstone's burlesque, "Billy Taylor," produced at the Adelphi Theatre about 1830, a song occurs, in the first verse of which you will find your quotation: "Time was made for slaves." J. C. F.—Max Nordau, the author of "Degeneration," was born at Budapest, in 1849. He is of Jewish birth. He is by profession a physician. (2) Miss Braddon's "Three Times Dead" and "The Trail of the Serpent" are one and the same novel. NATALIE—"Pierre Loti" is the nom de plume of Louis Marie Julien Viaud, a French author. (2) Jules Verne was born at Nantes, France, in 1828; his "Around the World in Eighty Days" appeared in 1874. (3) Coventry Patmore is the author of "The Angel in the House." DANBURY—The verse you inclose, "Rich bower, what rare joys are thine, In morning's glow and twilight's gloom, Through days that storm and days that shine To only have to dream and bloom!" is from a little poem of R. H. Munkittricks, called "Tiger Lilies." SPRINGFIELD—The "ten best American books" as chosen by the readers of the New York "Critic," are as follows: Emerson's Essays, Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Longfellow's Poems, Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Dr. Holmes' "Autocrat," Irving's "Sketch-Book," Lowell's Poems, Whittier's Poems, Wallace's "Ben Hur," Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." BROOKLINE—The lines, "God keep you, dearest, all this lonely night; The winds are still, The moon drops down behind the western hill, God keep you safely till the morning light," occur in a poem of Mary Ainge de Vere's, called "God Keep You." (2) William Waldorf Astor was born in New York City in 1848. GLENDALE—"Th. Bentzon" is the nom de plume of a French literary woman, Madame Blanc. (2) Helen Mather, the author of "Cherry Ripe" and other novels, is the wife of Mr. Henry Reeves, an eminent English surgeon. (3) Among literary people generally, George Meredith's novels rank very high. Mr. Meredith was educated for the bar but soon left it for literature, which may be said to be his profession.

Advertisement for 'These Three Special Ladies' Cloaks' priced at \$6.00, \$7.50, and \$10.00. Includes illustrations of three different cloak styles and text describing their features and availability.

Advertisement for 'Delicate Lace' and 'COFCO' soap. Features an illustration of a lace border and text describing the quality and uses of the soap.

Advertisement for 'Our advertisements' and 'THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.' Includes illustrations of various winter clothing items and text describing the company's offerings and contact information.



ARMORSIDE CORSET
 Gives the Wearer a Beautiful Figure
 If not in stock at your retailer's send
 \$1.00 for a corset, free by mail, to
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Reliable Furriers
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 EVERYTHING IN
Furs
 Seven Highest Awards World's Fair
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 Goods sent to any part of the world on receipt of price. If not satisfactory, money returned less Express Charges.
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Your Own Bankers
 Write for fashion plate of ALL FURS.
 No. 23 represents Electric Seal Cape. Genuine Black Marten Edging all round; 30 inches long, 140 inches sweep.
 Best quality . . . \$60.00
 Same, 27 x 130 . . . \$50.00
 As above, plain . . . \$40.00

Just as Easy!
 The eye slips in but can't slip out, except at the will of the wearer. The DELONG patent hook and eye.
 See that **hump?**
 Richardson & DeLong Bros. Philadelphia.

DRESS CUTTING
 by Tailor Method Waist, Skirt and Sleeve system. Simplest and most practical in use. LEARN IT IN 1 HOUR. Half price to introduce it.
B. M. KUHN, Inventor, Bloomington, Ill.

SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS
 BY RUTH ASHMORE

To MY GIRLS—Again I must ask that all questions be put as plainly as possible, and, when my girls desire an answer by mail, that they will write their addresses plainly and send stamps.
 RUTH ASHMORE.

ANNIE—"Route" is pronounced as if spelled "root."
 BESS—In ascending a staircase the lady precedes the gentleman.
 M. S.—It is in very bad taste to have one's stationery strongly perfumed.
 ELAINE—A bodice cut low in the neck should be worn only in the evening.
 BRUNETTE—Announcement cards are furnished by the family of the bride.
 D. E. R.—If a gentleman helps you out of a carriage you should, of course, thank him.
 M. M.—A plain, unscented soap is the best. Such a soap may be used safely upon the face.
 KATE V.—The engraving of the initials on an engagement ring is entirely a matter of taste.
 EVELYN—A smooth white skin is only obtained by care as to one's health, regular bathing and exercise.
 F. A. B.—I do not think it right for young girls to wear either pins or medals belonging to young men.

MORRISON AND OTHERS—All letters sent to me are confidential. I cannot tell who my questioners are.
 MARIE—Vaseline, or any soft cream, rubbed well into the nails every night will tend to make them less brittle.
 GYPSY—A pretty present for a young girl to give her future sister-in-law would be a small piece of solid silver.
 A WARM ADMIRER—One's appearance at the bride's reception, or one's card if one is unable to go, counts as a visit.
 DUQUESNE—At a home wedding the bride and groom stand facing the clergyman, who faces the assembled company.
 W. S. K.—In sending flowers to two young ladies who live in the same house, send each a separate box, inclosing your card in each one.
 TEXAS GIRL—It is not necessary to fold one's napkin before leaving the table, but instead it should be dropped loosely beside one's place.
 A COUNTRY GIRL—Physicians say that a woman is at her best at thirty-five, and certainly a woman cannot be called "old" at twenty-five.
 READER—I would advise cold cream for the neck and arms rather than vaseline, which on some people seems to cause a growth of hair.
 L. B.—A lady speaks first when she meets a gentleman acquaintance on the street, as an evidence of her wish to continue the acquaintanceship.
 N. A. S.—There would be no impropriety under the circumstances in dancing with the young man even if your acquaintance with him was slight.

FLORENTINE—I do not know of the law regarding the wife being the husband's heir, but in some States she inherits all of his personal and a third of his real estate.
 A. X. Y.—When a wedding invitation has an "at home" card inclosed, you should either call personally on the day named, or send your visiting-card by post.
 MERLE—It would seem rather rude for a young woman to take a man's arm without his offering it. (2) Girls may, of course, go any place with their brothers.
 SUBSCRIBER—It is unusual to see the words, "No presents received," on a wedding invitation. (2) Chrysanthemums are the prettiest flowers for an October wedding.
 CORALYN—Thank you very much for your sweet, womanly letter. It was a great pleasure to me and came at a time when the sunshine of pleasant words was most welcome.
 C. S. G.—If one is only taking a cup of tea or a glass of lemonade at a reception it is not necessary to remove one's gloves, but if anything is eaten the gloves may be taken off.
 M. L. C.—If your acquaintance with the gentleman is so slight that you do not know whether he is married or not it would certainly be very improper for you to lunch with him.
 HOLYOKE—Prepared chalk and orris root make a very good tooth powder. This mixture may be gotten at any druggist's, and as much or as little of it can be bought as one wishes.

SUBSCRIBER—When you give your card to the servant inquire if Mrs. Brown is at home. (2) When a visitor leaves simply say that you hope to have the pleasure of seeing her soon again.
 OPPORTUNITY—When announcement cards have upon them only "At Home after October fifteenth," then you may call upon the bride any day after that date between four and six o'clock.
 EDNA—It is very vulgar to laugh at any misfortune that may happen to a person at the table. (2) In rising from the table it is not necessary, although courteous, to put one's chair in position.
 QUANDARY—As you are not engaged to the young man and do not expect to be, I would suggest that you stop going out with him so much, and arrange to be out occasionally when he calls.
 JULIET—I do not think a highly-educated woman would be happy if married to an ignorant man. (2) Thank you very much for your kind words, which, I can assure you, were keenly appreciated.
 DOROTHY—All vegetables containing starch tend to fatten one. As you wish to gain flesh avoid all acids, do not over-exercise and eat plenty of bread, drinking cocoa in preference to either tea or coffee.
 PAUL—In introducing a gentleman one does not mention his Christian name unless two brothers should be presented at the same time, then one would say, "Allow me to present Mr. Smith and Mr. James Smith."
 M. M.—I can only suggest that you register your name at one of the agencies where positions are gotten for teachers, stating at the time what you can do and the different languages in which you are proficient.
 F. K.—I think, as you live in a different city and as the bride is a stranger to you, it would be in better taste for you to post your visiting-card so that it may be received on the "at home" day. Address it to the lady.

E. M. H.—In starting out for a walk with a lady the gentleman takes the outer side. When a gentleman is walking with two ladies he also takes the outer side. After a visit the one who is leaving says good-by first.

M. F. W.—The clergyman may be a doctor of divinity, but his wife does not take his title; she is simply "Mrs. John Smith." When their names are united the wording is in this way: "Doctor and Mrs. John Smith."
 MARGARET—Although "R. S. V. P." does not appear on the invitation to the luncheon, still you should write an acceptance or regret, making it either in the third or first person, according to the mode used in the invitation sent you.

BALTIMORE—When a gentleman has been kind enough to take you to a place of amusement simply say, "I have to thank you for a pleasant evening."
 (2) Rub either vaseline or cold cream around the roots of your nails, and you will find that they will be less dry.
 FANNIE—It would be perfectly proper, even if the gentleman is only a friend, to write him a note of condolence on the death of his sister. (2) I do not think it proper to accept anything so personal as a handsome belt and buckle from a man to whom you are not engaged.

L. C. H.—The oldest daughter should have "Miss Howard" on her visiting-card; the second one "Miss Mary Howard" and the third one "Miss Katharine Howard." (2) I do not think that a girl of fifteen is old enough to go out in society or receive men visitors.

UNFORTUNATE—Very often grease can be taken out of silk by laying upon the material a piece of common brown paper, such as butchers use, and pressing this with a hot iron. The paper will absorb the grease, but care must be taken that the iron is not kept on too long.

IYERD—At a quiet wedding where there are no ushers one of the members of the family would present those guests to the bridegroom who were strangers to him. It is customary for the clergyman to give his good wishes first to the newly-married couple. If the bride is in full dress the bridegroom would wear white gloves.

M. W.—Most of the magazines have more poetry than they know what to do with. However, when they accept it they pay for it. Direct your work to the editor of whatever journal to which you wish to send it, and not to any of the contributors or assistants, who really have no say whatever about the acceptance of any article.

S. L. D.—A gentleman has a small card with "Mr. James Percy" upon it, while his wife would have "Mrs. James Percy," her address in the lower left-hand corner and her "at home" day in the lower right hand. (2) In calling on a married lady you would leave two of your husband's and one of your own cards. A lady never leaves a card for a man.

TALLEYRAND—In speaking to a father or mother a child should say, "Yes, mamma," or "No, father," and not use the words "ma'am" or "sir." In speaking to a stranger it should say, "Yes, Mr. Smith," or "I don't think so, Mrs. Smith." (2) When a younger woman is introduced to another who is older and occupying a pronounced social position it would be proper to rise.

FLORENCE—The custom of sending wedding cake is no longer general. (2) It is not necessary for the bridegroom to be with the bride on her "at home" day, although it is an evidence of consideration if he should appear late in the afternoon. (3) In sending cards to a widow and her married daughter one should go to "Mrs. Jones" and another to "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

MRS. J. T.—You see God, in His good time, taught you the truth, and out of your sorrow has come joy. Do all that you can to make those around you happy and live a life so full of good works that in the hereafter you will be sure to meet that one who was so good and whom you loved so much. Indeed, I will say a prayer for you and I hope most earnestly that peace will come to you.

O. R.—In writing to your physician begin your letter, "My Dear Doctor Carey." (2) It is not necessary to send an answer to an "at home" card. Your presence or your card is sufficient. If the room is crowded it is not necessary to bid the hostess or the bride good-by. (3) Good books on etiquette may be had by applying to the Literary Bureau of the JOURNAL.

IRENE—Even at the most quiet church wedding it would be quite proper to have music. It would be equally proper to omit it, although, if there were only the bridal party present, the music would be in good taste. The ushers and the best man would also be desirable. Announcement cards should be sent to all your friends and acquaintances whether they were present at the ceremony or not.

THREE ADMIRERS—Of course, there is no impropriety in going driving with one's betrothed. (2) Embroidered doilies continue to be used, and are laid between the finger-bowls and the small plates under them. (3) Skirts and sleeves have stiffening put in them. (4) When people ask inquisitive questions and persist in them the wisest thing to do is simply to say that you prefer not to answer them.

AMY—Cards for the tea should be in your mother's and your own name. It is perfectly proper to invite gentlemen to an afternoon tea. Cards should be sent out at least ten days before the date. If you have a man servant let him attend the door and receive the cards, though a maid would be equally proper. Wafers, small cakes, sweets, tea, chocolate and any other beverage desired form the usual menu.

INEZ—If you are married in a white satin gown, the bridegroom, ushers and best man should wear white gloves; if a traveling dress is worn then tan-colored gloves would be in best taste for them. (2) At an evening reception wear one of your handsome evening dresses, while your husband should, of course, assume dress-clothes. (3) The tines of the fork should be placed toward the centre of the table.

STELLA—When a man friend has been kind enough to take you to some place of amusement simply say, "Thank you very much for my pleasant evening," and then add, if you wish him to come and see you, "I hope that I may have the pleasure of seeing you soon again." (2) A servant in offering a dish presents it at the left side. (3) When your visitors tell you they have had a pleasant time say, "I am very glad that you have enjoyed yourself."

E. R. H.—If you are going to have a girl friend visit you it would be quite proper to ask all the young people who are in the habit of coming to the house to call while she is there. (2) I do not believe in engagements extending over many years, nor do I think that a girl of sixteen has had sufficient experience of life to know whether she loves a man or not. (3) In inviting your girl friends to an entertainment it would be in very bad taste to suggest who should be their escorts. (4) Ices, fruits, sandwiches, cake and lemonade make a suitable collation for an evening's entertainment.



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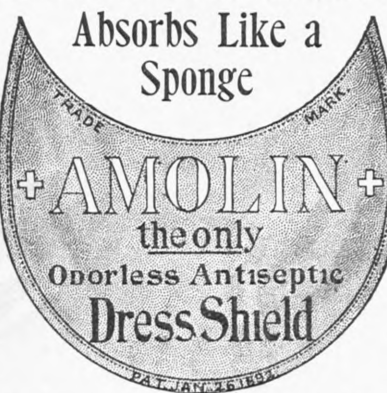
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ART HELPS FOR ART WORKERS
By Emma Haywood

Under this heading questions of general interest relating to Art and Art work will be answered. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

H. S. P.—I cannot answer questions of a personal nature. (2) When beginning to draw by all means use pencil or crayon, not pen and ink.

G. H. A.—I know nothing of the artist you mention. Your best plan is to inquire of some well-known picture dealer, giving all particulars.

H. E. C.—To paint strawberries in oils set your palette with raw umber, crimson lake, scarlet vermilion, lemon yellow, ivory black and cobalt blue.

L. S.—Possibly the fault was not with the varnish, but the way you put it on. I would not advise you to attempt to take it off; a picture cleaner would do it for you.

L. S. H.—I cannot recommend firms by name. Only large firms would keep what you require. A law stationer's is the most likely place at which to procure parchment or vellum paper.

P. B. N.—As a rule, an oil painting looks best in a gilt frame; such a frame seems to me suitable for the picture you describe. I should advise a moulding of simple pattern that projects a good deal.

W. A. D.—You can set pencil drawings by floating them face downward in milk just long enough to wet the surface. A very faint wash of water-color will also set a pencil drawing if the tint is not objected to.

W. B.—Hydrofluoric acid will remove the paint from china after it is fired, but no amateur should run the risk of meddling with so dangerous an acid. It will quickly burn the flesh to the bone if dropped upon it.

M. C.—There are so many studies bearing the names of the Seasons for decorative work that I cannot place those you describe. Your best plan would be to apply to the large stores for artists' materials, where they usually rent such studies.

J. H. R.—Lithographic stones are used for reproducing colored pictures; several stones are needed for the same picture if the coloring be varied, each color being printed on a separate stone. Paper or Bristol-board alone are suitable for crayon or pen and ink sketches.

N. G.—A good palette for flesh painting on china is to mix with Pompadour red a very small proportion of ivory yellow; the Dresden Pompadour red is best, it will mix with the French colors. For the shadows add some deep blue green to a deepened tone of the local flesh tint.

W. H. B.—The answers to all your questions on perspective would fill a handbook on the subject. I should advise you to get one; that belonging to the Winsor and Newton series on art subjects is intended for amateurs. If you could attend lectures on mechanical or object drawing it would help you greatly.

H. J. M.—The method used abroad for coloring plaster casts in imitation of the antique is to rub in boiled linseed oil. Two or three applications can be made to even the color a little, but in no case will it be quite equal, but look as if stained, which greatly adds to the appearance of antiquity. It preserves the casts also.

PROVIDENCE—Submit the old picture to the criticism of a reputable firm of picture dealers or to two or three of such firms and compare their opinions. There is so much trickery nowadays in the matter of antiques that it often takes an expert to decide if a picture or piece of furniture be genuinely old or but a spurious and worthless imitation.

M. B.—Some colored lithographs reproducing good pictures are well worthy being framed to adorn the walls of a home where original work is too expensive a luxury. The art of reproducing colored pictures faithfully has been brought to such perfection that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between the copy and the reproduction, especially when the picture is framed under glass.

M. M. D.—If you have had no training it would take years of patient study to learn the art of engraving or of etching, at the end of which time it would be by no means a certain source of profit to you. Many experts at such work, chiefly men, are now either out of work or earning a mere pittance. This state of things has been brought about by the many cheaper but equally effective modes of reproduction now in vogue.

M. G. W.—You might size the ducking before painting on it in oils, but it would be apt to discolor it a little; it should not, however, be necessary if you paint thinly and lightly so that the color remains on the surface. (2) By a neutral tint in art one means to express a grayish cool cast of tone, at once low and subdued; it may be of almost any color neutralized and subdued by others mixed with it or painted over it, so that its individuality is almost lost.

H. M. R.—To paint with oils on chamois skin take fresh spirits of turpentine only. Be careful not to load the paint on, or it will surely spread; if it does not dry quickly enough add a little gold size to the turpentine. For the edging of gold take bronze powder of good quality, mixing it only with the special medium sold for the purpose. Bronze powder comes in different shades of gold. I should recommend that exactly corresponding to the color of gold leaf.

F. D.—Never paint a new picture over an old one, there will never be any freshness or texture to be gotten out of a canvas already clogged with color. (2) Made colors, such as mauve lake, are to be avoided. (3) Linseed oil is not a proper medium, nor is turpentine alone; it tends to deaden the paints. A good medium can be made by mixing in equal parts prepared linseed oil, light copal varnish and turpentine. (4) Try for the purple iris a mixture of Antwerp blue, crimson lake and white, using only the best paints.

C. E.—For painting deer in oils in a strong warm light set your palette with raw umber, burnt sienna, raw sienna, yellow ochre, cobalt blue, ivory black and white. (2) For the complexion of an old face much wrinkled you might use raw umber, yellow ochre, raw sienna, rose madder, blue black, terra verte and white; for white hair take raw umber, cobalt blue and white for the shadows, white modified with yellow ochre for the lights, and toned with ivory black in the half lights, into which also may be worked a suspicion of Indian red.

R. P. R.—A good palette for flesh painting in oils is raw umber, Venetian or Indian red, blue black, terra verte, cobalt blue, pale lemon yellow, yellow ochre, rose madder, scarlet vermilion and white; raw sienna is also sometimes useful for a warm complexion in reflected lights. (2) Light copal or mastic varnish is the best for an oil painting—mastic especially will not discolor the white parts, as frequently happens with inferior varnish. (3) For painting oranges take deep orange and light cadmium, raw umber, raw sienna, rose madder, ivory black and pale lemon yellow.

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MUSICAL HELPS AND HINTS

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

NUTLEY—The song, "Die Himmelsaugen," is by Maude Valerie White.

IRENE SHIBLEY—The song, "Mollie Darling," was published in the year 1871.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—Sarasate, the violinist, may be addressed through the JOURNAL.

R. M.—The simultaneous use of both pedals on a piano is not injurious to the instrument.

MRS. KING—There is no arrangement of "The American Girl Waltzes" published for the violin.

MARIE—We know of no college nor boarding-school in this country devoted exclusively to vocal cultivation.

INQUIRER—The physical size of a person should not affect his ability to sing. And there is no known average of weight among artists.

FOND READER—In our limited space it is not possible for us to reply to questions concerning schools and musicians of purely local reputation.

J. B. N.—The correct title of the song concerning which you make inquiry is, "Some Day I'll Wander Back Again," and its composer is Westendorf.

E. H. L.—The duet, "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters," concerning which you make inquiry, was composed about thirty-five years ago by Alice Hawthorne.

A. B. B.—Examine the chorus of "Bonny Jean," by Osbourn, which, in melody, is much like what you have quoted. It is, however, published in a different key.

INQUIRER—Madame Tavery is now starring in grand opera in the large cities of the United States. We can make no comparisons between her and Sybil Sanderson.

CURIOS MUSICIAN—It is quite impossible for us to give an opinion concerning the rank of amateur musicians. Neither can we give the addresses of private individuals.

WHISTLER—So far as we have been able to learn correct whistling is governed by the same rules as voice culture, and if this is the case whistling should not be injurious to the voice.

MRS. W. K. HARBER—There seems to be no authentic actual case of a woman being taught to sing under hypnotic influence as was Trilby O'Ferrall, in Du Maurier's novel.

H. E. M.—A sketch of Reginald de Koven was published in the September, 1895, issue of the JOURNAL. In it you will doubtless find whatever facts you desire concerning his life and his musical career.

INTERESTED SUBSCRIBER—Jean de Reszke, the tenor, is the elder of the brothers. He was born at Warsaw, in Poland, on January 14, 1852. Edouard de Reszke, the basso, was born at the same place on December 23, 1855.

W. H.—The words you quote are from the song "Love Comes Like a Summer Sigh," from "The Little Tycoon," an opera by Willard Spenser. This song is published in sheet music and may be secured from any music dealer.

ENQUIRER—Madame Murio Celli is a well-known vocal teacher, located at present, we understand, in New York City. She was the teacher of Emma Juch and of a number of other successful singers, and is of front rank as an instructor.

G. I. S.—We do not think that the matter of taste should enter into the proper means of transporting a violin. The wooden case should be used in preference to a cloth bag of any kind, as it offers a safer and better protection for the instrument.

CALAIS, MAINE AND HARMONY—Ethelbert Nevin was born at Edgeworth, on the south bank of the Ohio, thirteen miles from Pittsburg, on November 25, 1862. His home is in Boston, to which he will return after an indefinite stay at Florence, Italy, where he is at present.

PUZZLED—Madame Lilli Lehman is at present an instructor in the Conservatory at Berlin. Write Jessie Bartlett Davis, care of this magazine, asking her your questions personally and sending her a stamped and addressed envelope, and your letter will be forwarded to her.

X.—The "Magnolia Blossoms" waltzes were printed in the JOURNAL of April, 1893. A copy of the magazine for that month can be obtained for ten cents. The musical compositions that have appeared from time to time in the JOURNAL have been copyrighted and are exclusively the property of this magazine.

DUBUQUE—Nature gives to one man a tenor voice, to another a bass, but she has never yet allowed two people to exchange or interchange their voices. It would be as fatal and impossible for a person having black eyes to exchange with another having blue eyes as for a bass voice to become a tenor, or a tenor to become a bass.

COMPOSER—Submit your compositions to any well-known composer with a polite request for his candid opinion on your abilities as a composer. If your works are composed and written in good form and are really original we think you are doing very well for a lad of fourteen. The opinion of some one who can personally examine your work will be of more value however.

JULIA A. ALLEN—If it is possible for your left-handed pupil to learn to bow with his right arm, he should be taught. Otherwise he will have to purchase a left-handed violin. On such an instrument the strings are placed in a reverse order; the E string on the left side, A next, D next and G on the right. It would be wiser to have a dealer string the instrument for him.

TENOR SINGER—The only safe way for you to strengthen and train your voice is to study with a capable instructor. Under such teaching your voice will gain both in notes and quality. We should imagine from your description that your voice was a tenor, as barytone voices seldom range as high as A. Your instructor will be able to advise you as to the suitability of your voice for operatic work.

MEMPHIS GIRL—The term No. 4 Cotta when inserted as follows, Sonata in F (No. 4 Cotta), means that the composition is No. 4 of the Cotta edition, published by J. G. Cotta, of Stuttgart, Germany. The Cotta publications are low-priced editions of the works of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Chopin and other composers, and are well printed and edited. They compare in price with the Litloff editions.

L. A. K.—The only way to study music so as to become a competent instructor is to begin work at your earliest opportunity with the best teacher, or at the best conservatory, you can secure, and to continue with perseverance and patience after you have begun. Several years are necessary for the accomplishment of the full course of instruction necessary to the training of good piano teachers.

CORINNE—If you have a competent private teacher we do not see any necessity for you to enter a conservatory. (2) New York will probably give greater opportunities for the hearing of opera than Boston, and as good concerts. (3) A recent writer in the JOURNAL advocates men teachers for women and women for men, the skill of each being equal. (4) The National Conservatory of Music in New York City is at 126 East Seventeenth Street.

NELLIE B.—A soprano voice with a range of two octaves and a half of notes, all good, full and true, is unusual, and if your teacher be correct in saying that it is also of exceptional power we would advise you to continue its cultivation; whether for professional use later or not we are unable to judge. Be guided by the opinions of the best musicians in your vicinity, who will readily advise you regarding the matter of the future disposition.

ANNA—"Carossi's Complete Method" is, in our opinion, the best published method of guitar playing. Romero's "Peruvian Air" and "La Tipica," De Janon's arrangements of "Old Folks at Home" and Rubinstein's "Melodie in F"; "Dream Pageant March"; "Darkies' Dream"; "Love's Dreamland" and "Harvest Moon" waltzes; "Fairy Footsteps Schottische"; "La Bella Polka" and "Continental Rondo" are all brilliant and popular selections for guitar solos.

CARMEN—No specific amount of knowledge of the science of music is absolutely necessary to success upon the operatic stage, we regret to say. A much more ideal condition of affairs, musically considered, would be the case were every singer also a student of the science of music. The more you know of music the more valuable you will be as an artist, but it is possible to learn to sing with only a reading knowledge of notes, intervals and time. These are, however, requisites.

L. K. L.—Jenny Lind's voice ranged from D above middle C to D in Alt—two full octaves, with another note or two occasionally available above the high D. She sang an E flat in Alt, in the "Ah, Non Giungo" of "Sommambula." (2) The average compass of a tenor voice is from C to B or A in Alt. The high C of a tenor is more usually a head tone, but some of the great tenor singers possess, or have possessed, the chest high C, which they can use, artistically, in but a few places.

CANADA—To secure the publication of your arrangement of the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," you can either pay some one of the music publishing firms to issue it for you, or submit it for purchase to the John Church Company, Cincinnati, Ohio; Bigelow & Main, New York City, or the Century Company, New York City. The JOURNAL would be glad to examine it, but as we have already published a new arrangement of these words, it is unlikely that we will find it available.

R. E. S.—It is impossible for us to give a complete list of the classical songs suitable to a mezzo-soprano voice, but below we give a partial list of such music: Beethoven's "Song of Penitence," Liszt's "Lorelei" and "Mignon," Weber's "How Near I Came to Slumber," Schubert's "Ave Maria," Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful," Mozart's "Silently Blending," Handel's "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," and "Veni O Caro," from "Julius Caesar," and Haydn's "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair."

A SUBSCRIBER—"Harmony" and "Composition," by Dr. Stainer, both of which are published by Novello, Ewer & Company in their "Music Primer" series, are excellent handbooks of these subjects. "Harmony," by Dr. H. A. Clarke, is, in our opinion, an even better book than Dr. Stainer's. (2) We should say that if he had sufficient determination and application it were quite possible for a person commencing study at the age of twenty-one to become a good concert cornet soloist.

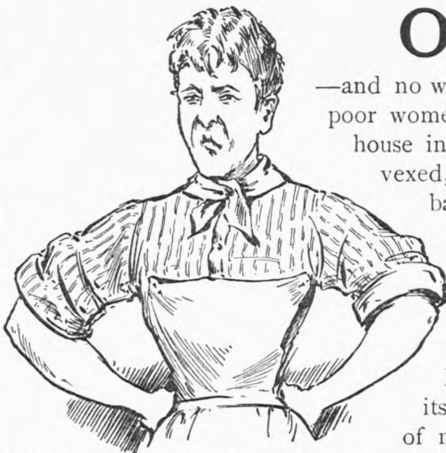
A. G.—If parents desire to have their children instructed in any particular school of music they should select a teacher whose method is of that school. It is quite impossible for an instructor who is trained and believes in one method to teach in another. If by your query you refer to whether parents or instructors should rule in the choice of the class and kind of music given to pupils for interpretation, we must give our opinion in favor of the instructor who is the specialist in the matter, and who, it seems to us, is the one qualified to decide which will further best the art of the pupil.

FLATTERER—The terms "rubato" or "tempo rubato" when used in musical compositions, especially in the works of the modern romantic school, indicate a style which is the opposite of strict time, i. e., that in a composition marked "tempo rubato" some portion of the bar thus marked is to be executed at a quicker or slower tempo than the general rate of movement, the balance being restored by a corresponding slackening or quickening of the remainder of the bar. The term means literally "robbed" or "stolen time," and the manner of its exercise is left almost invariably to the discretion of the performer.

MRS. W. H. PHILLIPS—We cannot recommend any instructor of whistling, and there is no published work on the subject of which we have been able to learn. The requirements of one who wishes to assume whistling as a profession, are, according to Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, the well-known whistler, "application to work, a good ear and a good natural whistle." The first of these she considers of greatest importance, resulting, as it does, in constant and steady work. From two to three hours of daily practice is necessary if success is to be secured. Her method is the same as that of vocal cultivation.

JOHN N. R.—If we understand your question correctly, your difficulty is in modulating from the key of G (one sharp) to the natural key of C. We cannot understand how it is possible for you to have made modulations from all of the keys you mention to the key of G, and then have any difficulty with the simplest of all modulations to the natural key, that from the key of G, since G being the dominant of C is itself the absolute requisite of a modulation into the key of C. To particularize, the common chord of G with the seventh (F natural) added, has for its most natural resolution the common chord of C natural.

CLEMENTINE—The Italian method of voice production and cultivation calls for perfect breath control, good articulation and enunciation, tones focused well in the mouth and what is known as a good color throughout the voice. (2) The most noticeable difference between the artistic (i. e., the cultivated) style in singing and the untrained is finish. (3) Manuel Garcia has just published a new work on singing, which is valuable. Signor Delle-Sedie, of Paris, has also published a notable work on this subject and is a thoroughly competent authority. Myers, of New York, has also written a useful book upon these subjects. "Voice, Song, Speech," by Behnke and Browne, is also valuable. All of these books are, however, very exhaustive in their treatment of the subject, and would be of greater value to a serious student than to the general reader.



Out of sorts

—and no wonder. Think of the condition of those poor women who have to wash clothes and clean house in the old-fashioned way. They're tired, vexed, discouraged, out of sorts, with aching backs and aching hearts. They must be out of their wits. Why don't they use **Pearline** (use with out soap)? That is what every woman who values her health and strength is coming to. And they're coming to it now, faster than ever. Every day, **Pearline's** fame grows and its patrons increase in number. Hundreds of millions of packages have been used by bright women who want to make washing easy.

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7—The Bagpipes, the delight and inspiration of the Scots.	65
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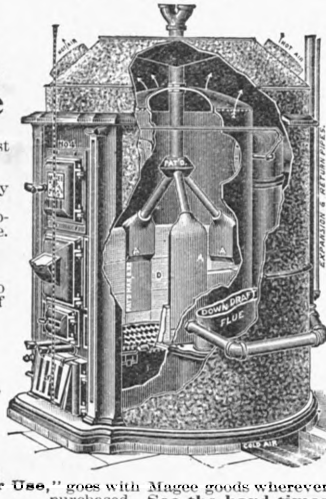
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EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE

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

SITKA—Table linen should be ironed on the right side.

MALDEN—Almonds are blanched by scalding them with boiling water.

HAMILTON—The menu cards should be placed at the left of each guest.

MARY G.—"Ragout" is a French word for a stew, usually one that is highly seasoned.

EDNA D.—Use, with great care, a little carbolic acid to clean the interior of your carafes.

LIZZIE—Sheets are usually made with a deep hem at one end, and quite a narrow one at the other.

J. T.—Terrapin is in season from November until May, and green turtle is in season all the year round.

B. R. M.—Painted walls are the most satisfactory for a nursery, and certainly the best from a sanitary point of view.

ALICE P.—A little dry flour dredged over the top of a cake before the icing is put on will keep the icing from running.

B. W. E.—Mix a little cornstarch with the table salt before filling the salt-shakers; this will make the salt dry and prevent its clogging the perforations of the shakers.

NETTIE C.—A lettuce salad served with French dressing is more generally offered as a course at a dinner-party than a more elaborate one with mayonnaise dressing.

LUCETTE—Hem all your table-cloths and napkins by hand. (2) It is said that if a small piece of camphor be placed in a silver-chest that the silver will not become discolored.

A. B. F.—Table napkins are no longer folded in fancy shapes. They are simply folded square and so placed upon the table. (2) If you intend to have two sorts of soups at your dinner-party have one cream and one clear.

JOSEPHINE—Short sash curtains of yellow China silk, hung from a rod, would be suitable for the hall windows you describe. This silk in the plain colors is washable and hence of special use in halls, where curtains soil quickly.

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER—White table linen is the most serviceable and certainly the most appropriate for all occasions. (2) The table at which the immediate bridal party is to sit at the wedding breakfast should be decorated entirely in white or white and gold. The bridesmaids' colors might predominate at the other tables.

LANDONVILLE—Flowers with a distinct fragrance should be avoided as a dinner-table decoration. (2) The best place for costly bric-a-brac is a cabinet with glass doors. (3) The best dusters are made from yard-wide cheesecloth, neatly hemmed. These are easy to keep clean and the use of them cannot injure even the finest furniture.

SISTER—The old-fashioned habit of saying grace before meals is not dying out. In some families the custom of saying a silent grace is observed, but, to my mind, the old-fashioned method of asking God's blessing on the "food which we are about to receive," while all stand reverently, is the most proper way in which to observe the custom.

SAN ANTONIO—To clean marble mix two parts of powdered whiting with one of powdered bluing and half a pound of soft soap and allow it to come to a boil; while still hot apply with a soft cloth to the discolored marble and allow it to remain there until quite dry, then wash off with hot water and soap in which a little salts of lemon has been dissolved. Dry well with a piece of soft flannel and your marble will be clean and white.

X. Y.—The duties of a housekeeper in a large hotel are arduous and exacting and the position one of great responsibility. Unless you have a great deal of executive ability it would not be possible for you to fill the position even if you could obtain it, which seems to be very doubtful. I should advise you to try for one of the less responsible positions, and if you should succeed would advise you to work hard and fit yourself for the better one, which in the course of time will be sure to be offered to you after you have had some practical experience in hotel work.

CHARLOTTE—Oysters are roasted in the following manner: Select large oysters and have them scrubbed thoroughly, then place them in the oven in a large tin with the round side of the shells down, so that when they open the liquor will not be lost. As soon as they do open remove the upper shell, sprinkle them with salt, pepper and chopped parsley, add a little butter and serve hot as possible on a bed of watercress. Oysters served in this way make an excellent first course at dinner if accompanied by thin slices of brown bread and butter.

NETTIE—Mrs. Lincoln's formula for a dressing for orange salad is as follows: Beat the yolks of four eggs until very thick and light colored, then beat into them gradually one cupful of sifted powdered sugar and half a level teaspoonful of salt, and beat until the sugar is dissolved. Add the juice of two lemons and beat again. Peel and slice thin six bananas. Peel four oranges, cutting close to the pulp, pick out the seeds, and slice them across in thin slices. Put into a deep glass dish a layer of bananas, then of the dressing, then of the orange, then again a layer of each, with the banana on the top, and pour the remainder of the dressing over it. Set on ice and serve very cold.

M. A. G.—The following is a form of regretting a wedding invitation: "Mr. and Mrs. Graham Smith regret their inability to accept the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Brown to be present at the marriage of their daughter Mary to Mr. Henry Jones, on Wednesday evening, August 28, 1895." (2) You should, of course, send cards to a wedding reception if you are unable to attend, just as you would to any other reception. (3) The following is a proper form of acceptance of a commencement invitation: "Miss Browne accepts with much pleasure the invitation of Mr. Greene to be present at the commencement exercises on Tuesday evening, June the twenty-fifth, eighteen hundred and ninety-five, at eight o'clock."

A.—To candy orange and lemon peel, throw the peel as you collect it into salt water and let it stand two or three weeks. Remove from the brine, wash well in clear cold water, and boil until tender in fresh water. It will take about three hours for lemon peel, and two for orange. Drain from the water and drop into a thin syrup made in the proportion of one pound of sugar to one pint of water; simmer gently until the peel is transparent and the syrup almost boiled away. Drain the pieces and drop into a thick syrup which must be boiling; remove from the fire and stir until the whole looks white, then lift out each piece of peel and roll it in granulated sugar. When quite dry pack in jars with tissue paper between the layers. Do each kind of peel separately.

NANETTE AND OTHERS—Almost any store which stamps materials for embroidery will offer a good selection of mottoes for embroidering on linen. For traveling-cases, "I'll put a girdle round about the earth," or the phrase, "Travelers must be content," will form a welcome variation upon the perennial "Bon Voyage." A button-bag may announce, "I had a soul above buttons." Embroidered pillowslips may allude to "The shadow of a dream," or ejaculate "Sweet sleep be with us." A veil-case may be marked: "Mysterious veil of brightness made, That's both her lustre and her shade," or, "The veil spun from the cobweb." The pretty cloths which are used to keep the ears of corn hot when serving may be marked, "Come, which is the staff of life," "When corn is ripe 'tis time to reap," or Whittier's, "Heap high the golden corn." Bread-cloths are marked, "Bread which strengthens men's hearts."

MARY M.—The following is a receipt for a good light plain layer cake: Cream together one-half cup of butter and two cups of sugar. Add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs and one cup of milk. Beat gradually into this three cups of sifted flour, into the last half cup of which three teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been added. Then add the well-beaten whites of four eggs and bake in a quick oven. (2) There is no necessity to make any reply to a guest's thanks at table. The fact that they are welcome to your hospitality should go without saying. (3) Where you have several ladies and gentlemen at table arrange them so that the sexes will alternate, and placing the gentleman of highest honor at your right and the lady of highest honor at the right of the host. (4) It is a matter of dispute with hostesses whether the ladies shall be served first, the gentlemen later, or whether the maids shall simply serve each person in rotation. The latter method is the simpler and speedier, the former the more courteous. Of course, the older people are served first when the former method is observed. (5) When you thank your guests for a pleasant time you are doing what it is their place to do. They should assure you of their appreciation of the delightful time you have given them. (6) The plate should not be removed from each place until another is ready to be put in its place. (7) The hostess should signal by a nod to the lady at the host's right hand when it is time to leave the table. (8) The Philadelphia "Ledger," a most excellent authority, gives the following receipt for cookies: Take nine tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and four of butter, and cream them well together. Add four well-beaten eggs, one cup milk, a little grated nutmeg, one ounce of caraway seeds, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt and enough flour to make a dough that will roll out easily. Cut out with a round biscuit-cutter, and bake in a moderate oven about twenty minutes. The thinner the dough is rolled the crispier the cookies will be.

HOME—A bride keeps her veil on at her wedding until she changes her wedding gown for her traveling frock. She, however, has it put back for her face immediately after the ceremony—before the congratulations. (2) A luncheon of three courses might consist either of soup, meat course and dessert, or of a meat course, salad and a dessert. A high tea of three courses might consist of stewed oysters, meat course and a dessert. Tea is usually served only in two courses, however. Yes, everything pertaining to each course should be removed with it. For a three-course luncheon each place should be set with a plate, soup-spoon, one fork, one knife, dessertspoon, tumbler, table napkin, and if you use them, individual bread-and-butter-plate. The soup may be simply brought in on soup-plates, which are stood upon the plates at each place, or it may be served by the hostess, the plates being handed her one at a time and then being passed to each guest by the waitress. For the meat course but one plate should be used, the meat and vegetables, with the necessary fork or spoon in each dish, being passed to each guest. The meat is, of course, carved outside and is ready for serving. For dessert it is usual to use two plates, one of which is passed to the guests with the finger-bowl on it, and a saucer-shaped dish, in which the dessert is placed by the hostess. The guests are supposed to remove the finger-bowls and put them at one side of their place, and then to stand the dessert saucers upon the plate when they are passed to them. For high tea use the three sets of dishes described for use at a luncheon, or simply the two latter sets. Coffee is served at high tea with the meat course only. Water is served throughout the meal. Lemon ice would be suitable for tea only as a dessert. When cheese is served with pie as a dessert it is considered better to pass it to each guest in turn. (3) Most kinds of cakes can be eaten readily from the fingers, but layer cakes are usually eaten with greater comfort from a fork, therefore it may be well for you to provide extra forks for the ice cream and cake course.

SEVERAL INQUIRERS—When proceeding to iron a shirt fold it lengthways from the gathers of the yoke to the tail, and iron both sides of the back. After this the wristbands should be ironed, being polished if necessary; the sleeves should be taken in hand and finished, care being taken to press them in proper shape. When this is done take the shirt by the shoulders and turn it front uppermost on the board, with the collar to the left hand; after putting in any necessary plaits in the back insert the shirt-board and proceed with the front. Before commencing to iron, the front should be pulled into shape, after which it should be ironed until thoroughly dry; doing one side at a time and being careful to avoid making creases. When both sides are done pin the collar or neckband together and run the iron down the centre and across the base of the front, afterward ironing the remaining unstarched portions of the garment. When this is done carefully turn the shirt front downward on the board and fold neatly, pinning the shoulders together to round the front somewhat. Then hang before the fire to thoroughly dry and harden the work. When the fronts have to be polished the convex iron should be made as hot as possible short of scorching the goods, and at the point previously mentioned, instead of pinning the collar together take out the flannel and put in a board covered with one thickness of linen only, and after damping the surface of one-half the front, polish with the convex iron by quickly passing it across from side to side, and then from base to collar, using considerable pressure and working with the back of the iron as far as possible. Treat the other half of the front in a similar manner; pin the collar and proceed to finish as before—of course, removing the board. When properly polished the fronts should be as smooth and shiny as china, and the polish should stand without dulling off. Shirts or front having raised patterns are ironed on the polishing point, then damped down on the surface and covered with a fine linen cloth, after which they are ironed until dry. (2) The French word *hors-d'œuvre* is applied to the relishes that are placed upon the table in side dishes. (3) A samovar is a Russian urn commonly of copper to hold boiling water; for making tea. (4) Parsley may be bleached by dipping it two or three times in boiling water.



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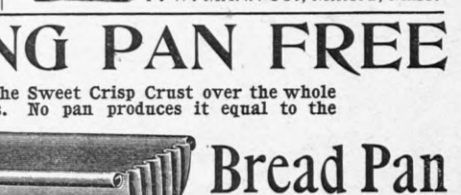
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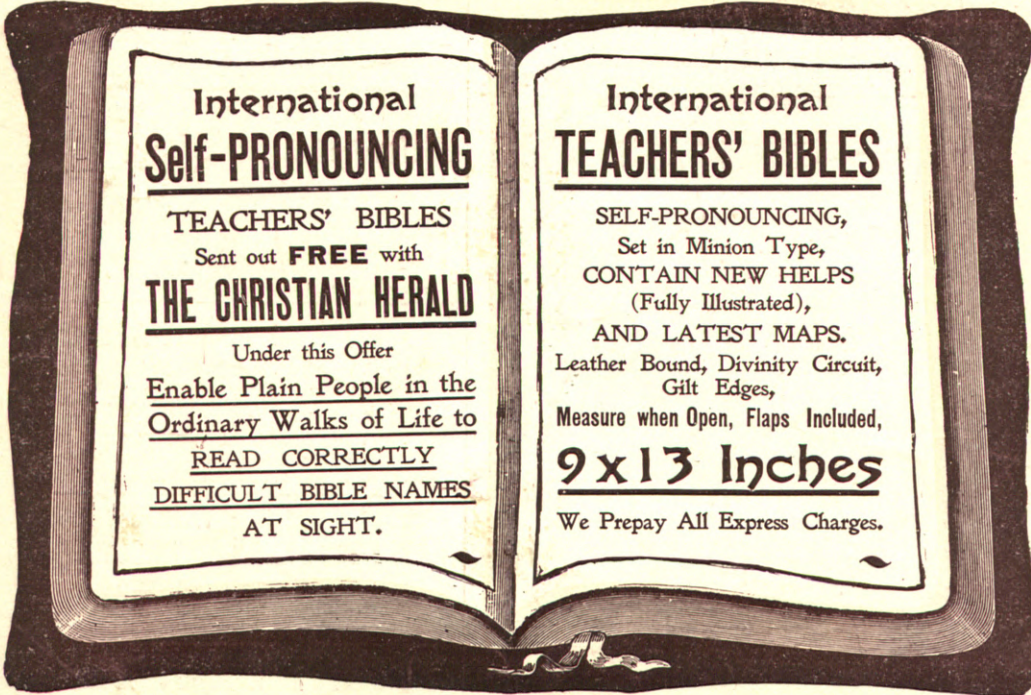
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