

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1892

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JULY DAYS

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

SOFTLY drone the honey-bees; From the meadows comes the scent
 Blossom scented is the breeze; Of the new hay, clover blent—
 Golden is the grain. In the topaz sky
 Over all the faintest haze Fleecy clouds, like ships at sea,
 Rests, and song birds pipe their lays Floating onward lazily,
 In a sweeter strain. Or at anchor, lie.

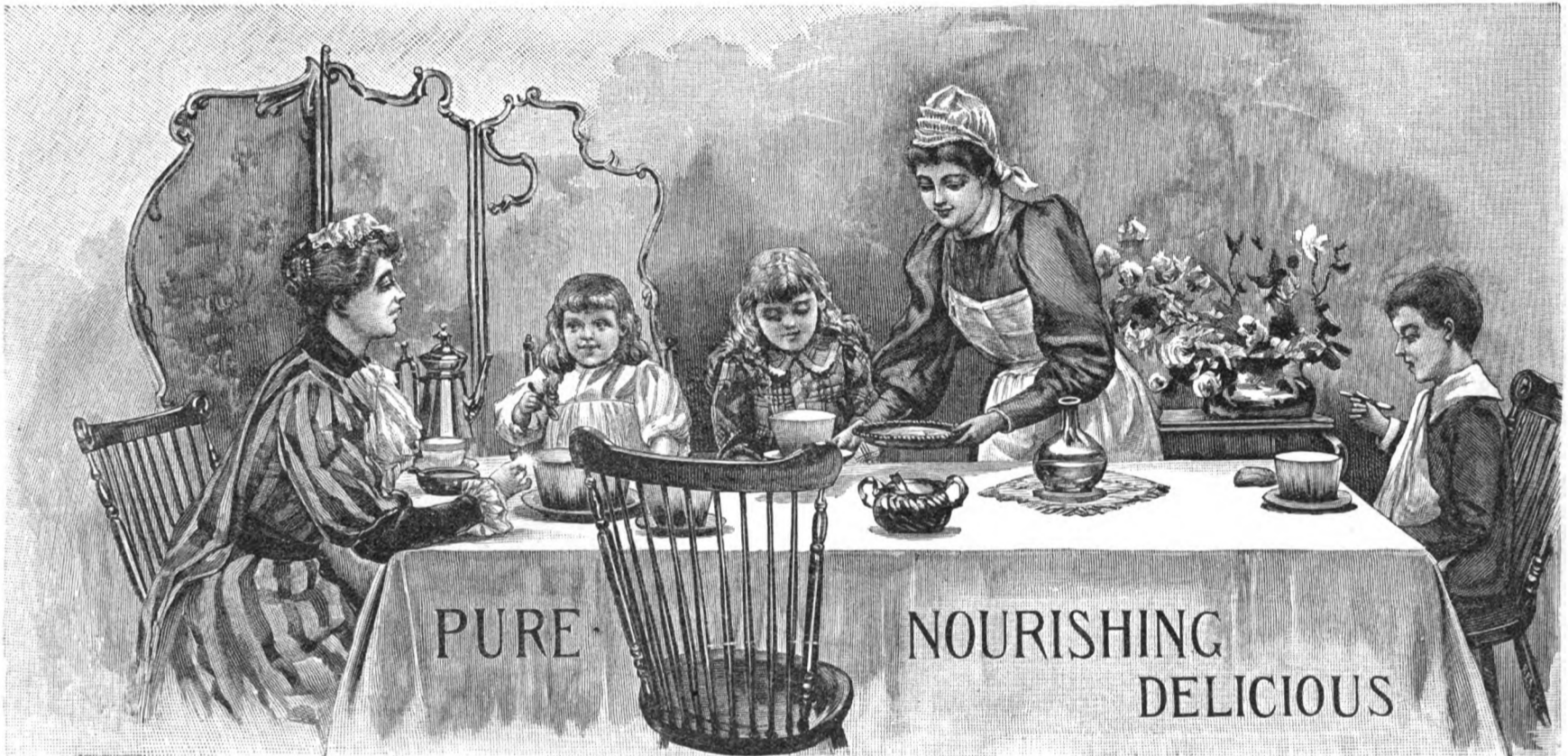
Nature now is doubly dear
 To my soul, for doubly near,
 At July's behest,
 She has come, and coming brings
 Surcease from all weary things—
 Blissful sense of rest!

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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EXCUSES

BY ANNETTE RITTENHOUSE

THE cries which fear wrings from the robin's breast,
But serve to show the cat where lies the nest:
Just so excuses, be they short or long,
But go to prove the existence of some wrong.



*XIX.—MRS. EDWARD BELLAMY

BY FANNY M. JOHNSON



Y husband is writing a book. He has been at work upon it for a year or more. I think it an unusual book, but I do not know whether it will be a great failure or a great success.

The lady who made this remark some half a dozen years ago, was the wife of a lawyer-journalist who was then quite unknown to fame, at least outside his own town and county. The friend to whom she spoke might have forgotten the re-



MRS. BELLAMY

mark if there had not been good reason, a little later, to remember it. For the speaker was Mrs. Edward Bellamy, and the book of which she spoke was "Looking Backward."

Two years later the book had made a great literary hit and success, and as its sentiments spread it became the inspiration of the nationalist movement. As the name of Bellamy grew famous, the name of Chicopee Falls, where the Bellamys reside, became familiar to the reading public.

It is a quiet manufacturing village, a part of Chicopee, one of the smaller Massachusetts cities. The Bellamy homestead is a characteristic New England home, a modest, two-story house on an elm-shaded street, built on one of the hills overlooking the Chicopee River. From the bend of the river, around which the manufactories of the town cluster, the streets climb upward to pleasant homes built on the adjacent slopes and terraces, and by shady paths and fields where wild flowers grow blend gradually with the surrounding farm lands. The Indian name which the village once bore, Skenongonuck, still clings to it in written records and town histories. Like many of the older Massachusetts towns, its more retired streets are shaded with rows of elms and maples, which give them an air of picturesque repose.

Nearly all of Mrs. Bellamy's life has been passed in this quiet home. When she was a child she came to the village with her mother, Mrs. Sanderson. When the latter re-married and went away, the daughter Emma, then a girl of thirteen, remained with the family of Rev. Rufus K. Bellamy.

* In this series of pen-portraits of "Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men," commenced in the January, 1891, JOURNAL, the following, each accompanied with portrait, have been printed:

MRS. THOMAS A. EDISON	January 1891
MRS. P. T. BARNUM	February "
MRS. W. E. GLADSTONE	March "
MRS. T. DE WITT TALMAGE	April "
MRS. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW	May "
LADY MACDONALD	June "
MRS. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS	July "
LADY PENNYSON	August "
MRS. WILL CARLETON	September "
MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY	October "
MRS. MAX O'RELL	November "
THE PRINCESS BISMARCK	December "
MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER	January 1892
MRS. LELAND STANFORD	February "
MRS. CHARLES H. SPURGEON	March "
MRS. EUGENE FIELD	April "
MRS. JOHN J. INGALLS	May "
MADAME VICTORIEN SARDOU	June "

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

In the pure, wholesome atmosphere of a New England parsonage she grew to womanhood. There were only sons in the family, and the pleasant, sweet-faced girl soon came to be loved and regarded as a daughter. Ten years ago she became really a daughter, in fact and name, by her marriage with Edward Bellamy, now the famous nationalist. During the remainder of the father's life and since his death, the old homestead, where the widowed mother still lives, has continued to be the home of Edward Bellamy and his family. Though the greater part of the working week he is deep in business at his office in Boston, a hundred miles away, but twice a week, as a rule, and always on Sundays, he comes home to rest and for a little while forget his business cares in the little parsonage.

The fame which came to Mr. Bellamy has made scarcely any change in the unpretending manner of their living. The many callers who have sought and found him at his home have come for serious business and not to be idly entertained. So no great burden of social entertainment has fallen upon his wife. One domestic suffices for their quiet home life, and Mrs. Bellamy has always been able to give the most devoted care to her two bright little children, Paul and Marion. From their babyhood they have never been trusted to the care or training of a stranger.

Her own education was obtained in the public and high schools of the village, where her record was that of a good scholar, a sweet singer and a general favorite. During her first years of married life she could have had no idea of the stir her husband's work and ideas were to create. His fame has made no difference in her quiet, unpretending manner.

Though she has been a wife for ten years, and a mother for seven, Mrs. Bellamy's face still retains much of the delicate bloom which is the heritage of New England girlhood, and her figure the slender grace of youth. She has dark-brown hair, bright, expressive eyes, and a manner marked by quiet cordiality, devoid of either formality or effusiveness. Her musical talent is her chief personal gift, her voice being a mezzo-soprano, and considerable attention has been paid to its cultivation. For several years she has sung in the choir of the village church, only a few rods distant from her home. She chiefly prizes her musical gift, however, for the pleasure it gives her husband and children, all of whom are exceedingly fond of music. The little melodeon which she learned to play upon when a girl still stands in one corner of the family sitting-room, and no Sunday afternoon or evening would be complete or happy without her singing to its simple accompaniment. Marion and her father love best the sweet old ballads, but Paul glories in war songs, music of march and battle, and rollicking plantation melodies. So far as they can understand the matter, the children are ardent nationalists.

The chief variation in this quiet life is in the summer, when the family spend a few months at the seashore or mountains. The summer of 1890 was passed at the seaside, but was saddened by the long and serious illness of the little daughter. Last year their summer outing was spent on the highest accessible spot of the Berkshire hills, and from that airy height the children came home rosy and healthy to fill the house and grounds with the merriment of happy child life. There is ample playground for the young Bellamys in the large home garden and among the fields and hills that surround their home.

In her husband's work and aims, Mrs. Bellamy is an earnest believer and hearty sympathizer. "I am often asked," she says, "whether Mr. Bellamy seriously believed in the theories of 'Looking Backward,' or whether it was written merely for effect. I know he was, and is, thoroughly in earnest in all he has written and done. He is far more sanguine than I, but yet I feel that the ends which he and his friends are working for will be brought about, and that much sooner than people can now believe."

Such is the theory and belief of this gentle woman, into whose calm life the accident of fame has wrought little change. Wholly without ostentation or pretense, she keeps on in the quiet round of her home duties, a type of the many wives and mothers to whom loyalty and love for husband and children stand first, but whose influence is beyond all reckoning in keeping the standards of a community pure, and its home life sweet.



MARION BELLAMY

TO A LITERARY ASPIRANT

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN

RATHER let thou the snowy page
A virgin's death endure
Than it should live a shamed age,
Wed to a thought impure.



BY ALICE GRAHAM McCOLLIN



T is interesting to know that the girl who posed as the model for the Goddess of Liberty which is familiar to the sight of this nation from its position on the face of the many silver dollars of the land, should have been born in

the City of Brotherly Love, the "Cradle of American Independence." It is not only an interesting, but a fitting historical coincidence that this should be so.

Anna Willess Williams, the original of this pictured goddess, was born in Philadelphia during the Civil War. Her mother was of



MISS WILLIAMS

southern birth, the daughter of Dr. Arthur H. Willess, a wealthy slave owner of Maryland, who, while his daughter was still unmarried, suffered financial reverses. When nineteen she married Henry Williams, of Philadelphia, and removed with him to his native city. Mr. Williams soon became affluent but through some mismanagement he lost all his property, and his daughter, Anna, the youngest of nine children, was born under most adverse circumstances. While she was still but a child her father died, leaving his widow, although in delicate health, with the strongest determination to care for and educate her children, and it was entirely through the endeavors of her mother that Miss Williams received her education.

Early in 1876 the Treasury Department secured the services of Mr. George Morgan, an expert designer and engraver, who had previously been connected with the Royal Mint of England. He was assigned to duty at the Philadelphia Mint upon the design for the new silver dollar which was soon to be issued. He gave his attention first to the reverse side, for which a design of the American eagle was afterward selected, hoping that a suitable idea would occur to him for the head of the Goddess of Liberty, which, it seemed proper, should be used as the principal figure on the coin. After considerable delay and frequent change of plan, it was decided that, if possible, the head should be a representation of some living American girl. In the pursuit of his duties Mr. Morgan had been thrown into the society of Mr. Thomas Eakins, an artist of considerable reputation, and the similarity of their interests became the foundation of a warm friendship between them. It was through Mr. Eakins' influence that Miss Williams, a friend of his family, was induced to pose for Mr. Morgan for the designs of the Goddess of Liberty. The sittings took place at the residence of Mr. Eakins, on Mount Vernon Street, below Eighteenth, in November, 1876. It was some time before the cap, with its sheath, was decided upon as the ornamentation for the head.

For nearly two years after the issue of the Bland dollar, the model's identity was kept a secret. In the summer of 1879, however, an indefatigable newspaper man discovered and proclaimed Miss Williams' connection with the coin. Since that time the annoyance to which she has been subjected has been constant. Letters, visitors—both to her home and school—and disagreeable personal encounters have been of almost daily occurrence.

Frequent as the requests for permission to publish a sketch of her life have been, Miss Williams has declined always to permit any such publication until now, and it is the good fortune of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to be enabled to present her to its many readers.

Miss Williams has become one of the most successful of the many clever women teachers of this country. She has been especially successful as an instructor of kindergarten training and philosophy. The success she has attained in her chosen vocation has been entirely the result of persevering effort and natural ability. She has been a diligent student always, and an enthusiastic follower of the University Extension Movement. In March, 1891, she received the prize for the best original essay on psychology offered by the University Extension Society.

Miss Williams' literary talents have found expression in interesting contributions to the current periodicals. Her taste in reading is principally for the philosophical treatises. Carlyle is her chosen essayist, and Howells her favorite novelist. The fine arts also claim her appreciation. She is a devout member and regular attendant of the Baptist Church.

In appearance Miss Williams is most attractive. She is below medium height, of graceful figure, with a face worthy the honor bestowed upon it of representing the goddess of her native country. Her complexion is fair, her eyes blue, her nose Grecian, and her hair, which is almost her crowning glory, is golden in color, abundant in quantity and of wonderful lightness of texture, the soft coil in which it is worn being especially becoming. Miss Williams is refined and gracious in her presence and free from self-consciousness. It may be said of her that she combines to a special degree strength of character and purpose with great gentleness and modesty.

The lesson of all lessons to be learned from Miss Williams' life story is that while fame may light upon the young life, adding to its reputation for external qualities, as in this case, the real success, which is hers, comes from personal application and steady perseverance. In these things, as in her beauty, she has proved herself a worthy model.

The history of the silver dollar, however, extends considerably further back than 1879. The first issue of silver dollars from the Government Mint was in 1794. On July 18th of that year the Bank of Maryland deposited some \$80,000 worth of "coins of France" (to be exact \$80,715.734) with the Government, and on the 15th of October the first issue of 1758 silver dollars was returned by the chief coiner of the Treasury. The design of these first dollars was a head of Liberty facing to the right. Above was the word "Liberty" and beneath the date "1794." To the left were eight stars, and to the right seven, representative of the number of States in the Union. In 1798 it became apparent that it would be quite impossible to add a star for every new State which the future might unite with the nation, and a return to the original thirteen was made, at which the decoration of stars has remained. On the reverse side of the 1794 dollar was an eagle with raised wings encircled by branches of laurel crossed, and around the wreath was the legend, "United States of America."

In 1795 a change was made in the design of the dollar. A bust, instead of the head of Liberty, was used, and the flowing hair from the head was bound with ribbon. The issue of 1796 was of the same design. In 1797 the number of stars was increased to include Tennessee, and there were two issues, some of fifteen and some of sixteen stars, during that year. In 1798, as has been said, the return to the original thirteen stars was made, and at the same time a further change was made in the reverse side; the design was an eagle with raised wings, bearing the United States shield on his breast, and in its beak a scroll inscribed "E Pluribus Unum," a bundle of thirteen arrows in the right talon, and an olive branch in the left; above the eagle were clouds and thirteen stars, and about the whole "United States of America." This design continued in use until 1804, when the coinage of silver dollars was suspended. In that year nearly \$20,000 were issued, of which at the present time but eight examples are known to exist. Coinage of silver dollars was resumed in 1840 with a new design. It was a figure of Liberty seated on a rock, supporting with her right hand the United States shield, across which floated a scroll inscribed "Liberty." On the reverse was an eagle with extended wings. This design was used until 1866, when it was slightly varied by the introduction above the eagle of the inscription, "In God We Trust," and this design was used until 1878, when Miss Williams' profile was substituted.



SOME PRETTY LAWN PARTIES

FOR THE LITTLE ONES, THE GIRL OF SIXTEEN,
WITH A WORD TO THE MATRONS

URING the summer and early autumn months country towns and villages are, as a rule, full of city visitors and boarders. How to entertain them is a matter of special interest to hostesses and their young friends. As a help in that direction this page offers a variety of novel suggestions.

Whatever kind of fête is decided upon, it is worth while to make it distinctive in type by suitable costumes, decoration and menu. Visitors are to be depended upon for help in this direction. Usually, very little expense need be incurred.

The degree of elaboration must depend upon the size and location of grounds, and the particular kind of serving intended. If tables are set, menu cards and plate souvenirs of rustic type should be used, also centerpieces representing the idea of the fête. If a picnic luncheon is preferred, let the costumes and general decorating serve that purpose.

A "MOTHER GOOSE" FROLIC

CHILDREN are always delighted with a costume party, and the Mother Goose family is to them an enjoyable company. So, the hostess who would wish to please the little people could do no better than to invite them to a lawn party, with the request that each shall come as one of Mother Goose's children. The hostess, or the little girl whom she may choose, should serve as Mother Goose, and receive the company. The costumes required are so simple that no great skill or expense is necessary in preparing them. A well illustrated copy of the book would give helpful hints about what to wear.

A lawn furnished with swings, and with hoops to trundle, also games—croquet, battledore and shuttlecock, ball, etc., etc., would ensure for the children a happy time. Yet as pertinent to the Mother Goose idea, a "gooseberry" tree is suggested as a vehicle of conveyance for bonbons and gifts.

This tree should stand apart from the others, and may well be not over eight feet tall. Upon it toys, sugar animals, fishes, birds, etc., are hung, just like a Christmas tree. Each should be labeled, not for the children by name, but for the character they assume, thus: Sheep for Ho-peep; Fish for Simple Simon; Baby for Rock-a-bye; Spider for Miss Muffit, etc., etc. A merry dance around the tree, and the singing of Mother Goose songs, should precede the picking of these unique "gooseberries" from the tree.

For plate souvenirs large sugar plums, with rhymes from "Mother Goose," each suited to the character chosen, pasted upon one side, are pretty; and a handsome pyramidal centerpiece may be made by stacking gooseberry tarts to form the required shape, then daintily decorating the same with flowers, the pedestal being covered wholly with roses. Tarts and roses are to be distributed later.

RUSTIC PASTIMES FOR GIRLS

THE holiday costumes of peasants in all European countries are picturesque. Many of them, especially the Swiss, French, Italian and Alsatian, are very pretty. They are particularly suitable for out-of-door fêtes, and a company of pleasure seekers could hardly choose more fittingly for enjoying a summer afternoon than to prepare for a peasants' party, with the idea of representing as many different countries as possible.

Games, dancing upon the lawn, and other sports may be enjoyed in imitation of the joyous fêtes so famous among Europeans.

There is another popular suggestion—that of a dairy-maid party. This, too, is very pretty for costuming—the broad Gainsboro hat, fan waist, velvet bodice, full and rather short skirt, with low shoes and colored stockings, being generally worn on holidays. The floor of the dairy house, or the big barn, is cleared, and by lantern light, and with the music of rustic fiddlers, old-time "figures" are recalled and games of other days revived. Then milk, cream, cakes, cheese, curds, whey, ices and berries are handed about, the company sitting the while upon milking stools—a most pastoral type of serving.

Then, again, there is the corn roast in its season, just when the field corn is "in the milk." The evening is best for this. Companies ride to the roast, if they choose, in hay wagons. A glowing hard-wood fire greets the guests; they spear the corn ears with long, sharpened poles, then kneel down before the fire to roast them. Blankets are spread upon mounds of newly-mown hay for seats, and the corn, when roasted golden-brown, is served.

Dancing upon the lawn by moonlight, with Chinese lanterns among the trees, and the firelight sending forth cheery rays, is a scene to tempt a band of happy young people.

DUTIES OF THE MATRONS

THE absence of conventionality, while it may be, and is, one of the pleasantest features of country and seaside life, places upon mothers and chaperones a double duty and care. In preparing for lawn parties, which, by the way, should be matronized—indeed, there is greater need of this than in home society where everybody is well known—the older friends may do much to assist in matters of costuming, entertaining, refreshment-serving and introduction. The ideal pleasure party is one in which children, young people and grown-ups, all have a happy part.

Guests at mountain and seaside hotels are not always the kind of companions parents would choose for their children and young friends, yet a kindly courtesy demands that no one shall be excluded from the general merry-making. It, therefore, requires a deal of tact on the part of the older people to suitably protect the younger members. The presence of the grown-ups is the best protection.

LAWN PARTIES AND OUT-DOOR FÊTES

Arranged by Mrs. A. G. Lewis

A UNIQUE GIPSY CAMP

A PARTY NOVEL IN EFFECT AND PRETTY IN
COSTUME

"GIPSY CAMP" is a very pretty and attractive affair, and easily managed, even where there are but few trees in the grounds. Invitations written upon cards cut from the inner peeling of birch bark, if such can be obtained, are most suitable, and may read something after this sort: "The Shonshone gipsies will camp at Steven's Grove. One hour after the sunset gun meet us, wearing the costume of your tribe."

By this card the parties invited understand that they are to join the company wearing the dress of their respective tribes. As many different tribes as possible should be represented, and from as many different countries. There can be very little difficulty in this age of pictorial literature in finding pictures or paintings to give models for the required costumes. They differ very little among the semi-barbaric tribes (and those are the types most picturesque for representation) from the costumes of the peasantry, being rather more showy in color, and more profusely ornamented with beads, buckles and bracelets.

The conventional gypsy costume generally worn by European tribes consists of the white blouse waist, with a bright-colored corset bodice, which is really neither more nor less than an ordinary corset worn upon the outside of the dress, laced at the back with bright red cord; bright colored, and full gathered, or plaited skirt; low shoes, with stockings to match the dress; broad-brimmed hat, with broad ribbon streamers, but more often an orange or red handkerchief tied over the head. Strings of beads of every variety of colored glass and coral are massed about the neck and waist. They also hang from the shoulders with the ends caught by bracelets above the elbow or at the waist, and are sometimes looped from shoulder to shoulder. Many varieties of colors are combined, so that, even with the same style of dress, their costumes are wholly different in effect.

The men wear high-crowned hats, with long feathers or plumes; blouses in bright showy stripes; long waistcoats of contrasting color; long dark stockings; full trousers and low buckled shoes; fancy-colored necktie and handkerchief make up costumes both suitable and attractive.

TO PREPARE THE LAWN

IT is a pretty idea to set up a goodly number of tents and booths. The tents, of course, should have canvas roofs, the sides being left uncovered. Booths are easily made, which look picturesque and pretty, thus:

Set in a circle a half dozen posts, say eight feet high, firmly in the sod with another post a little longer, and one foot, at least, taller, in the center of these. Connect their tops with the center post by narrow boards; also connect the outer posts with each other in a similar way. Then form a network of ropes sufficiently close to hold up the fresh green boughs, which being heaped upon it form the roof of the booth. Wind the posts with ivies and greens, then ornament them with flowers or bright bits of red, orange and blue bunting. Hang Chinese lanterns between the posts, and the structure is complete. It is pretty enough to remain all summer, with now and then a fresh covering of greens. A large booth of this kind, set in the center of the grounds, with a camp fire built near at hand, over which a gypsy kettle (nearly every farmhouse can furnish one) is hung, with blankets spread about among rustic seats, makes a very good representation of a genuine gypsy camp.

Chinese lanterns, plenty of them, should hang in the tents and among the trees. There should be music, also. The nearest imitation of gypsy music is given by playing upon combs, Jews' harps and violins, accompanied by clappers or "bones," tambourine and drums. The mouth harmonica is also very good. The weird and seemingly tuneless music of the gypsy cannot be imitated. The rhythm of it is strongly marked, and those who do not play keep the time by clapping their hands, striking their knees and joining in a guttural tone, emphasized at each rhythmic beat. A gypsy dance upon the lawn would be suited to the hour. Songs, merry choruses and bright stories should abound.

THE QUESTION OF REFRESHMENTS

SERVED in gypsy style the refreshments may consist of coffee (supposedly cooked in the steaming kettle hanging above the fire), tropical fruits, such as oranges, lemons, bananas, nuts, raisins, etc. Cool drinks should be brought around in large pails, and dipped therefrom into tin or earthen mugs. Plates, napkins and all other signs of a more civilized serving should be dispensed with as far as possible. A large company may be thus served with very little effort.

Fortune telling belongs to gypsy life, though the more intelligent tribes of to-day make very little use of it. Mysterious oracles, "whose glib tongues spin mirthfully the thread of fortune," ought to have a place.

Sometimes fêtes of this kind are arranged for the purpose of assisting some charity, or for establishing a magazine and book club. Then young girls in costume sell oranges, peanuts, candies, etc., and pretty Italian gypsy girls play the tambourine and sing songs for the help of the treasury.

The novelty and brightness of this rural scene, especially under the light of an August or September moon, cannot fail to delight a company of merry young people.

THE BEST PICNIC LUNCH

A FEW HINTS AS TO THE PREPARING AND PACKING
A PICNIC LUNCH

HE lunch is one of the most enjoyable features of picnicking, and the following hints may prove helpful in preparing and packing the same, so that, when served, it may tempt both the eye and the appetite.

Meats for sandwiches should be boiled the day before; then after removing bone, skin and gristle they should be put in packing tins, heavily weighted, and set in a cool place over night. Cut in very thin slices.

Bread one day old is best, and a very sharp knife is needed for cutting it into thin slices not over three inches square. These, buttered slightly, may be daintily filled with ham, salad, sardines, tongue, or whatever one likes.

Then cut pieces of confectioner's paper just large enough to cover the sandwiches neatly. Place them side by side, closely packed, and they will preserve their shape without breaking. The paper is not to be removed until served.

Cakes must also be one day old, and for picnic use a little extra flour in stirring, and an extra five or ten minutes in baking will ensure a firmer crust. Frosting, if put on hot, does not crackle and fall off. Cookies are more desirable than loaf cake, as are, also, cup and gem cakes. Jelly and cream confections are seldom nice for picnic serving.

Pies made of jellies, fruit or sweets are best cooked turnover fashion, the pastry covering the filling entirely. Lay them in paper covers, and they serve thus very conveniently.

Lemon, orange, strawberry, raspberry or currant juices should be extracted, then sweetened, and when well dissolved, bottled. Drinks can then be prepared by adding two tablespoonfuls of the liquid to a tumbler of ice water. All these juices combined make a delicious drink.

Strong coffee or tea may also be prepared and served in the same way. Bright tin mugs are more convenient than tumblers, and there is no danger of breakage.

Hampers, with several trays, are more desirable for packing. Ordinary lunch baskets are a difficulty. White confectioner's paper should be used for lining the basket and for separating the different kinds of food; also, for covering neatly individual pieces. Cookies and crackers must be put in tight boxes. Plates are too heavy, but bright, new biscuit tins—the square shapes are best—are very useful in packing, and with fringed napkins laid inside, they serve well for salvers in handling the food around. Paper napkins are best.

Whatever is to be eaten last should be packed at the bottom of the hamper, and that to be served first at the top. Fruit, pickles, olives and cheese must not be forgotten.

A "FARMER'S SUPPER"



VERY attractive is the idea of a "farmer's supper." Though it be utilized for indoor use, it is prettiest on the lawn. It may be given by those who have ample grounds, with conveniences for entertaining large companies, or, picnic fashion, by a company of young people, each person bringing contributions for the table; or, if desired, it can be arranged for in a hall or vestry, when members of Young People's Benevolent Societies wish to raise money to carry on their charitable work.

The "supper" purposes to call together, in rustic costume, the various characters belonging to farm life. The farmer and farmer's wife, with their sons and daughters, receive the company, and give a supper, to which all are invited—dairy men and dairy women; haymakers—men who swing the scythe, and maids who "spread the fallen grass;" boys who tend the sheep, and little "Bo-peeps" who lose them; plow-boys wearing gloves and whips, and berry pickers bringing their "pails heaped ripe and red;" gardeners and flower girls; hunters and fisher lads; market girls with baskets of eggs or fruit or vegetables, all come in costume suited to their station and work. The village lawyer, doctor, deacon and squire may also be added to the list, with the neighborhood rhymer and wit, and the singer of local songs.

The costumes may well be copied from English or continental farm life, or perhaps the American type of a generation ago, since the farmer and his family of to-day wear little or nothing to mark by their dress the nature of their life and work.

Tables spread upon the lawn should be furnished wholly with the fruits of the farm and dairy, the special dishes, such as boiled dinner, baked beans and brown bread not omitted. The farmer offers to his guests bread from his fields of corn, rye and wheat; butter, cheese, milk, cream and curds from his dairy; berries and fruits from his fields and orchards; flowers and fresh vegetables from his gardens; game and fish captured (perhaps) from his woodlands and meadow brooks; poultry and meats fed by sweet pasturage and grains, and sugar from his own fair maple orchard.

Where the size of the grounds permits, various games, such as quoits, ball and croquet, etc., etc., foot and jumping races, also swinging, tilting and dancing upon the lawn may be enjoyed. If in-doors, such old-time games as winkey, hunt the slipper, stage coach, apple march, pawns, and their like can be revived. Choruses, songs and recitations of the pastoral type, with tableaux and pantomime representing scenes in farm life, may well be offered as a part of the entertainment.

SOME OTHER OUT-DOOR FÊTES

A BUDGET OF NEW IDEAS JUST SUITABLE FOR THE
SUMMER MONTHS

WITH July comes the Fourth, always suggestive of the Red, White and Blue—bunting, flags and fireworks; and whatever kind of celebration is decided upon, whether boating, picnicking, or an "at-home" fête, the national emblem and colors must rule the day. The colors of no nation lend themselves so beautifully and so gracefully to decoration as do those of America, and in whatever fête given out-of-doors our national colors should in some manner take part.

A "HAYMAKERS' PICNIC" FOR JULY

IT is the month, too, of hay making, and a "haymakers' picnic" furnishes a novelty with which city people, especially, are delighted. The young people braid yards of clover, daisy and buttercup blossoms for decorating the big hay wagon. Wheels, stakes and shaft, and the broad hay frame are all wound, festooned and wreathed. The oxen, too, are dressed in a flower-bedecked yoke; their horns tied with ribbons, and a broad floral saddle upon their backs.

Girls wear broad-brimmed hats, gingham dresses, strong boots and long leather gloves to protect the hands while haying, and men wear linen "jumpers," their trousers tucked into high top boots; also leather gloves.

Hampers are packed with a generous lunch, and the hayers ride away in their gala wagon to the field which, if possible, should border a lake or pond surrounded by plenty of shade. There the haying goes on, not with modern methods, but after the more pastoral type, the men swinging scythes, and the girls spreading the grass, then raking it ready for making the load.

Lunch is served at high noon, the hayers sitting upon mounds of newly-mown hay. The conventional "noon hour" is extended, so that sailing, rowing, fishing or berry picking may be enjoyed, after which a hay load of convenient size is prepared, and they all ride homeward, haymakers' fashion, on the top of the load.

A "FISH FRY" FOR AUGUST

DOG days and showery weather make the fish hungry; and there is no sort of a holiday that quite equals an all-day "fishing picnic." The party starts off in the cool of the early morning for a drive of a dozen miles to some pond or lake. They camp upon the shore and start a glowing fire. Then all take boats for fishing, with a right earnest purpose of catching enough shiners, trout or perch for dinner.

"If the day is right
And the big fish bite."

There's little danger of failure; yet the fortunes of the day are safest in the hands of experienced fishermen, such as usually frequent fishing grounds. They know the haunts of the speckled beauties, and are sure to bring them in. They can dress them in a trice, and no chef, though he may be a thousand times French, can produce such crisp, dainty, delicious morsels as will those same queer old fishermen, with nothing at hand but a long-handled fry pan, a bit of salt pork, a dish of Indian meal and a wood fire whose very smoke seems to add the crowning flavor.

For side dishes take field corn, with the husks on, also potatoes and green apples; bury them either in white sand of the beach, or in clean ashes, then build above them a glowing fire, and after an hour's cooking they come forth dainties "fit to set before a king."

FOR THE WARM SEPTEMBER DAYS

CITY people who linger during the warm September days to watch the ripening fruit, and bringing in of the yellow corn and grain, must enjoy right heartily an "apple bee" or "husking," gotten up in exact imitation of the old-fashioned pattern of fifty years or more ago.

It is not difficult to find in ancient chests and attics well-preserved costumes of that period. Arrayed in these, the young people often begin the "bee" by gathering the orchard apples with their own hands during the afternoon; then in the evening young men come, armed with "jacks" for paring the fruit, and maidens equip themselves with apple knives for "quartering and coring" it; also long, slim needles for stringing the prepared pieces. After stringing, the fruit is hung in festoons along drying bars suspended from the ceiling of the old-fashioned kitchen. Then underneath these they dance the "figures" of "ye old time," and revive the games and frolics of that day. Refreshments should not vary much from the old-time menu—doughnuts and cheese, pumpkin pie, popped corn, home-made molasses candy and sweet, new cider.

A "husking," which follows the fashion of our grandparents' day, takes place on the big barn floor where corn "stooks" bank the outer walls, the center being reserved for the yellow mound of husked ears, to which all contribute a share. Milking stools are set for seating the huskers. As fast as the "stooks" are husked they are removed, and the corn is carried to the bin by basketfuls. Searching for ears of red corn furnishes a deal of merriment. By these the sweethearts for the evening are chosen, duplicate ears in the order of finding deciding the choice. When the corn is all husked, and the floor cleared, and the primitive style of serving such old-time goodies as mince and pumpkin pies, apple turnovers, fruit, nut and honey cakes, with coffee and cider has been enjoyed, then under the lantern light, the clean, soft hay sifting down from the overhanging beams and rafters, many versed songs, legends and stories fill the hour; or, to the music of fiddle, fife and snare-drum the barn floor dance goes on.



An Early Morning "Spin" on the Lake

A CAMP IN THE ADIRONACKS

By Jessamy Harte



WHEN an enthusiastic Adirondack lover has finished reading Murray's "Adventures in the Wilderness," he is apt to be very discontented, and longs to have been among those mountains twenty-five or thirty years ago, when the great North Woods were indeed a vast wilderness; when no axe had sounded along its mountain sides, or echoed across its peaceful waters. But in spite of the amount of desecration this exquisite forest has suffered at the hand of civilization, it still contains in its depths, far from the madding crowd of hotels and boarding houses, the same majesty that awed the first band of discoverers who trespassed upon its solitude. The great trees of the "forest primeval" are there with their towering branches like huge arms stretched out in loving protection above the heads of their little ones.

And yet, notwithstanding the thousands of people who annually visit these mountains and flock about the hotel verandas, comparatively few have ever known the joy of standing beneath one of these monarchs of the forest and of having camped under its deep shade. Many fashionable young women with Saratoga trunks journey to these mountains, only to sink exhausted upon the hotel piazzas, where they remain for the most part, going hardly beyond the hotel limits during the rest of their stay. Of course, those who are great invalids must of necessity be content with the superb views which are so graciously spread before them; but for those more favored mortals who are capable of appreciating the physical as well as mental enjoyments of the wilderness, camp life is the Elysium for which they are looking, and the Adirondacks their "Happy Hunting Ground." Camping, until of late years, has been the almost exclusive enjoyment of men, women having been considered rather useless and burdensome under the circumstances; as incongruous, in fact, as a Dresden vase would be. But now that women have proved that they are not so frail and helpless, and that total exhaustion does not necessarily follow the ascent of a hill, and that they are quite as capable of enjoying the rough life and thriving on it as their masculine friends, camp life has taken on a new charm, and the men are glad to have the companionship of the fair sex upon these expeditions. With a jolly party of both sexes there is no limit to the delight and fun that may be experienced.

There is such a novel charm about the old forest, and such a fascination in being removed from ordinary daily life and of living a sort of romantic holiday. Many stand a trifle in awe of the vast woods, and the proposal "to camp" is often met by the following despairing objections: "Won't we catch cold? Aren't you afraid? What shall we wear? Won't we look like guys?" It is a mystery to me why people think that the moment they give up the restrictions of conventional social life, they must necessarily make themselves look as ugly and unattractive as possible. Why should the old forest not be respected? It indeed gives us a most beautiful and picturesque background. Some of the costumes which I have seen must verily have offended its critical eye.

Crimson is a picturesque color for the feminine camping dress. A very striking costume for a young lady is a short kilt skirt, a little above the ankles, of some blue material; a short, blue corduroy velvet jacket, blue and white striped tennis shirt, russet leather leggings, and big, red felt sombrero. The men's get-up varies little from the ordinary mountain garb—short corduroy velvet trousers and jacket, woolen tennis shirt, and leather leggings. The latter are essential both for girls and men on account of the enormous amount of underbrush one encounters. You cannot imagine how picturesque these costumes look around the roaring camp-fire in the evening, or in groups on the shores of some beautiful lake. A gentleman once said to me, while admiring some pictures I had of "camp": "Why, how well you all look! Do you know, I

thought that in camp the women wore healthful but hideous garments, and the men went unshaven and looked slouchy." So you see no young lady need ever be afraid of appearing at a disadvantage in camp, nor is her sweetness wasted on the desert air.

It is rather an arduous task though, to get up a congenial party, one that will hang together "in clear and stormy weather," as the saying is. In selecting your party you must not forget your funny man; he is as essential to its success as a clown is to a circus. He is the life of the camp always; the one who is always getting you into scrapes, and the only one who comes out of them unharmed. You must also have a recognized head, or leader, with an aptitude for managing, two or three trusty guides, and among the rest of the dramatis personae, good singers, story tellers, etc. Then, too, that "necessary evil," the chaperone, should be of semi-angelic character, else she will never successfully accomplish the care of such a party. With such a chaperone and party success is sure.



A View of a Typical Adirondack Camp

The three-sided log camp or "lean-to" has become a substitute almost entirely in the Adirondacks for the ordinary canvas tent, and as the floor is also made of planed boards there is no danger of the dampness which was an evil of the floorless tent. The "lean-to" has a slanting roof at the back, two perpendicular sides, and is open in front. There is a bed at the back resembling a stateroom berth, which is made of boards thickly carpeted with balsam boughs and covered with blankets. There is no more comfortable bed in the world; the odor of the balsam is most conducive to sleep, and insomnia is unknown in camp. At the front of the "lean-to" are usually hung curtains, generally of Turkey red, and when these are draped back during the day the effect of these little houses, with the never-dying camp-fire burning before them, is picturesque in the extreme. This fire is kept burning as religiously as were the old Vestal fires of Athens, and the guides, though rather rugged priests, are as faithful as the Vestal virgins.

We camped once on Long Lake, Hamilton County, one of the most beautiful of all the Adirondack lakes. Near its head stood one of the lovely mountain hotels, and close by were several rude farm-houses and a country store, but the rest of the shore was delightfully wild and picturesque. Here and there at considerable distances one could discover camps peeping out from beneath the pine trees. We started from the hotel for our destination, which was at the extreme end of the lake, at about three o'clock on one of those clear, refreshing afternoons so common among the mountains. There was a slight breeze blowing, filled with the balsamic odors of the forest, fanning the lake into ripples and waving the trees along the shore. The groves of slim, white birch trees, those pale maidens of the forest, whispered among themselves. Three of our boats were rowed by the guides, who took care of our "duffe," meaning luggage in camping parlance. We rowed under the floating bridge near the country store in single file, and passed the last farm-house,

(our Sandy Hook) about a half mile above. We reached our camp at sunset; the guides having already arrived were unloading the boats and pulling them up along the shore. The camp stood on a high bluff which projected into the lake, steep and precipitous on one side, but gently sloping down to a smooth, shiny beach on the other. There were nine or ten "lean-tos" scattered along the cliff, while on the beach near the lake was a rough bark building, with a long table in the center, which we were informed was our dining hall. The owners of the camp who had built it the year before had arranged pieces of sail cloth like curtains on each side, in case of stormy weather. We scrambled up the rocks to our new abodes in a state of great excitement. We were all novices at camping, except our chaperone and her husband, who knew as much about the woods as the guides themselves. The huge camp-fire was already built and crackled away in the most friendly and cheerful manner. Suddenly the clear notes of a cornet were heard from the beach below, and then a shout: "Come boys, grub's ready!" which was meant to convey to our scandalized ears that supper would be served in the log house below. Alas! the demon of slang had already taken possession of the dude of the camp and transformed him into a backwoodsman. We were all very hungry, the breath of the pines having exaggerated our already healthy appetites. Our first meal was a novel as well as merry one to us all. The long bark table was set in a most unconventional manner, tin plates, brown china cups (no saucers) and old knives and forks, the table being decorated with leaves put under the plates and around the dishes. In the center was a long, green olive bottle filled with wild flowers and decorated with ferns, making a charming jardinière. The view from our dining hall was superb; the lake stretched before us in all its wild romantic beauty. Far off in the distance the peaks of Santononi and Mt. Seward, with their rugged outlines, stood out against the rose-colored sky. There was that peculiar hush that comes at sunset; only the sound of the water lazily lapping the shore, and now and then the baying of a hound far away on some distant lake broke the silence. We could not help being affected by this exquisite picture, those who were nature lovers among us, but alas! our reverie was brought to a rather abrupt and unromantic close by the appearance of our head cook at the door with a huge plate of venison. Oh how we did enjoy our

them. I think she really appreciated the blessing of possessing such a view, for she seemed to take such interest in pointing out its beauties to us. She had always lived among the mountains, they were all friends to her.

When we left her she insisted upon coming half way down the rocks with us; it was wonderful to see how agile she was, refusing all assistance that was offered her. I think she was not insensible, however, to the courtesy she met with, for her old eyes glistened strangely as we bade her good-bye, with promises to come again. Perhaps it was the vision of her own young days that had come to her with the youthful faces she saw about her, that dimmed her eyes. As we rowed away she seemed to us like some wizard who owned the great view she loved so well.

As we neared the camp, the friendly light of the camp-fire glowing through the trees seemed to welcome us back. The great forest had fallen asleep, so still it seemed. Our guides had some sandwiches made for us, thinking we might be hungry, and we sat around the fire, listening to marvelous stories from the guides, singing and playing on our banjos, until it was time to retire. If the rest of our stay was to be as jolly as the evening we had just spent we would indeed be willing to camp for the rest of our lives, so deeply in love with it we had already become. We climbed all the mountains about us, and explored every lake or pond for miles around. Our friends visited us from neighboring camps, when we entertained them with some impromptu charades given in the open air. The stage setting was a trifle Wagnerian, I will admit, a most fitting background for a Seigfried or Brunhilde, but we trusted to the imagination and indulgence of our audience to make our performances successful as social dramas. Every manner of game from whist to leap-frog was indulged in at camp. On rainy days we would all assemble on one of the largest "lean-tos" or in the dining-room, where we played games and sang, and in fact amused ourselves in a hundred different ways. I think we rather enjoyed a rainy day now and then, but more than one was not so pleasant. We fairly revelled in the sunshine after one of these "spells of weather."

Our dances, too, under the pines, were a never-to-be-forgotten enjoyment of the camp. As we were all fond of dancing, these rural hops were indulged in, so that it was necessary to have a platform built for that special purpose. Numberless Chinese lanterns were hung on the branches above, and the huge trees encircled our ball-room with a weird charm. Our invitations were written on pieces of birch bark and delivered by the guides to our friends, when one of these fetes was about to occur. At eight o'clock the guests would arrive, the men arrayed in picturesque tennis suits, and the girls in all their finery; muslin dresses that had lain asleep all summer were permitted to grace the vanities of the world once more. Our orchestra consisted of two fiddles and a cornet, which were played by the guides with exhilarating effect. Waltzes and polkas followed in rapid succession, but we usually ended our dances with a good old-fashioned Virginia reel. What soft lights the lanterns shed, and how like wood-nymphs the girls looked, stepping out, as it seemed, from the very trees themselves.

When the hunting began, those who could shoulder a rifle wandered off with the hunters far into the forest, leaving the others to keep house at camp. Many a time I have waited on a rock at the end of a "run-way," with bated breath for the appearance of the game; but alas, no deer ever came near me. I am afraid the men thought the girls talked too much to be successful hunters; perhaps that was as true as it was uncomplimentary. However, we had some fine rifle matches, when we distinguished ourselves with our high scores, and we quite outstripped the men in catching fish. We went on many exploring expeditions, rowing up some lovely little river, suddenly finding ourselves on some unnamed wild lake or pond, white with lilies. What exquisite views we saw about us daily, for we never looked out from our "lean-tos" but to feast our eyes on some charming picture. The wild, romantic lake always before us, the stately mountains ever in view. We grew to love every tree that shaded us, and I am sure this great intimacy with nature and mother earth could have had nothing but a helpful and inspiring influence upon us. The material for the artist to immortalize is always there, the silent thoughts for the poet to utter are there too, in the deep shadows. The rest for the weary ordinary human being there awaits him.

"And so in mountain solitudes—o'er taken
As by some spell divine
Their cares drop from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine."



The Log Dining Hall



Mr. Beecher As I Knew Him

By Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher

IN TEN PAPERS

NINTH PAPER

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IHAVE deemed it best to interpolate just here the special article announced as a supplementary paper, in order that my final words might be those which dealt with Mr. Beecher's last days. In this paper I will answer some of the questions which have come to me during the publication of this series, the cordial recognition of which from every side has been such a source of pleasure to me.

THE WRITING OF "NORWOOD"

MANY inquiries have come to me about "Norwood," asking whether "Mr. Beecher had ever written a novel before?" or "What induced him to write 'Norwood?'" and "Did he find it a troublesome task?"

While securing an education before entering into any active business, most young people are tempted to write a novel or poetry, but I doubt if Mr. Beecher ever was. It surprised me; for, from our earliest acquaintance, I was quick to notice something of poetry and romance, even in his common conversation, and I once asked him if he ever felt any inclination for either. He replied:

"No; something of both mingles with my whole life, but of a far higher type than I should venture to put on paper."

Entering at so early an age into active work that demanded all his time and thoughts, the subject was never again alluded to or thought of by either of us until 1866. Then Mr. Robert Bonner came one day and urged Mr. Beecher to write a novel.

"I write a novel!" said Mr. Beecher, with a merry laugh. "It would be the most absurd thing I ever attempted, or you ever read!"

But Mr. Bonner was not to be prevailed upon to so easily relinquish the idea, and he urged Mr. Beecher to make the trial. For a while he received only decided refusals. At last Mr. Beecher promised to "think about it." He did think about it more and more seriously, and the possibility that he could do it grew upon him. Finally, after several interviews with Mr. Bonner, he decided to try. But it was some days after before he attempted to write. He had promised the first chapter on a certain date which was fast approaching, and nothing had been written.

One morning he had sat silently at the library table for some little time, when rising suddenly he went to his study in the third story. As he left there was a set, determined look on his face, which I read as meaning one of two things: "I will write to Bonner, 'I cannot do it,'" or, "I will delay no longer."

An hour passed by, and I was naturally a little anxious. At last Mr. Beecher called, and throwing down a paper, said:

"Don't come up, dear, but I will send down a few lines for you."

His rich, happy tones reassured me, and unfolding the note I found he had started on the first chapter and felt encouraged to go on. That was all I needed. I knew he would succeed—not in becoming a novelist, that no one could desire—but that he would do his work creditably.

Still, the work was never easy for him. One chapter every week was promised, and was written on that day so as not to infringe on other work. While writing each chapter he was entirely unlike his usual mood when other important writing was to be done. It was hard labor and depressed him. When the messenger boy left with the copy, Mr. Beecher for a few moments would be as jubilant as a boy.

But as the story grew under his pen he began to feel an interest in the characters he was delineating, and he did his work easier and with more courage.

When writing anything in the line of his regular work, of special interest, he often read it to me; but in writing "Norwood" he never did until near the close, when one day he read a portion in which he was evidently much interested, and when he had finished it, said:

"Well, I shall not be a second Walter Scott, shall I? But isn't it better than you expected?"

"No," I said, "it is very good, but no better than I knew you could do."

When at last it was completed, and the last chapter all ready to be sent, he called me, and threw down a slip of paper, with a much-worn quill pen stuck through it. On the paper he had written:

"The work is finished. Oh, joyful! I am sufficiently satisfied to be content. Blessed is he who does not expect great things! Verily he shall not be disappointed!" H. W. B.

After dinner we took a ride. Soon after starting I said: "I am so happy that work is off your mind. I am well pleased with it."

"You don't think, however," he asked, quizzingly, "that I give promise of becoming a distinguished novelist, do you?"

"No, I do not," I replied, "and should be very sorry if you should. I think you have a higher, nobler work to do."

After the work was done, and before the public in book form, he seldom spoke of it. All criticism, or words of approbation, were placed on his study table, and I always told him all remarks I heard about it. He read or heard these serenely, and, if favorable, appeared well pleased for the moment. But he went into his life's work with renewed vigor and energy, and gave this work but a small share of his thoughts.

HIS ONE POETICAL EFFORT

MANY have asked whether it is true, as Mr. Beecher has recently stated, that Mr. Beecher at one time wrote a poem to me. It is true, in so far that during our long engagement, while Mr. Beecher was in college, I told him that it was time he wrote me some poetry. Whereupon he sent me a most ludicrous verse, with the laughable request that I would not give it to "The New York Observer" until he had time to correct it, as he should expect that verse would establish his reputation as a poet, if anything would. When received, we had some sport over it, and then it passed by—seldom remembered—until long after we came to Brooklyn.

Mr. Beecher was writing "Norwood" when Mr. Robert Bonner called one day. Just as he was leaving he told Mr. Beecher he had offered a distinguished public man a large sum if he would write him two verses of poetry, and added: "I will give you as much as I have for 'Norwood' if you will do the same, Mr. Beecher."

"What! I write poetry! I never wrote a line in my life," replied Mr. Beecher.

I was standing near him and said: "Why, Henry! Don't you remember those lines you sent me while you were in college?"

"Oh, Mrs. Beecher, repeat them to me," said Mr. Bonner, earnestly.

Knowing what the lines were, I was greatly amused at such an idea, but gravely began:

"It was something like this—"

"Eunice!" said Mr. Beecher, quickly.

"Never mind him, Mrs. Beecher. Tell me what it was, and I will give you \$5000 on the spot."

"Well," I replied, "it began—'I started—'"

"Eunice!" exclaimed Mr. Beecher, with emphasis.

"Now, Mrs. Beecher, do repeat it," said Mr. Bonner.

I began again—"I started from—"

"Eunice!" still more emphatically.

"Don't heed what he says, Mrs. Beecher. I'll give you double the sum if you will repeat the lines."

"Now, Henry! just think of how much good such a sum would do, and you know it was simply for fun you wrote—'I started from—'"

"EUNICE!!" came from Mr. Beecher, and this time it was with almost angry earnestness.

At this point, not having the least idea of repeating the lines, but seeing Mr. Bonner's earnestness, and Mr. Beecher's fear that I would do it, I was almost suffocated with suppressed laughter, but said:

"Why, Henry! Do you really believe I would repeat it?"

Then turning to Mr. Bonner I said: "It was only a little sportive nonsense, with about as much poetry in it as 'Jack and Gill went up the hill, etc.," which Mr. Beecher sent me years ago."

And this is the true version of the story of "Mr. Beecher's One Poem."

MR. BEECHER AND COLONEL INGERSOLL

OFTEN has the inquiry come to me during these past months: "Why did Mr. Beecher countenance Colonel Ingersoll?" or "Why did Mr. Beecher grasp Colonel Ingersoll's hand in public?" and kindred questions. I cannot do better, I think, than to print here a letter from Mr. Beecher, never before published, addressed to Rev. A. N. Lewis, of Montpelier, Vermont, through whose kindness it is made possible for me to answer these queries in Mr. Beecher's own words.

As an explanation of Mr. Beecher's letter, Mr. Lewis writes: "In the year 1880 I wrote to Mr. Beecher, taking him to task (as one who had always believed in him, through good report and evil report) for his 'giving the right hand of fellowship to Colonel Ingersoll' on the platform at a political meeting. In the letter I also asked if he did not think that Rev. Dr. Backus's remark about the college bell 'making no more noise than a lamb's tail in a fur cap,' was appropriated from Rabelais. (Mr. Beecher had quoted it in one of his Friday evening talks.) His reply was so characteristic of the man that I have always preserved it in my scrap-book."

Mr. Beecher's reply was as follows:

BROOKLYN, November 15, 1880.
DEAR SIR: I think that there is only a resemblance, and not a causal sequence in the "fur bell" of (Dr.) Backus, and the "feather bell" of Rabelais.

I do not believe that the stout old Puritan ever heard of Rabelais! and if he had, and knew that an Episcopal minister was familiar with him, he would have held up holy hands of horror! Not so do I! Not only do I know Rabelais, but Ingersoll, whom you do not know. A rigid and religious despot of a father threw him off with fatal rebound in theology.

He is a man of pure morals, of happy domestic life, of warm friendships; an ardent personal friend of Garfield and much esteemed by all who know him personally.

He is an unbeliever in church and Bible, largely through ignorance; but on all public questions, education, morality, temperance and purity, he is always sound and earnest.

It has been the rule of my life to work with any man of good morals, on all lines on which we agree, though in a hundred others we disagree. Thus I work with Roman Catholics on charities, temperance, etc., with Swedenborgians, High Calvinists, (whose theology I admire for logic, and abhor as a slander on God); with politicians, with any one whose face is as if he would go to Jerusalem!

Christianity draws men together; that which separates men on any other ground than that of personal immorality is anti-Christian.

So think I, so do I, and I suffer cheerfully others to think as they please. Cordially yours,
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

HOW HE ONCE SWORE

VARIOUS distorted versions have been given of an oath which Mr. Beecher is said to have used on a certain occasion, when very young, and, by request, I give the true story. It happened when he was nine or ten years old. He and his brother Charles were just seated at the breakfast table (his father was not at home that morning) when his half-brother, Thomas, then quite a young child, took up a saltspoonful of salt and raised it toward his open mouth, as if he were going to take it. Quick as a flash, Henry gave the spoon a push, which sent the salt into the child's mouth, to the great amusement of both himself and Charles. But their mirth was of but a moment's duration. Their stepmother gave both a sharp box on the ears and sent them from the table without their breakfast. Henry used to say he never walked so straight, or felt so tall as when he and Charlie went from the house to the back of the barn. Seating themselves on a log, there was an ominous silence for a moment "presaging approaching storm."

"Charles, what do ministers say when they want to swear? What words do they use?" asked Henry.

"I don't know," replied Charles.

"Can't you think of any?" asked Henry.

"No."

Another silence. Then drawing himself up very straight and bringing his doubled fist down on his knee with great force Henry exclaimed—"Damn!"

Then he used to tell that a great horror came over him the moment that word escaped his lips. He was sure the devil must be very near to him. Without another word he stole back to the house and shut himself into his room in an agony of fear and remorse, and remained there till his father, who had been absent, returned, and called him.

"But why were you so very angry for being sent from the table without your breakfast?" I asked him once.

"Oh, that wasn't it," he replied, "but because she boxed my ears. She might have whipped me a dozen times without cause, and I should not have been so angry."

Mr. Beecher always felt that boxing a child's ears was unpardonable.

HIS HABITS OF DRESS

THE question has frequently come to me during the last few months, "Was not Mr. Beecher untidy or indifferent in his habits of dress?"

Mr. Beecher was never untidy, but he was careless in leaving things out of their places. When dressing or undressing, he often tossed things upon chairs and tables, or left the bureau in a somewhat disorderly condition. That, however, was more my fault than Mr. Beecher's, because I was usually near by and ready to put away whatever was out of place. His family said I spoiled him. I think not.

But no man could be more fastidious than Mr. Beecher was in always having clean linen, collars, cuffs, and handkerchiefs, boots blacked, and clothes well brushed. Being an early riser, he often dressed hurriedly, leaving clothes and boots unbrushed, and sat down at once to a writing table—which was always kept in our room—to develop some thought that came to him when he first woke, or while dressing, and he would often write until breakfast. Immediately after breakfast and prayers he often went at once to his study and wrote for an hour or two to finish what he had begun. But it was seldom that his clothes and boots were not in order before breakfast.

When in college and in Lane Seminary, his wardrobe was of the simplest and cheapest. His father could provide no better. Of this he never made any complaint. But during his last six months at the theological seminary, he was offered the position of editor of the Cincinnati "Journal" for a few months, with some prospect of its being permanent, as the editor's health had failed and he had gone abroad with little hope of ever being able to resume his work on the paper. Mr. Beecher, therefore, had reason to feel almost sure of continuing as editor, and in that case it was his intention to accept a call made to him by a church a few miles from the city.

Up to this time he had never bought any clothes for himself, but with this work in prospect, he hoped to relieve his father from all further expense in that line. When his first payment from the paper came in, needing an overcoat, he went to the tailor's in a very independent state of mind and made his first purchase. Delighted with this new experience, he hastened to write me and describe the overcoat, "a beautiful piece of black cloth, with velvet collar, lapels and cuffs. I have always admired velvet, but now I have some. When I come east for you I mean my wedding suit shall be as fine as my overcoat."

Alas for human expectations! Soon after Mr. Beecher had bought the overcoat, with its velvet trimmings, and just as he had finished his theological course and was ready to begin work, the editor returned with improved health and resumed his editorial position.

For many reasons it was a disappointment to Mr. Beecher, but he accepted it cheerfully, as was his wont in all disappointments, and wrote me a humorous letter, saying: "Instead of a new wedding suit, I shall have to borrow a coat of brother George's, but I've got the new overcoat and the velvet collar, anyhow."

After we came east, for many years a dear friend sent him a full suit every Christmas or New Year's, of the very best material. The quality of the suit was a great pleasure to him, and he knew much more about it, where it was made, or if there was anything specially excellent about the material, than I did, and he was particularly careful of it.

Mr. Beecher always admired velvet, and would have collars and facings to his coats made of it, without regard to what might be the fashion, and from that, doubtless, arose the story that he had once worn a complete velvet suit, which he never did.

USE OF WINE AND TEMPERANCE VIEWS

MR. BEECHER was always a strong temperance advocate, and until 1850 no wine or liquor of any kind ever came into our house. At that time he came so near breaking down from overwork that he was sent abroad by his physicians, and upon his return, not having regained his usual strength, they ordered him to take a glass of wine with his dinner. This he did, but only when at home. After a short time he gave it up. In 1863, during war times, when his energy was taxed to the utmost, the physicians again ordered the use of wine with his dinner, and gave instructions that in future, after any exhaustive effort, Mr. Beecher should resort to this stimulant. From that time we always kept wine in the house, and Mr. Beecher used it when under special mental strain.

He never urged those who had become intemperate, or who were in danger of becoming so, to take "the Pledge." If any wished to do so, he was always ready to write the pledge for them, and it was very strongly written, enclosed in an envelope, and left with him as a sacred deposit. But this was done at the request of the individual, not from any urgent appeal from him, Mr. Beecher. Judging others by his own nature, he felt that strong appeals to their honor, their manhood, should be more effectual than any pledge. The fact that Mr. Beecher did use wine at such times became known, for he took it openly—but not the reasons for it—and this was the foundation of the many stories circulated, all calculated to misinterpret his attitude on the temperance question. But there are hundreds who, if they heard such statements, remembering how he had helped and saved them, could correct such impressions by giving their own experiences.

AVERSION TO TITLES

SOME have asked me: "Why did Mr. Beecher so persistently decline the title of 'Doctor of Divinity?'"

I know no reason except an utter aversion to such a thing as a title to his name. If others accepted the title it was their right, and in addressing them Mr. Beecher always used it. He used to say that such prefix titles as Judge, General or Doctor designated an individual's duties or calling, and were more of a convenience than anything else, and in some cases were almost a necessity. And "Reverend" for a clergyman might be classed in that category. But, he would laughingly say, the "Reverend Doctor of Divinity" was too much of a good thing for him to be burdened with. This title was offered him, I cannot now recall how often, but in every instance it was declined. His own views are expressed in a letter of declination of that title, now beside me, and which I copy:

PEEKSKILL, August 21, 1860.
To the President and Board of Trustees of Amherst College,

GENTLEMEN: I have been duly notified that at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees the title of D. D. was conferred upon me.

It would certainly give me pleasure should any respectable institution bear such a testimony of good will, but that Amherst College, my own mother, should so kindly remember a son, is a peculiar gratification. But all the use of such a title ends with the public expression. If the wish to confer it be accepted, for the rest it would be but an incumbrance, and furnish an address by no means agreeable to my taste. I greatly prefer the simplicity of that which my mother uttered over me in the holy hour of infant consecration and baptism.

May I be permitted, without seeming to undervalue your kindness or debase the honor meant, to return it to your hands, that I may to the end of my life be, as thus far I have been, simply
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

ATTITUDE IN PUBLIC MATTERS

I HAVE been asked to say something of the methods which Mr. Beecher pursued in reaching his decisions on public matters.

In all questions of public interest, Mr. Beecher never decided hastily as to the course he should pursue, but after most prayerful and earnest deliberation. In political matters, he never worked for a party but for that which, after long and serious thought, he was convinced would be for the best interest of the whole country. But once assured of what it was his duty to do or say on any important matter, he was immovable. No personal consideration, nor the acute distress he always felt when compelled to differ from friends, and particularly from any of his church, had power to change the course his conscience called him to pursue. Next to his country, in his love, stood his church, and to feel compelled for his country's sake to disagree with any of its members, was a martyrdom little understood by them at the time.

But that trait in his character is now, I think, truly recognized wherever his name or works are known. In looking back, all who knew him will recall many trying times when he was supposed to have made some serious, if not fatal mistake, and will now remember how patiently, and yet unfalteringly, he moved on in the way his conscience led him, without regard to the injury to himself, personally, that might result from such action, until at last the clouds between those he so truly loved were lifted, the old friendships were again resumed, and the truth of the judgment and wisdom which had guided him was frankly acknowledged by many. However much at various times Mr. Beecher may have been misjudged or censured, no man ever accused him of acting from ill feeling toward any. No man was ever surrounded by such true and loyal friends, many of whom loved him and recognized the sincerity of his convictions even while disagreeing with him, and all the more when time and further reflection showed that on many points they had not rightly understood his motives, and learned at last how safe had been the light which guided him.

[Mrs. Beecher's concluding paper, recounting the last days and death of Mr. Beecher, will be printed in the August JOURNAL.]

THE BYRNTELL GOLDEN WEDDING

By Marjorie Richardson



THE south wind stirred the budding roses that clambered in wild profusion up the trellis till they reached the slanting roof of the old gray house. One slender branch, set free by the breeze, swayed defiantly for a moment, and then fell across Mrs. Byrntell's lap, as she sat rocking and knitting

on the porch below. She gave a little start; the ball of yarn fell from her knee and rolled slowly down the steps, to be converted into a plaything for the house cat, Dinah, when it reached the garden walk.

There was a far-away look in the elderly woman's face as she lifted the branch and gazed at the clustering buds; and she drew a long, contented sigh and put her cheek tenderly against the thorny little flowers. Dinah, unheeded, chased the ball of yarn up and down the steps, and finally began a work of destruction on it right under her mistress' eyes. Even Judge Byrntell came unnoticed across the lawn. He stopped in front of the porch for a moment, and gazed at his wife's unobservant face, at the discarded knitting-work in her lap, and at the frayed and ragged ball of yarn in Dinah's possession. An amused expression came into his face, and he went quietly up the steps to her side.

"I hope they are pleasant dreams, Rachel," he said.

She gave a startled little turn, and then laughed softly as she met his smiling eyes.

"They were," she answered, laying her hand, that still held the fallen vine, on his arm. "They were of our wedding day, John. These roses carried me back a long, long time—fifty years, John."

"It has been a short time, Rachel dear," corrected the Judge, gently. "So short that I can remember just how you looked when you drove away with me in the old chaise that June morning. You stood underneath the drooping rose vines for a moment, and you made a comely picture standing there, your white dress and bonnet outlined against the dark foliage, and the roses on your cheeks matching those on the vines. Well, well, that was a happy day, Rachel!"

"And what a happy day its fiftieth anniversary will be, John. Truly, a golden wedding day, with all our children and grandchildren around us to—"

"Hark!" interrupted the Judge, bending his head to listen. "I can hear tooting; the old coach must be coming. Yes! there it is, lumbering over the causeway. Come, Rachel, quick! Stand on the steps, so that the children will see you the first thing when they turn the corner."

But the scions of the Byrntell family were so much absorbed in contemplating the old homestead, with its broad acres, that their eyes never once sought the porch; and Mrs. Byrntell's welcoming smile received no recognition, even the Judge's hand wave passed by unnoticed.

"Quite a charming estate," Mr. Van Slater was saying. "It puts one in mind of some of the old English country places; the grounds are so extensive, and that bit of forest land at the side might easily pass for a park. Really, you know, Isabelle," turning to his wife, "I had quite forgotten what a delightful old spot it was."

"Tremendous amount of land about it," said Mr. Benjamin Byrntell, eyeing it reflectively. "If those mills in the adjoining town amount to anything, it might be a good investment to run a street railroad through here, and then cut up the land father doesn't need into building lots."

"Oh, Benjamin!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Slater, in tones of languid reproof, "the West has certainly wrought a great change in you. How differently you and Nicholas regard things; you worship the American dollar—"

"And he the English sovereign!" put in Mr. Byrntell, with a short laugh.

But here the coach turned in at the driveway, and the passengers became aware of the expectant old couple waiting on the porch steps to receive them.

It was ten years since the family had all been together in the homestead, and there was something strangely pathetic in the anxious welcome of the old Judge and his wife, for they suddenly realized that a great change had come over their sons and daughters, and that their greeting had no tender significance to the grandchildren.

"I feel as if I hardly knew you, my dear," said the grandmother tremulously, as she held the hand of a tall, handsome girl in both her own. "It seems wonderful that little Katie should have grown up into a young lady."

Miss Katherine Van Slater smiled faintly, and looked a trifle bored. Her grandmother dropped her hand and turned toward her sister, a girl with a sweet, uncertain mouth, and large blue eyes.

"And this is Gertrude, who was hardly more than a baby when you went abroad, and Rosamund—can this great girl be Rosamund?"

Gertrude and her cousin, Rosamund Byrntell, received their grandmother's caresses rather carelessly; they were looking past her into the hall beyond, where several of the elder people had already gone.

"It is not in the least changed," said Charles Byrntell, the Judge's youngest son, looking about him. "One could fancy one had never been away."

"Yes," said the Judge, heartily, "Mother

"Don't fret about it, mother," said her son Benjamin. "Lately Anna puts up the white flag on all occasions, and it is something you will get used to. When her handkerchief comes out, you may know that she is going to declare herself in the wrong."

"But, mother," said Mrs. Van Slater, "you really ought to question Katie and Sarah; one cannot be too careful in these days."

At this moment Katie appeared at the hall door.

"Tea is served, Ma'am," she said quietly; but there was a suspicious redness about her cheeks and eyes which did not escape her mistress' notice.

That was a very different evening from the one the Judge and his wife had so often looked forward to, when sitting alone by the library fire, or on the wide porch, they had talked so happily of "the children's home-coming."

Old Mrs. Byrntell felt as if she were in a dream as she looked about her, and tried to realize that these worldly men and women were the same boys and girls who had passed their early life in this New England home. Not that they were wanting in deference and even seeming affection for their mother and father; but there was something missing, something that had gone forever.

And the grandchildren—they were like so many strangers; and before long grandmamma began to stand in some secret awe of them. Katherine and Gertrude were so dignified and self-possessed, and Rosamund, Benjamin's daughter, laughed incessantly and talked about so many things of which her grandmother had never even heard.

"I am afraid I shall never feel very much at home with them," thought grandmamma, and then chided herself for this unnatural sentiment.

It was not until after breakfast the next morning that the subject of the golden wedding, the ostensible reason for this family gather-

my gracious! Did you ever hear anything so funny? Do you suppose pa and ma and I and Aunt Anna have come all the way from Seattle to go to a tea party?"

"Rosamund!" said her mother, reprovingly. "You see," she explained, turning to Mrs. Byrntell, on whose cheeks a faint flush had crept, "Rosamund means that this is too great an occasion to be celebrated in any small way. I agree with Isabelle; you certainly ought to do something out of the common, and I'm sure the neighbors will expect it of you."

"It is quite the latest fashion in England to celebrate anniversaries at the family country place," said Katherine Van Slater, "and I hear everyone is beginning to adopt it over here. It sounds so well, too, if one has a large place like this, and can entertain in any one way."

"Oh, how lovely it would be," exclaimed her sister eagerly, "if the tenants could have a holiday and build bonfires and things. Of course, you have no tenants, but then there are the village people, or the farm hands, or—some one," she added, vaguely.

Mrs. Byrntell looked distressed. "Perhaps we had better wait and ask your father," she said, addressing Mrs. Van Slater. "We are such simple people I hardly think he will want any such—demonstration made."

Meanwhile the Judge was having his bad quarter of an hour with his sons.

The four men had strolled through the old barn, had inspected the wheat fields, and now seated themselves on a wall, under a shady apple tree, and looked across the broad meadows that stretched before them to the river.

"Judge, I have a proposition to make," said his son-in-law, at last breaking the silence. "Isabelle and I talked it over last night, and decided to speak to you about it. We want a country place in which to spend our summers. Now, what do you say to selling this? Wait a bit; don't answer me till I put it all before you. You and Mrs. Byrntell are getting old, don't you know; you haven't enough money to keep up the grounds in the way you should; and besides, it must be a tremendous responsibility. I would remodel the house, build a new stable, and give you a large price for it, and you might live here just the same, you know. We should come down in the spring and spend the summer, and I would buy that piece of forest land at the side, too," he added, generously; "then that would prevent its being built upon. I see the town is beginning to creep up in this direction very fast."

"I should hope it was," broke in Benjamin Byrntell, indignantly. "If that isn't just like you, Van Slater! I won't have father selling the land; it's growing more valuable every day. It won't be long before it's in the heart of the town, and if anything is to be done with the meadow and woodland I'll buy them myself and put up another factory. I don't think that would be a bad invest-

ment, anyway," he added, musingly, "There's a big water power here, just above the dam."

The Judge looked from one to the other, surprise growing into anger upon his face.

"I don't wish to sell," he said shortly. "Mother and I have money enough left to live here without any changes being made."

Charles Byrntell laughed lazily. "I call that an excellent decision," he said. "Father doesn't care to be disturbed; he is like me. I say, get as much comfort out of life as one can without moving. I have reduced it to a science. I should not care if I never stirred from my club again. Every sort of an exertion is a bore. Now, if"—

The Judge did not hear the last of the sentence. He left the little group under the apple tree, and walked away from them through the long sweet grass toward the barn. His lips were set firmly, and there were some lines on his face which had never been there before. He thought of the old days, when he and his boys had looked proudly across the fields, and talked of the time when they should have made enough money to buy that little woodland they had been speaking of. Then none of the trees should ever be cut down, except just enough to open a little vista through which one could get a view of the mountains. And in leading them to that place this morning, the Judge had wondered wistfully if they would remember that old ambition which had never ceased to be an ambition with him.

Well, he saw it had been forgotten with the other associations, and—"Rachel must never hear of this," he murmured. "It would break her heart to know they said such things."

For the first time during fifty years the old Judge and his wife avoided each other, and when they were together they were singularly silent.



"It is time you let people understand that you are the natural leaders here."

and I wouldn't have a thing altered; we wanted you all to feel that whenever you came back to the old home you would find it"—

"Stand perfectly still; don't one of you move an inch," shrieked Mrs. Anna Prescott suddenly, as she sent her maid crawling on her hands and knees over the floor. "Oh, do not move; you may step on it."

"Couldn't very well help it if we moved," giggled Rosamund Byrntell, watching the maid stretch out her long, angular arms, as she inched along, giving the carpet elephantine pats with her large hand, every now and then. "But what's the game, Aunt Anna? Still palm?"

"My gold vinaigrette—I have lost it, and here I am on the verge of hysteria; it must have been stolen since we arrived. Mother, are you sure your maids are honest?"

"Honest? Why, Anna," said Mrs. Byrntell, with gentle rebuke in her voice. "Don't you remember Sarah and Katie? They have been with us twenty years or more."

"And probably stealing twenty years or more, too," returned Mrs. Anna querulously. "I wish you would ask them about it now; it—it—has associations. Mr. Prescott gave it to me—just—before he died, and—and—I"—here her voice was lost in a sob.

"You had a new top put on it at Chicago, and then in Detroit you broke the bottle and had that replaced, so I wouldn't cry about the associations, it seems to me," said Mrs. Benjamin Byrntell, bluntly.

"You have no feeling, Julia," returned her sister-in-law, drawing out her handkerchief; "but, of course, I am in the wrong. I always am! I acknowledge it," and she walked up the stairs to her room, followed by her maid.

Mrs. Byrntell cast an uneasy glance at her daughter's retreating figure, and looked appealingly at the faces around her.

ing, was broached. It was Katherine who mentioned it.

"Mamma," she said carelessly, "don't you think you ought to order grandmamma's gown for the fête on the eighteenth?"

Her grandmother started, and looked around. She had been listening anxiously to the plans Rosamund and Gertrude were making of laying out a tennis court on the smooth lawn in front of the house.

"It would be selfish to object," she had said to herself, "and yet John and I have been so proud of that piece of velvet turf."

But at Katherine's words, drawing her thoughts in a new direction, she turned quickly.

"The fête on the eighteenth?" she faltered. "Why, my dear, it is my anniversary day."

"Of course it is," cried Rosamund, catching the last words. "But don't anniversary and fête and golden wedding all come in the same class, you dear old thing?" Rosamund was never very deferential to any one.

"You see, mother," began her daughter Isabelle, as if she were explaining matters to a very young child, "you and father have a position to maintain in the neighborhood. It is time you let people understand that you are the natural leaders here; and there is no better way of doing so than in giving this fête or garden party, or whatever you choose to call it, that we shall arrange for you."

"We had planned to do something," said grandmamma, looking at her daughter with anxious eyes. "Your father and I thought it would be pleasant to gather about us a few of the old friends who are still left. Some of them were even at our wedding, and we thought we would have a quiet little tea party, and open the box of cake that was sealed up fifty years"—

"A tea party!" broke in Rosamund. "Oh,

WOMEN AND THE WORLD'S FAIR

By Mrs. Potter Palmer



They did not like to speak of the many changes that had been made, for fear of casting blame upon the children. They even made a pretence of enjoying the renovations, though grandamma did look a trifle doubtful when she saw the Judge's old chaise pushed into a dusty corner.

"The world has taken a stride, mother, and left us with the chaise far behind."

He threw a wistful glance, however, at his old friend before he left the barn, and grandamma walked slowly back to the house.

Her daughter Anna's sharp voice called her as she entered the door.

"Is that you, mother? Where on earth have you been? Your wedding dress and cap have come, and we have been waiting a long time for you to try them on." And she hurried the old lady into the sitting-room.

Mrs. Van Slater was just lifting a mass of silk and lace from a huge box, and as her mother entered she gave a final little shake, and held it up to be admired.

"Oh, isn't it handsome!" said Mrs. Benjamin Byrntell, taking up a corner of the lace.

"Grandamma is not used to managing a train, I fancy; oughtn't she to try it on, and practice walking with it a bit?" suggested Katherine.

"Oh, not yet!" said her Aunt Anna hurriedly. "I want her to try on the cap first." And she removed the simple little muslin cap from grandamma's gray curls, and replaced it with an airy structure of violets and lace.

Rosamund burst into loud laughter. "Why, Aunt Anna!" she shrieked, "Grandamma's head looks like a flower bed."

Mrs. Prescott's handkerchief was half way to her eyes; but, catching sight of her brother Charles in the doorway, with a telegram in his hand, she put it hastily down.

"Nicholas asked me to give this to you, Isabelle," he said. "It is from the rector of Saint Mary's, Mr. Wyeth-Gordon. He is coming to-morrow morning."

"How delightful!" cried Mrs. Van Slater, taking the telegram eagerly. "I forgot to tell you when I came, mother, that Mr. Wyeth-Gordon had half promised to come down here. He is to repeat the marriage ceremony on the eighteenth."

"To repeat it?" said grandamma, questioningly. "I don't think that is necessary. Have you spoken to your father about it?"

"It will make no difference to father," returned Mrs. Van Slater, impatiently. "As we are attending to the arrangements, we can't stop to consult you about everything."

"No, indeed!" put in Charles, with a mocking smile. "This is the girls' wedding you must remember, mother, not yours."

"If we could only have some choir boys come in ahead of grandamma and grandpapa," murmured Gertrude.

Old Mrs. Byrntell removed the violet cap from her head with trembling fingers, then without another word she left the room.

Half an hour later the Judge found her sitting alone in her room. In her lap lay a time-stained box, from which came a faint scent of lavender flowers.

"See, John," she said, tremulously, taking from it a pair of gloves and satin slippers, yellow with age. "We used to say the time was short between that day and this; but I am realizing now that we were wrong. We have no place in the world of to-day."

"Not a bit of it, my dear," said the Judge. "I have a plan which will show them that the old chaise and the old couple aren't to be put in a cobwebby corner just yet." He looked at the gown grandamma had laid on the bed—an old-fashioned black silk, with tiny sprigs of pansies woven in it. "That is the gown you were going to wear on our golden wedding day, and that is the gown you shall wear. A minister coming! a rector, as they call him, an Episcopalian, to repeat the marriage ceremony! as if the knot was not tied firm enough by a good old Orthodox parson fifty years ago."

"And boys to sing, John!" put in Mrs. Byrntell, faintly.

"We have stood a great deal these last two weeks, Rachel," said the Judge, his anger rising. "The whole place has been made over to suit the children's whims, without a thought of our comfort. They sent the old horse to pasture yesterday, and stowed away the carriage that we have ridden in for twenty years. But we will have them both back again to-morrow. Now, listen to my plan, Rachel," and as he closed the door softly, Charles Byrntell came out of his room, across the hall, and walked slowly down the stairs with a queer smile on his face.

At sunset the next day, in the midst of the flurry of caterers and florists, who had come to make preparations for the fête on the morrow, an old horse and chaise was driven unnoticed out of the lane behind the barn.

But as it approached the first turn in the road, a man rose from a low stone wall and strolled toward it.

"Stop a moment, father," said Charles Byrntell, putting his hand on the slowly turning wheel. "I have your wedding present here, and perhaps I had better give it to you now, for I want you and mother to have it on your anniversary," glancing with a half smile at the large valise on the floor of the chaise. "It isn't much, but I thought you would like it as well as anything. It's a deed of the forest land and south meadow we were speaking of the other day. I wanted you to know that I hadn't quite forgotten our old talks. Don't thank me, I don't deserve it. But there is one thing more I would like to say," he added, looking down, with a slight flush on his face. "I know our visit has been a disappointment to you, but don't think too hard of us; it has been more thoughtlessness than anything else."

The Judge grasped his son's hand heartily, and Mrs. Byrntell leaned down to put her lips to his forehead in a parting kiss, but neither spoke. Then the old chaise disappeared around the bend in the road in a cloud of dust. Grandamma and Grandpapa Byrntell were eloping.

THE Board of Lady Managers met and organized. After its adjournment the first work assigned its members was to provide for the appointment of women on the various boards, as without such recognition in every State and Territory, and a share in the appropriations made in each instance, the work of the board would have been rendered very difficult. An amended bill was issued, asking that women be given representation on the various State boards, and a share of the funds to carry on their work, and, through untiring efforts, this has been generally adopted. In many of the States the legislators remarked that their attention was first called to the subject of the World's Fair, and the necessity for an appropriation, through the members of the Board of Lady Managers, who had spoken or written to them about it. The various powers conferred on the board by Congress, the Commission, the Directory, and the Legislatures of most of the States and Territories, influenced it to decide to mark the first participation of women in an important national enterprise by gathering such an exhibit of woman's work, and of all statistics and data in connection with such work, as would prove an object lesson, showing the progress made by women in every country of the world during the century in which educational and other privileges have been granted them; and showing, also, the increased usefulness that has resulted from the enlargement of their opportunities. It may, at this point, be mentioned in illustration of what the board is endeavoring to do, that several schools of industrial art and technical design for women have made application for space for exhibits. Within the few years in which technical training has been procurable, women have made marvelous advancement. American women are now supplying practical "working" designs of great commercial value not only to manufacturers of their own country, but to almost every part of the earth, even to Japan.

THE board thus aims to show to the bread-winners who are fighting unaided the battle of life, the new avenues of employment that are constantly being opened to women; to demonstrate in which of these their work will be of the most distinct value by reason of their natural adaptability, artistic temperaments, and individual tastes; what work receives the best amount of pay for the least labor and time expended; what education would best enable them to enjoy wider opportunities and to make their work of the greatest worth, not only to themselves but to the world. The Board of Lady Managers have, therefore, invited the women of all countries to participate in this great work, to the end that it may be made not only national, but universal, and that all may profit by a comparison of methods, agencies and results. Through the Department of State the governments of each country have been invited by the Lady Managers to appoint a commission of women to co-operate in this work, and it was thought best to make this request direct of the rulers of the countries, as the women thus named, especially among the nations of Europe, where the power is more centralized than with us, would feel that their commission was almost like a patent of nobility. In many countries where women have heretofore not been recognized, such an appointment could not fail to place their work upon a higher plane. The invitations of the board have met with prompt and gracious response.

In England the Woman's Committee has already been announced, under the immediate patronage of the Princess Christinn. The list of names composing the British Woman's Commission comprises many of the most distinguished in Great Britain. In France a slight unexpected delay was occasioned by the change of ministry, but the French Woman's Committee has been finally announced; it is composed of many of the most influential ladies in France, and is now actively at work. The Empress of Russia has been graciously pleased to evince a strong personal interest in the purpose and plans of the board, and has named a committee to co-operate with it. The ladies composing the Russian Woman's Commission are of the highest rank and the most advanced philanthropy. The president of the committee is Madame Vishnegradzky, the wife of the Minister of Finance. In Germany, the Princess Friedrich Karl, at the personal request of the Empress, has consented to serve as the protectress of the German Woman's Committee, which has just been announced. This committee includes

ladies of rank and great social influence, and several recognized leaders in the movement for the advancement of women, now attracting so much attention in Germany. Switzerland will be represented. Miss Neville, of Geneva, sister of the celebrated Egyptologist, will organize the Swiss Committee. Holland, also, has a Woman's Committee. Altogether, the board's invitation may be said to have met with general acceptance. The commissions of women, organized in all countries as auxiliaries to the Board of Lady Managers, will be asked to recommend objects of special excellence produced by women, and the producers of such successful work will be invited to place specimens in the Gallery of Honor of the Woman's Building.

THE board has decided that in the general Exposition buildings, where the competitive exhibits will be placed, it will not separate the exhibits of women's work from that of men, for the reason that, as women are working side by side with men in all the factories of the world, it would be practically impossible to divide the finished result of their combined labor.

Nor would women be satisfied with prizes unless they were awarded without distinction as to sex and as the result of fair competition with the best work shown under the general classification. They are striving for excellence, and desire recognition only for demonstrated merit. In order, however, that the enormous amount of work being done by women may be appreciated, a tabulated statement will be procured and shown with every exhibit, stating the proportion of women's work that enters into it. The application blanks now being sent out to manufacturers contain this inquiry.

BESIDE the foregoing extensive exhibit, women will have another opportunity of displaying work of superior excellence in a very advantageous way in the Woman's Building, over which the Board of Lady Managers will exercise complete control. In its grand central hall—the Gallery of Honor—will be grouped the most brilliant achievements of women of every country and in every line of work. Exhibits will be admitted only by invitation, which will be considered the equivalent of a prize, and no sentimental sympathy for women will permit the admission of second-rate objects, for the highest standard of excellence is to be rigidly maintained. In the surrounding smaller rooms will be arranged a display supplementary to the wider range exhibit shown by the Department of Ethnology in the general buildings. This showing is intended to disprove the statement frequently made that women do not possess creative minds. It is designed to prove by ocular demonstration the fact generally conceded by archaeologists, that woman was the inventor of the industrial arts among all the primitive peoples, and that it was not until these became lucrative that they were appropriated by men. While man, the protector, was engaged in fighting, or in the chase, woman constructed the rude semblance of a home. She cooked the food and later ground the grain between stones and prepared it for bread. She cured the skins of animals and fashioned them awkwardly into garments. Impelled by the necessity for its use, she made the needle, twisting the fibres of plants into threads. She invented the arts of basket making, weaving and knitting, and discovered the use of vegetable dyes. The first potter, she molded the coarse clay into jars and other domestic utensils, drying them in the sun and gradually learning to ornament them.

THIS exhibit in the Woman's Building will illustrate the history of women from the time of the cliff-dwellers through the mediæval ages, when, though her mind was not developed, her delicacy of touch was made useful in copying the elaborate manuscripts of the day and in making the rich illustrations that accompanied them in books of poetry; in textile fabrics, wonderful embroideries, drawn work, rare laces and celebrated tapestries, which have been famous in every country and period. The board will endeavor to secure, through its home and foreign committees, the originals, reproductions, or illustrations of various famous objects made by women which have had important influence on the epoch in which they were produced, such, for example, as the celebrated Bayeux tapestry, made by Matilda of Flanders, the best and most complete history of the conquest of England by her husband, William the Conqueror, and which is constantly referred to by every authority treating of the military science, arms, accoutrements, manners and customs of that day. An effort will also be made to procure a reproduction of the famous doors of Strasburg Cathedral, which were the work of Sabina von Steinbach, sister and assistant of the architect. Permission to make the copy has been officially asked by the Board from the German Government, and it is intended to use the doors for the main entrance of the Woman's Building. These illustrations will follow in historical sequence down to the present time, when her active brain is educated to cope with the scientific problems of the age, and her trained hand to make the delicate machinery of the watch. Such an exhibit as this has never been made, but so quick are the French people to seize an idea, that since the announcement of the plans of the Lady Managers in Paris, last June, an exhibit illustrating the history of woman's progress has already been arranged for next year in the Palais de l'Industrie, so that, though the Board of Lady Managers has the honor of originating this idea, it will not be the first to put it into practical execution.

BUT interesting as the exhibit in the Woman's Building may be, it is not alone designed to show the history of woman. The Board of Lady Managers hope that such statistics and such representation may be procured from every country as will give an adequate idea of the extent and value of what is being done in the arts, sciences, and industries by the women of to-day. Several competitions have been opened since the formation of the board, which have already resulted in the awarding of prizes to women in the lines of architecture, sculpture and designing. The Woman's Building, designed by a woman, in itself, as well as in all its decorations, both exterior and interior, will serve to exemplify women's progress during the past few years in these new and heretofore untried pursuits. Not only has woman become an immense, though generally unrecognized factor in the industrial world, but hers being essentially the works of mercy and peace, her best work is shown in the numberless charitable, reformatory, educational and other beneficent institutions which she has established for the alleviation of suffering, for the correction of many forms of social injustice and neglect, and for the reformation of long-established wrongs.

A FULL and complete record of woman's progress in these fields—what she has done, is doing, and endeavoring to do for humanity—had never been attempted before the board began the collection of this data from every country. The catalogue is already well under way, and the Lady Managers earnestly entreat every one who can add anything, no matter how small, to the list, to communicate with the board without delay. All organizations of women must be impressed with the necessity of making an effective showing of the noble work which each is carrying on. The board of Lady Managers especially desires to have represented in the rooms reserved for that purpose the educational work originated or carried on by women from the kindergarten organizations up to the higher branches of education, including all schools of applied science and art, such as training schools for nurses, manual training, industrial art and cooking schools, domestic economy, sanitation, etc. When not practically exhibited, the work of such organizations should be shown by maps, charts, photographs, relief models, etc. The beneficent effects of this particular undertaking cannot fail to be great and permanent. An international comparison of methods, agencies and results, furnishing opportunity for the selection of the best features of each submitted system, must necessarily reflect universal good. To the hopeful it seems possible that from the occasion may come solutions of certain previously insoluble problems, and that by this means may even be discovered that subtle secret which has hitherto eluded the philanthropist's too solid grasp—the helpfulness which teaches self-help.

FACTS ABOUT THE WORLD'S FAIR

THE dedicatory ceremonies of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, Illinois, will be held on October 12th, 1892, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

The exercises will last three days. The President of the United States will be present.

In April, 1893, a grand international naval review will be held in New York harbor.

The Exposition will open its doors to the public on May 1st, 1893, and close them on October 30th, of the same year.

The Exposition will be held under the auspices of the United States Government.

Almost all foreign nations will be represented. Foreign exhibits will be admitted free of duty. A reproduction of Columbus' caravel, the Santa Maria, will be exhibited.

The Exposition will probably not have an Eiffel Tower. There will be, however, three observation towers about 300 feet high.

The reception of exhibits will begin November 1st, 1892, and continue until April 1st, 1893.

Queen Victoria will send specimens of her own work done in spinning and knitting when she was a girl. Princess Louise will contribute some clay modeling, and Princess Beatrice several paintings.

It is estimated that the number of exhibitors will be about 175,000. To these mail will be delivered every hour.

Over 11,000,000 persons have, up to date, petitioned that the gates of the World's Fair be closed on Sunday.

Between 10,000,000 and 20,000,000 silver half dollars of a special design will be issued by the United States Treasury Department for use as admission tickets to the Exposition.

Insurance aggregating \$3,000,000 is now carried on the buildings.

In the South Dakota exhibit there will be a life-size statue of a Sioux Indian maiden.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who is head of the Philanthropic section of the English Woman's Department will, if her health permits, be present at the Exposition. She is nearly eighty years of age, but suffers very little from ill health.

Plans adopted for lighting the buildings provide for 138,218 electric lamps. The lighting will cost about \$1,500,000, and will be ten times as extensive as that used at the Paris Exposition.



"It isn't the thing we do, but the way we do it, that can make us famous."

AN EVERY-DAY GIRL

By Sarah Orne Jewett

PART SECOND

MARY FLEMING sat by her window one afternoon just before July came in. It was hot in her little bedroom, but she felt great comfort in being alone, and the green pear tree boughs into which she looked waved about in a way that was con-

soling. School had been finished that very afternoon; she was done with the labor, the companionship, the restrictions, the liberty all at once. Things had turned out better than she feared; she had won the prize for history, and so had not come home empty-handed. The prize book lay in her lap, but she wished that she had not brought it up stairs. Her mother must take it and keep it; she had made a great sacrifice this last year to keep Mary at school, and alas! the hopes of seeing her a good teacher or even a good scholar were disappointed. Mary Fleming had a clear head, and common sense quite beyond her years, but she had not the quick memory that makes young people show best in recitation. She had fought very hard to keep even a moderate position in the class.

Now it was all over, and she regretted many things, as girls and boys do at the end of school days. It seemed so much easier to keep on with the familiar routine than to manage an inexperienced liberty. She did not know what to do with her freedom; she did not know what to do with herself and her life. She was grown up now, and she felt like a frightened, awkward child. Did every girl have such miserable days of reckoning?

She looked down at her pretty white graduating dress, and the tears filled her eyes; one even spattered down upon the prize book. Well, the world went on and the people were cheerful enough, after all! Did everybody worry and fret and feel baffled, or was it only one girl now and then who tried to look things in the face and was afraid?

The pear leaves gave a last cool rustle; the sun was almost down and the summer breeze was still. There were shrill voices of children playing in the street, and people going by on the sidewalk talked loudly about one thing and another. Nobody spoke of the last day of school; even that was a small affair to the little town; it happened every year. The tired girl at the window had a curious sense of apartness and lack of sympathy, and presently she took off the white dress impatiently and hung it in the closet, and reached for her clean old checked gingham, which she had been wearing in the morning. It did her good to touch it; "yes, this is mine," she thought with a thrill of relief and pleasure. "Wearing that dressed-up prickly white thing made me feel as if I'd always got to, and as if it would always keep hindering me." She laughed a little at her own fancies as she dressed herself in a hurry; it was almost tea time. Before she went down stairs she stood by the window again, and then with a sudden impulse she knelt down and rested her forehead on the window sill. She never had longed to be good and happy and not to make mistakes as she did just then, and for the first time in all her life there came to her a sense of help and presence, a warmth of sympathy and love, as if somebody heard and assured her in her bewildered and trusting little prayer. She never had liked sermons and prayer meetings, she would never go much with the girls and boys to evening meetings to whisper and laugh together when they were not awe-struck by the occasional solemnity. She had scorned the pious talk of certain people, but now she never could forget this moment by the window; her mother must have known such moments, and other people, and that was what they tried to tell about. She knew now for herself that there was a love unseen, and another life, and that there was light in dark places. All this was known in a wordless way; it was all felt in

the silence of the summer evening, in the happy peace of her young and troubled heart, and Mary Fleming ran down stairs with shining eyes and went to find her mother and give her the prize book.

Mrs. Fleming had longed to go and speak to her girl, but she had taken off her best dress and begun to get supper and with great forbearance had left the child alone. She was sitting in the side door-way on the upper step mending a coat.

"Why didn't you stay dressed, my dear?" Mrs. Fleming asked with a little shadow of disappointment on her face. "I thought perhaps we'd go over to see old Mrs. Danforth after supper."

"I can put it on again" said Mary, crowding her mother a little so as to sit down at her side. "Where's father?"

"He's late to-night," said Mrs. Fleming. "I feel worried about father, Mary. I wish I could have done his work and let him go to the exhibition to-day. I know he thinks a great deal of you, but he never can say much. He'll be so pleased about your prize."

"I ought to have had more; you have done everything to help me along," said Mary.

"Supper's all ready whenever your father comes," said Mrs. Fleming, a little embarrassed by Mary's outspokenness, then she turned and kissed the girl as she had not kissed her before since her childhood. They were undemonstrative New England people, and it was only in some moment of excitement like this that they forgot themselves enough to show the affection that was always felt.

"There's father coming, dear," said Mrs. Fleming. Her face was flushed and there were tears in her eyes. Her quick ears had caught his familiar step far down the street, and she arose and went into the house. For only one instant the girl felt the old instinct of repression and reticence, then she ran down the wooden steps and along the path and met her father at the gate.

"Well, it's all over," she said. "School's done, father, and I did manage to get one prize, for history."

Her father took her by the hand as he used when she was a little bit of a child, and they walked up the path together. He looked moved; his face was pale and he did not say a word, yet there was something fatherly and tender about him. Mary thought that he was pleased about the prize and that he was tired. When her mother saw him she started and asked quickly, "Why, what's the matter, Henry?—tell me quick!"

"I'm out of work," said the poor man, "and worse than that, I'm past work; I've got to trust to you and Mary now." He sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands. Mary and her mother stood speechless and looked first at him and then at each other.

It was one of Aunt Hannah's favorite sayings "that there never was a wall without a door in it." Mary thought of this wistfully, and wondered where she should find the door in this wall which seemed to close her in. How she wished, that sorrowful night, that she could see good old Aunt Hannah's wrinkled face, and her flowered border handkerchief, where there usually was some infallible herb stowed away that was professed to be just the thing for whoever happened to be ill. Aunt Hannah had a curious gift of instructive knowledge; she would follow her impressions wherever they might lead, and so she went from house to house making each her home in turn, receiving her inevitable welcome with quiet pleasure and then some morning flitting away unexpectedly, no matter what merry-making or necessity might claim her presence for another day.

Mary wondered as she tried hour after hour to go to sleep that night whether this erratic adviser and friend might not soon appear. She could hear voices in her father's bedroom, and her mother was moving about as if he were in

pain. He had hardly told them anything more than his first distressed outcry as he came into the house. Why he had lost his work and what made him so ill his daughter did not know. Her mother had quieted and befriended him in the sweetest way, as if he were a child, and when Mary came to her room he had been asleep some time. Now all was going wrong again, and at last she grew frightened and got up and went softly down stairs. The door was open at the steep stair-foot and the cool night air blew in. There were some hilarious men going by in the street, shouting and singing in the quiet midnight, but their harmless racket seemed a horrible sort of thing, as if they were the harbingers of fire or irreparable disorder. Mary Fleming had a childish, helpless feeling as she stopped and listened to them; then she found herself thinking of John Abbott and wondering if he were awake on that farm which he talked about up among the hills. She did not like to go to her mother's room; she sat down on the last stair and waited. It was chilly, and she drew her little old shawl closer about her shoulders, and thought, not knowing why, of her simple finery of the daytime, of the white dress and the graduating class; they seemed to belong to the past; the noon of that day might have been a year ago.

Perhaps her father was going to die; the thought gave her a great pang. She never had known him very well; they were not intimate friends as she and her mother had always been, though she was the only child, and should have been more to him than if she had belonged to a large family of children. They had often treated one another sulkily, and yet she could remember him taking her to walk on Sundays when she was a little bit of a thing, and being so kind and affectionate. Oh, if he was going to die she never could show how entirely she had meant to be good to him, and to do kind things for him.

A tree toad in their little garden began its shrill note. The fragrance of the grape vine blossoms came blowing in, faint and sweet. She was tired after the excitement of the day and her later anxiety; she could not help crying as she sat upon the lower stair.

After a little while a light flashed bright into the little sitting-room and her mother came hurrying out of the bedroom looking very pale and dressed as she had been in the evening. She had not been in bed, and looked worried.

"Why Mary!" she said starting, "go back to bed, child. Father's a good deal easier now, he'll be better in the morning. I came out to shut the door and then I'm going to bed myself."

"Isn't he going to die?" faltered the girl, catching her mother's dress and hiding her face against it. She feared the answer more than she could say.

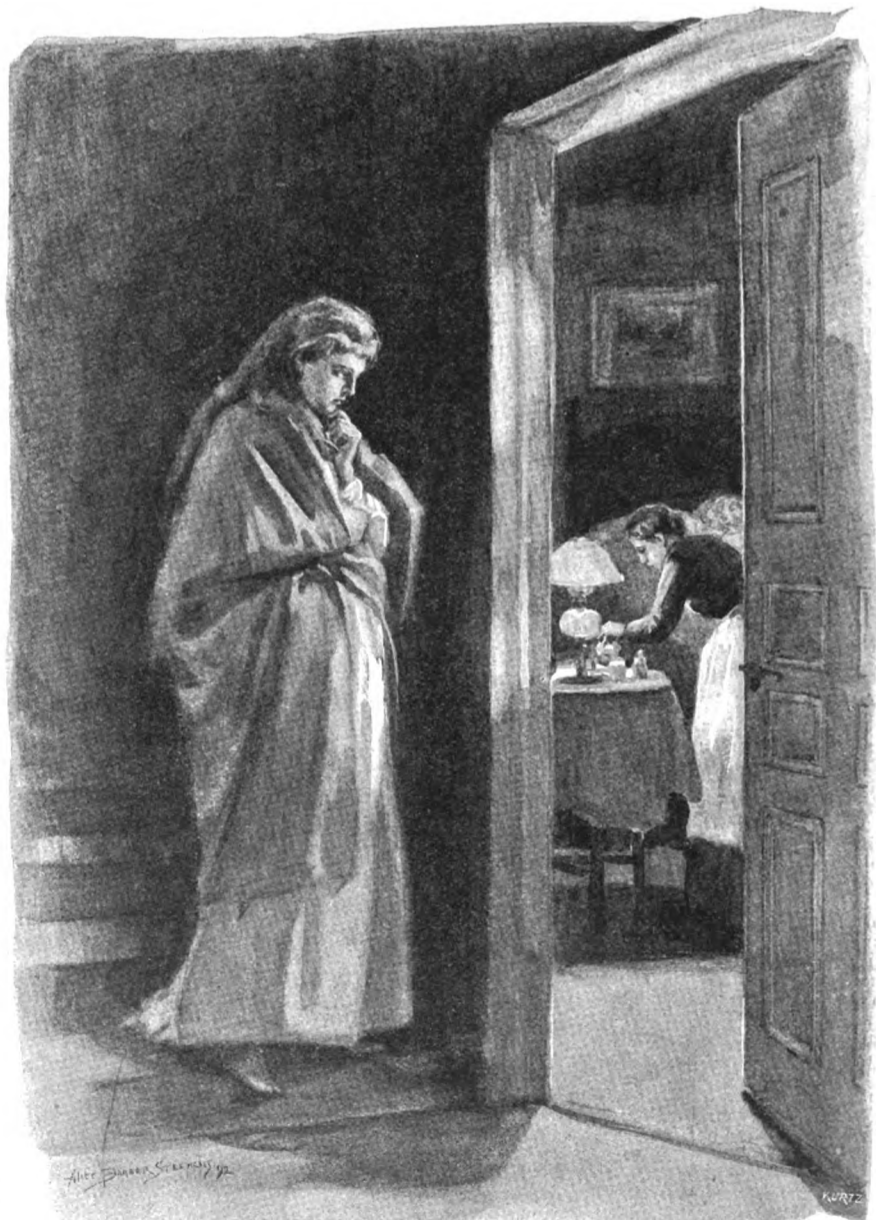
"No, dear, no," said Mrs. Fleming. "Why, Mary, this doesn't seem like you. He isn't so very sick; he feels bad because he's lost his place, and this house may have to go; you know he hasn't paid so much on the mortgage as he thought he could. He's been real miserable," she whispered, "and I don't suppose he has been so smart as usual and they're cutting down on the help. There's a great many men know how to feel for him. He's been all worked up, crying and saying he doesn't know which way to turn."

"I'm going to work just the first minute I can get anything to do," said Mary, "that'll be something; do tell him I said that, won't you, mother?"

"Yes, but now you go to bed; come, I'll go up with you and tuck you up real nice just as I used to when you were a little girl. The trouble is that we never ought to have left the farm, but father meant you should have a good chance to go to school, and we heard what wages folks were getting and nothing would do but he must come."

Mary knew that her mother had always opposed this change. She had often heard it discussed, sometimes with considerable spirit, but her own heart shrank from the fancied loneliness of the hills and fields. She liked the petty bustle and newness of the village life; she had known nothing else, and she thought long about what could be done just where they were, after her mother had said good-night and gone down stairs again. "There must be a door in this wall; Aunt Hannah said there was always a door," but Mary could not find it that night, however hard she thought about it, and wished to know her difficult way.

Next morning when Mary Fleming awoke she felt a dull sense of heaviness and sorrow before she could clearly remember what had happened. Here was her father sick and out of work, and here was herself well and out of work. What could be done? She hurried down stairs and found her mother busy with breakfast; her father was up, too, looking discouraged and cross, and Mr. Davis, the lodger, was drumming impatiently on the kitchen window-sill—Mr. Davis was prompt and methodical to a fault, and breakfast seemed likely to be late. They never talked at the table; they all ate too fast if they had only known it, and presently Mr. Davis had gone. Mary's father looked after him wistfully as he took his hat from its nail and departed; the poor man's pale face flushed crimson, but he said nothing. He and Mr. Davis had always gone to their work together, summer and winter, these many years. Mary saw it and was sorry for him; her mother was in the pantry; she must have felt it, too—it was two or three minutes before she came out.



"At last she grew frightened and got up and went softly down stairs."

The breakfast work was quickly done and still Mr. Fleming sat in the kitchen. He looked a little cross, but Mary only pitied him. When it grew too hot there he went out and sat down on the doorstep. A little later she passed him, dressed to go down the street. "Father," she said, "you've got a day or two at home now, why can't you hoe those beans and make the garden look a little better?"

"I don't know, perhaps I will, dear," said the discouraged man, starting up with something like cheerfulness. "Maybe I've forgot all about farming." This attempt at a joke was very touching under the circumstances, but his industrious habit of life was satisfied with the suggested work. There was no danger of a cranky day now, and a few minutes afterward Mary remembered, with an odd feeling in her throat, that he had called her "dear." She had a strange, new feeling of authority, and felt the beginning of a new power over herself and the events of life such as she never had known before. It dawned upon her that if she were pleasant and kept firm hold of herself it helped everybody else.

Mary went straight down the street to the largest shoe factory and up its long flights of stairs to the stitching-room, where she knew several of the girls. She had often come before to see her particular friend, Mary Arley, who had left school the year before to go into the shop. There was a heavy wooden box close by her machine to hold the stitched uppers of the shoes, and Mary Fleming perched on this to have a little talk.

"How are you, busy?" she asked, but Mary Arley shook her head.

"This is the first work I've had for a day or two; it won't take me an hour. That's why I got out to go to the exhibition yesterday. Where were you all the evening? We kept thinking you'd come to the schoolhouse hall. Some of the boys wanted to go and get you, but I told 'em your father was sick. My father told me about him when he came home to supper. I'm real sorry. It's an awful hard time to get out of work. They talk of shutting down here the first day of July for a fortnight and perhaps longer."

"Oh dear!" said Mary, "what shall I do! I need to go to work right off. I must be earning something as quick as I can."

"There's no work here," repeated Mary Arley, "and I don't believe you'll get in anywhere before fall work comes on. They won't take on any beginners when they're turning off their old help." She bent over her work to turn a difficult corner carefully, and then said as she dropped it finished into the box:

"I'm going to leave and go up country. I wish you'd come, too."

"Where? What are you going to do?" asked Mary Fleming, her spirits instantly beginning to rise.

"To do upstairs work in one of those summer hotels. I can get a good chance, or I can do parlor work. My mother's cousin is house-keeper, and she said I might see about some girls to come with me, and she's coming down next week and will talk with them. She says she won't take anybody without seeing her. It's a new hotel and very high-toned."

Mary Fleming laughed. "I mean to ask mother," she said. "I should like it forty times better than the shop and the smell of all the paste and leather."

"You're a proud piece," said Mary Arley. "No, you aren't, either. Some of the girls that come here are made sick for ever so long before they get used to it. I wish there'd be a patent for airing out shops myself, but I never minded it so much as some. Yes, I'll come over to-night after supper. Your mother knows I'm steady. She'll let you go with me."

The girls laughed; they both knew that Mary Arley, with her quick, bright ways was not half so steady as Mary Fleming herself, but she was sensible enough and most attaching. They were both pleased with their summer's plan, but when Mary Fleming found herself in the quiet street again she wondered whether she ought to go away from home. Perhaps she could find something to do in town, after all. But the great trouble was that when work was dull at the shoe factories it affected everything. There were few boarders or lodgers to be had; there was no shop work to be done at home; nobody had any spare money. Going to school and graduating and having a prize for history seemed to have lessened a girl's chance in life instead of bettering it. Her fingers were trained to no useful work or cleverness; she must start at the beginning. But it was something to have clear wits, and to know what one's disadvantages were, even if she did feel far behind the girls who had come out of school the year before and gone into the shop.

A few weeks after Mary Fleming and Mary Arley made their summer plans in the noisy stitching-room of the shoe factory they were sitting together on a high hillside in the shade of a great pine tree. The tree stood a little way out in the open pasture, as if it were captain of a troop of its fellows in the thick woods above. When you sat in its shadow you could look off over green hills and blue mountains far into the distance, and close at hand were the valley farms and the new hotel on its high knoll. This was a most attractive looking building, of good proportions and simple, shapely roofs, and it stood soberly and solidly in its place. Beside the look of pleasantness and attractiveness, it seemed very homelike to our two friends, who already felt themselves an intimate part of the great establishment.

"I thought at first that Mrs. Preston was going to be cross and hard to suit. I must say so if she is your cousin," said Mary Fleming. "But I like her better every single day; I do, honestly."

"So do I," said Mary Arley. "I never knew her very well, only mother has always been wishing I was just like her, and that's enough to discourage anybody. Mother took me to see her once; she had a lovely house and everything nice in it, but her husband

failed and then the house was burned and he was sick and died. I was a little girl, but I remember mother feeling very bad about it."

"She said something so lovely to me the other day, that she once had a happy home herself, and now that it was gone she wanted to live to make things homelike and pleasant for other people. She said that it was what she had to live for now, and she was glad of this splendid chance to be good to people in a big hotel."

"Lots of the people who come don't want anything of us except to keep their pitchers filled," said Mary Arley, pettishly.

"Well, I do like to fill their pitchers and have the water fresh and everything nice," insisted Mary Fleming. "Oh, how I do wish you had heard Aunt Hannah talk to me one day about doing little things. I keep remembering it whatever I undertake. She says that 'tisn't the thing we do, but the way we do it, that can make us famous. I've been thinking about that ever so much since I came up here. You don't think much of women who know how to cook at home, but you find how much the head cook up here has to think of and how much he gets paid for it; and we don't think much of sweeping and house-keeping, but Mrs. Preston keeps everybody's work in her head and keeps us all spinning, whether we have got any head or not, and she is a great woman. I think she is, don't you? And everybody thinks so much of her, and she's so kind, and yet it's nothing but common housekeeping splendidly done. I heard those lovely people in the corner rooms saying that they were going to take their rooms for all next summer."

"You fill their pitchers, don't you," asked Mary Arley, mischievously. "You're always thinking about sober things. I suppose it's being an only child and always being with your mother. Now, I'm one of seven children and we all just grew up in a heap and never thought about anything. Come, we must go back, it's most pitcher time; there come the men with the milk. Can't you see them down there in the farm land?"

"Who's that big fellow coming this way? No, I don't mean in the lane; right down there beyond those junipers," exclaimed Mary Fleming. "Why, I believe it's John Abbott!"

The two girls scrambled to their feet. It was still warm out in the sunshine; they always left the old tree with regret and always came to it, if they could, instead of going to their rooms in the afternoon, as many of the girls did. The young man was hurrying along the path; they could see his face now, and it was John Abbott, brown and manly. Mary Fleming had a strange, very dear feeling in her heart as she looked at him.

"I came over to bring some spring chickens," he said, after the first eager greetings. "Didn't you know that we were beginning to raise them on the farm when I saw you in the spring? They're just fit for market now. We supply a great many vegetables for the hotel, and now the chickens are salable we have to run two teams and I shall be coming twice a week. I didn't know you were here until yesterday, or I should have managed to come before. It's only six miles from our farm."

"Our busiest time is just coming on," said Mary Arley with importance, but Mary Fleming looked shy and eager.

"Perhaps you can go to ride with me some Sunday or off day," said the young man.

"Oh, we're engaged for weeks ahead all our spare afternoons," said Mary Arley, amiably, but Mary Fleming and John laughed a little as they walked along together.

"How do you like being in the hotel business?" asked John, patronizingly. "I suppose it's easier than farming, and that's something."

"Mary's the head pitcher," laughed Mary Arley. "She's also making a great reputation for being the best duster on our floor. Now I'm quick myself, but nobody ever said I was thorough."

"I'm called the champion onion-weeder on our place," announced John Abbott. "I've got a premium for having the fastest eye for a canker-worm's nest in the whole State of New Hampshire. We're coming out ahead on our apple crop all on account of me."

"Everybody is famous but poor me," said Mary Arley, with an appearance of mournfulness. "The trouble is that Mary Fleming is so smart that we all get scolded for not doing just as she does."

The young people were full of fun as they scurried down the hill, and presently the two girls saw John Abbott go off in state on his long wagon with the empty chicken crates. When Mary Arley joked about him and made damaging remarks about the appearance of his cravat, Mary Fleming found that she felt as if she were being made fun of herself. She knew in that minute how entirely they belonged to each other. She seemed to be carried on a great wave far beyond the things of everyday life, and her old feeling of affection for him. She suddenly remembered that night in the spring when they had both been together, and wished with all her heart that she could have it over again to make it so much dearer for him and for herself. She had believed that he was not very far away, but some one had said at first that the farm where he lived was over in another valley. Beside all this new joy and eagerness it was like seeing somebody from home—she had never been away from her own people for three whole weeks before. She was afraid that Mary Arley's quick eyes would be making discoveries, but for a great wonder she was spared any teasing, and so they went in to their evening work.

(Continued in next JOURNAL)

* * * Simultaneous with the conclusion of Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's story of "An Everyday Girl" in the next (August) JOURNAL, will be commenced Miss Julia Magruder's new novelette "A Live Ember." It is a beautiful story of the south, full of a quiet romantic interest, and rendered doubly attractive by a series of artistic illustrations.

WHEN SHE COMES

BY CHARLES B. GOING

MY love may come in early spring
Through orchards, April kissed,
With happy blue birds carolling
In dreamy skies of mist.
Then sing, glad oriole, and hush
The mourning of the dove;
But sing! sing, bobolink and thrush,
Of love, and love, and love!

Or she may come in summer days,
When heated meadows rest,
And down the fields a goldfinch sways
Upon the thistle's crest.
Then, blackthroat, sing! You love the sun;
Sing, quail, amid the heat;
And all your songs shall make this one,
My sweet! my sweet! my sweet!

Her path may lie through leafless trees;
Her dainty feet may stir
Soft rustling leaves; the chickadees
May all make love to her.
Then, sun, shine soft from golden skies;
Stay, happy wind, to kiss
Her cheek, and fill my sweetheart's eyes
With bliss, and bliss, and bliss!

Across a track of drifting snow
If she should chance to tread,
The lingering flakes shall come and go
Around her darling head.
The longing flakes shall touch her hair.
Then, snowbird, 'round her dart;
Sing, shining snow and shining air,
Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!

I would, if she shall come in spring,
That springtime might be here;
I long for winter, if it bring
My love a day more near.
For what is spring, or what is fall?
Love only makes the skies.
My love shall blend the joy of all
Sweet seasons in her eyes.

WHERE BRYANT LIVED AND RESTS

BY HAROLD GODWIN



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

FOUR years ago the one-hundredth anniversary of the old Bryant homestead was duly celebrated at Roslyn, Long Island. The old hewn beams of the house rang, but with the merry laughter of a far different generation from that which laid the massive old rafters. When the house was built it was an old-fashioned dwelling place such as the Quakers, who thickly populated this entire region, were wont to build—square, solid, with a row of severe columns adorning the front, and, it is said, with windows made inordinately high, so that the feminine part of the family might not be enticed from household duties by wayward peepings out upon the highway just in front.

A lovely spot, indeed, was that which old Kirk built toward the end of the last century. It was but twenty miles away from New York city, but it was wild and beautiful and inaccessible. In those days there were but a few thousand composing what was to be the magnificent metropolis of the New World during the next hundred years. Even when Mr. Bryant went to live there, it was like a remote corner of the earth. Built upon one of the sloping hillsides of Hempstead harbor, the spot was one which was graced by every natural beauty, while the surroundings were as still as a mountain fastness, except for the songs of wild birds which came in great quantities as if to a chosen retreat. It must have been this solitude, mingled with the natural charm of a gently rolling country, half wooded, half cultivated, which made the author of the "Forest Hymn," of "Thanatopsis," and of countless verses singing the praises of Nature in all her moods, think it the most beautiful spot he had ever seen. Here he determined to pitch his tent in 1843, and here he lived for thirty-five of the years of an ever active and busy life as editor of the New York "Evening Post."

And to-day, Roslyn is much as he found it. The sleepy little place from which the towers of the great Brooklyn bridge, and the spire of Trinity can be seen, and the hum of the busiest city of America can almost be heard, has escaped the envious eye of the land developer.

After taking possession of the house, he transformed it as well as the grounds around it, and the simplicity of the Quaker gave way to the comparatively luxurious taste of a New England Puritan.

It seems not a little odd to speak of Puritanic luxury. Mr. Bryant was imbued with the most orthodox New England views, and clung to the stern and rigorous tenets of his forefathers throughout his life. Nevertheless, his tastes must have seemed almost Oriental to the stiff-necked old Quakers of Long Island, as they watched him discard the straight-backed rush-bottomed chair for the lesser terror with hair-cloth covering. He was a moderate man in all his tastes, but yet there was one thing in which he was extravagant, and that was his love of the country—the trees, the birds, the water, flowers and fruits, shrubs and vines, the air, and all the life and color of the landscape. To this taste his home at Roslyn ministered. There he loved to work, and, though he yearly made his pilgrimage back to his New England home at Cummington, in the Hampshire Hills, Roslyn was, I am sure, the place he loved best in all the world, because of its wonderfully varied beauties. Within a stone's throw of his workshop—a well-stored library—was, on one side, a crystal lake with its laughing brook; on another was the garden with its teeming flower beds and fruits. Further off was the salt water bay with its hills beyond, above which the poet viewed the setting sun from his window. On another side of him the hills rose abruptly, and there stretched a piece of woods—dense, like the forest of Fontainebleau—and leading with rambling paths to a point where, from the clearing, the low, rolling hills and the distant waters of Long Island Sound spread an enchanting panorama at his feet. As the bay narrows to the south, following the shores with the eye, the little village of Roslyn is seen nestling between overhanging hills, a picturesque hamlet, as sleepy now as it was then, and every whit as quaint.

Mr. Bryant's grounds were ample, and he scarcely needed to wander from them to find inspiration for one of his thoughtful poems. He beautified the more immediate surroundings of the house with shrubs and trees, but left the rural parts as he found them, taking pains to preserve their purely rustic character.

The poet rests beside a most loving wife upon the hill overlooking this, his stamping ground for many years. There were none thereabout who did not know his slender figure. Armed with a stick cut from the underbrush of his wood, he was a constant cross-country wanderer, and at eighty was still expert in vaulting the five-barred fences of that region, pausing as he went to pluck the wild flowers or to note some novel aspect of nature which interested him.

His day, when away from the editorial duties on his paper, was an alternation of work and play. In the mornings he shut himself up in his library, occupying himself, in his later years with his translations of Homer's great epics. The work was a more or less arduous one, but was accomplished with the regularity of clockwork, each day adding its quota of lines to what had already been done. From the time when this task was over he was at the service of his friends, of whom he nearly always had a houseful, or armed with pruning knife, or other implement, was at some physical labor in the open air. Had he lived in the days of the amateur photographer we should doubtless possess a picture of him as he appeared in these many outings, a generous Panama hat shading his face while he busied himself culling a handful of berries. He was a great believer in the cultivation of fruit, and, while not a strict vegetarian, ate very sparsely of meats.

Indeed, there was a generous corner of the library itself devoted to works upon horticultural art, the margins of which, marked with various notes in his handwriting, attest the care with which he read them.

As for the rest of the house it was large and roomy, and was filled rather with souvenirs of the poet's life than with articles which appealed alone to the taste. He cherished more than any other thing the collection of autographic paintings presented to him on his seventieth birthday by the artists of New York. It was a diminutive, yet characteristic, collection of the work of his contemporaries and friends. Some of these were illustrative of his poems, others were merely characteristic landscapes. This little collection—for none of the pictures was more than a foot square—hung in the dining-room, as it does still.

In his last years he hurried to this retreat early in the spring and lingered until late in the autumn, making only occasional visits to the city, though never giving up his interest in public affairs. He scanned the newspapers closely till the last and dispatched his editorials by messenger from Roslyn as occasion arose. It was this easy and modest activity in his old age which kept body and mind in splendid vigor till the day of his death, when the desire, expressed in one of his poems, that he might die in June, came to pass, and children from the village scattered over him the field flowers of which he was so fond.



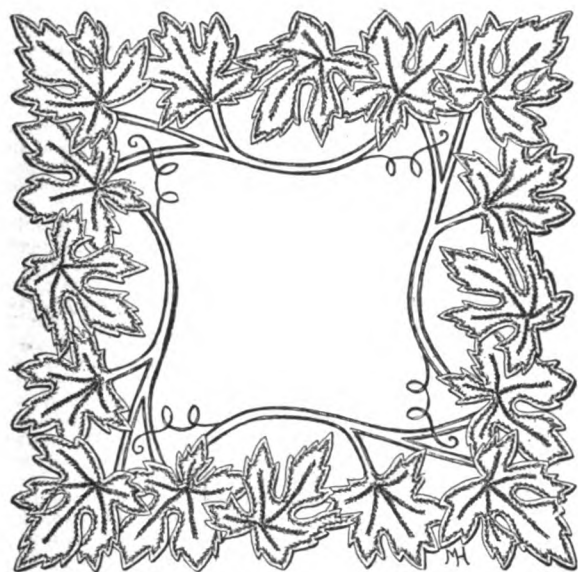
The Bryant Home at Roslyn, Long Island

FOR THE CENTER OF THE TABLE

By ANNA M. PORTER



PRETTY designs for table service are always acceptable to the housewife whose household belongings pay a silent tribute to the deftness of her fingers. Illustration No. 1 shows a dainty effect in yellow and white. The material employed for the ground is fine white linen. The edge of the mat is formed by the irregular outline of the leaves used as a border design. Each leaf is worked all around with button-hole stitch in white embroidery silk, and close against this edging is a feather stitching of



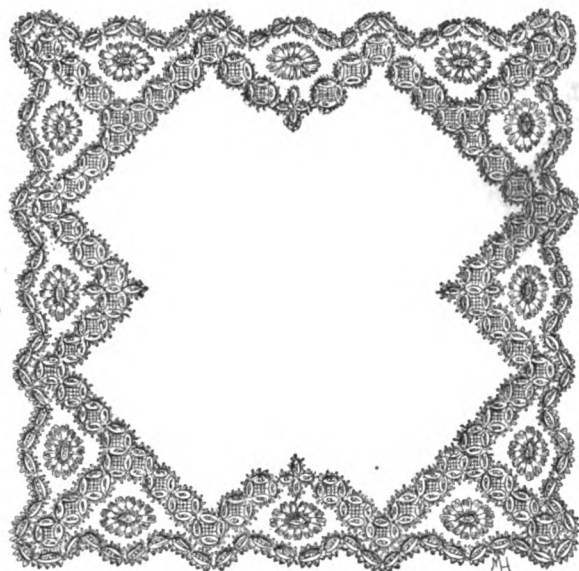
AN EMBROIDERED CENTER PIECE (Illus. No. 1)

yellow silk. The veins are also in feather-stitch, of both yellow and white silk, worked one into the other. The stem and tendril forms are worked in a treble outline, having a yellow thread in the center with a white line upon each side.

The design for a center piece in Illustration No. 2 is for appliqué in the Honiton braid on a ground of fine white linen lawn. The braid is tacked on according to the form shown in the drawing, a slightly larger braid being used for the edging of the mat. The buttonhole stitch is worked in white embroidery silk, and the centers by which the braid is held together are rendered also in white silk in the simple manner indicated. The material is cut away from beneath the braid after the work is finished, giving a very delicate open-work effect. The flower forms are embroidered in long and short stitch with white silk.

This design might be readily adapted for an oblong-shaped cloth, if desired, by simply repeating on each side the middle section of the pattern the required number of times to make it the right size. The work could be rendered more elaborate by the introduction of the wheel or other lace or drawn work stitches similar to those already shown in the May number.

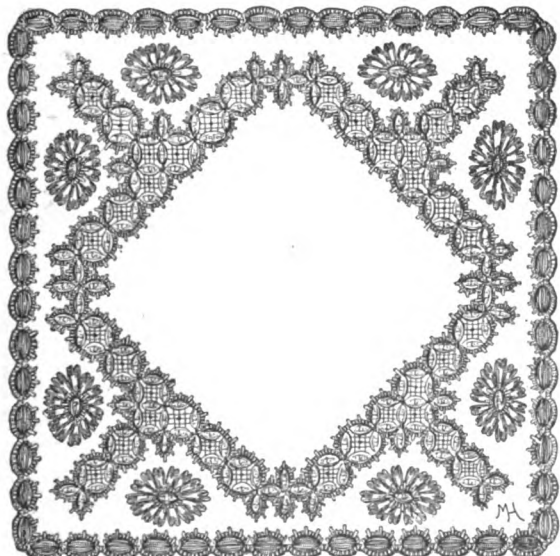
The tea-cloth, Illustration No. 3, is executed in a similar fashion to the preceding design, a variation in the effect being produced by the introduction of yellow silk for the buttonhole edging. Instead of the yellow, a delicate shade of any desired color may be employed, pale blue or sea-green being particularly dainty in effect. Care should be taken not only in applying the braid for these designs, but it is necessary to spare no pains to keep the pattern even.



A HONITON BRAID TEA-CLOTH (Illus. No. 3)

about seven inches is a good size, and smaller doilies for tumblers, after-dinner coffee or Roman punch sets measure from three to five inches, according to individual taste and requirements.

A point that cannot be emphasized too strongly is the necessity for the exercise of judgment, in order that the pieces employed may not only be in harmony as to color and style with each other, but also with the china and other table decorations. Furthermore, it should be suitable to the occasion upon which it is used, and in keeping with the circumstances of the household. Eccentricities as to form, design or color should not be indulged in unless it is possible to afford the possession of a number of sets. The choice as to style is wide, and the extreme daintiness of much work that we see the object of wondering admiration, as individual specimens of artistic skill, but the wise housewife will consider the practical side of the question also, and select for her use only what will be durable and lasting. In most cases beauty, richness and durability do go together, as with drawn work and many fine and handsome productions in lace and similar work, but where it comes to less expensive styles for the table, let what is used be the best of its kind, the unquestionably most suitable fabric for this purpose being fine linen.



A CENTER PIECE OF WHITE ON WHITE (Illus. No. 2)

DAINTY NEEDLEWORK FOR THE TABLE

Worked by Skillful Fingers Especially for The Ladies' Home Journal

HINTS FOR TABLE NAPERY

By MAUDE HAYWOOD

THERE is, at this time, apparently no field presenting such possibilities for dainty needlework as that covered by the requirements of a table fully, and yet neatly, supplied with decorated linen. In saying decorated linen, very elaborate embroidery is not necessarily implied, for although rich and delicate needlework may well enrich the napery used on festive occasions, that employed every day in the family should also not be without the stamp of individual handiwork. For ordinary use the table cloth and table napkins may have for their sole decoration the united initials of the husband and wife formed into a monogram and worked solidly in white. The monogram can be embroidered for a long tablecloth at the two right-hand corners, far enough in to lie on the surface of the table, or it may be placed so as to appear just beyond the edge of the center mat. It is permissible to introduce the monogram, worked in a suitable size, in connection with any design, upon all the doilies used for various purposes, working it either in the center or in one corner, but as a rule it is liked only upon the cover or plate doilies, and not upon the smaller ones. The center mat varies in shape and size according to the dimensions of the table. For a round table a square, round or triangular shaped center piece may be employed, but care should be taken that all the linen employed may be in keeping. When a table cloth is dispensed with, upon a polished table, the cover doilies must measure at least sixteen inches, otherwise twelve inches is considered the correct size. For dessert doilies

THE NEW BUTTERFLY DESIGNS

By Mrs. D. BARNES-BRUCE



A NOVEL and pretty feature in the decoration of embroidered table linen is shown in the accompanying illustrations of a center piece and doilies from a dinner set recently designed. The butterflies, it will be seen, are attached to the linen ground only by their bodies, and the wings are left fluttering with very dainty effect. The little insects are cut out separately in linen, button-holed around the edge, in this instance, with yellow silk, the markings being made of the same color in two or three shades. When finished they are tacked to the mats, to which they are then firmly sewn by their bodies, which are embroidered solidly in the yellow silk, the stitches being of course taken right through the linen beneath. When setting them out for use the wings are gently pinched together, in order to make them stand away properly from the ground.

As a rule, it is found most artistic and effective to treat the butterflies thus, simply working them in merely the two or three shades of yellow silk, as harmonizing well with almost any scheme of color used in the rest of the design. According to the requirements of any special set, however, various hues may be introduced. But it is rarely wise for this purpose to attempt anything like a realistic representation of the insect in its natural coloring.

A SET OF DESSERT DOILIES

IN Illustration No. 4, six out of twelve dessert doilies are given. They are all different in design, and of extremely delicate coloring. In size they measure seven inches each way, including the border, which is an inch and a quarter deep and is made of the linen itself fringed out in the manner shown.

The ribbons used in the design are on half the number of mats of a light dull blue, and on the other half of a maize color. The flowers employed according to the order in which the doilies are arranged in the drawing are as follows: Carnations, in pale pink tints, with a blue ribbon; pansies, in shades of mauve, with a maize ribbon; pink tipped daisies, with a blue ribbon; forget-me-nots, in pale blue, with a little pink in the buds, and a maize ribbon; thistles, in dull light purples, with a maize ribbon; and pale yellow narcissi with a blue ribbon. The other six designs which complete the set include violets, clover and lilies of the valley with maize ribbons, and also buttercups, eglantine and hawthorn, having blue ribbons. The flowers are embroidered solidly, and the ribbon may be variously treated, according to taste. It may be worked solidly, merely outlined, or outlined and filled in with brier stitch, darning, or any fancy stitch preferred.

DIFFERENT MODES OF FINISH

THESE doilies may be variously finished according to taste. Some prefer a plain hemstitched border to the fringe; others, again, like a scalloped edge worked with silk in button-hole stitch; but it must be confessed that the preference lies with the fringe made of the linen raveled out, if only it is managed properly. The effect of the whole set when finished is very dainty, the coloring being kept delicate according to the prevailing taste, the similarity in the shades used for the ribbon throughout, and in the general arrangement and treatment of the designs, giving a harmonious effect to the twelve doilies when seen together, while variety is obtained by the use of different flowers on each mat.



A SET OF DESSERT DOILIES (Illus. No. 4)

A PRETTY PLATE DOILY

ILLUSTRATION No. 6 gives a plate doily which is particularly happy in choice and arrangement of the flowers, a sweet clover field being, as is well known, the happy hunting ground of honey-loving insects, and the four-leaved spray introduced among the foliage is prettily suggestive of good fortune and sunshine in the pathway of life, as the blossoms and butterflies themselves bring back to the mind a picture of summer days. The entire set might be in the same flower, using the white, pink and purple varieties, and making every design different; or, if preferred, the subject of each mat could be distinct, as in the set of dessert doilies. This doily is twelve inches square, the border measuring two inches.



DAINTY IN DESIGN AND COLORS (Illus. No. 5)

CENTER PIECE OF BUTTERFLIES AND ROSES

THE same finish is used for the center piece (Illustration No. 5), and it is well to notice that the labor bestowed upon the edging of the mats in this way is a characteristic of really high class and artistic work, and is a by no means unimportant detail which marks the difference between good and careless needlewomen. The roses on the center piece should be executed in delicate pinks, and the web is preferably of gold-colored silk. One of the flight of butterflies is worked on the linen

ground instead of being applied like the others. Sometimes on large pieces the last two or three are embroidered flatly in this way, and made very small, as if they were fading away in the distance.

The butterfly designs can be employed for other purposes besides table linen. They are especially liked for bureau sets. Very dainty pin-cushions are made in this manner, and as if the butterfly had just settled on the edge of them. They are pretty when quite small and round, finished with a puffing of silk.

The idea of applying portions of the design in the way described can be carried out with many variations in style. Single flowers can be treated in the same way as the butterflies shown here, the greater part of the work still being embroidered flatly, and a few blossoms being raised and arranged with a view to their greatest effectiveness. Small dragon-flies or other insects having gauzy wings might be rendered in bolting cloth on a ground of the same. The markings could be indicated by a fine thread of silk, or the brush called in to the aid of the needle, and any tint or veinings required painted upon them. This latter kind of work would, of course, not be so useful or so durable as that worked in wash silks upon linen, which can be repeatedly laundered.

THE STORY OF TWO HEARTS

By Isabel A. Mallon



AY up in the high Scotch hills where the heather makes a beautiful purple bed for the birds to rest in, where the rocks and the sky are the same curious gray shade, and where the nearest neighbor is twelve miles away, there lived in an old manor house, with his mother, a boy named James McFarland. Big, blonde and handsome Jamie walked around watching the birds as they flew, the sky as it changed, the flowers and foliage as they had first one light and then another upon them, and he tried with his pencil to reproduce that which he saw in nature. All of his heart seemed full of color, all the world full of color, and he longed to put those tones where they would last, and yet the big, shy fellow, who did not wear his heart upon his sleeve, hid his face in his mother's lap when he told her that he wanted to leave home, that he wanted to go to that great city called Paris, and learn to be a painter. Now, God creates mothers. And although the neighbors scoffed at what seemed Jamie's idle desire, yet the mother determined that her boy should have his own way. So she went to a far distant kinsman and borrowed a little money that Jamie might begin his career.

THE canny Scotchman was loath to part with the siller, but he knew that his own people were honest, that the grounds about the manor house were good and gave forth plenty, and that he would receive back not only his money but a good interest with it; for, as he shrewdly remarked: "There is nae use of putting a leddy under obligations when it can be made business." So with a hopeful good-bye and a "God bless you, my son," from his mother ringing in his ears, with a curious determination to succeed for the dear mother's sake, and a brave heart to make a name for himself, Jamie reached Paris. He went into a world-famous studio and he worked, and worked, and worked. His fellow students laughed at him and urged him to go with them to hear beautiful music, to see beautiful women and to have a merry dance, but Jamie good-naturedly shook his head and said: "No, no; I'm here for work." They laughed at his lack of sentiment, so they thought it. They laughed at his willingness to devote days and nights to his work, and one day a pleasant American put his hands on his shoulders and said: "Now, my Scotchman, what do you intend to be?"

Jamie's clear blue eyes looked up into his and with a warmth that was unexpected he answered: "A great artist." Then a merry little Frenchman called out "What about your sweetheart, Jamie?" The eyes drooped, there was a faint blush on his face, and Jamie said: "I cannot let anybody talk to me about that. When God gave me a heart to love and an arm to protect a woman He created the woman for me, and some place, perhaps, far off in the world, she is waiting until I come. Mayhap she will come to me, but until then I do not want to waste my time in saying words of love to lassies that are as nothing to me, to tire my eyes by looking at beautiful women who couldn't make me love them, nor in chipping up my heart into little bits until it would not be worth offering to a pure woman such as I mean my sweetheart to be."

Nobody laughed; the little Frenchman grew silent, the big Englishman caught Jamie's hand full of paint brushes, and gave it a squeeze that meant "You are right, old fellow," and the kind-hearted American boy turned away and stared at the wall through two big tears.

Nobody works with all his heart without putting heart into it, and after four years of study when other workers—fitful workers—had produced one picture and then stopped, when names had been of moment for a day and then forgotten, there was shown at the Salon a picture about which all Paris crowded and of which all the critics talked. Nobody could deny its beauty, nobody could deny the good work that was in it, and fame was predicted for the man who had done it. It was the picture of a woman, simply dressed and holding in her hand a little bunch of violets; from out her face came a look of pure, strong womanhood, a look such as the great masters knew so well should be put into the face of the Virgin Mary, and a look which is the right of girlhood. Far down in one corner was the artist's sign manual, two little hearts united, and in the catalogue you saw the picture was called "My Ain Sweetheart" and that it was by James McFarland.

One day a big blonde man brought a little Scotch lady to look at it—a little Scotch lady gowned in gray and with a demure little bonnet, from under which looked a face full of pride and love, and these two stood in the crowd unknowing and unknown. And the mother whispered to her son: "Dearie, she will come to you some time—wait for her."

One year a little child among them was taken very ill, and it was decided that to keep the little one he should breathe warmer air, see bluer skies, and go where the flowers blossom in winter time, and Dorothy, because she was a ministering angel, went to see that the little laddie was well cared for far away from home on the shores of the Mediterranean. With his old nurse every morning saw Dorothy start out beside the invalid's carriage and tell him of all the wonderful sights, encouraging him about his weary back, and thinking out for him some amusements. He always wanted to draw, until at last they attached to his chair a board on which the paper might rest, and the thin nervous fingers could easily guide the pencil that drew caricatures of everybody. He made the girl that laughed seem nothing but one enormous smile; he made the pretty girl look a slave to her beauty, so interested was she in it, and he ridiculed his doctor and laughed at his nurse with a never-tiring pencil.

ONCE when Dorothy was not with him a man came up and stood beside the sick boy's chair, looked at his pictures and then said: "I think you and I ought to be friends, because we are both artists," and then he showed him one or two mistakes he was making, and he told him he ought to try and do better and nobler work than that, and talked to him in a gentle and easy way, until the little invalid had a new interest in life; but as Dolly came near his new friend fled, as if her silken skirts had frightened him. She was soon told the story, and then she hoped that she might say thank you to the man who had made for brother a happy half hour, but the days went by and though the boy and the man became great friends the man never would stay or would come if he saw Dorothy there. To be sure, he had never looked into her face, and it was said of him that he dreaded to meet women, and somebody who knew told Dorothy that he was the great artist James McFarland, that he had never gone among women at all, and that he was here on the Mediterranean because he had lost the one nearest and dearest to him, his mother! and that his old studio seemed cheerless and lonely without her kindly presence, so that he had made one here. That he was always glad to see his men friends, that he knew the wives of some of them, respected and honored them, but that not even one woman could say she had ever heard a word of love from him; that his sign manual on his pictures was two hearts united with a tiny blue ribbon. That he had made his fame with one picture which he would not sell, but that from it had come not only reputation but riches.

YOU know how invalids are, especially invalid boys, and so one day when there was a little bit of mist and Dorothy's poor lad had to stay in the house all day, he mourned and refused to be comforted because he could not see his artist friend. He wanted to go after him, he felt that he could not live unless he saw him, and so it was concluded that nurse should go and ask him to come; but that did not satisfy the little man. Nurse? Yes, but Dorothy too, and so she went out to meet her prince. In the big studio they waited silently until the great man came to them, and then Dorothy quietly told what their errand was, and she wondered that this world-famous artist should stare at her and blush and stammer like a boy, although he said at once he would come to his little friend and would bring some marvelous colors. He did come, not only once, but many days, for the poor little man was undergoing an operation that meant either life or death to him. On one side of the cot was the artist, bearing the ill tempers of the sick boy, guiding the weak little hand and doing pictures for him that if they had had the two hearts upon them would have been eagerly sought for by the rich man who was filling his gallery with the works of the great men of to-day.

On the other side was Dorothy, now sewing on a bit of linen, now arranging a dainty dish for her boy, now watching him so that she might see whether the pulse was too weak, or whether he was tiring himself, but always busy as a true woman is when some one she loves is ill, and busy in the way that bespeaks the woman of refinement. No noise in her movements to jar the invalid, no insistence of what he did not want, but a placid readiness to do as he asked, and to make him comfortable.

Dropping his pencil the laddie looked into Jamie McFarland's eyes one sunny morning and said:

"Jamie, why do you always put two hearts on your pictures?"

"The needle on the other side of the bed went very quickly, and Jamie, who had been doing a little sketch, raised his head and looking over beyond the boy, answered:

"My lad, when I was young, I thought out that God himself had somewhere for me a heart that would respond to every beat of mine, a heart that would be my joy, my pride, and my resting place. I did not know where it was. I could not offer it my love, and so I gave it my work. To-day I can do more. I can say I know where it is. I can say that the work and the love both belong to it and I do say, Dear heart, you have come to me from way over the sea. You are mine."

And the laddie said:

"Whose heart is it?"

And Jamie answered:

IT seems like an every-day story—this one of two hearts—and it is. Months afterward when the invalid was well and strong, he stood beside Jamie and handed him the golden circlet that he put on Dorothy's finger—the circlet that in the sight of God and man united two hearts forever. And later on, when they all went back to the old studio in Paris and they saw the first great picture which Jamie had painted, the boy, who had the heart and the eyes of an artist, looked at it and said: "Why, it is a picture of Dorothy!" and so Jamie with his arms around his "Ain Sweetheart" told how the dear little mother insisted that she was to be waited for.

This is the story of two hearts whom God had destined should come together, to live and love together; to bear each other's burdens, and claim each other's joys.

ROWING FOR GIRLS

By ELLEN LE GARDE



IT has always been noticed that girls who from childhood are accustomed to row are of a cheerful temperament. As if that was not enough of a recommendation, such girls have never known what dyspepsia means. If the exercise is vigorous, the faster is the flow of the blood. With the quickening of the circulation, perspiration becomes profuse and the body is enabled to throw off all poisonous matters. If I knew a girl who was dull, heavy footed and heavier thoughted, with a blotched and muddy colored skin, who sometimes thought she wanted to be as well as another girl, but did not do anything to reach it, nor knew how, I should put her in a row boat in a shallow pond, place the oars in her hands and tell her to take care of herself. Unkind? I think not. I should have a long rope, you know, attached to the boat, one end in my hand. The position might frighten her a little at first, but the natural instinct to help herself would come to her aid, and then, too, rowing is not difficult to learn. To most girls it comes as naturally as walking. They creep along the water, not far off shore, first with one oar, then trying two, keeping stroke for stroke, up and down, "catching crabs" occasionally, old Nep's protest at being conquered by such a courageous piece of prettiness, and in the three or four attempts may be the delightful sport is theirs. So this girl with the torpid liver and the lethargic feeling must be the gainer, for she has to think faster, she must move and breathe quicker in that unison of time kept by her fast impelled oars. How can such a girl long remain ill or stupid?

Rowing, too, expands the chest. The next time you see a boat's crew at practice look at the breadth of shoulders of its men and prepare to be envious. And should you ever be in the Cove of Cork, marked on your modern geography as Queenstown Harbor, notice the women who "welcome the coming and speed the parting guest," in their little boats that toss like very cockle-shells under the shadow of the great steamer on whose deck you stand. These women have the broad shoulders, the bright eyes, the rosy complexions, the full chests, the strong organs of respiration that are bred of healthy, vigorous exercise on the water. Like all women that row from girlhood their backs are strong, "strong as iron bands." Corsets, or "stays," as they would call them, they never owned. Nothing so becomes a woman as health, and the girls of to-day need not use rouge at their dressing tables nor sigh for beautiful complexions and figures if they will exercise constantly and regularly in the open air.

The good effects produced by rowing upon the muscular system can be secured by certain mechanical movements produced by the rowing machines of the well-equipped modern gymnasium. The latest invention, a hydraulic rower, gives the same stroke and same resisting action as does the water.

In so practical a matter as rowing, written instructions are of little value. Experience is the best teacher. The girl rower in learning, requires a good steady boat, a light oar and a companion who knows how to pull. The latter can either act as steerer or pull too, but should encourage the tyro to exert all her power and "pull, pull away." The learner must have her hands properly placed, the outside hand grasping the oar with the thumb above the handle, the inside hand holding the "loom" of the oar just where the rounded part joins the square, and keeping the thumb beneath. The elbows must be kept close to the sides, and well straightened immediately after the conclusion of the stroke. The stroke is finished by feathering the oar, and this is done by a turn of the wrist, which places the blade of the oar parallel to the surface of the water instead of vertical to the surface as during the pull. In rowing, the body should swing to and fro in a straight line with the stem and stern of the boat. The rower should throw herself well forward, in taking hold of the water with the oar, and lean well back in lifting it out of the water, the oar not being dipped in the water beyond the blade.

A little practice will enable the beginner to feather her oar, but feathering is not necessary at first. Backing is effected by pushing the blade of the oar through the water in the direction opposite to that of rowing, and feathering the oar as it leaves the water. Keeping time and stroke becomes necessary when two or more are pulling together, and in the first is the exact execution at the same moment of the feathering of the oars and their recovery by the whole crew.

Girls can just as well learn a good style of stroke from the start as a poor one. The best stroke is one which does not cause the boat to jerk. It should begin with a neat and delicate drop of the oar in the water without any splash; the rower catching hold of the water at once and gradually increasing her power.

BOTH ENDS OF A BELL WIRE

By FLORENCE HOWE HALL



DOOR bells are pretty fair indicators of character. Probably you have not been conscious of it, but every time you pull a door bell you register what manner of man you are as certainly as though you were dropping a nickel in the ubiquitous slot. Your ring will not tell everything about you, from the color of your eyes to your taste in flowers, but to those who know the signs the door bell is as good as a title page. Anyone who has had occasion to answer bell pulls knows how much difference there is in them. One person's method varies very little from time to time, though the difference between that method and somebody's else, while slight, will be sufficiently well marked. It is seldom that two rings are exactly alike.

Any busy housewife doing or superintending her own work, and anxious to avoid unnecessary interruptions, learns the language of door bells with almost unerring certainty. The one she knows best is perhaps the postman's. That has a professional snap and vim in it which is unmistakable. It says as plainly as words, "Come now; I'm in a hurry. I shall stand here just forty-five seconds, and then shove this letter under the door." The grocer's young man has a bad temper; we do not have to watch him to know all about the quick, vicious jerk that almost snaps the wire, and sends a wild jangle into every corner of the house. That bell almost swears. The ring which announces the minister's wife is as different as can be; the bell seems almost to ring itself, and the tones flow smoothly out, proclaiming "peace to all in this house."

So the housewife recognizes each; the impatient man, who pulls the bell twice in quick succession, and does not wait long before trying it again; the one of more phlegmatic temperament, whose ring is slower and more substantial; the hesitating woman who draws the knob out in a succession of nervous little jerks; the seedy individual with matches to sell, who stretches the wire carefully to its full length, and then allows it to relax with a faint, apologetic tinkle; and the jolly friend who knows he is welcome, and therefore grasps the knob with a hearty swing that is fairly eloquent with good nature, and sets the bell to shaking its sides with such peals of echoing laughter that it positively cannot stop all at once, but subsides gradually with a merry, irrepressible, little titter. A door bell has as many voices as visitors.

There is nearly as much difference in the way bells are answered. It is quite as important to know how to answer the bell as to know how to ring it. Servants are apt to be quite neglectful in this particular. I know of certain houses where you can always tell whether the mistress is out or at home by the speed, or lack of speed, with which the servant comes to the door. To be sure, it is not always possible to respond instantly. In houses where there is only one servant she may be engaged in kneading bread or scrubbing a kitchen floor, and will, of course, require a couple of minutes to wash her hands and put on a clean apron. But servants are not always the offenders in this matter of slow response to a bell. It seems almost to amount to a fad among certain fashionable people to keep one standing on the door step an unconscionably long time, no matter if the weather be wet or the thermometer down among the teens. Perhaps it is intended that the visitor shall have an abiding sense of the importance of the household, or it may be that the mistress wishes more time to make a change of toilette; but whatever the cause the delay is highly exasperating and altogether unpardonable. The practice does more than cast a doubt upon the hospitality of the household; it is a gross discourtesy. In your parlor you would not wait fifteen seconds before answering your visitor's question; why should you keep him on your door step five or ten minutes when he rings to know whether you are at home?

The philosophy of door bells is not known to the etiquette books, but it includes some things which may be remembered with profit at either end of the wire.

THE CHICAGO WAY

A group of Western and Eastern members were recently sitting in a committee room in the House, at Washington, when the subject came up of House, the famous band-master of the Marine Band, going to Chicago.

"Why Chicago'll want the Capitol next," an Eastern member remarked.

It is this "Chicago way" of getting good things that has given the great prairie city her pre-eminence in so many important business lines. Chicago is the greatest manufacturing center in America, and investors have a fashion of following in the wake of factory strongholds, for that means stability and permanence.

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THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE YEAR

A NEW SERIES OF 12 ADVENTURES OF THE FUNNIEST LITTLE MEN IN THE WORLD

By Palmer Cox

NUMBER TEN

THE BROWNIES

IN JULY

○ ○



As soon as sunny-faced July brought round the time when banners fly on every pole, o'er every door, the country through from shore to shore,

The Brownies met to have their say Respecting Independence Day. Said one: "If I have reckoned right The days as they have taken flight, We stand upon the very brink Of that great day when people think Of heroes who so freely gave Their sacred lives on field and wave, That generations yet to be Might live and move in liberty."

Another said:

"My comrade true, Your mental almanac won't do, You're just two dozen hours too fast; I have the days from first to last All jotted down in black and white As plain as printer's ink can write; To-morrow night will usher in



The time for banners and for din, When children all are up and dressed Before the stars have gone to rest, And when the sun looks down at folk The earth is blue with powder smoke." A third remarked: "Then let it be Our plan to-morrow night to see That city stretching in its pride, With streets so long, and parks so wide, That holds the Hall where Congress broke In flinders fine the monarch's yoke. To never after be resigned To timber of that galling kind. Around the table we will stand Where people signed, with steady hand, The document that did declare Their home and country free as air." That night indeed, the Brownies' feet Went pattering through the silent street

The Hall was reached in half an hour, As one might judge who knows their power, And how they laugh at bolt and bar, At heavy staples driven far, And locks that few can comprehend, With combinations without end. As through the ancient rooms they passed On many things their eyes were cast

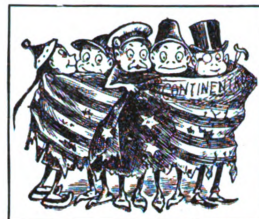


That brought a smile, a frown, or sigh, According to what drew the eye.

Said one: "The rust is working well To make away with sword and shell And musket; they will hardly last Until another century's past."

Another answered: "Well, who cares How soon the rust eats such affairs; The blunderbuss, head-cleaving blade, Horse-pistol, shell and hand-grenade But call to mind the trying days When people saw their hamlets blaze, And saw the hireling Hessians stride Upon the land, with pomp and pride, But other steel and other lead, Than they had brought was painted red, And many mounds soon rose to show What numbers came, that failed to go." From place to place the Brownies went: At this they paused, by that they bent To study out the writing old That something of its history told. The Brownies tried to imitate The manner of the statesmen great, Who by that self-same desk of oak, Had stood for hours, and firmly spoke Of taxes, duties, slights and harms, And stirred the people up to arms, Oft asking in a stinging vein If they would wear a bond or chain, Or were prepared at once to fling Defiance at the tyrant King.

Said one: "By weapons hacked and worn, And battle flags blood stained and torn, That find a place on every wall, 'Tis plain as A B C to all No easy task they undertake Who aim established laws to break,

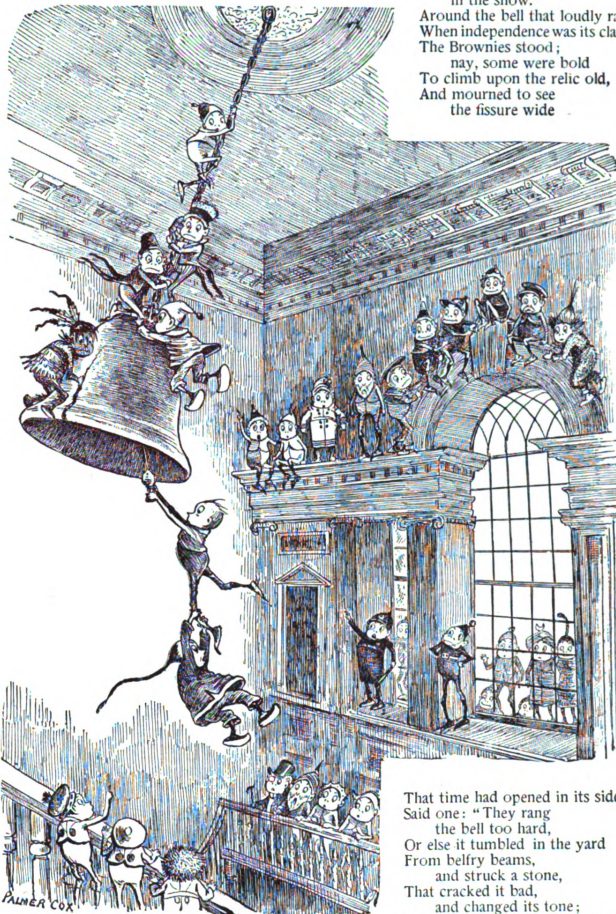


To right their wrongs like men begin, And independence strive to win."



Another said: "This still is found Where too much wrangling does abound; While those at home dispute and spout About their orders and their doubt, Those in the field who face the foe Are standing barefoot in the snow."

Around the bell that loudly rang When independence was its clang, The Brownies stood; nay, some were bold To climb upon the relic old, And mourned to see the fissure wide



That time had opened in its side. Said one: "They rang the bell too hard, Or else it tumbled in the yard From belfry beams, and struck a stone, That cracked it bad, and changed its tone; It now sounds like an earthen pot

But what of that? It matters not. It did its duty on that day, And to its credit, let me say, That there was meaning in its ring That well might stun a listening king. Now let it rest, for sword or gun Can ne'er undo what has been done." So many Brownies had a mind Upon that bell a place to find They started it upon the go Till swaying wildly to and fro It caused a panic and a scare That soon disturbed the bravest there. Some flat upon the bell were cast, With arms and legs extended wide And with it sailed from side to side; While banging round with heavy stroke The restless clapper sledge broke.

Alarmed lest such a fearful din Would bring the wondering people in, The Brownies tried in every way To choke it off without delay. At risk of limb, and life as well, Some bravely hung below the bell, As back and forth it rocked and swung, And did their best to hold its tongue, And glad enough were Brownies bold When they at length the bell controlled. So all were free to gain the street And hasten off to their retreat.

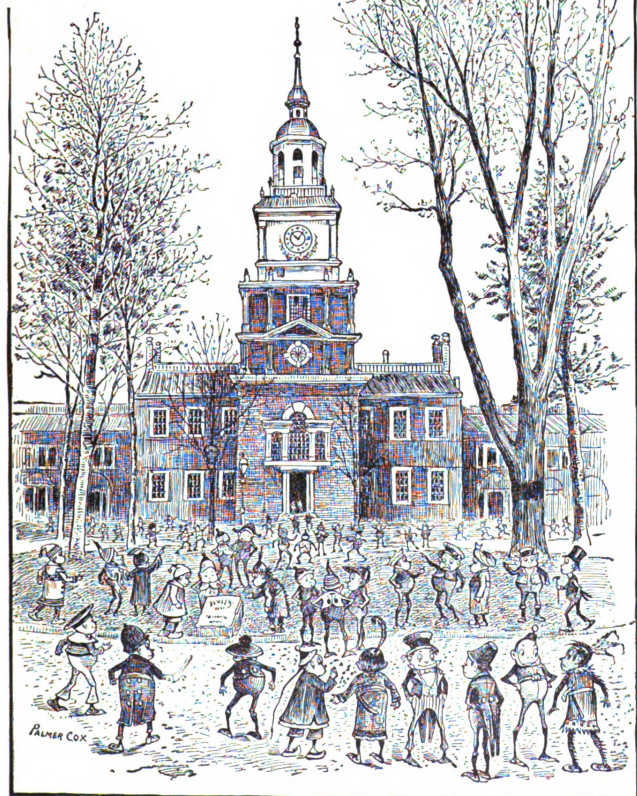
To reach a sofa long and wide Now Brownies ran from every side Each striving to be first to treat Himself to such a famous seat.



Said one: "Upon this sofa strong That here you see has rested long, And been well tried by moth and rat, The Father of His Country sat,



And called to mind the hopes and fears And hardships of those trying years When in his army, staunch and true, There was not one whole coat or shoe."



Unnoticed by the men in blue Who searching glances ever threw As here and there with solemn round They guarded people sleeping sound.

Around themselves the flags they wrapped That o'er the Continentals flapped, When through their ranks, on hill and vale, The whistling bullets swept like hail.



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AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR



VERY careful student of the sexes has written that men have twelve distinct advantages over women calculated to make life for them easier and happier. Just what those twelve advantages were, as thus recorded, I do not now recall, but surely one of them must have been the greater simplicity of costume. If a man's wardrobe is made elaborate, it is from choice. With woman it becomes almost a necessity; that is, if she wishes to be in "the fashion," and what woman does not?

THIS question of costume is, I believe, becoming more and more of a hardship with women each year, and I do not wonder that many of them are becoming positively impatient at the foolish rapidity with which changes are demanded and made. Whether more was exacted of women by the dictates of fashion last spring I know not; but it seemed to me that I never remember having met so many women as I did at the opening of the present out-of-door season, who were positively at their wits' end about their costumes. One fact seems certain: Simplicity is not the aim of those who decree what women shall wear. The fashions are becoming more confusing; the changes are radical where once they were slight, and the mental strain, to say nothing of the financial manipulations necessary, is not calculated to make our women either healthier or happier. A garment is no sooner considered in good form than the edict goes forth that it is "out of style." The constant wonder to me is how women actually get even a reasonable amount of wear from their garments before they are decreed unfashionable. Such a thing as "making over" one year's dress to bring it in accord with next year's style is becoming almost an impossibility. The present aim seems to be rather in the direction of putting even sensible economy out of the question. And no phase of the matter has brought with it so many difficulties as this. Where dress with a woman was once a pleasure, it is now a burden, and each recurring season seems to add fresh perplexities. And yet no woman can neglect the matter of how she dresses. It may be unfortunate, as it is undoubtedly an error, that we are apt to judge a woman somewhat from her dress, but the fact remains. We expect of woman, far more than we do of men, that they shall be well dressed, and to be well dressed is not an easy matter. Where the money is provided, taste is often lacking, and where good judgment exists, there too often the "all-essential" is lacking.

I HAVE never been in sympathy with that class of writers who constantly ridicule woman's dress, or whose greatest pleasure seems to be to make a fool of the woman who tries to be in fashion in her costume. Ridicule, to my mind, is always a poor instrument in argument; and when it is applied to woman's dress it makes no one more ridiculous than the one who employs it. A love of dress is implanted in the heart of every woman, and it is unnatural to ask her to overcome it. Nor do I think it should be asked of her. A well-dressed woman is always a pleasure to the eye, and I believe it is a woman's duty to make herself as presentable in her dress as her circumstances will permit. Whether we men will admit it or not, there is nothing that we like to see so much as a woman well dressed; and what we like to see, my friend, we should be perfectly willing to pay for. From the manner in which some men pay a milliner's, or a dressmaker's bill, you might think that they never paid anything for their own clothes. I have no patience with that class of men who seek every opportunity that presents itself to comment upon the cost of the wardrobe of their wives or daughters. If a man takes pride in seeing the women of his family becomingly dressed, he should take equal pleasure in paying the cost. A woman cannot dress on nothing any more than can a man. And because she wants a few more things than does a man it is because she is a woman, and it is right that she should have them. If men would universally adopt the system of giving their wives allowances, the question of dress with women would be robbed of at least one of its unpleasant features, i. e., asking their husbands for money upon the occasion of their smallest necessities.

THERE are men who, reading these words, will accuse me of encouraging what they choose to term "the feminine vice of dress." Dress, with women, is not a vice. It never has been, and never will, in the hands of a sensible, prudent woman. It can be made that, of course, and more, just as anything can be carried to excess. The great trouble is that some men do not seem to realize that a woman's wardrobe, be it ever so economically arranged, cannot be so simple as that which will answer for a man. What is absolutely necessary for the proper costume of a woman is altogether too often looked upon as a luxury by a man; and he calmly reckons out to himself that as he indulges in no luxuries he does not see why his wife or daughter should expect any. When it comes to woman's dress there is such a thing as stretching economy a little too far on the part of a man. I have very little respect for a husband or father who makes it a source of constant humiliation for his wife or daughter to approach him on the subject of their dress and its cost. No good woman will ask a man to go beyond his means for her wardrobe, but she should be given what she needs, and that cheerfully and with a willing hand.

NO advocacy of extravagance in woman's dress is intended in these words, for I yield to no one in the strongest admiration for simplicity of costume. And I believe that if women would follow their own common sense a little more, and pay less attention to some of the silly fashions constantly originated, they would be far happier. The lesson which some of our average women have yet to learn—although they are learning it, I think, better every day—is that the wealthiest women, the nicest women, the women of taste and refinement in this country, follow strict simplicity in their dress. Anything that approaches conspicuity is being entirely left to the lower and vulgar classes, which believe that they are well dressed just in proportion as they attract attention. I was talking on this subject, a few days ago, with the pastor of one of the wealthiest congregations in New York, a church whose membership represents hundreds of millions of dollars, and he said: "I often look over my congregation from the pulpit and notice the difference in the dress of our women. The wealthiest and most substantial dress the plainest, and make absolutely no show whatever in their garments. These women, whose husbands command millions, invariably affect the quiet in costume, and the most subdued colors. They positively shun anything in the way of outward show, and jewels on their costumes are, without exception, always conspicuous by their absence. The showy-dressed women are always those who either have become suddenly rich, or who have everything they possess in the world on their backs, and believe that because they come to a wealthy church they must dress in the most approved fashion. I can invariably pick out what are called the 'solid women' in my congregation just from the perfect simplicity of their dress."

THERE is no truth so valuable for our women to learn than this, and for those who have learned it to bear in mind. The evil in feminine dress of to-day lies not with our rich women, but with our women of average means. The wealthy woman rarely overdresses; the average woman far more often, and she stamps herself by that very indiscretion. It is not the mistress who overdresses so much as it is her servant who tries to imitate her. The nice and refined women, the women of taste, are not the purchasers of the showy dress patterns and misfit hats which we see in the show windows. Just in proportion as a woman is refined in her nature is she quiet in her dress. A refined woman never dresses loudly. The present tendency in red is not followed by girls and women of refinement. It is affected by those who forget that red is the most trying color which a woman can wear becomingly, and that there is no color of which one so soon tires. Only a few women can choose a perfect shade in red, and those are, as a rule, not the women who wear it.

IF there is any woman who should dress quietly, it is she whose income is limited. Where the domestic purse is sufficiently copious to stand the strain, the caprice of a conspicuous dress pattern or a startling color can be indulged in, since when the eye is tired after wearing it two or three times it can be discarded. But the vast majority of women in this country cannot afford this. Hence does the necessity become greater for patterns or styles which are quiet and unobtrusive, so that they can be made to do full service. Men of even more than moderate incomes invariably pursue this plan, and leave exaggerated fashions severely alone. And they save themselves an enormous amount of worry and unrest by this practical method. And what is possible with men is in a measure just as possible with women. Caprices in dress are for the luxurious classes—I was just going to say for the wealthy classes, but they never recognize them. The woman who avoids showy materials and styles is the woman who is not only in stricter accordance with what is best and most tasteful in fashions, but she is far more content and of easier mind than she who affects all the latest "kinks," and stamps herself as being on dress parade every time she emerges into public view.

WHERE hundreds of women show a lack of common sense in the matter of dress is in the mistaken idea that they can "wear anything." Take the "box coat" as an example. Since I have taken any interest whatever in woman's dress I have never seen an uglier garment conceived. The style was originally designed for men, but it was so hideous that they refused to adopt it. So the fashion creators decided to try it on women. To the credit of the great majority of women be it said, however, that they are not permitting it to become a general style. Yet a few have affected it, and some results that I have seen are positively ludicrous. Now, the "box coat" can be worn gracefully by very few women, and even upon those who possess the all-essential figure and proper height it looks only passable. But to see a short woman with a "box coat," as I have seen her on the street, is a sight for the gods to behold! And the same is true, only in a lesser degree, of the Russian blouse. On a tall woman it looks well; on a woman of short stature it looks distinctly out of place. The adoption of the shirt front was another mistake for many women. Fortunately, however, that style has been confined to a certain class which is ever ready to accept anything that is either far-fetched or unfeminine. I believe it is called the "smart set"—a particular set that is always known for its bad taste in dress and vulgar display.

RECENTLY we have been undergoing a siege of the "bell skirt." I concede that the bell skirt is one of the most graceful garments ever designed for women. But, like everything else that is good, it seemed destined to be overdone. When this particular skirt was first brought out it was made just to escape the ground. Then a train was added, and it was dragged out into the street. Now, while the bell skirt with train is a beautiful garment for the drawing-room, it was never intended for street wear. And when its mission was distorted, it ceased to be a garment of grace, and became an accumulator of filth, so that a woman of cleanly tendencies and a bell skirt became impossible, unless she chose to encourage backache or spinal trouble in carrying her train. Now we are through with the bell skirt, since the fashioners in Paris have decreed that skirts shall be short and barely touch the ground.

I SAW an illustration of the little annoyances which present styles are calculated to bring upon women in a New York surface car the other day. A young woman entered the car, and selecting a seat occupied it with the customary feeling of consciousness that everybody was looking at her. Now, this poor girl had quite forgotten that fashion had lately made yards of streaming ribbon fashionable, and in a moment both she, and, of course, all the other passengers in the car, were startled at seeing her head-gear suddenly, and in the most mysterious manner, rise from her head and settle back against the window-pane of the car. Naturally everybody in the car tittered—all except the girl, who had not grown quite accustomed to the new style of silken appendages. And it is singular to me that women do not get into more trouble with these ridiculous streamers. I call them ridiculous, for they are scarcely anything else. It does not make a woman look a bit more graceful on the street, when there is a refreshing breeze, to see her walking along with four or five yards of ribbon standing out straight behind her like the streamers on a flag-pole in a brisk wind.

THERE is one consolation about these exaggerated styles which are gotten up for women, and that can always be found in the fact that they are short-lived. Caprices in dress, once they become general, are very quickly taken up by the cheap manufacturers, and women of taste are quick to discard what is worn by the woman who promenades on the streets of our cities on Sunday afternoons decked in all the colors of the rainbow—and a few never seen in any rainbow. The accordion skirt came, was abused, and has gone; the tan-colored jacket, now that it can be had for three dollars, has been shelved; the "bell skirt" has had its day; ribbons are so cheap that the streaming ribbons will soon be confined to a class; the "box coat" died at its birth; the Russian blouse has been overdone! And thus goes on the merry war of women's dress—a war which, as a man, I can look upon with complacency, for, like seeing a battle, it is ever most interesting to those who view it from a distance.

IT lies in every woman's hands, however, to make the battle long or short, as she wills. Women can complain as long as they choose at the burdens laid upon them, but the matter rests in their own hands, and when they elect to throw off the yoke they can do so. A style unnoticed never becomes popular. If we would not patronize so many of the farce comedies on the boards of the theater of to-day, there would not be the influx of such trash now inflicted upon us. The creators of fashions are like the managers of our theaters—they supply that for which there is the most demand. The creation of fashions is simply a business with them. If women will countenance the ridiculous in their costume by their patronage, they will be given plenty of it. But if each for herself concludes that simplicity will be the order of the day, simple fashions will be given. And when fashions become more simple, then will woman's dresses become far more effective, since a woman never shows to better advantage than when she wears a well-fitting gown of quiet color and devoid of any elaborate accessories. The eye should ever seek the dress: the dress should never attract the eye except for its perfect fit and becomingness to the person who wears it.

GIRLS OF WHOM WE ARE PROUD

WHEN somewhat over a year ago THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL conceived its offers of free general education at Vassar or Wellesley Colleges, or a musical or vocal training at the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston, the projectors had little idea of the hearty reception of the plan and the degree of success which has attended it.

THE results have been of the most flattering order. Three girls were sent to Vassar and Wellesley Colleges as the outcome of the first offers of a general education. Then came the offers of free musical and vocal training at the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston, and during the term just ended the JOURNAL has had the gratification of seeing over forty girls win an entrance into the Boston Conservatory. The majority of these girls have been at the Conservatory during the past winter and spring, and with the opening of the new term on September first the rest will enter. The reports received by the JOURNAL from the management of the Conservatory regarding these girls have been of the most encouraging character. "They are among the brightest and most energetic girls we have ever had at the Conservatory," says one report. From the girls themselves the JOURNAL has likewise received a succession of the pleasantest letters recording their progress. "We receive the very best the Conservatory affords," wrote one of the girls. "My room is all that I could wish, large, airy, sunny and well heated—in fact, one of the most desirable in the building. I already feel at home in such a delightful place, though abroad continent is between me and my home. The advantages here are the best the country affords."

WITH the great success attending the plan, the JOURNAL has removed the limitation of time originally fixed in connection with the offers, and next term will see even a larger coterie of girls at the Conservatory than attended during the season just closed. Already over twenty-five girls will enter at the opening of the new term on September first next to make their home in the great Boston institution, and that number will probably be largely augmented before the date comes around. Likewise has the scope of the original plan been broadened so as to include the study of art and painting as well as of music and singing. This addition now places before the girls of America the most complete series of free educations in the fine arts ever attempted. The girl who loves to paint has now the same opportunity as the girl who loves to sing—an opportunity never before offered and which will perhaps never be repeated by any other periodical.

THERE are thousands of American girls with a love of music, singing or painting, who have never had a chance to develop their talents, and it is to these girls that the JOURNAL's offers hold out a special degree of attractiveness. We are anxious, in every sense, to give these girls their opportunity, and in these offers we believe they have it. The effort asked of them is but a slight one, and the humblest village girl has the same chance as the girl who resides in the city. The offers have especially been conceived and so arranged as to place them within the reach of every girl, no matter what her circumstances. Many of the girls whom the JOURNAL has already maintained at the Conservatory never believed that success was possible. But they tried, and won. The thing which looked a formidable task at the start became a pleasure when it was once taken up.

I CANNOT here, in the limited space left me, say much of the detail of the offers; but the story has just been printed by the JOURNAL in an attractive booklet, and this will be cheerfully sent to any one who will write for it. There will be found in this booklet a complete explanation of the offers, and just how they can be secured. Some twenty of the successful girls have been induced to tell the stories of their success in winning the offers; and these are given in their own language, and with their portraits as well. I wish that every parent who reads the JOURNAL, as well as every girl, might send for a copy of this little book, and read what can be done by girls who have energy and push and determination.



"Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."



MAN, born of woman, full of whims and fancies as becometh the son of his mother, is a slave to precedent and habit, as is seemly in his father's child. Like unto his mother, he doeth exactly the right things in precisely the right way against all

reason, and committeth such fearful blunders as make the angels laugh when he essayeth to be logical. And following in the footsteps of his father, he walketh cautiously in the reasonable ways of his own perfect invention, and cometh out wrong every time, and crieth unto the wife of his bosom: "What did I tell you?" with condemnatory emphasis on the "what." One of his weaknesses, inherited from a long line of ancestors of both sexes, is to consider that the stars in their courses compel him to go into the country, when by reason of the closing of the schools the children are turned back upon the home. Year after revolving year, he offers himself a willing sacrifice, upon the incandescent altars of July, untaught by all the sacrifices of preceding years.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS

WHEN he who lives on scanty salary, in a rented house in town, begins to draw plans of a neat, inexpensive cottage in the country, a cosy little summer nest that might be built by an economical and painstaking architect for about \$25,000, somewhere on pine-crowned mountain slope or down by the loud-sounding sea, the poison is working. When his conversation turns to long exhilarating tramps through leafy woods, and all-day strolls by purling brooks, where eager trout leap far out of the water to see if you have brought along your book of flies—keep the f's in those two words far apart and pronounce distinctly—it is time to send for the doctor. When he, who would fall off a saw-horse standing still unless he had something to hold on by, talks of inspiring gallops down winding country roads and shadowed bridle paths, with the free winds lifting the hair from his heated brow—he whose hair was lifted clear back to the crown by the scalping knife of Time summers ago—you should write his mother to come on at once. And when he babbles about the independent life of the farmer, of the lowing kine that come sweet-breathed and with slow step from fragrant pastures in the shadowy twilight, of the merry song of the jocund reaper, as he goes a-field, he is a gone man for the summer. Close the house, bar door and shutter, give everything over to the passing sneak-thief and the domiciliary visits of the inquisitive burglar, and lie thee away to the country with him. All is over.

WHEN THE DOG STAR RAGES

CERTES, it is rather warm in the city. The passing water-cart, the artificial shower of pent-up civilization which is brought forth rather than down, without the aid of fair science or General Dryenforth's bombardments, does not lower the temperature; it merely changes it from the dry furnace heat of the pavements to the moist heat of the steam coil at the same degree. The loud-voiced huckster, selling despondent clusters of heart-broken vegetables that have died of grief and homesickness in the wilderness of brick and mortar, breathes up all the air on your block in half a dozen shrieking inhalations of his double-acting lungs, as he goes howling down the street. The only bird in sight, the pugnacious English sparrow—who not the summer's heat, nor winter's storm, nor hate of men, nor rubber slings of boyish archers, nor yet the prowling cat that climbs the trailing vine or walks along the dizzy reaches of the cornice to feed upon the toothsome sparrow squab—the sparrow, whom not all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune can subdue, quarrels and fights all day after its kind, and keeps you in a state of continual irritation, when you would be cool and calm. You try to read, sitting before the coolest window in the shadiest nook in the house, but every room is kept so dark for fear of heat and flies that you cannot read at noonday without lighting lamp or gas, and that would turn the room into a roaring, fiery furnace.

If by stealth the man should let in a little light and air—that is a man's idea of cooling a room, to open it wider than the Chicago Exposition, and let in all the dust, and heat, and noise, and flies, and glare the street can pour into it—he is discovered every time. She whose genius had made every room in the house a storage warehouse for night air comes in and wonders "where all these flies came from?" He, with extravagant gesticulation, doesn't know—at least he says he doesn't, and doesn't care, which is true; what he wants to know is when they are going back again? These constant companions of man in all his sunny hours make life a burden to her. He comes home from the wearisome office, and she meets him at the door. The smile of welcome still lingers faintly on her face, the ghost of what it used to be a few weeks before Christmas.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

AN anxious look sits enthroned in her eyes, which behold not him, but seem to be fixed upon invisible things in the circumambient air. In one hand she holds a fly brush or the ever-ready apron. She holds the screen door open about three inches, that is, if he is six inches in diameter; if he is eight, she will hold the door an inch wider, but never quite so wide as he is; he wriggles in sidewise, holding his breath to make himself narrower, and as he makes the passage, above his head, and under his feet, around his legs that apron will whirl and rustle and flap like a restless comet that has lost its bearings and got into the wrong system. When he crowds in at length two flies follow him; not on him, but after him. She lets the door swing to with all the emphasis the inanimate spring can throw into a slam, and weeping, says that she can go in and out of that door fifty times a day and never let in a fly, while every time anybody else comes in millions of flies follow them. Tears, idle tears. Little do the flies care for them. One vicious slap of a folded newspaper disturbs a fly on the wall more than all the tears that have been wept since Niobe made a spectacle of herself.

FLY TO THE DESERT, FLY WITH ME

EVERYTHING then, finding the city unendurable, flies to the country in the summer time. Even the circus withdraws from the dust of the town, finding much deeper dust and much dryer on the country ways. Man is not a free agent; he obeys not only inexorable laws of destiny, but likewise his wife's. He decides on going into the country; she selects the locality. She is the last one to leave the house. She trusted him once. That was thirteen years ago. He left the back kitchen door wide open and also the gas burning in the front hall. Cats and dogs and things dwelt in that kitchen, and that fan-jet of gas burned like the "fire that burns for aye" or at least used to, on the altars in the temple of Puldownjah'r Vesta, all that summer. Let us draw a veil over the home-coming that year. They did. Since then she has been the last to leave the ship, as indeed is the captain's place. Rest and quiet follows the excitement of preparation and departure, and she leans back in her seat in the pleasant car, with the expression of a woman who is waiting for her wings to come home, and is confident they will match and fit without alteration. They embark at the station, where the wagon is waiting to take the happy family to the summer house. Horror smoothes her tranquil face the wrong way! She just remembers that from sheer force of habit she left the front door key under the mat. She looks about for a clean place in which to have a fit. And she would have it, too, but her husband's laugh recalls her. He means it for a triumphant taunt. Instead of gall and wormwood, it is repentance, first proof and heroic dose. She is herself again. He laughs at her all the way to the farm. Then he remembers that after carefully locking all the trunks he put the keys in his coat pocket, and then changed his coat. The keys are hanging over the back of a chair in his room one hundred and sixty-five miles away. Curtain.

"UNDER THE TREES"

IT is pleasant loitering under the leafy canopies of July woods, far from the madding crowd, from the city sights and sounds. It is rather a strange sensation, at first, to get the weather prognostications two days afterward, but that soon wears away, and you find yourself wondering, with no little anxiety, when you plan a little picnic, a fishing excursion, or a mountain climb, what kind of weather we probably had day before yesterday? It is something of a novelty to learn the art of making ice cream without a freezer; also without ice; likewise without cream. What ingredients are used you never discover, but you know they are new to your astonished palate. Your husband wears a flaming red and black striped blazer as he strolls across the pasture, and learns that animals are not color blind—at least not all of them. He reaches the fence in time to prevent your budding into charming widowhood, but the animal which escorted him thither bears away the hated blazer on its horns, like a triumphant law and order society that has raided a procession of anarchists. You lie down under the whispering trees, but the lawn is not the velvet hand-made grass plat of the town lot. It is roughly mowed with the swift sweeping scythe, and is of the stub, stubble; you give that up. Moreover, while the fly has ceased to trouble, the intrusive ant has come upon the stage, and say what you will of the fly, he did not crawl up one's sleeves and down one's back, nor into one's shoes. Flies are bad enough, we think, until we strike a few choice, fat and meaty mosquitoes or a handful of sportive ants! You ask the farmer how soon the blackberries will be ripe. He says this week, if your boys go back to town. If they stay out he doesn't reckon we will have any ripe fruit of any sort this year. This settles the farmer's standing with mater familiae. What time those dear innocent boys have to interfere with the fruit prospectus is more than you can conjecture.

THE GLORIFIED BLACKBERRIES

THE creek is four miles away, and the boys disappear regularly soon after breakfast with bait enough to feed a state hatchery, and hooks and lines enough to fit out a mackerel fleet. They return at supper time, wet and muddy to the eyes, and with nothing about their persons except appetites, which seem to have been lost by some wandering ostrich of the desert, accompanied by vacuumis to match. When the blackberries, taking advantage of a wild midnight ride for the doctor, seven miles, away, and the subsequent sequestration of the boys in bed for five or six days, finally do ripen, you revel in the luxury of eating "live" berries from the vines. Your joy is a little tempered now and then. The trail of the serpent is over everything in this bright world of ours. We could manage the serpent, maybe; the hogs will run the snakes out of any bramble patch in one season. But there is a bug with a name as long as a snake that abides among the blackberries. He does not eat them. He just haunts the patches where city boarders are staying, and makes it his business to arise early in the morning and crawl over the largest and finest and ripest berries. When you eat a blackberry that has been glorified by a visit from this bug, you just lie right down in the briars and ask to die. You do not want to live a minute longer. Not with that taste in your mouth. If I understand rightly what a bramble is, the blackberry, in a state of nature, is the brambliest thing that ever brambled. A human being, clothed and in his right mind, who goes in at one side of a wild blackberry patch and comes out at the other is moved with wonder at the compensations of nature. For every one of the thousand scratches on his perishing frame he has a ready-made bandage hanging loosely from his raiment. How men can behold such things and yet vote the other ticket is a mystery to everybody else. If you will run your hand, or better, your sleeve, lightly down a blackberry cane, from top to root, you will observe that all the briars hook upward, to catch everthing that comes down. Then, if you will run up the other way, you will observe that all the briars hook downward, in order to catch everything as it comes up. You remember the woman who always brings the biggest basket to the Sunday School picnic brings it empty? Well, she is a sort of human blackberry cane. You watch her breaking her back when she carries that basket home.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

THE blackberry has more good points and better staying qualities than the strawberry, but the strawberry has the longer pedigree and the larger family. Last spring, having occasion to lay in a new strawberry bed—I had slept in a fearful hollow of a large assortment of billowy hotel beds all winter, and wanted a change—I sat down one evening to read up on the strawberry. After ascertaining that of some one hundred and thirty-five varieties, not more than one hundred and seventy-four could be conscientiously recommended as the best by the editor, I wrote for another magazine. It had a list of only eighty-six varieties, but they were all new, and all different from the other man's. I understand that of the eighteen thousand new words added to the language in the Century dictionary, if that is the correct number, some fifteen thousand were secured from the catalogues of the nurserymen, and twelve thousand of these were the names of strawberries, mostly new. I have resorted to naming everything in my garden over again, as soon as I buy it. In this way I can remember the names, and the berries and things thrive quite as well under them.

A FIELD FOR INVENTIVE GENIUS

WHAT is needed in the small fruit market is not so many names but a few more berries, say about two pints to the quart. Every berry in the land has more names now than a caterpillar, and he has more than he can remember. When he begins business he is a plain caterpillar, and everybody who steps on him knows just what to call him. Then he retires—that is if he has a chance to retire before he is trodden under foot—and is known as a larva; then he gets to be a pupa or a chrysalis or something, and by the time he gets to be a butterfly he forgets what the old firm name was. You are probably thinking of some people just now who, like the strawberry, travel on their names. And do not just exactly know how they got them, either.

A POWER FOR EVIL

RUM has done more to debase the human race, in a general way, than any other one thing, perhaps, in all the world. Cards have fostered and developed, if they did not create, a passion for gambling. But the strawberry wears the blue ribbon when it comes to making liars of men. It has got to be so that men and women universally disbelieve the combined statement, supported by affidavits, of the strawberry man, the strawberry box, and the strawberry himself. The purchaser turns the box over to look for the telescopic bottom, he measures the box to estimate its scanty cubic contents, and then he pours the berries out on the table to see the corruption and littleness and greenness of mendacity hidden away under the sweet-faced, honest-looking liars that lie on top. This also is vanity. Still, one must not too harshly nor yet too quickly blame the strawberry for all this. A newspaper says "The steam and horse railways of this country compel 150,000 men to labor and break the Sabbath every week." Well, yes; so they do. But you can't hold the railways responsible for the other 285,000 men who insist upon going fishing every Sunday.

Robert J. Burdette.

HOW AND WHERE CHICAGO GROWS

INTERESTING QUESTIONS CONCISELY ANSWERED

Q. At what rate is Chicago growing as shown by the last census? **A.** One new inhabitant every nine minutes from 1880 to 1890.

Q. To what is this remarkable growth largely attributed? **A.** To the location of new manufacturing concerns.

Q. How much population do some of the larger factories bring? **A.** From 5,000 to 10,000 at a time.

Q. What is remarkable about the location of factories? **A.** They do not find sites inside of Chicago, but in some of her manufacturing suburbs.

Q. What about factories that grow up inside the city? **A.** When they reach large proportions they also remove to a manufacturing suburb.

Q. What is the reason for this? **A.** They are afforded ample room at very low prices, and better shipping facilities than inside the city; also cheaper taxes, cheaper labor, and immunity from strikes and troubles incident to city legislation.

Q. What must a given point possess to be attractive to factories? **A.** It must be the junction of two or more railroads, affording it the Chicago rates of freight to all points.

Q. What kind of railroad affords the best shipping facilities? **A.** A Belt Railroad, which encircles a city, making a switch connection with all its railroads and thereby effecting a quick and complete system of transfer for freights.

Q. What other facilities ought a manufacturing town to afford? **A.** The cheapest and best fuel in the market.

Q. What is coming to be the favorite fuel with the largest consumers? **A.** Crude petroleum, because it is cheaper and its supply is uninterrupted and automatically regulated, thereby dispensing with firemen.

Q. What notable example of fuel oil may be mentioned? **A.** The Illinois Steel Company, perhaps the largest fuel consumers in Chicago, formerly used train loads of coal daily, and owned and controlled their own coal mines, coal railroads, and coal cars. After experimenting with fuel oil, they discarded coal altogether and now burn 5,000 barrels of fuel oil daily.

Q. What advantages has the new factory town of Griffith? **A.** It has four railroads, including a complete belt line and also the two oil pipe lines of the Standard Oil Company.

Q. What facilities do these afford? **A.** Chicago rates of freight to all railroad points, a very cheap local rate to and from Chicago, and a constant supply of fuel oil free of freight charges and uninterrupted by the delays of shipments, strikes, and washouts.

Q. Can any other manufacturing suburb lay claim to all of Griffith's advantages? **A.** No. A few have equally good shipping facilities and others have fuel oil, but NO OTHER POINT HAS BOTH.

Q. What has been the history of real estate investments in other manufacturing suburbs of Chicago? **A.** They have been uniformly profitable, and values have increased much faster than in ordinary residence suburbs. A few lots bought early have made their owner rich.

Q. Have Griffith lots already had a rapid advance? **A.** No. The point is new, and investments can be had on the ground floor.

Q. What can lots be had for and on what terms? **A.** Residence lots range from \$100 to \$300, and business lots from \$350 to \$625 on monthly payments of \$4 to \$15 if desired.

Q. Why are business lots generally considered the best investments? **A.** Because their number is limited, and the value to which they may rise is unlimited.

Q. Where can a map of Griffith, showing its relative location to Chicago, be seen? **A.** On the back cover page of the February, April and June issues of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Q. Who are the promoters of Griffith? **A.** Jay Dwiggins & Co., 142 Washington Street, Chicago, who send plats and all particulars free.

Q. How may lots be purchased by those who cannot now visit Griffith? **A.** Having sent for a plat with prices and terms printed upon it, a selection of lots may be made and a deposit of \$10 a lot sent, which will secure them for thirty days within that time the full or half cash payments may be sent, entitling the purchaser to a liberal discount, or monthly payments may be made if desired.

Q. In case the purchaser does not wish to rely upon his own judgment and wishes to secure lots immediately without waiting for the arrival of plats, what should be done? **A.** Send a deposit of \$10 per lot and request Jay Dwiggins & Co. to select for him the best lots unsold of the price desired.

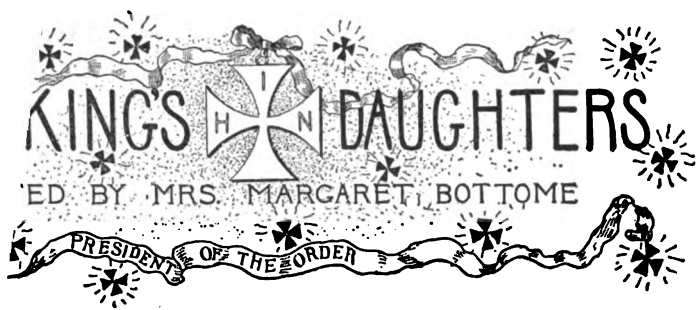
Q. What have purchasers found to be the business rule of this firm relative to lot selections? **A.** Those who visit Griffith and look over the ground may have any lots they please; those who leave the selection to their judgment get none but the best located lots unsold of the price and kind desired.

Q. What guarantee do they make? **A.** All lots selected by them are guaranteed high and dry.

Q. What privilege have customers who are unsuited with selections made for them? **A.** They may exchange for any lots unsold.

Q. What does THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL recommend to those thinking of making real estate investments? **A.** A thorough investigation of Griffith's claims before buying elsewhere.

Q. What assurance have THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL readers that they will be fairly treated by Jay Dwiggins & Co. should they wish to invest? **A.** The firm is one of high reputation and good standing in Chicago, and refer to the Columbia National and the Metropolitan National Banks of Chicago and the Chicago Real Estate Board, who may be written to.



this Department is to bring the members of the Order of The King's Daughters to closer relations by personal and familiar "Talks" and "Chats." All letters bearing upon this one and special purpose only, should be addressed to the Editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and she will be glad to receive them. Please send letters to MRS. BOTTOME concerning membership in the Order, or business of any nature. All such should be addressed direct to the headquarters of the Order, 23 West Twenty-third Street, New York city, and prompt attention will be given.

TO HEART TALKS

REALLY think that this month I ought to tell you of some things the members of my Circle have said to me. One dear woman writes me that she has joined our Circle, but that she does not expect to do any great work in the world, but says she has a field of labor, for she has a large family; and she adds that it seems to her a greater work to overcome herself than to endow a college when one has plenty of money; for she is in a case, it would be easier to give than to practice self-denial, and I write her. "A large family!" such that means when all the girls and the boys men. To "show home" (it does not say talk it) is great a work as some of us will ever writes and thanks me for trying to get "things" to "thoughts," and for the girls to think more truly and live more fully than merely for self and worldly things. She says where she is the tide of worldly life is so rushing, the air so full of struggle. She closes a most interesting and to me helpful, letter, with this: "I am only an ordinary mother; I have my problems and first work, and all a strength for, lie right close to me in me; but I feel a deep interest and sympathy in all lines of progress leading upward." All I can say is, I wish we had more ordinary mothers.

OUTSIDE-INSIDE

Passing along one of our principal avenues the other day, and glancing, as one is apt to do, at the houses, I was surprised to see, in the windows of a "brown stone front," instead of flowers statuary; and the faces were toward the street. They were very lovely, but they impressed me painfully. I thought of those inside the house who had of the benefit of the beauty, as strangers on the outside had. As I walked on, I fell to thinking. Was not the statuary facing the street a picture of real facts that exist in many homes, where the outside gets the benefit of the beauty and pleasant things, rather than the inside? Have you not noticed that there are homes where the sweetest things are not said to those in the home, to those nearest, but to the outside, to those not connected with the family? Many a woman is charming in appearance, in conversation, to the outside, but is far less charming inside the home; and, of course, it is equally true of men. Some men are loveliest at home as husbands, as fathers; some men are most charming in their club and with those outside the homes. We seem to take it for granted that the things most vital to our happiness will grow inside the family without cultivation, and all the cultivation to insure admiration is expended outside the home. The husband is apt to drop the lover in the husband; and the wife, who before marriage did everything to please, acts as if that was all over, and the statuary faces the outside, and from the outside rather, perhaps, than from the inside, we hear the words, "How lovely!" We take too much for granted as wives and mothers; because he is our husband, and they are our children, we think that all we want ought to come to us.

FAMILY RELATIONSHIP

THE fact is, we must cultivate the friendship of our own—the fact that they are ours in the sense of family relationship does not necessarily make them ours in the sense that we most need them. Friendship must be grafted on the stock of family relationship. Many a husband is not a gentleman at home though a gentleman outside of home, and equally so with the wife; but the wife needs the gentleman, and the husband needs the lady. Then if you add to this the educated woman and the educated man, and education must always be going on, so that the interesting article in the magazine and the daily news should be shared, then you get companionship, and that is necessary to both; and whether in husband or wife, what they do not get inside the home we must not be surprised if they get outside the home. We are now and again startled by revelations we do not care to speak of, but what led to the fatal step we do not hear. Then in regard to our children; we must make friends of them, and friendship is a thing that needs cultivation. I know families where the sons and daughters almost worship the mother; but in such cases they are unlike what gave me the thought I am giving to you—the best was not given to the outside.

CULTIVATE THE HOME

NOW, do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that the outside must not have anything, that the mother must always stay at home. If she does, she can never give her best to the home. She needs to be freshened by outside contact. She must minister to the highest in her husband and her children, and to do this she must not stay in the house all the time. There are women who, as they say, only care for their husband and their children. Well, they are in danger of not being much cared for by them in some future; for a woman must grow to keep up with her husband and children, and to grow she must not stay in the house all the time if she can get out. She must go out and get, in order to take in and give. There is, or should be, such interest in emptying the budget of news at night when all get home. Cultivate your conversational powers at home. There must be a change in a good many families; perhaps each member of the home interests people outside, and when home is reached each one is selfishly silent. I wondered how that statuary looked that I saw on the avenue to those inside the parlor. Take the lesson, Daughters and Sons (for I find the Sons read this page). Do not neglect those you really love the best, and on whom you will have to depend some time for your greatest comfort.

GIVE AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU

THE flowers will not cost you any more now than they did before your marriage. Now that the pretty girl you sent the flowers to is the mother, do you think she will not appreciate the flowers? As I stepped into a lovely room a few days ago, and looked at the great, tall roses, my friend, who has been married about three years, said to me, as I exclaimed at the beauty of the roses, "My husband sent them to me. He has kept me in flowers ever since our marriage, just as he did before we were married." And verily he has his reward in the radiant face of his wife. I said, calling her by name: "Any one, to look at you, would see there were no strained relationships in your case." In this case there was plenty of money, and perhaps some of you are saying: "I would give costly flowers, too, if I had the money." Smiles, kind, appreciative words, do not cost money, and they are imperishable flowers. If you married that you might have a housekeeper, do not be surprised if you only have a housekeeper. You will get in your family, as well as outside of it, what you give and no more. "Give, and it shall be given you," applies to the home, and many a woman gives her sweetest smiles to those outside the home, because from outside she gets them, rather from the inside where she ought to have them. So it will pay us to look at this subject from all sides. I am rather tired of seeing all the flowers at weddings and funerals; we need a few in between. Maybe a few flowers put into the hand when it was warm, instead of when icy cold, might have kept the hands warm a little longer. Anyway, it would have made the heart, that has at last ceased to beat, a little lighter. The first bit of poetry I ever remember to have committed to memory commenced:

"Let us love one another, Not long may we stay."

LIFE IN OUR CIRCLE

WHAT work is your Circle doing?" This is the question that comes to me, and the writer adds that she fears the Margaret Bottome Circle is selfish. Well, if we were asked individually whether we were unselfish, I imagine the answer would be: "I want to be unselfish." I find I have a great business on my hands in trying to be unselfish. So you see, my dear friend, that each member of the Circle has a work to do in being unselfish from day to day. I know the lives of many of my Circle; they tell me what they have to endure—how hedged in so many of them are. If I should tell you the histories of many of those women you would need no other novel. Oh, the hard battle that is being fought out that only God knows about! Day after day the deep moan of suffering hearts comes to me from my Circle. Now and again comes a burst of sunshine from some happy daughter, who tells me that her life is a stream of joy, her husband lovely, simply worships her; and her children are a perfect delight. One of this class wrote me the other day that after reading my talk one month she thought she would write to me and tell me to write to people who had no troubles; but before the letter was written one of the dear children sickened, and when her letter came to me it had a dark border. How few have no troubles! How quickly the bright life finds itself in shadow! The truest way of getting light ourselves is by trying to give light to others.

BE NOT EASILY CAST DOWN

THEN a rare letter from what we call a society woman in our Circle. She says: "Please take me in the 'Margaret Bottome Circle.' I am rich in temporal blessings, but oh, so poor in grace and strength, so easily 'cast down!'" I hesitate from telling you the trials of this person in attempting to form a Circle. She was so surprised at the pride that was shown by church members in regard to the social standing of those that were in the Circle; she saw so much self-seeking and self-aggrandizement that she retired from what is called Christian work; but in being with us in our corner she tells me that she was brought back to the true spirit of our order. I am sure this dear sister will not feel that I am betraying any secrets, for she is only one of many who could write just the same from their "exquisite homes." She says "It is harder for us who live in the whirl of society, with pressing home duties, to possess His spirit continually. It is so hard to find the time for taking in, so I fear we miss knowing His will toward us." And then she tells me of her disappointment in the spirit of "children workers." So much is done for the poor, she adds, and so little for the rich, and they are so often the spiritually needy; their trials are legion where money does not help. The most tender part of the letter I cannot give you, but she has been won to the "better part" through our talks in the JOURNAL. I thank the dear sister for her letter; and what shall I say of so many letters that have come to me? One lies before me now that almost took my breath away for very joy. The letter is from California. She tells me her life is a "sweetly busy one," but that she sits once a month close to me and takes in all I say in the JOURNAL. But what made my heart give a great bound was this: "There are fully one thousand King's Daughters in southern California asking for the Father's loving benediction to rest upon you. Is there a possibility that we may see you here some day not very far away?" Well, really, I felt like starting at once, and I assure you I am still hoping to see the State I have so wanted to see; but whether I ever will or not, that letter took me through a golden gate, and I was in a climate where the flowers of love were very wonderful! And for a moment I seemed to realize my extreme wealth in the love of many women. I can never tell the joy this JOURNAL has been to me, and it seems to me I never saw a magazine so loved by those who take it."

USING THE WILL

TO keep your faith in a good God, under some circumstances, is no little thing, yet you must. You must "hold the fort." You must use your will; get it on the right side and use it. I will! I will! I will do right if it kills me! I will die doing right! There is a sentence it would be well for us to meditate on: "Satan entered into him." Satan never enters until the will to do right has yielded. I have had the saddest things come to my knowledge of late, cases where the will had been yielded to do the wrong thing so long that it seemed to have no power to do right; and when I urged the cessation of wrong-doing the answer has been: "I may say I will not yield to temptation, and yet I know I shall when it comes. I seem to have no will." O, how pitiful it all was! And then I did so want to urge upon the young to get in the habit of using their will upon the side of right.

CHARACTER SOWING

EVERY action is a seed you sow, and you reap habit; "you sow habit, and you reap character; you sow character, and you reap destiny." I am glad to think of how many will read these words at this time. Use your will! Guard your will; it is the citadel of your character. I like, at this time in my life, to look back over the way I have come; and, for the sake of others especially, get at the sources of power and weakness in my own character. I was brought up in a church where we were trained to speak of our spiritual life as a kind of Circle of the King's Daughters, though not so called. I belonged to a "class," as it was called. I well remember that at one time in my young life I simply said one thing week after week: "I do not belong to Satan, and he shall not have me. I do belong to Christ, and I will be His." Ah, well, it has been the refrain of my life, with variations; and after all these years I still feel the need of "I will," and "I will not." I wish I could get you to see that the very thorn in the flesh in your life, which you may know and do know, may become the source of power in your life. Do you think, dear Circle, that I talk too much to you on this subject? Well, perhaps I should not but for the letters my Circle send me. Sometimes I think that whatever the work of others may be, mine becomes more and more a ministry of sympathy, there are so many broken hearts to be bound up, and the oil of sympathy is constantly called for. And at times all I can say is: "I am so sorry for everybody, dear God, do help everybody," and I am sure He will. I am sure that this night of sorrow will soon end in joyous day, and we can lighten our own load by taking a little of somebody's else load. Strange paradox, but it is true! O, believe me, dear daughters, as you turn from your load to help, even just a little, to bear somebody's else load, your own will lighten, or there will come fresh strength to bear. We will not be selfish; we will care for some more forlorn sister, and maybe, some time, will act on the suggestion of the one who wrote she feared we were selfish, and we will take hold of hands and lift from the pile of misery, and enlarge the pile of happiness.

Margaret Bottome

BAD TIMES FOR BABIES

By A. P. GRINNELL, M. D. Dean of the Medical Faculty, University of Vermont

After using lactated food for five years in cases of children suffering from cholera infantum, and in debilitating or wasting diseases, during which time it has never failed me, I have pleasure in calling the attention of physicians to it, and in recommending its use.

A. P. Grinnell

The statement above is one of inestimable value to mothers, if they will but avail themselves of Prof. Grinnell's experience.

More than one-third of all the babies born die before they have lived a year, and two-thirds of the little unfortunates die in the summer months.

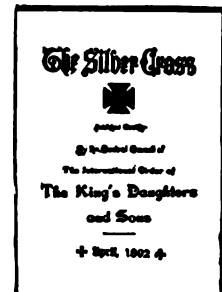
Cholera infantum is, of course, the most destructive cause. The infant's stomach gives out, and frequently the natural food is not nourishing. That is one reason why lactated food is used. This food is pleasant to the taste, easily digested, and contains the elements of strength that the little ones so sadly need. It is what physicians term a predigested food, and they consider it especially valuable in all weak conditions of the digestive organs, not only for infants, but for invalids, the aged, and all whose stomachs are weak. Thousands of packages are prescribed every year by physicians, but the greatest demand comes at this season.

Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., who put up lactated food, have probably received more heartfelt letters of gratitude from delighted mothers whose babies' lives the food has saved than one could read in a month. Hundreds of photographs of little ones have been sent to the company by grateful parents.

A child's life is too sacred a thing to be trifled with. Lactated food should be used from now on through the summer, until the child is old enough to eat other food with safety. It is not expensive; it is not a secret; it is prepared under the supervision of no less a man than Prof. Boynton, of the Vermont University; it will prevent cholera infantum; it will save the life of the child who is wasting away with this dread disease. From every part of the country come the most grateful testimonials of its value—from mothers and fathers whose babies have been saved, and from invalids to whom it has given strength.

We wish to impress upon the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL that lactated food is not a medicine—it is simply nature's substitute for mother's milk, and is a pure food that has saved many a little one's life. All reputable druggists sell it, or it can be mailed on receipt of price, twenty-five cents, fifty cents or one dollar. We will send free to any mother, a pamphlet containing valuable information, and also a beautiful birthday card for her baby, at her request.

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THE HORSE AND THE RACE TRACK

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



FROM many sources have there recently come to me letters asking that at this particular season of the year I shall write something of horse racing; whether I believe in the turf, and if racing a horse means cruelty to it. It was my privilege, some years ago, to preach a special sermon on the horse, and I said then, what in this day holds

good, and even more so, that there needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation.



THE HORSE IN THE BIBLE

FOR ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape or spirit, sagacity or intelligence, affection or usefulness. He is semi-human, and knows how to reason on a small scale. The Centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast. Job sets forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the panting of his nostril, the pawing of his hoof, and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for the cattle, and what Landseer did for the dog, Job, with mightier pencil, does for the horse—the horse in the Bible.

Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of the horse; he comes into every kingly procession, and into every great occasion, and into every triumph. It is very evident that Job and David, and Isaiah and Ezekiel and Jeremiah and John were fond of the horse. He comes into much of their imagery; a red horse—that meant war; a black horse—that meant famine; a pale horse—that meant death; a white horse—that meant victory. Good Mordecai mounts him while Haman holds the bit. The Church's advance in the Bible is compared to a company of horses or Pharaoh's chariot. Jeremiah cries out: "How canst thou contend with horses?" Isaiah says: "The horse's hoofs shall be counted as flint." Miriam claps her cymbals and sings: "The horse and the rider hath He thrown into the sea." St. John, describing Christ as coming forth from conquest to conquest represents Him as seated on a white horse. In the parade of heaven the Bible makes us hear the clicking of hoofs on the golden pavement: "The armies which were in heaven followed Him on white horses."

As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch, and the prophet and the evangelist and the apostle stroking his sleek hide and patting his rounded neck, and tenderly lifting his exquisitely formed hoof, and listening with a thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great natures, in all ages, have spoken or him in encomiastic terms. Virgil, in his Georgics, almost seems to plagiarize from this description of Job, so much are the descriptions alike—the description of Virgil, and the description of Job.



THE HORSE IN HISTORY

THE Duke of Wellington would not allow any one irreverently to touch his old war-horse "Copenhagen," on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting, at Waterloo; and when the old horse died his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave. John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race; for, when sick, he writes home: "Has my old chaise horse become sick or spoiled?" There is hardly any passage of French literature more pathetic than the lamentation over the death of the war charger, "Marchegay." Walter Scott has so much admiration for this divinely-honored creature of God, that in "St. Ronan's Well" he orders the girth slackened, and a blanket thrown over the smoking flanks. Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Beaconsfield, musing over the past, throws his arms around the worn-out horse of his dead son Richard, and weeps upon the horse's neck, the horse seeming to sympathize in the memories. Rowland Hill, the great English preacher, was caricatured because in his family prayers he supplicated for the recovery of a sick horse; but when the horse got well, contrary to all the prophecies of the farriers, the prayer did not seem quite so much of an absurdity.



MALTREATMENT OF THE HORSE

WHAT do I think of the maltreatment of this beautiful and wonderful creature of God, you ask me? If Thomas Chalmers, in his day, felt called upon to utter a protest against cruelty to animals, how much more, in this day, is there a constant need of articles and books in defence of the horse! All honor to the memory of Henry Bergh, the chief apostle for the brute creation, for the mercy he demanded and achieved for this king of beasts. And no smaller wreath of laurel for Miss Sewell, for her God-inspired work, "Black Beauty." A man who owned four thousand horses, and some say forty thousand, wrote in the Bible: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beasts." Sir Henry Lawrence's care of the horse was beautifully Christian. He says: "I expect we shall lose 'Conrad,' though I have taken so much care of him that he may come in cool. I always walk him the last four or five miles, and as I walk myself the first hour, it is only in the middle of the journey we get over the ground."

THE MAN WHO TORTURES A HORSE

I DO not believe in the transmigration of souls, but I cannot very severely denounce the idea; for when I see men who cut and bruise and whack and welt and strike and maul and outrage and insult the horse, that beautiful servant of the human race, who carries our burdens, and pulls our plows, and turns our threshers and our mills, and runs for our doctors—when I see men thus beating and abusing and outraging that creature, it seems to me that it would be only fair that the doctrine of transmigration of souls should prove true, and that for their punishment they should pass over into some poor, miserable brute, and be beaten and whacked and cruelly treated, and frozen and heated and over-driven into an everlasting stage horse, an eternal traveler on a tow-path, or tied to an eternal post in an eternal winter.

Oh, is it not a shame that the brute creation, which had the first possession of our world, should be so maltreated by the race that came in last! The fowl and the fish were created on the fifth day, the horse and the cattle were created on the morning of the sixth day, but the human race was not created until the evening of the sixth day. It ought to be that if any man over-drives a horse, or feeds him when hot, or recklessly drives a nail into the quick of his foot, or rowels him to see him prance, or so shoes him that his fetlocks drop blood, or uses the diabolical check-rein, or puts a collar on a raw neck, or unnecessarily clutches his tongue with a twisted bit, or cuts off his hair until he has no defence against the cold, or unmercifully abbreviates the natural defence against insectile annoyance, that such a man as that himself ought to be made to pull and let his horse ride!



THE QUESTION OF SPEED

BUT not only do our humanity and our Christian principles and the dictates of God demand that we kindly treat the brute creation, and especially the horse; but I say that whatever can be done for the development of his fleetness and his strength and his majesty ought to be done. We need to study his anatomy and his adaptations. I am glad that books have been written to show how he can be best managed, and how his ailments can be cured, and what his usefulness is, and what his capacities are. It would be a shame if in this age of the world, when the florist has turned the thin flower of the wood into a gorgeous rose, and the pomologist has changed the acid and gnarled fruit of the ancients into the very poetry of pear and peach and plum and grape and apple; and the snarling cur of the Orient has become the great mastiff, and the miserable creature of the olden time barnyard has become the Devonshire and the Alderney and the short-horn, that the horse, grander than them all, should get no advantage from our science or our civilization or our Christianity. Groomed to the last point of soft brilliance, his flowing mane a billow of beauty, his arched neck in utmost rhythm of curve, let him be harnessed in graceful trappings, and then driven to the furthest goal of excellence, and then fed at luxuriant oat bins, and blanketed in comfortable stall. The long-tried and faithful servant of the human race deserves all kindness, all care, all reward, all succulent forage and soft litter and paradisaical pasture-field. Those farms in Kentucky, and in different parts of the north, where the horse is trained to perfection in fleetness and in beauty and in majesty, are well set apart.



WHEN THE TURF IS INJURIOUS

BUT what shall I say of the effort being made in this day, on a large scale, to make this splendid creature of God, this divinely-honored being, an instrument of atrocious evil? I write no indiscriminate assault against the turf; I believe in the turf if it can be conducted on right principles, and with no betting. There is no more harm in offering a prize for the swiftest racer than there is harm at an agricultural fair in offering a prize to the farmer who has the best wheat, or to the fruit grower who has the largest pear, or to the machinist who presents the best corn-thresher, or in a school offering a prize of a copy of Shakespeare to the best reader, or in a household giving a lump of sugar to the best-behaved youngster. But the sin begins where the betting begins, for that is gambling, or the effort to get that for which you give no equivalent; and gambling, whether on a large scale or a small scale, ought to be denounced of men, as it will be accursed of God. If you have won fifty cents or five thousand dollars as a wager, you had better get rid of it—get rid of it right away. Give it to some one who lost in a bet, or give it to some great reformatory institution; or, if you do not like that, go down to a river and pitch it into the water. You cannot afford to keep it; it will burn a hole in your purse; it will burn a hole in your estate, and you will lose all that, perhaps ten thousand times more—perhaps you will lose all. Gambling blasts a man, or it blasts his children; generally, both and all. It is very rare that a gambler makes either a good husband or a conscientious father.

Cultivate the horse, by all means; drive him as fast as you desire, provided you do not injure him, or endanger yourself or others. But be careful, and do not harness the horse to the chariot of sin; do not throw your jewels of morality under the flying hoof; do not, under the pretext of improving the horse, destroy a man; do not have your name put down in the ever-increasing catalogue of those who are ruined for both worlds by the dissipation at race-courses.

GAMBLING OF THE RACE TRACK

THERE is one word that needs to be written on the brow of every pool-seller as he sits deducting his three or five per cent., and silyly "ringing up" more tickets than were sold on the winning horse, a word to be written also on the brow of every book-keeper who, at extra inducement, scratches a horse off the race; and on the brow of every jockey who slackens pace that, according to agreement, another may win; and written over every judge's stand, and written on every board of the surrounding fences—that word is "swindle!" Yet thousands bet. Lawyers bet; judges of courts bet; members of the legislature bet; members of Congress bet; professors of religion bet; ladies bet, not directly, perhaps, but through agents. Yesterday, and every day, they bet. They gain, they lose; and this summer, while the parrots swing, and the hands clap, and the huzzas deafen, there will be multitudes cajoled and deceived and cheated, who will at the races go neck and neck—neck and neck to perdition.



SLOW AND SWIFT DRIVING

AT the same time, I do not believe in slow driving. There is no more virtue in driving slow than in driving fast, any more than a freight train going ten miles an hour is better than an express train going fifty. There is a delusion abroad in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding. There are very good people who seem to imagine it is humbly pious to drive a spavined, galled, glandered, spring-halted, blind, staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinante as there is in a Bucephalus. At the pace some people drive, Elijah, with his horses of fire, would have taken three weeks to get to heaven. We want swifter horses, and swifter men, and swifter enterprises, and the church of God needs to get off its jog trot. Quick tempests, quick lightnings, quick streams, why not quick horses? In time of war the cavalry service does the most execution; and as the battles of the world are probably not all past, our Christian patriotism demands that we be interested in equinal velocity. We might as well have poorer guns in our arsenals, and clumsier ships in our navy-yards, than other nations, as to have under our cavalry saddles, and before our artillery, slower horses. From the battle of Granicus, where the Persian horses drove the Macedonian infantry into the river, clear down to the horses on which Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson rode into the fray, this arm of the military service has been recognized. Hamilcar, Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Marshal Ney were cavalymen. In this arm of the service, Charles Martel, at the battle of Poitiers, beat back the Arab invasion. The Carthaginian cavalry, with the loss of only seven hundred men, overthrew the Roman army with the loss of seventy thousand. In the same way the Spanish cavalry drove back the Moorish hordes.



A MESSAGE FOR THE SUMMER

BEFORE these words shall be read in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, I shall be across the ocean where, with members of my family, I hope to pass a summer of rest. Although absent from these shores, I shall speak to you through the JOURNAL, probably better because of the rest I shall seek, and get, than if I remained at home; but while in foreign lands let me leave a message for this summer with each and all of my readers:

Wherever your footsteps may lead you during the warm season before us, let me enjoin you to rest heartily unto the Lord. Conscientiously avoid resorts which tax by requirements of style, or be independent enough to resist them. Recreation must be regulated, or it may run into dissipation and defeat its legitimate ends. Gain flesh, gain sleep, gain spirit. Recuperate! rejoice! Rest with an easy conscience and a happy heart, coming home clad in new armor, to fight the battles of the Lord.

T. De Witt Talmage

EDITOR'S NOTE—The regular departmental heading, generally used in connection with Dr. Talmage's writings in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, will be discarded for a few issues to come, since Dr. Talmage's summer articles will be of such a nature—European in their flavor—as to prevent their being classified under one general heading. Dr. Talmage's article in the August JOURNAL will be entirely different in character from anything which has previously appeared from his pen in this magazine.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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SIDE TALKS WITH GIRLS EDITED BY RUTH ASHMORE

This Department is conducted and edited by RUTH ASHMORE, who cheerfully invites questions touching any topic upon which her young women readers may desire help or information.



YOU want to make it the sunshine of a day, don't you? The sunshine from above looks down on you early in the morning, just as it looks on the tallest tree and the tiniest flower, and makes them glad.

And it must not give a gladness that lasts only for the hour, but all the day through. Do you know what I mean? When your heart sings with joy as you awaken and find yourself in a flood of golden light, you should say: "I am going to be the sunshine of the day," which is, by the by, being the one who makes everything pleasant for everybody else.

Try it for one day out here in the country, where the flowers will all nod approval, and where, as the sun sinks to rest, it will seem to laugh out its delight at the mental sunshine that you have made.

THE GIRL WHO CONDESCENDS

I DO not like her, no matter where she is, whether it is in the city or the country. And I am perfectly certain that every one of my girls agrees with me. Sometimes she is well taught, and then she thinks that nobody else knows anything; and on matters of information she would condescend to anybody even as learned as Carlyle himself.

WHAT NOT TO READ

IT was my dear country girl who asked me that. That is, she put it this way: "You see we have a great many visitors during the summer; when they come they bring with them the books they have bought on the train, and when they go away they are apt to leave them behind. Of course, we are not near book shops, and most of us are greedy for good books; sometimes those left are delightful; sometimes they make me wonder, and I am left undecided as to whether they are quite the books I ought to read.

A COUNTRY LUNCHEON

YOU are a country girl. You are bright, well read and interesting. Your cousin from the city has come to visit you; you want her to meet your friends, but you think to yourself, with a sigh, that whatever entertainment you give her will be difficult to manage, because you know just what your friends will do. They will come gowned in their best, and two or three of them, though they are good, sweet girls, have not the remotest idea of the gown which is suited to the country, as differing from that which is worn in the city, and so they will appear in hot silks, heavy cloths, or whatever they have heard of as the last, new, and most desirable toilette.

DAINTY PLACE CARDS

AT each place have an ivy leaf tied with a white ribbon, and written on it in white ink the name of whoever is to occupy the seat. It is just possible that your city cousin may be a bit of an artist; and in that case, if she wishes to help, let her paint some quotation cards in green and gold. You will have to eat cold ham, cut as thin as a wafer, and surrounded with beautiful fresh parsley; with this you will serve lettuce hearts almost as white as lilies; this will come after your main dish, which I should suggest might be small chickens, fried in the Baltimore fashion, with cream gravy, and with this serve hot asparagus, with a plain drawn-butter dressing.

A FEW DON'TS

THEY are for the country girl. I say to her: Don't imitate your city cousin in her use of slang. Don't imitate your city cousin in her use of powder. Don't imitate your city cousin in her laziness. Don't imitate your city cousin in any of her faults, but in all of her virtues. Don't let your city cousin hear you use bad English, or speak with a twang. Don't let your city cousin see you overdressed. Don't let your city cousin imagine that country living will do anything but make you a most charming woman. Don't let your city cousin think that country girls and country flowers are not as charming and lovable as those bred in a hothouse of the city.

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer each month any question I can, sent me by my girl readers—RUTH ASHMORE.

A M AND OTHERS—I cannot advise any kissing games. R. L. E.—The propriety of a young girl going to a ball, even to look on, must be decided by her mother.

H. A. N.—I can recommend nothing for the removal of moles, except a visit to one's family physician.

VIOLET N.—Gentle massage, using vaseline or olive oil to facilitate it, will tend to make the neck plumper.

C. T. H.—The article on graduation gowns in the May JOURNAL will give you some suggestions which may be helpful.

L. T.—In writing a business letter to a woman, whether she is married or not, "My Dear Madam" would be the proper mode of address.

MILLIE.—Throw a small lump of borax in the water in which you bathe your face, and unless the greasy look comes from some stomach trouble this will lessen it.

F. & G.—There is no necessity whatever of your assisting the young man to assume his coat and hat; it is supposed to be capable of looking after them himself.

H. AND M.—It is not ladylike to stare at anybody through an opera glass. (2) It is not wise, to say the least, to permit every one to call you by your first name.

GRATELY ANNOYED.—When one perspires to such an extent as you describe, it is caused by physical weakness, and you should get your doctor to give you a tonic to brace you up.

GRACE S.—A girl of fifteen would suitably wear her hair braided, looped and tied with a black ribbon. If it is becoming, I would advise the hair being drawn off the face and no bang cut.

W. M.—I think the very best cure for a bad skin is an absolutely healthy body. Find out if there is not some reason why your face is so covered with black heads; attack not the effect, but the cause.

VIOLET.—Usually the one who goes away is the first to write. I think an all-white would be prettier for the graduation dress. It is not in quite good taste for a young girl to go out driving with a young man.

M. N. AND OTHERS.—I do not speak especially to the girls who do housework, because I count them in with my working girls. My dear child, it is not in this world the work we do, it is the way we do it. Never believe that I do not consider every girl as my friend.

A. E. S.—It is very bad taste to send your visiting card as a mode of expressing your regret in not being able to accept an invitation to some entertainment. Instead write "Miss Jones regrets her inability to accept Mrs. Brown's courteous invitation for Friday evening."

J. J.—If you make an effort to remove the flesh from your face you will certainly regret it, for the loose skin will form into wrinkles and you will look much older than you really are. I trust that you will take my advice and allow the flesh, which is evidently natural, to stay there.

C. M.—In eating, the fork is used exclusively, the knife being only given to one for the purpose of separating the food. When a plate is handed to you keep it, the custom of passing a plate on having entirely gone out of style, and the host naturally serving the visitor first.

E. P. J. I.—I would not advise your thinning out your bang by using any preparation upon it, but instead draw some of the hair to the back, allowing it to mingle with the back hair so that it will grow long. A thick bang, or a very heavy one, coming low on the forehead is not fashionable.

Y. U.—An invitation given in honor of your daughter should read in this way: "Mr. and Mrs. William Gray request the pleasure of your company on Thursday evening, June 19th, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jackson, 999 Fifth Avenue."

QUITO—I do not think I would send the young man flowers. Very simple acts of courtesy are too frequently construed into meaning a great deal. Men visitors are supposed to look after their own coats. (3) Regular exercise and care as to your diet will do more to reduce your flesh than anything else.

F. W. V.—I cannot suggest to you any employment whatever. If, as you say, you have as much money as you want, it seems to me it is your duty to leave the money-paying positions to the women who need them. The work intended for you is very certainly near you, but you must find it out for yourself.

C. J. C.—If a man friend after being very polite should neglect you, and you are sure that you have done nothing to invite this treatment from him, it would be most dignified for you to ignore him altogether, though, of course, you would give a polite though decidedly formal bow when you meet him.

ELBER AND OTHERS.—I cannot advise anything to change the color of the hair. I have said this a number of times, and I very much wish that my girls would not ask me this question again. Bleached hair is an evidence of extreme care and well-bred women would as soon think of painting their faces black as of changing the color of their hair.

VICTOR.—When some one gives you a message of remembrance from an absent friend, it is only necessary to say "Thank you." (2) The proper mode of accepting an invitation for the theater would be, "My Dear Mr. Brown, it gives me great pleasure to accept your kind invitation for Wednesday evening. Thanking you for your consideration, I am, Very cordially yours, Alice Smith."

LUCILLE.—Wash the scalp carefully in warm water and ordinary brown soap, applying the lather which the soap has made to the skin with a soft brush; afterward wash the head thoroughly with clear warm water and fan it dry. If it is given this treatment once every two weeks, and brushed thoroughly every day, there is no reason why it should not be entirely free from dandruff.

MUREE.—There would be nothing improper in your sending a bunch of flowers to the gentleman who is going to graduate. (2) A pretty shade of blue, or a moss green suit, would make you a smart gown. Get a dark blue serge jacket; do not have it made too long and it will answer for both spring and summer. I do not advise a light coat, as I think they will soon lose their popularity.

MISS X.—Why not put your bangles on a chateleine? This would be a decided change from wearing them as bracelets. (2) In writing a note to a young man commence it: "My Dear Mr. Brown," even if you are in the habit of addressing him by his Christian name. (3) A pretty handkerchief, or small bunch of flowers, just a posy to wear on the breast, would be pretty to send your girl friend. (4) It is not a question ever of the cost of a present; it is the thought which prompts it that makes it valuable.

GYPHY S.—If your skin is in a very bad condition I would suggest your consulting a physician; but if it is simply the ordinary breaking out that is so apt to come in the spring, take sulphur and molasses until some improvement is noticed. (2) I do not think it right for a girl to marry a man whom she does not love, but as you say you like and respect the man, is it not just possible that that like may grow to be love? (2) Some suggestions as to wedding dresses were given in the June number of the JOURNAL.

NEVADA.—If a brother and a sister receive invitations to a party of any kind their acceptances or regrets should be separate. (2) Only in very full dress, when the gloves are not to be removed, is it permissible to wear bracelets outside of them. (3) If your name is asked you by a stranger it would be most proper to say, "Miss Smith," for you are, of course, giving the title by which you wish to be called. (4) If you are willing to dance with a man, it would certainly be very rude not to bow to him when you meet him. (5) If a woman can drive and drive well, it is quite as proper for her to drive a pair of horses as one.

ABOUT PIANOS

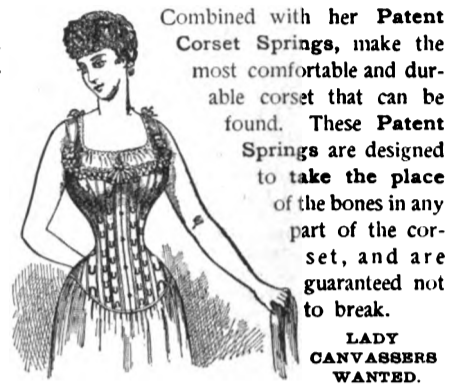
THERE are two mistakes to avoid in buying a piano. One is to save that hundred dollars or two which must be paid in order to get a really good one—the other is to pay a hundred or two for nothing.

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Warren Hose Supporters advertisement with illustration of a hose supporter and text describing its benefits for preventing stocking cutting.

Dexter Shoe Co. advertisement for French Dongola Kid Button Boots, priced at \$1.50, with a list of retail stores.

Dressmaking Simplified advertisement for The McDowell Sewing Machine, highlighting its ease of use and portability.

Waste Embroidery Silk advertisement from The Brainerd & Armstrong Silk Co., offering factory ends at half price.

Claxton's Patent Ear Cap advertisement for Best & Co., designed for remedying prominent ears and preventing disfigurement.

Tidy advertisement for a fringed linen tidy, useful for cleaning and drying, available from J. F. Ingalls.



MR. COATES cheerfully invites questions touching any topic upon which his young readers may desire help or information. Address all letters to FOSTER COATES, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.



CORES of letters reach me every month from boys asking how they may obtain work in New York city. A great many of my readers seem to have an irresistible desire to begin their business careers there.

I have been at some pains to seek the advice of eminent business men on the subject. New York does not differ from any other city in the method to be pursued in seeking an engagement. Much depends upon what line of work a boy wishes to follow. It would probably be quite as easy to begin in any other city, although there is no doubt that in the end New York offers more opportunities for both fame and fortune than any other city on the American continent. However, if every boy thought this way, New York would soon be over-run with a vast army seeking employment, and there would be few positions that would be really worth the having. There are many opportunities elsewhere that promise well, but it is a difficult matter to obtain places of responsibility and power in small cities, because of the limited scope of trade.

BRIGHT BOYS IN DEMAND

I HAVE said before in the JOURNAL that bright, enterprising, studious and thoughtful lads are always in demand in a big city. The opportunities are more numerous, the capital invested is much larger, and promotions, because of the great volume of business, are more rapid than in the smaller cities. The compensation, too, is somewhat higher, and altogether the field is more promising than anywhere else; that is, of course, if boys are willing to work hard for small pay until they can demonstrate their usefulness and their ability to make money for their employers. I do not want any of my readers to misunderstand me, and to get the idea that New York is the only place where success in business comes quickly. A great many men, who have never seen New York, have amassed enormous fortunes, and made splendidly successful business careers. They might have done even better in New York. Men who work hard, and who are honest and faithful, usually make a success in any line of work they take up. It is all a question of getting a proper start, knowing what you can do, and then working with tireless energy until the end in view is accomplished.

KNOWING WHAT YOU WANT TO DO

BE sure you know what you can do, and what you want to do, before you begin to seek employment. Boys, as well as men, fail because they work at something they do not understand, or do not like. You must not expect to find just the sort of work you want without some trouble or inconvenience. "The difficulty with most boys who present themselves for engagements in our stores," said a prominent wholesale grocer to me the other day, "is that they are totally unprepared for the positions they seek. They are looking for some light employment, where the hours are short, and the pay high, and they profess to be willing to do anything that is wanted of them if the labor will not soil their hands, and they are unrestricted in their liberties. They are apparently eager for employment in our great grocery house, but they have given the subject of our business no thought before making application for place; they forget that in all commercial houses the way to begin is at the bottom, on small pay, with a prospect of rapid advancement if the services rendered are valuable to us. A boy seeking employment with us should, first of all, have a natural aptitude for the grocery business. You can see at once that if a boy's mind runs in other channels the work would be distasteful to him, and he would simply be doing what he was told in a perfunctory manner, hoping that something would turn up in the business or profession upon which his mind is set. Such boys are of no value to us; we want only those who are not afraid to toil day and night, if necessary, until they have established their usefulness, or created a place for themselves. Once we find a boy who is doing this, who is thoughtful of our interests, who gives evidence of business ability, and is strictly honest and faithful, advancement is rapid, and he may hope, in time, to obtain any position in our employ—places worth having, with an annual salary anywhere from twenty-five hundred to twenty thousand dollars a year. It is a free field and no favor. Every business house in the country wants bright, industrious, and money-making boys and men, but the boys must be willing to begin at the very lowest rung of the ladder, and carve out their own fortunes. There are many men in our stores who have not begun with us, as boys, but have learned the business elsewhere; but the majority of our employes have been with us since boyhood, and they are now carrying on our vast business. One man, who is now in a very responsible position here at twenty thousand dollars a year, began fifteen years ago at six dollars a week. So you can see there is plenty of opportunity. If a boy fails it is largely due to himself."

POSITIONS IN OTHER STORES

WHAT this gentleman had to say in speaking of his business is largely true of other great commercial houses. The boy seeking employment in one of the wholesale dry goods houses must be well educated, have unexceptional references, be willing to work early and late for small pay, with the chance of rapid promotion when he is worthy of it; he must also have, as I said before, a natural aptitude for the work, and, of course, the more knowledge of the business he may possess the better chance he has of securing a position. No firm cares to bother with a boy who is not himself ambitious, and who will not work with courage and determination for the interests of his employers. It is pertinent to know something as to the compensation a boy may expect when he begins work in commercial houses. There are a good many large firms who insist that a boy shall give three to six months of his time without pay. There are other houses who begin with only a small sum per week, say two dollars and a half or three dollars, until the beginner has given evidence that he likes the place, and his employers esteem him, and that he will be worth employing permanently. There are still other houses that have no fixed rules on the subject, and who pay from three dollars to six dollars per week, according to the work the boy may be required to do. In the main, I should say that the average rate of pay for a boy who is beginning work in a great store is four dollars per week for the first six months.

EMPLOYMENT IN BANKS

POSITIONS in banks and banking houses are very largely sought after by boys and young men because of the gentility of the work, the easy hours, and a belief that the compensation is large. I was talking to the president of one of the largest banks in New York the other day, who began twenty years ago by sweeping out the office. He rose from one position to another, from \$3.00 a week to \$25,000 a year through his own industry and business tact and ability. He had no idea when he first entered the bank that he would remain more than a few weeks in its service. The work was hard, the pay was small, and he knew nothing and cared less about the banking business. But he was far-seeing for all that. He was the first to reach the bank in the morning and the last to leave at night. He did not wait to be told what to do, but busied himself every moment, doing uncomplainingly everything that came to his hand, and studying late into the night, until he became an expert mathematician. He also began to read and study books upon banking and currency questions, until he had fairly mastered some of the great problems of finance. He also watched and studied how the business of the office was conducted, and he gave such evidence of business shrewdness that when a vacancy occurred he was made messenger for the institution. He became acquainted with business men and the employes of other banks, and it was not long before he was again promoted. Gradually his pay was increased as he was pushed up from one place to another. The business of the bank increased very largely, because the city was growing and it was in a favorable locality. All this time the young man had one ambition. It was to be cashier of the bank. It was a long look forward, but he was young and could afford to work and wait. In less time than he imagined he was made cashier, then vice-president, and when the president of the institution suddenly died, he was called to sit in his place, and many of the directors of the bank were men who had known him when he was only a humble messenger. What one man can do can be done again. I simply cite this as a notable example of what hard work, patience, integrity and ability will do. Talking to this gentleman recently, I asked him what was the best method for a boy to pursue who desired to enter a bank or a banking house. He told me the above story of his own life, and said that he knew no better way than for others to begin as he did. Of course, not every boy can be as successful, but he can work and hope. Compensation in banks varies according to the work performed. There is only small pay for beginners, and from \$600 to \$2,000 a year for first-class clerks later on.

GOOD TRADESMEN IN DEMAND

IN a recent article in the JOURNAL, I discussed at length the question of a trade or a profession for young men. You will remember that I decided in favor of a trade. My article attracted a great deal of attention. Hundreds of letters came to me endorsing my views, and I was able to place a number of my readers in communication with trades schools, so that they might begin their career successfully. There is not much that I can add to that article upon the value of trades for young men, but I am more convinced than ever that every boy should learn a trade before he begins to study for professional life. The pay to young apprentices varies from \$2.00 to \$6.00 a week, according to the usefulness of the boy and the work to be performed.

WHAT THE LAW OFFERS

NEW YORK has a large army of lawyers. A small percentage of them are able men and understand their business. The others do not amount to very much and consequently make little headway. Many of the great legal firms employ large forces of clerks. These men are not very well paid. Young men who desire to become lawyers must be well educated, have great patience, evenly balanced minds, have some ability as public speakers—the more the better, of course—be good students of human nature, have the power to grasp quickly the pith and point of the subject in hand, and know how to analyze and solve all sorts of complex problems. There is not much in the law for clerks. Only a few offices find it necessary to employ high-priced men, and by high-priced men I mean those whose salaries will run from \$2,000 to \$6,000 per year. Young men who enter lawyers' offices do so usually on very small pay, so that they may learn from association with their superiors how to conduct business for themselves in the future. It would be hard to say just what the average New York lawyer earns in the course of a year. A very few of the giants in the profession earn \$100,000. There are others who make from \$20,000 to \$50,000, and there are a great many who find it difficult to make \$2,000. It all depends upon the lawyer's ability and the opportunities that may come to him in getting big cases. The profession does not promise much for a young man who must rely upon his own ability to make money. There is hardly a living in it, unless one possesses more than usual ability, or is helped by friends.

WHY NOT CREATE A PLACE?

IF financial success is what is desired, there is plenty of room for boys who can create positions. By this I mean working in some new line of business that is not overcrowded, where the remuneration is sure and large, and fame awaits those who are shrewd and far-seeing. Look at the army of men who have made fortunes out of electricity within the past dozen years. This is a business still in its infancy. Not even Edison, the wizard of Menlo Park, to whom the world is more indebted to-day than to any man of this age, dare say what progress will be made in this line of work in the years to come. Very little is yet known about electricity. Experimenters are busy day and night in this work, and their profits are very large.

Take, for another example, book and newspaper illustrating. Ten years ago there were only a few men at work trying to bring this most important work to the perfection it has now reached. I say perfection, but ten years hence the work of to-day will seem very crude. There is an excellent chance here to make money if one has the pluck to work and the ability to offer something new. Our newspapers and books are more generously illustrated to-day than ever before in the history of the world. But it may be necessary to walk upon new lines and new ideas to succeed.

There is no end of other work that will pay well, too; professions and trades that are not overcrowded, and offer splendid openings for bright boys—designing of all kinds, engineering, new ideas that may be used to make lighter and quicker work now being performed in a crude way. Look at the vast fortunes that have been made out of sewing machines, typewriters, telegraphy, the telephone, and you will see that there is hope for those who have ideas, and are willing to work.

The truth of the matter is that the world is not standing still. Great changes are going on about us every day. We have not reached the age of perfection in anything. The people, particularly Americans, are hungry for novelties in every line. Boys and men with new ideas are always in demand. So I say if you cannot find the position you want in life, it is in your own power to create something that will suit you. Do not sit down and wait for some one to come to you with an offer of a profitable place. The "some one" is disappointing always. Learn to help yourself. There is plenty of profitable work in this country for every one. The complaints that constantly reach me that this and that line of work is overcrowded and profitless are undoubtedly true, and I know the difficulties that beset a boy in trying to get a foothold in life. But with study and perseverance, with eyes always open to make the most of the opportunity presented, with a fixed determination to get on, no matter what the obstacles, success is sure. Honesty, faithfulness, pluck, and patience always count in this world. Once you have begun right, the rest is easy. You cannot fail if you do right.

ONE THING TO REMEMBER

ABOVE all, remember that it is only by hard work that success is achieved. If you would win in the great struggle of life you must study and work without intermission. As one of the most famous of our self-made men has said, "You must not only work, but you must select your work with intelligence. You must be preparing the way for what you intend to become." What your hands find to do, do it so well that you will satisfy not only your employer, but yourself. Boys who do this are bound to achieve financial success, and that is a great deal in this world, but not all. Financial success does not always bring happiness. You can round out your careers in a splendid way by doing something for others as well as yourself. If you find some weak brother who is not as able as you are to cope with the world, be generous and do what you can to aid him. Try to do something for others every day. Helpfulness is a word that you should always keep in mind.

SOUND, PRACTICAL ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE

A BUSINESS education is necessary to business success. Every person should study book-keeping, business forms, penmanship, letter writing, business law, or shorthand; at home, by mail. Successfully taught by BRYANT & STRATTON'S COLLEGE, 450 W. Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Prospectus.

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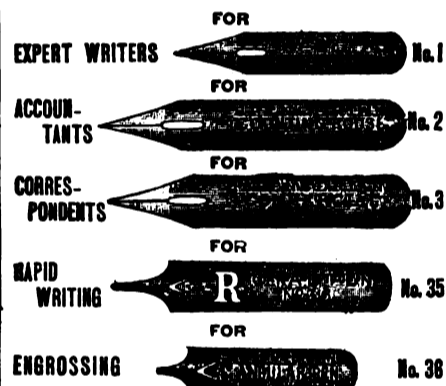
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THE CHILD AND THE POET

By KATE TANNATT WOODS



HE front door with Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes has always been kept open. Every stranger has felt at liberty to call upon him for advice, books, autographs, and even pecuniary aid, and the great-hearted poet has responded unselfishly to most of the appeals.

There is not an author in America who has done more to encourage young authors than Doctor Holmes. The "front door of his feelings" has been ruthlessly pushed open more than once by the intrusive and unworthy, and yet no word of bitterness ever escapes him. It is a liberal education to number such a man among one's friends, and the "sacred chambers" must be guarded with jealous care. With reverent hands we gently lift a corner of the curtain which shields this favorite of the reading and thinking world from the gaze of idlers, and bid those who are discreet and wise to remember how little the world really knows of one whose name is a household word.

THE poet has taken his readers into his confidence on many occasions, both in prose and verse. We have walked with him under glorious trees which he has measured for us; we have looked with him upon the Charles River from his oriole window, and nature has brought us healing through his interpretation. As a physician and professor he has made for himself an undying name; as an author all lands sing his praise; and yet there is another side to his life which is known only to those who have seen him in his home.

The inside life of an author is like the heart of a rose, more intense in color, folded with complex precision, richer in fragrance, and more attractive than the outer petals which the winds sport with and the sun fades. For this reason, biographies are so often unsatisfactory; they never get into the heart of the rose.

LET me tell you how one friend of the gifted Doctor first saw him. It was many years ago when a large square house stood upon one of the principal streets of the city of Salem. The steps of this house were often occupied by noisy boys and girls on their way to and from school. There dwelt that excellent scholar and true gentleman, Hon. Charles W. Upham, the author of a valuable work upon witchcraft. His wife, a noble woman, was the sister of our beloved "autocrat," and to this house he came at a time when the writer was just old enough to admire greatness in the intellectual world, and young enough to sigh for her first long dress. Numerous plans for helping the poor and needy were made within those walls, and the gifted hostess found ready sympathy and assistance from the mother of the small girl alluded to. Thus it chanced that one memorable evening, when a certain French translation had been correctly made, and the music had been duly thumbed and thumped out through an entire page of "Richardson's Instruction Book," that a reward of merit was offered in the form of permission to sit up later than usual to call for the mother at the large house, and there see the wonderful and adored poet.

IT was a very great and grand event, and the small girl's curly locks were dressed with trembling fingers. At last the hour arrived, and the child who had been guilty of scribbling over the fly-leaves of her books, and what was worse, had been severely punished for writing some jerky lines on the title page of her Bible, was really and truly going to see a great poet who not only wrote out his thoughts in verse, but in prose.

Three times did that small girl walk about the block before she could summon courage to ring the bell and dismiss her attendant. Was it really true, those words of a wicked big brother, that the great man would smile in Greek and wink in Latin? At last she was inside, and a gentle voice was saying: "Why did you not come earlier, dear?" and another somebody said: "And this is the gentleman you were so anxious to see."

Yes, there he was, seated in a large cushioned chair, his head thrown back a little, and a little on one side, his eyes sparkling, his face beaming with smiles, and one small white hand resting on the arm of his chair; this was Oliver Wendell Holmes. The small girl never quite knew how she approached him, or how he came to be holding her hand; memory plays no tricks with the words he uttered. "So you are the girl who writes poetry? Well, child, anybody can write verses." For a moment the small girl felt like crying. She was forever disgraced before this brilliant man. Who could have told, and how ashamed she was. Soon the host spoke in that melodious voice which had been admired even in congressional halls. "Do not look so distressed," said he, "your mother has shown me some of your lines, and you can still write, I think, for she has consented; only, I am to see the verses. It will not harm you to sing for yourself and an old man like me, and some day I should not be surprised if you sang to the world.

WHAT an evening it was! The Doctor told stories, and made jokes with everybody, while a pair of young eyes were constantly on his face. The happy time came to an end that night all too soon, and on the way home the small girl was questioned thus: "Well, child, you have seen the poet, and how do you like him?"

With the simple directness of childhood the reply came: "I think he writes bigger than he is."

The years flew away, and the Doctor's young admirer traveled far and wide, always remembering him with the dear friends at home. So it chanced that some years after, when she was holding in her arms a little child whose life was slowly going out into the great unknown, that a letter was brought in from the gifted man, who is never too busy to be kind. In the hush of midnight, within the shadow of death, the man whom the world applauded found time to pen words of comfort to a young mother whose heart seemed breaking.

To use his own words: "He has capital enough of humanity to furnish sympathy and unshrinking service for his friends in an emergency."

On another occasion, when he was enduring great personal grief from the death of a beloved son, he not only announced it himself to a friend who was suffering from a spinal trouble due to a fall, but at the close of his letter added, as if to lessen the gloom: "The best news I can hear of you is to know that you have got your back up."

This absolute forgetfulness of self is rare and beautiful.

IN that charming study where Doctor Holmes writes, there is an opportunity for many lessons of importance. No one can be seated there for an hour without being impressed with the methodical and orderly habits of its owner. Letters answered, or to be answered, have each their appropriate place, and until recently the Doctor has not employed other eyes and hands to assist him.

As a young lady recently remarked: "The table in that study has all the daintiness of a ladies' boudoir. Bric-à-brac is about, with dainty toys sent by friends, and every appliance for rendering work easy can be found near the pen and pencils. All these things bespeak the fine nature which must have system and order to perfect its work."

In this cheerful room, with the sunlight creeping in to touch the long rows of books upon the walls, sits Doctor Holmes still, working with the energy of a young man, although he constantly alludes to his years, and calls himself an old one.

THE wife of his youth, a son in all the vigor of manhood and the devoted daughter, who was his companion in that memorable "One Hundred Days in Europe," have all passed on before him, yet he makes no moan, utters no complaint, and fondly talks of the children still left him, or his grandchildren, with the loving warmth of his most generous nature.

In the summer by the sea, or in winter before the open grate in his luxurious study, he is always the same cheerful philosopher, chatting with his friends of the past and present, discussing new books, or telling a story to amuse a chance visitor. He is the same loyal, kind and discriminating friend whom the small girl believed him to be in the long ago.

As I saw him but a few weeks since, with his silver hair touched by the glow of the afternoon sun, and as I noted how gently time had dealt with him, I breathed a fervent prayer that he might live to bless the world for years to come with his presence, as he must always bless it with his written words.

THE STORY OF A POEM

IN the minds of many the authorship of the well-known poem "If I Should Die To-night" is still a matter of doubt. At various times it was attributed to Henry Ward Beecher, but when its authorship was denied by him it was in turn claimed by others. The real author always kept in the background, her modesty not allowing her to step in where others dared to tread. Then friends took up the matter, and claimed that the author was Miss Belle E. Smith, one of the instructors in Tabor College, Tabor, Iowa, where she still resides. Asked not long ago to give a history of the writing of her famous lines, Miss Smith wrote to the Editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in a letter now lying before him:

"The verses were written in the fall of 1872. They were first printed in 'The Christian Union' of June 18th, 1873. The poem was soon copied quite widely, and claimed by several authors. Within a short time after its publication my time and strength were so absorbed by the duties of a teacher's life that my thoughts were turned from literary work, and I paid little attention to the varying fortunes of my verses. Besides being too busy, I was too proud to make a claim where others had asserted their right to my work. At last friends assumed the privilege of friends, and claimed the verses for me without my knowledge. I have been almost daily surprised at the courteous recognition I have received from many sources, though I am aware that many still support others' claims."

LITERARY QUERIES

Under this heading the EDITOR will endeavor to answer any possible question concerning authorship and literary matters.

M. C.—The author of "Flavia" and "Glaucia" is E. Leslie.

M. M.—The publication your name is published in Denver, Colorado.

M. V. M.—I do not know of a translation of Toëpfer's "Nouvelles Genevoises."

ZULIEKA—Any letter addressed in our care to [Mr. Will Carleton] will be forwarded to him.

TALMA—Mrs. Browning is the author of "Aurora Leigh." There are several editions published.

EUREKA—Eugene Field is the author of "A Little Book of Western Verse," and "A Little Book of Profitable Tales."

S. M. H.—The work I have frequently mentioned as suitable for the purpose is "Periodicals That Pay Contributors." Price, \$1.00.

V. S.—William Allen Butler is the author of "Nothing to Wear," in which the character Miss Flora McFlimsey appears. It is published in book form at 75 cents.

CLARE AND T. B. A.—I do not know the nature of the plot, or who the characters are intended to represent, of the books you mention. Write to the publishers of the books.

ENNE—The author's name is not printed on the title page of "Geraldine: a Tale of the St. Lawrence," nor is it given in the latest catalogue. It is written, however, by A. Hopkins.

HATTIE—See "Old Forty" in this column. Read the book mentioned; you will be able to obtain many suggestions that will enable you to write an essay on books and reading.

F. E. P.—Ossian, called the warrior bard, was the son of Fingal, King of Morven, and his first wife was Roacra, daughter of Cormac, King of Ireland. His poems can be had for a moderate price.

M. J. W.—There is an extensive literature on physical culture, especially on calisthenics. As good a work as you would probably need is Posse's "Swedish System of Educational Gymnastics."

R. K.—Oliver Ditson & Co. is probably one of the largest music publishing houses in the country. The principal house is in Boston, Massachusetts. Address them regarding any music you desire published.

OLD FORTY—You ask me to give you a list of books suitable for a young woman of twenty to read. It would be impossible for me to do so. Procure a copy of Porter's "Books and Reading." It will help you greatly.

AQUA—I doubt whether William Dean Howells adheres at present to the Swedenborgian belief, although his early training was under that influence, his father having been a believer in the teachings of Swedenborg.

F. F.—All young writers naturally find the literary road a hard one to travel. Energetic and continuous work is the only thing that will help you toward success. (2) Your spelling is incorrect. No writer should err in this.

B. M. G.—Caroline Atwater Mason has written "A Daughter of the Dune," "Mrs. Rossiter Lamar," and "A Christmas Girl" etc. for the JOURNAL. A two-part story by her appeared in the last May and June issues of the JOURNAL.

M. R.—Mrs. Anne Jenness Miller's work on physical culture has recently been published. Its full title is "Physical Beauty: How to Obtain and How to Preserve It." The price is \$2.00. The JOURNAL'S Book Department can supply it.

S. D.—If you want a work that will assist you in teaching your class of little girls sewing, get a copy of "Needlecraft," and for your class of boys, "How to Use Wood-working Tools." The latter work tells what can be done with the knife, etc.

S. E. C.—The "Young Men's Journal" is published by Revell & Co., Union Square, New York. (2) I cannot give you a list of precious stones and their meanings. Consult some book on the subject: King's "Book of Precious Stones," for instance.

I. H.—"The Arabian Nights" is a collection of stories from the Arabic, that have been translated into English. There have been several translations, the most notable one being by Burton. An abridged edition has been prepared by his wife, in six volumes.

J. D. R.—If you have poetical inclinations, and desire to improve them, you will find the following works of value and assistance to you: Walker's "Rhyming Dictionary," \$1.50, and Hood's "The Rhymster; or, the Rule of Rhyme," \$1.00. These can be had through our Book Department.

J. S.—I would not advise you to take advantage of the fact that you are an occasional contributor to a periodical to send frequently articles for consideration. Bear in mind that no editor desires, or can afford, to have one contributor appear too often in his columns. Distribute your work.

ANNIE M.—John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet, was born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1807. He has written very little of late. A complete edition of his works was issued a few years ago, and subjected to his personal supervision. (2) A letter addressed to Mr. Whittier, in our care, will be forwarded to him.

A. S. H.—Bancroft, Prescott, Hildreth and Motley are prominent American historians. (2) Procure a copy of "Periodicals That Pay Contributors." (3) In writing fiction, you can use the names of real places. (4) Write to some of the principal magazines and ask them if they would care for a story of the special kind you mention.

AMEE—The last work of General Lew Wallace is "The Boyhood of Christ." (2) The name of the author of "Looking Forward" is not given. (3) E. P. Roe's last book was "Taken Alive." It was not quite finished when he died, but the notes are sufficient, so that the story could be completed satisfactorily by others. This was done.

M. L.—Short stories have been in much demand within the last year or so by the magazines. But the popular desire for collections of stories in book form has fallen off. Good translations of strong and effective stories, that have not been translated before, are more or less desired. Try some of the publishing houses. Prices paid for them vary.

W. M. AND OTHERS.—When in search of periodicals and magazines, you will save yourselves much time by addressing at once such houses as The American News Company, Brentano, or The International News Company, all of New York. You can procure all foreign and domestic periodicals from them, in every branch of industrial and general literature.

M. A. D.—Those who write criticisms upon books are generally paid a salary by prominent journals. (2) Publishers send copies of their new books to critics in advance of publication for the purpose of being read and criticized. (3) You must seek such a position, and make your desires known. (4) There is more trade in writing than inspiration, unfortunately. (5) It is advisable to procure permission when "writing up" a person with a view to publication.

S. V. F.—The "Encyclopedia Britannica" was originally published in Great Britain. When the ninth edition was begun, the English edition was sold in this country. Charles Scribner's Sons sold, by arrangement with the English publishers, a cheaper edition. This was done to compete with the "Stoddart" reprint. Since then many cheap editions have appeared. There has been much controversy over the matter, and many actions at law to restrain reprinting.

G. B.—The question you ask regarding international copyright would be difficult to answer fully. Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., and ask him to send you a copy of the copyright law. There is no charge for it. (2) French works can be translated and published here without the author's consent, but it is better to secure the author's approval. (3) If a work is published here in French, and copyrighted, no one can publish a translation without the consent of the owner of the copyright.

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MISS MAUDE HAYWOOD will be glad through this Department to answer any questions of an Art nature which her readers may send to her. She cannot, however, undertake to reply by mail; please, therefore, do not ask her to do so. Address all letters to MISS MAUDE HAYWOOD, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

FRENCH TAPESTRY PAINTING

FIRST PAPER



In response to the general expression of interest in the subject of the art known as French tapestry painting, it is proposed to devote a few articles to the careful explanation of the method, which in reality is very simple and is readily acquired by an artist having some previous knowledge of drawing and color. The true art of tapestry painting consists in the imitation of the woven goods by means of applying liquid dyes to a woolen canvas, manufactured to imitate exactly the Gobelin stitch, the colors being afterward fixed and made indelible by the action of steam. It is claimed, therefore, that the main difference, apart from the merit of the work, between the woven and the painted piece, is that in the first case the threads are dyed before being woven, and in the second case afterward. The advantage, of course, of this painting process is its small cost compared with the product of the looms. The main items to be considered in reckoning the value of a painted tapestry is the amount of time it will take to execute, and the price of the canvas employed as the ground, which must be all wool and of the best quality, and which in this country costs seven dollars and a half a yard, fifty-six inches wide.

The necessary outfit, including the set of Grénié dyes, and medium, about a dozen brushes, glass palette, and a few small jars in which to mix the washes, costs considerably under five dollars. The brushes are made specially for this kind of painting, and are of bristle, short and stiff. The dyes are put up in a concentrated form, and require much dilution with medium and water for ordinary use. Until beginners realize the strength of the colors they are apt to be wasteful by putting out much too great a quantity on the palette, and also are liable to make their painting at first too dark and heavy. As they come from the laboratory the dyes appear strong and crude, but when once their possibilities are understood the advantage gained in being able to obtain them pure and unmixed will be appreciated. Every conceivable shade and tone of color can be produced by their means.

It is much better, if in any way possible, to take a few lessons in order to see practically the handling of the dyes. However, where this is not feasible, the best plan for a beginner who has procured an outfit and feels in absolute ignorance of how next to proceed, is probably to take a simple flower or conventional border, which may be put afterward to some decorative use, and in attempting this to become acquainted somewhat with the mixing and applying of the dyes. It will be advisable to have a spare piece of canvas at hand on which to try the tints, experimenting with various combinations of color until a satisfactory result is gained.

It may be helpful to suggest some artistic and useful mixtures for ordinary purposes. For greens mix in various proportions indigo, Indian yellow and sanguine; indigo, yellow and cochineal; also emerald green and yellow used extremely pale. The best method usually is to paint in the shadows, allow them to thoroughly dry, then put a wash of the high light over the whole form and where necessary to work up the half tones with a complementary shade while this wash is still slightly moist. To put in the half tones successfully in this way, however, requires some experience with the dyes, and great care in preserving the high lights pure, but the result, if good, is a very soft blending of the tones. For yellow or golden coloring use for the lightest shades either yellow pure and very pale or with a little touch of ponceau added, and brown with some yellow added for the shadows. For blue objects make the shadows of a greenish blue, employing indigo, and mix for the wash ultramarine blue and emerald green very much diluted, possibly working a little pure sanguine into the half tones. Make the shadows of delicate pinks, quite grayish, in the first instance, and use for the wash a light shade of either ponceau, sanguine or rose, according to taste. Where a large surface is to be covered mix a sufficient quantity of color in a jar, diluting it with medium and water in equal parts. The medium must be used freely, and none of the dyes applied without it. The importance of this rule lies in the fact that the addition of the medium is necessary in order that the steaming shall properly fix the colors and render the painting indelible. The highest lights are best obtained by gently scraping off the necessary amount of color carefully with the rounded blade of a pen-knife; of course, this must not be done until the wash is perfectly dry.

HOLIDAY SKETCHING

THE ART OF ILLUSTRATING



URING the hot summer months, when studio work seems out of the question, the artist turns naturally to out-of-door sketching and study. In the case of a student freed from the routine of daily classes involving necessary grind at the drudgery of one's chosen profession, it proves a more effective as well as a more congenial recreation to change the character of work undertaken, rather than to lay aside pencil and brush altogether, for the time being. The majority of our art students spend the summer months in the country, among the mountains, in pleasant rural districts, or by the river or seashore, and sketching will usually form their principal occupation and enjoyment. Now, broadly speaking, sketching may be considered as of two kinds. The first is done more or less perfunctorily, whether for study or amusement; the second is undertaken with a definite object, to gain material which shall prove useful in that branch of art to which the present or future aim may be directed.

The ambition of very many students turns nowadays toward illustration work, and truly in their case a summer holiday cannot be better employed than in trying their apprentice hand at work which possibly may for the present be beyond their scope to undertake successfully, but which will prove an excellent training if taken up in the right spirit and with the truest aims. The tendency of school study, excellent and indispensable as it is, tends somewhat to train the average pupil in conventional methods, and requires to be supplemented by work which shall develop originality, and give scope to the imagination. Each individual student should endeavor to see and interpret nature independently.

A FIELD of work that contains many possibilities, is the illustration of children's books. But to achieve true success in this line demands the exercise of the highest and best qualities of an artistic temperament. In the first place, in order to appeal to a youthful audience it is necessary to possess a direct simplicity in dealing with one's subject. Children and child-like, not childish, natures come nearest to a true understanding of the mysteries of creation. A further quality desirable is an imagination which is able to invest all living things with an individuality and a meaning of their own in the great order of things. Very dear to the hearts of lads and lassies are those stories which have for personages in their drama birds, flowers and insects, with a background of sunshine or storm, forest, dell or glade. The pictures illustrating such a tale ought all to be made out of doors where the incidents might have actually happened, and where indeed, as the pencil travels over the paper and the living things come and go in the sunshine, it needs but very little imagination to weave endless fancies and quaint conceits, winning readily from Nature herself the material in poetry, prose and picture for a dozen books for little folks.

AGAIN, there lies a fruitful mass of material for illustration in the multitude of fairy tales and folk-lore which are the heritage of every nation, and which, existing as they do under various forms in almost all known countries, may be regarded as sufficiently universal in character to find their legitimate setting amid the scenes of any land. Although fewer in number than those of the old world, local tales and traditions, such as that of Rip Van Winkle, do exist even in America. Whatever may be said of the matter-of-factness and the materialism of the age, the fact remains that romance and idealism, whether in art or literature, does not fail to find an appreciative audience. The form in which a book or article is gotten up contributes more than the average amateur supposes, to the result of success or otherwise. Rules cannot be given, and even general hints will not prove of much avail unless the artist personally have the requisite decorative instinct, but every detail of arrangement is worth careful consideration and thought, it being no less a part of the artist's business to study the due relation of letter-press and illustrations, than to make the drawings adequate interpretations of the text. The methods of reproduction for illustrative purposes are, of course, numerous. When colored drawings are attempted it should be remembered that each added tint increases the expense of producing the plates. Some of the most effective and most popular illustrations in recent years have been made in outline with the pen, either in brown or black, and colored in flat washes, only a very few tones being used, but these few being employed to the utmost advantage.

HELP IN YOUR OWN WORK

Under this heading I will be glad to answer, every month, questions relating to Art and Art work. MAUDE HAYWOOD.

J. T. R.—You can use oil paints on chamolite skin, thinning the colors with spirits of turpentine.

F. A. H.—I have never heard of "Short Hand Painting," so can give you no information concerning it.

Mrs. H. M.—Oiling out the picture preparatory to the second painting will probably remedy your trouble with the umbers.

GRAPHITE—You can fix pencil drawings by dipping them in a dish of milk, making them thoroughly wet. Hang them up to dry by two corners.

S. R. C. A. G. R., Mrs. F. E. M. AND MANY OTHERS—I must repeat that I cannot give addresses of firms or personal recommendations in this column.

QUIDA—To obtain the desired magenta shade, mix Antwerp blue with crimson lake, or if the tone be very delicate, substitute rose madder for the last-named color.

A. E. H.—Use prepared linseed oil for oil painting. A good medium for ordinary use is made from linseed oil, spirits of turpentine and copal varnish mixed in equal parts.

GERTRUDE—Rub linseed oil into the palette every day until the surface is thoroughly glossy. To prepare a palette successfully a little oil and a great deal of rubbing is necessary.

T. H. C. H.—The series of handbooks on various branches of art, as published by Winsor and Newton, and obtainable through dealers in artists' materials, are helpful for self-taught amateurs.

A. W., Mrs. F. K. W., Mrs. M. H.—I am not acquainted with any handbook on ribbon embroidery. Direct inquiries to the Society of Decorative Art, 28 East 21st Street, New York City.

BEA—It entirely depends on the rates at which the journal or magazine pays for the illustrations, and prices vary greatly according to the standing or financial prosperity of the publication.

RACHEL—Yes, small sketches of animals can be well rendered in water colors, although life-size studies are made with greater facility in oils. (2) Water colors should be framed with a mat.

M. F. E.—Prepare the wood panels with linseed oil, rubbing it well into the grain with a soft rag. Repeat this treatment every day for about two or three weeks, until a sufficient polish is attained.

L. F.—This page is specially intended to give help to readers who have not many opportunities of gaining art instruction. I do not happen to know of any free schools out in your part of the country.

Mrs. C. J. AND L. H.—Mineral colors are employed in painting china, and the pieces have to be fired in a kiln. A series of articles on the subject were published last year, beginning in the March JOURNAL.

D. E.—I am told that books for children, if really good and original, command the reader market. (2) It is impossible to give any adequate idea of prices, so many things affect the pecuniary value of work.

MARGARET—To reply fully to your question would require the space of an article. In the answers in this column from time to time, directions for the coloring of roses and other flowers have frequently been given.

LÉONIE—You would be more likely to get the texture of the beard with an ordinary flat hog-hair brush, if your query refers to oil painting. Hair should be rendered in a bold, free manner, not in niggling strokes.

LEORA—First paint the sunset coloring down over the brows of the distant mountains. Then lay their forms in with purplish tones, avoiding harsh or distinct outlines, blending them off imperceptibly into the background of sky and clouds.

Mrs. V. C. V.—The only thing for you to do is to take your painting to a picture restorer. The reason of the cracking is probably owing to its having been varnished too soon, or else to the quantity or quality of the medium employed in mixing the colors.

TONAWANDA—The fine linen hemstitched dollies would be far more effective and durable if embroidered in washing silks than if painted in any manner. Scattered flowers in light yellow, or in white outlined with yellow, would be a pretty decoration.

"Mrs. G. C., writes Mrs. H. H., will find that repeated oiling of the canvas after the painting is thoroughly dry, will cause the dullness to entirely disappear. Rub the oil well into the canvas once or twice a week until the desired result is attained." In several ways this might be a better plan than varnishing the picture.

L. A. D.—I think you could get a stamping outfit from any dealer in materials for embroidery. (2) In painting in oils on satin, use sable brushes. (3) No; start in center and paint outward, taking care the paint does not spread. (4) In autumn leaves introduce yellow ochre, raw sienna, burnt sienna, cadmium and rose madder.

M. S.—A good method of becoming acquainted with the requirements of illustration work is to study the drawings which appear in the best magazines. For an example of drawings are usually reproduced by the photo-engraving process and are drawn larger than they appear when published. No knowledge of color is necessary in this branch of work.

F. M. U., Mrs. M. H. H., Mrs. G. C., Mrs. A. E. D. S.—Tapestry, properly so-called, is done with liquid dyes upon a woolen canvas, the colors being afterward fixed by the action of steam. The series of articles begun this month are being published in response to inquiries on this subject. The dyes are used with good effect upon silk for various decorative purposes.

M. L. E.—The method is simply to work over the solar print with a crayon, strengthening the shadows and defining the forms, all the time carefully following the original. Make good use of the print, that is to say, get the effect with as little additional work as possible. (2) The number of times it should be enlarged depends, of course, on the size of the head in the cabinet photograph.

M. A. J.—If you mean drawing with a pen in India ink, I do not know of a handbook on the subject, but there is a chapter devoted to it in Hamerton's "Graphic Arts." Etching is the art of drawing on copper, the lines being eaten out with acid. From a plate so made the "etchings" are printed. (2) If you wish to varnish an oil painting, use pale copal or mastic varnish.

ANXIOUS ARTIST—The only way to obtain illustration work for papers is to submit drawings to the editors, as you have already successfully proved. Use discretion as to the style of work sent to a particular magazine, in order that it may be suitable to its probable requirements. Attention to this point saves much unnecessary disappointment. (2) Gum water may be used sparingly in tinting photographs.

E. M. B.—A wash of India ink or sepia laid on with a brush may be used respectively in backgrounds of pen drawings in black or brown. (2) Whatman's hot pressed paper can be employed for pen and ink drawings. (3) Probably the greater merit of the work, or possibly the reputation of the artist, caused the smaller drawings to be worth a higher price. In art matters quality rather than size determines value.

Mrs. C. G. L.—The Grénié dyes can only be fixed by steaming upon wool or silk and so rendered indelible. It is impossible to fix them in the same way on a linen or cotton ground. Painting of any kind is unsuitable for the decoration of materials intended for frequent washing. For further information read the articles on tapestry painting now in course of publication. (2) Lustre painting and flitter work are not the same thing.

BEILA—Your idea for treating the woolen blanket to make a portière is good. If you wish to use silk, employ the kind named rope silk. Flax thread would answer the purpose very well and be much less expensive for a large piece of work. (2) I should not attempt to paint the ground itself, but a dash of bolus shewing in a delicate, contrasting shade, having a design tinted and embroidered upon it, would be effective.



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A Department devoted to a sociable interchange of ideas among JOURNAL readers. Address all letters to MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 433-435 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



HAD recently the pleasure of a quiet talk with Mrs. Ballington Booth. Her face showed that although she was in the midst of much questioning and under a pressure of care that would overwhelm most persons, she was quite at peace in her heart; and one thing which she said very casually would, I think, be advantageous for all of us busy housewives to ponder. I asked her if she had met a certain person in the town where her home is, and she said: "Yes, but I have seen very few people there, for my home must be quiet for both my husband and myself." It is hard to make a quiet home where business must creep in, but what a blessed thing it would be if we could have a little holy of holies in every house into which the family could go and get away from the pressure of the burdens, whether they are in the shop, the office, on the farm or in the kitchen. For the physical health of the family, and its moral and mental health, such a place would be more effective than the most elaborately served meal or the most beautifully decorated parlor. It would draw the children closer to the parents and to each other if the sunniest, sweetest room in the house was where father and mother and children could go to get away from the bustle and friction, though the rest could last but a short time.

SHOULD a girl of sixteen be given an allowance? MOTHER. A girl of sixteen should have had an allowance for many years. On the principle that it is never too late to mend, she should have it at that age if it has been neglected before. By the time a girl is eighteen her allowance should cover all her regular expenses, excepting her board. Emergencies caused by sickness or accident she need not be responsible for. So much has been said already in this page on this subject, that I refrain from enlarging, as I might, on the wisdom of giving all children an allowance and training them by degrees to a knowledge of the value and the use of money.

SHOULD a wife rebuke her husband for extravagance if occasionally he is reckless enough to spend a dollar or two on flowers, when every penny is needed for bread, butter, shoes, stockings, etc.? VIOLA. I think a wife does not gain much by rebuking her husband on any subject; and if the flowers he buys are brought home for the enjoyment of the family, and he is willing to take a little less butter on his bread in order to buy the flowers, I should try to share the lack of butter with great cheerfulness and take my share of enjoyment from the flowers. If the husband is thoughtless in regard to the absolute necessities, and inclined too much to indulge in luxuries, propose to take charge of the family purse. In one household, admirably conducted, the husband has for many years turned over the entire income to his wife, taking from her a suitable allowance for his own expenses. As prosperity has come to them, that allowance has increased. Would it not be well for husband and wife to sit down together and, carefully going over the expenses, see if they cannot be adjusted to allow of an occasional flower, which may atone for a patched shoe and scant butter.

FOR the women who ask through your columns what they should do to interest the children on Sunday afternoons I would suggest the making of a Bible scrap book, which I found very helpful when my little girl was old enough to read and write. The pictures may be cut from papers and magazines, teaching the child to reject the coarser pictures. After pasting them in the book, which may be an ordinary account book, with here and there a few leaves cut out, a Bible verse should be chosen to suit the picture and written above or below it. The mother can give help when the question is asked, "what can I have for this picture?" by pointing out some prominent feature; for instance, if of sheep feeding in a meadow, tell them to look for the word "sheep" in the Concordance; then from the many sweet verses they will find under that head to select the one they like best. A well suggests many texts; so do trees, flowers, birds, animals, farm scenes, ships and rocks. Some of the selections may be a little incongruous, and bring a smile to the mother's lips. From my little girl's book I take the following: Below a farmyard scene is written "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not," etc. A lake with boats has, "Now as He walked by the Sea of Galilee He saw Simon and Andrew his brother." A picture of Whittier in his study with its shelves of books from floor to ceiling, seems to have suggested with keen appreciation, "of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh." A good use can be made of the books by sending them to a children's hospital, thus making them answer a double purpose, that of giving pleasure and occupation to the child who makes up the books, and also to the little invalid who receives them. A MOTHER.

These Bible scrap-books are very useful, and afford a great opportunity for unconscious study of the Bible. The incongruities are sometimes very amusing. A band of children were making such a scrap-book recently, and had put in a picture of some skaters. The text, "the wicked stand in slippery places," seemed in a certain way appropriate, but was rather severe on the happy looking children who were enjoying the exercise.

I WISH our dear girls would stop and think oftener! I know they do not mean to do wrong, but sometimes appearances are against them. While I do not agree with a friend of mine who, in discussing some bright, gay girl who had brought censure and severe criticism upon herself by indulging in what seemed to her harmless fun, said "she had as well be wrong as seem so;" still, we will agree it is best to be prudent. The case was this: When driving from a watering place to a neighboring town, she and her escort laughingly resolved to register as Mr. and Mrs. Smith. They did so, and spent the morning and early afternoon shopping and driving. As such things will do, their joke (?) became known, and for awhile her life was miserable. She has lived the unpleasant rumors down; but she fully realizes the suffering that may result from thoughtlessness. She did it for fun. Wherein did she find the fun? In the direct cut she often received? In the future to receive cards to a large reception to which all her companions were invited? I say she has lived it down; still, there are some people who will never forgive nor forget the offense, and will be continually on the lookout for errors and further indiscretions on her part. Does not the Bible warn us against the appearance of evil? Take the admonition to yourselves, and give no one cause to speak slightly of you. ELIZABETH.

A wise caution very gently given. Worry is the enemy of work. It is the Chinese wall mirror that enlarges, distorts and maims it. Does your attic need "going over," and is it a bugbear to you, dear little woman? Don't you remember that three days is long enough in which to assort, straighten and regulate everything in an attic. Go to it and get it done, and put worry to flight. How often do we hear women of all ages say, "I have been busy all day, but have done nothing." It is probably the worry that drives away their time. How is it to be avoided? My dear sister, think over the deeds of one day and see where your time went. Did you not struggle to get in too many things, and then have a conscience-smitten feeling that much was left undone? Have the courage to give up doing forty things that can't possibly be done, and do, say, four others well, but let them; let nothing prevent it. Put away the forty things from your mind. Toss them overboard, and let them go.

Worry over unnecessary things is the commonest cause of mental and physical breakdown. It is hard to learn to let the unnecessary things go, and probably these words will fall fruitless on the minds hardened by continual pressure of fretting and anxiety. Ambition and vanity are hard task-masters, and drive us to the performance of much hard work; and the most hopeless thing about such slavery is that emancipation is not desired.

THE fact that I am a woman, eager for woman's advancement in every proper sphere, may have much to do with making me impervious to the hackneyed arguments against our fitness for the practice of medicine. He who argues that the practice of medicine is not a suitable profession for our sex does not deny that there are many successful women in it. Admit, then, that you may employ a man or a woman with equal satisfaction, it is purely a matter of individual taste whom you choose. Speaking for myself, and for many of my friends, I can say that we most decidedly prefer the woman. Possibly the prejudice that guides us is as foolish as the one that leads the conservative to say: "Oh never could I trust a woman to attend me; I feel so much safer with a man." I seem to me, however, that good sense and good morals are with us. As to my own particular doctor, I wish she might be met and known by him who writes of the loss of womanly sweetness. Why, even were she less able and less successful, I almost fear that most of her patients, including myself, would still cling to her because she is so sweet, so womanly and so lovable. And yet she always impresses one with her power and firmness. I have always had a woman physician when I could get one, and the old idea to the contrary notwithstanding, I feel that I have propriety on my side, as well as personal preference. A.

There is no longer any question as to the advisability of having some women physicians. It is not worth while to argue either for or against it. Women have proved their fitness to practice medicine, and whether one employs a man or a woman depends on circumstances and preferences. But I think the business woman, whether she be doctor or not, needs cautioning that her pushing about in the crowd of workers does not make her less gentle and fine in her manners. The exceptions are noble, but the large majority of women who have entered into competition with men in the earning of money are not so charming as is your beloved physician. The new conditions, it is easy to see, may produce unpleasant results, which will not follow when there has come to women a longer experience of the outer world.

FOR over a year I have been a very close reader of your page of the JOURNAL, and have often been touched by the appeals for a little light by the way; and again have felt very indignant at others, such as "Happy Wife," in a former number. In talking to friends about her very severe treatment of "complaining wives," it has occurred to us that these ladies have come to us for bread and received a stone. Please let us turn the tables on "Happy Wife," and, adopting her own expression, tell her that we have no patience with such Pharisaical natures as hers that would say "I have followed such and such a line; go and do likewise, and if your success is not the same as mine it is your own fault. So reap the consequences in silence; do not disturb me with your failure." And they wrap the robes of selfishness closer around them and "pass by on the other side." In all probability, the surroundings or dispositions of no two of our readers are alike, and how can the more fortunate ones say to these others, "If my plan does not succeed with you, blame yourself." My own home is indeed very happy, due a great deal, as I believe, to my own exertions; but I am sure it is due a very great deal to my surroundings and my husband's disposition. These troubled women let me say: be patient, gentle and loving, praying every moment for the strength to be so; for the light is a hard one, and you must surely win. Mrs. K. N. S.

Truly one must steer away from Scylla in avoiding Charybdis. Gratitude at one's own happy situation must not be changed into conceit; neither must gratitude be misjudged and called vanity. There is no lesson more forcibly taught in the so-called lower walks of life than that a cheerful disposition makes even great burdens light; and if one has found the way to lessen sorrow, and to conquer great difficulties, shall she not tell her "glad tidings," and urge her sisters in misery to try the same good way?

WHEN THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL came this morning, and I was reading the many letters written by women who think they are unhappy because their lives are in a sense contracted, I thought I should like to tell a little about the life of one who has every luxury—everything that money can buy! But oh, dear women, I am afraid the best thing of all, happiness, will never be mine! I sometimes think there is no more to be had in all this dark world. For the past year my life has been so full of sorrow, yet to the eyes of the world I ought to be the most happy of women.

Eighteen months ago I was persuaded, against my better judgment, to marry a very wealthy man over twice my age. Unfortunately, I have what the world calls beauty. Ah, this endowment is sometimes the greatest curse a woman can have! I see now it has led me into all my follies. I am treated as a mere doll, decked out in gorgeousness, to display my husband's wealth. I have been passionately fond of reading all my life, but even this is denied me, because I once foolishly corrected my husband in some literary matter when he made a mistake.

Do any of you remember the life of Dorothea in George Eliot's "Middlemarch?" because her life is nothing compared to what I have to endure. When I read of these mothers who are worn out with the care of their little children my heart longs to tell them how they should appreciate these little blessings which God has been so good as to give them.

I am never allowed to be with my little son more than one hour a day, and I sincerely hope you women will never know the aching of my heart when I hear his baby voice and know I am powerless to soothe him. Now you must understand how sad my life must be. At twenty-three there seems nothing before me but black clouds. GRIZELDA.

Can you not exercise a little independence, and spend more time with your child? What would be the penalty if you should say: "I must care for my child; he is mine to train and to love; I must have him with me?" It may be a hard matter to control your indignation and your temper, but if you could, without neglecting the things which would make the home attractive to your husband, quietly arrange your time for reading and for caring for your child, and assure your husband that you feel it is right to do so, would you not prevail?

I HAVE enjoyed this department so long, and obtained so many useful hints from its columns, that when I discovered a good thing yesterday, I said: "I'll send it to the 'DOLLAR BOX.'" I do most of my own work, but for all that my hands are soft enough to be almost burned into blisters with the heat that will find its way through the iron holder. This is the "good thing" I discovered: In making a new holder yesterday I stitched between the layers of doubled faced cotton flannel a thick layer of asbestos, the fluffy fibrous preparation used so much in our natural gas fires. The result is a perfect success. The holder need not be made thick enough to strain the hand, as the asbestos thoroughly protects from the heat. My husband thinks it ought to be patented. May be it is, but I never heard of it. E. D. B.

Such a holder as you describe would be very useful in the household, and for the frequent "pressing" which every woman finds necessary if she keeps her wardrobe in order, would be a great saving of hands unaccustomed to the use of the ordinary flat-iron holder. The impulse which caused the writing of your letter is so good a one that I venture to ask why we do not often let others share the benefit of our "discoveries of good things?" Surely we must be discovering them all the time! Wise women ought to find better ways of "doing things," as they throw the light of modern learning on daily labor. There is scarcely a machine in use that will not be antiquated in a decade because some one has "improved" upon it. Are we not a little at fault that we are not as eager for better methods as the machinist is for better tools?

AS one of your interested readers may I ask a practical question concerning home life? Ever since my school days, years and years ago, my social friends have confided to me their heart trials, and I heartily desire to become wiser and broader in my views of human nature to help these anxious, longing, tried ones. The following is one question: Is it duty, or a mistaken sense of duty, for one in a family to suffer in the continuance of a daily service for another, who, but for the habit of looking for it, is more able in every respect to do the work himself? I refer more particularly to the elderly, who unconsciously fall into the habit of expecting attention. A lady who could not secure efficient "help" waited on her sick husband for weeks, day and night. After he was able to be up and riding out daily he would look for her to start up the moment he came in and unbutton his wrap, adjust his footstool, get him something to eat or put the medicine into his mouth. He wanted her to do something for him continually from very love of having her near him, he said. She, however, became so tired and nervous that she could not eat with any degree of comfort, neither could she get any sound, refreshing sleep. He wondered at her condition, and could not understand how such light ministrations for him she loved could in any way add to the weight of her usual household work.

It is a delicate matter for a wife to attempt to claim her husband's attention, and in some homes she would rather work on and die, as more than a few have done, than try it. A physician and an earnest church worker living in one of the fairest cities of our land wrote to his deceased wife's parents the following: "The brave, loving heart that had borne his burden for years, had reached its end. I have loved her near him, he said. She, however, became so tired and nervous that she could not eat with any degree of comfort, neither could she get any sound, refreshing sleep. He wondered at her condition, and could not understand how such light ministrations for him she loved could in any way add to the weight of her usual household work."

Another case, that of a man of means, who, looking on his wife as she lay in her coffin, pathetically exclaimed: "She was a faithful slave to me, and she shall have the finest tombstone I can get," will illustrate the meaning of my question. I would not, however, leave the impression that I think the wife the only sufferer in this way, for sometimes the indulgent, forbearing husband takes on more than his share of the support and government of the family, until the cord of life suddenly snaps "in the midst of his days," and he is gone. INQUIRER.

These typical cases show that "children of a larger growth" want to be coddled and petted and nursed just as the babies do. The habit of depending upon others is almost universal, and we are all in danger of putting that habit on. So we may look in these mirrors which our sister holds up before us, and see whether they reflect us. It is very true that women are most likely to suffer from the unconscious carelessness of those whom they love, but they are not the only sufferers. And women are oftener than men the sinners, I think. Daughters allow their mothers to do for them what they should do for themselves, and mothers become over-dependent on their daughters. What is more common than to see an elder sister in a family made the bearer of the burdens of the entire family. Such experience often works out in her an exquisite character, but she gains her beauty at the expense of those whom she so unselfishly serves.

A. J. H. Abbott.

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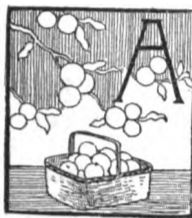
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EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE
EDITED BY MARIA PARLOA

MISS PARLOA will at all times be glad, so far as she can, to answer in this Department all general domestic questions sent by her readers. Address all letters to MISS MARIA PARLOA, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cooking receipts are not given in this Department, hence do not ask that they be printed and do not send manuscripts of that nature to MISS PARLOA.



AMONG the letters which come to me every month there are some which so appeal to my sympathies that there is a strong desire to write many long personal answers; but this is not often possible, as my friends must readily understand. When the questions are of such general interest that they touch nearly every housekeeper the answers should go into the JOURNAL. I have before me several letters which it would be a pleasure to print in full if there were space. As they are on a subject which troubles many housekeepers, I will quote from them.

LIMITED INCOMES CAUSE PERPLEXITY

A BROOKLYN woman asks: "Will you please help me and others with a word of advice? I have a family of six, who require fresh meat twice a day, at least. They will eat no soups, stews, nor made dishes, no matter how well prepared. The meat bill is thirty dollars a month. Can I do better than that and give what is required? What ought to be the sum for dry groceries for a month for six persons who average four guests a week?"

Every housekeeper finds that meat bills are the heaviest of all the table expenses. With a reasonable family of fair size a capable woman can reduce the expense by buying large pieces and having them cut up to suit her convenience; by substituting fish and eggs when they are plentiful, and may be had at reasonable prices; by purchasing some of the cheaper cuts of meats and using them in soups, stews, braises and the many other tempting things which can be made from such cuts when slowly cooked; by preparing little savory dishes of the remnants of cold cooked meats and fish, and by using a generous amount of cereals, vegetables and fruits. If, however, as is the case of the correspondent, the family will eat only fresh meat, I see no way of economizing, except by providing more vegetables and cereals and simple desserts. If you must have a large amount of fresh meat you must pay for it, and it seems to me that an average of eight cents a person for the meat consumed at each meal is very low, and the housekeeper who can manage to give her family fresh meat at this figure in an Eastern market cannot be charged with extravagance in that line.

LIVING BY THE OUNCE UNCOMFORTABLE

THE amount one should pay per month for dry groceries depends wholly upon the manner of living. For example: the average estimate per week for butter in a family is one pound for each person. In my own household we average four people, and use about three pounds of butter a week. All my cooking, except deep frying, is done with butter, and there is no special effort to economize in this direction. The secret of the small amount used is that we make very little cake, and rarely any pastry. I am sure some folks would consider me extravagant in my use of milk and cream, but each household has its special extravagances and economies, and it would be impossible to give an accurate estimate without a knowledge of these. Many housekeepers can and do estimate to an ounce how much of everything to purchase for a week or month, and they make that do, no matter what comes up. Of course, in such cases there is no allowance made for the occasional or unexpected guest, thus shutting out all real hospitality.

REFINEMENT MAKES A VAST DIFFERENCE

ANOTHER writer states that until the past two years she had always had abundant means; now she is compelled to do her own work, and has to dress two people, pay rent and living expenses for a family of three on seventy-five dollars a month, and she wants to know if she can do this and have things for her table wholesome and dainty.

Much, of course, depends upon the woman's taste, skill and strength. As she is doing her work herself, she ought to be able to give the table an attractive appearance. Refinement works wonders in such matters. But in order to keep within her income it will be necessary to exercise great care in the selection of such food as will yield the largest amount of nutrition at the least cost. Many excellent little dishes can be made out of some of the common things. Living in San Francisco, where meats, vegetables and fruits are so much cheaper than at the East, this correspondent will not have to draw so sharp a line at these items as the Eastern woman does.

NUTRITIOUS AND ECONOMICAL FOOD

A NEW JERSEY woman writes: "My family consists of five grown people requiring two meals a day, as they all support themselves. It is a necessity, if possible, for me to keep my table on less than ten dollars per week. As you are so practical in your ways, I thought perhaps I might be one of the JOURNAL sisters and receive the benefit of your instruction."

Even with two dollars per week for each person the cost of each meal per person would be only about fourteen cents; not a large sum for a working man or woman. Nothing is said as to the third meal, which is probably taken near the place of employment. If this meal be a substantial one the supper can be light, but if, on the contrary, it be a light luncheon, then the breakfast and supper should be nutritious and substantial. Of course, with such small means the choicer cuts of fresh meats are out of the question, but the tougher and cheaper parts can be used braized, stewed, made into soups, or used in any of the savory dishes that only require long, slow cooking to make them tender and appetizing. Eggs, when the price is reasonable, are a most satisfactory and economical kind of food. When there is no objection to pork, on the score of creed or health, it can be used in combination with many kinds of fish, vegetable and cereals to give them savoriness and the element they lack—fat. Macaroni, when cooked and served with a sauce, is nutritious, healthful and cheap. Peas, barley and beans, when made into stews, purées and soups, make highly nutritious and very cheap food; and beans are good and substantial when baked. Home-made bread is essential to healthful and cheap living. Chocolate and cocoa, made with milk, and served with good bread, are a nutritious and pleasing combination. Simple desserts are economical and healthful. Stewed fruits, with good bread, are much to be preferred, both on the score of economy and health, to pastry, an article both unhealthful and expensive.

SIXTY DOLLARS A MONTH

A CALIFORNIA woman writes: "Do you think my husband is unreasonable in asking me to live on sixty dollars a month? By 'living' I mean buying food for my husband, mother, myself, two servants and two children, the age of the oldest being two years and a half."

If that is all her husband can afford to have spent on his table he is not unreasonable, provided he does not demand more than that amount of money can cover. With such favorable prices as are to be found in San Francisco, I think it possible to set a plain table for that sum. That this particular family care only for beef and lamb makes it a hard matter to give variety, which is a desirable element in one's food. I think a great mistake is made in not using more vegetables, fruit and simple dessert. It is by making use of the "left-overs," in the form of simple and savory little dishes, that one's table can be provided with a variety and the expenses reduced. Try it in your own household.

EQUIVALENTS IN WEIGHT FOR MEASURES

MANY requests have come for a table which would give a sure equivalent of small quantities by weight. Here is a list for the materials most commonly used in the kitchen. The spices are all ground:

- Ginger—1 heaping teaspoonful, ¼ ounce.
- Cinnamon—1 heaping teaspoonful, ¼ ounce.
- Allspice—1 heaping teaspoonful, generous measure, ¼ ounce.
- Cloves—1 teaspoonful, slightly heaped, ¼ ounce.
- Mace—1 heaping teaspoonful, ¼ ounce.
- Nutmegs—5 equal 1 ounce.
- Pepper—1 heaping teaspoonful, ¼ ounce.
- Salt—1 teaspoonful, ¼ ounce.
- Mustard—2 rounding teaspoonfuls, ¼ ounce.
- Cream-of-Tartar—2 teaspoonfuls, slightly heaped, ¼ ounce.
- Soda—1 teaspoonful, slightly heaped, ¼ ounce.
- Powdered sugar—1 tablespoonful, ½ ounce.
- Granulated sugar—1 heaping tablespoonful, ¼ ounce.
- Baking powder—1 heaping teaspoonful, ¼ ounce.
- Butter—1 rounding tablespoonful, ½ ounce.
- Flour—1 rounding tablespoonful, ½ ounce.
- Tea—3 scant teaspoonfuls, ¼ ounce.
- Coffee, roasted berry—1 tablespoonful, ¼ ounce.
- Bread-crumbs, grated—1 cupful, 2 ounces.
- Stemmed raisins—1 cupful, 6 ounces.
- English currants, cleared—1 cupful, 6 ounces.
- Rice—1 cupful, 8 ounces.
- Indian Meal—1 cupful, 6 ounces.
- Chopped meat—1 solidly-packed cupful, 8 ounces.
- Pastry flour—1 cupful, 4 ounces.
- New Process flour—1 scant cupful, 4 ounces.
- Butter—1 solidly-packed cupful, 9 ounces.
- Sugar—1 cupful, granulated, 8 ounces.
- Liquids—1 cupful of ordinary liquid, 8 ounces.

The cups used in these estimates hold half a pint, old measure. They are made of tin, and divided into quarters and thirds. Nearly all first-class kitchen furnishing stores keep them, and every housekeeper should have a set.

THE FURNISHING OF PARLORS

EACH month brings several letters asking about furnishing the house, particularly the parlor. It would be impossible to give full directions to anybody in regard to the furnishing of a house or any one room in the house without seeing the place and having some idea of one's means. But now for a general word as to the parlor. The furnishing should be in harmony with the rest of the house. Do not have it so much finer that the contrast will be marked. In a country house the furnishing should be of a lighter and simpler kind than for a city house. Full parlor suites are neither so fashionable nor pleasing as odd pieces; but it must be remembered that these odd pieces must be in harmony.

People of moderate means might furnish a room of good size in this manner: Place diagonally in one corner of the room a sofa, upholstered either in plush, damask, brocade, tapestry or rugs. Have in other parts of the room two arm chairs, upholstered to match the sofa. Have also one or two rattan chairs with plush cushions for backs and seats. Get several small wooden chairs, of handsome finish, and with the seats upholstered in silk tapestry or plush. Put a table at one side of the room. On this set a lamp and place a few books and possibly a bit of bric-à-brac. Have one of the rattan chairs near this table. A pedestal with a piece of statuary would be effective in one corner, and a cabinet, in which to place dainty bric-à-brac, can be set in a corner or at one side of the room. If there be a piano, have also a music cabinet. A clock and a few ornaments should be placed on the mantel. Rugs and pictures all finish a room wonderfully. Even if you are rich, it will be better to buy these things a few at a time, studying the effects they give.

SUBSTITUTES FOR STAINED GLASS

INFORMATION in regard to something to take the place of stained glass is requested. I have knowledge of two articles, and there may be many others. One of these comes ready to be pasted on the plain glass, it being simply soaked in water for about a minute and then laid on in its proper place. This work has to be done carefully. After the design has been applied to the window it is allowed to stand for a day, and then lead lines are put on. This gives a good imitation of stained glass. This substitute comes in almost endless varieties, and one can cut up the sheets to form any combination required.

For half a dollar one can get a pattern book, which gives in colors all the designs made, and also states the size and price of each. The book can be returned and the money will be refunded. This firm also offers to put any design selected from the book on panes of glass of the same size and shape as the customer's window, and send it safely packed, at the rate of one dollar per square foot. These panes of glass are to be placed over those in the window and fastened with a narrow beading of wood.

The other stained glass substitute comes, like the first, in sheets, borders, corners, etc., and you can make your own combination; or, you can send for the pattern book, select what you want and get estimates. The prices vary with different designs, but to give you some idea, here are a few of them: Corner piece, 9 x 9 inches, with one set of colors, thirty-nine cents. When brown is substituted for green, the price of the same piece is one dollar and a half. Another piece, 19 x 15 inches, cut with one set of colors, forty-three cents, with another set, twenty-eight cents—the colors used and the designs controlling the prices. This last substitute does not come prepared to be put on the glass. A cement is provided, which you must apply yourself. When the design is perfectly dry it must be varnished. If anybody is interested enough to send me an addressed and stamped envelope I will forward the names of the dealers in these goods.

TO KEEP REFRIGERATORS SWEET

THIS is one of the most important duties of the housekeeper. No matter how many servants she may keep she should give this matter her personal supervision once a week. The refrigerator should be in perfect condition. If the lining be broken in any part, so that the water soaks into the wood, attend to the relining at once; or, if the refrigerator be not worth that, discard it wholly. When possible, avoid having the drain pipe connected with the plumbing in the house. Have the refrigerator placed where it can be flooded with air and light whenever necessary, but, of course, in as cool a place as possible. Once a week have everything removed from it. Take out the shelves and wash them in hot soap-suds; then pour boiling water over them. Place them in the sun; or, if that fails, by the range, that they may be perfectly dried. Now take out the ice rack and wash and scald in the same way, except that, as there are grooves or wires in this, the greatest care must be used to get out every particle of dirt that may have lodged there. Next wash out the ice compartment, running a flexible wire rod down the pipe, that nothing shall lodge there. Put two tablespoonfuls of washing-soda into a quart of boiling water and on the fire. When this boils, pour it into the ice compartment; follow this with a kettle full of boiling water, and wipe dry. Now wash the other parts of the refrigerator with hot soap-suds and wipe perfectly dry. Be careful to get the doors and ledges clean and dry. Leave the refrigerator open for an hour and then return the ice and food to it.

I plan this work for a day when the ice man is due. The work is done immediately after breakfast, so that the refrigerator is ready when the ice comes. Should you, after this care, still have trouble do not use the refrigerator. It will be far better to get along without the comfort it affords than to endanger health and life by using a contaminated article. Food should never be put in a refrigerator while warm, because it absorbs the flavors of other food and also heats the refrigerator.



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A CULINARY ARTICLE,
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HINTS ON HOME DRESS MAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

MISS HOOPER invites, and will cheerfully answer any questions concerning home dressmaking which may be sent to her by the JOURNAL sisters. While she will answer by mail, if stamp is inclosed, she greatly prefers to be allowed to reply through the JOURNAL, in order that her answers may be generally helpful. Address all letters to MISS EMMA M. HOOPER, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

LITTLE THINGS IN DRESSMAKING

IT seems trivial to talk of having a well-supplied work-basket, sharp scissors, etc., but all of this adds to the workwoman's comfort, and when she is comfortable her work is very apt to look better than when she is "cranky." Have an easy sewing chair, long needles for basting and those of medium length for sewing. Use finely-pointed pins for wool, and black, round-headed pins for silk or velvet materials, in which an ordinary pin-hole will show. Silk basting or fine cotton thread should be used on silk goods, and in ripping such threads cut them every few inches or they will leave a mark if "long drawn out."

A FEW MORE DETAILS

SHEARS for cutting out should have long blades, large finger-holes and be of light weight. Ripping scissors must be finely pointed, and keep old scissors or a knife for cutting whalebone. There is now a machine for pressing sleeve and other curved seams upon, that is remarkably convenient for use in the sewing room. The French skirt having the lining sewed in with the outside material has the canvas facing sewed in between the lining and outside, the seams separating for this purpose near the lower edge. The velvet binding or facing is applied as usual. The protectors worn on the edge of skirts are both one, and three yards in length. A very nice skirt is beautifully lined with silk and finished with a hemmed or pinked ruffle of the silk as a balayouse on the inside. Many cannot afford a silk lining, and while they are charming to wear they are by no means a necessity. The skirts continue long, though the rumor is gaining ground that the French men dressmakers are against the style, and will change it gradually. In the meantime the bell skirt sweeps on. A correspondent wonders why so many bell skirts gap apart in the back. Simply because the maker forgot to catch the placket opening half-way down with a buttonhole beneath the plaits and a flat button, which like the modest violet is too lowly to be noticed.

THE LATEST DESIGNS

A VERY pretty house dress is made of red crepon for a bell skirt, pointed basque back, corselet front and full sleeve uppers drooping over deep cuffs. The edges of the collar, wrists, corselet, basque back and bottom of the skirt are trimmed with black silk moss bands at twenty-five cents, headed with jet gimp at the same price. The crepon was one dollar, and lined with percaline at fifteen cents. Princess gowns have a yoke, round or V-shaped and a corselet of silk or satin gimp. Slender figures intended to be used cross-wise decorations on coats are of tan or cream, or kid, with a small medallion of white lace in the center of each. Both French and English dressmakers are putting these buttons on white or black cloth coats. The combination of tan, black and white is one much favored on the other side of the water.

TURKEY red cotton is liked for frocks to be worn at the seaside. It is made up with a plain skirt and has a long coat trimmed with coarse Irish lace. Very often an elaborate arrangement of red satin ribbons forms the waistcoat. With this should be worn a small red hat trimmed with white lace and a black shaving-brush pompon, while the gloves, shoes and stockings should all be red. This costume, utterly impossible in the city, makes an attractive bit of color against "the sad sea waves."

THE Empire belt or girdle is worn very extensively with gowns having the Watteau back. Often it is a very wide ribbon, and again it is formed of folds of white silk, five in number, that make it reach up and give the short-waisted effect that is considered desirable. Girls with very small waists are wearing rather broad belts fastened at one side with a really fat rosette. This is placed right on the belt itself, slightly to one side of the front. By the by, in arranging ribbon belts remember that the ends and loops can be tied in any place except at the back.

GENTLEWOMEN whose years are many, whose brains are wise and whose hearts are young, keep themselves looking pretty and dainty by wearing little caps made of bits of real lace and upon which are placed coquettish bows of pale rose, blue, or white ribbon. These little caps are most becoming, and if some one objects to an elderly lady wearing a ribbon, I can only answer as did another woman writer: "That it is the withered oak upon which the mistletoe blooms."

DRESS AIDS FOR MOTHERS

NEAT DESIGNS FOR MISSES



MOTHER writes me: "How shall I make my daughter small waisted?" which question opens a field of thought and gives ample room for the dress reformers. Growing girls are apt to be too stout or so tall and slender as to resemble a cornstalk, but if dressed according to the needs of their figure many of these blemishes, if nature can be a blemish, may be modified, if not hidden; for fashionable trimmings may be adapted for such opposite forms. The bretelle ruffles, commencing narrow and scanty near the center of the waist line and growing fuller and wider over the shoulders, where they end or continue down the back as in the front, were apparently invented for the stout girl, as they give her a longer and more slender waist, as does the pointed girdle now worn. For the slender girl, the bertha trimming of lace, embroidery, silk, etc., outlines a round yoke, falling over the shoulders and giving breadth to the form and fullness to the flat chest. Both wear bell and gathered skirts and full sleeves. One may wear any material, but the other looks better in narrow stripes, small figures and solid colors. Girls of fourteen to sixteen years wear the Russian blouse, which has been described many times, for their street and house dresses. Other pretty waists for them have a round back, where it buttons, and short, square jacket fronts opening over a plastron of China silk or surah. Neat chaille frocks have the front shirred on cords from one armhole to the other, forming a yoke, with the fullness running into a pointed girdle made of six-inch ribbon, which is then folded narrowly around the waist and falls in two long ends at the back. A girl of fourteen wears a gathered skirt of crepon, three yards and a half wide, with a round waist gathered at the neck in shirred tucks to form a yoke. The sleeves are shirred at the wrists, and a corselet from the side seams is laced permanently in the front, as the frock fastens in the back. The corselet is well boned, straight on the upper edge, nine inches deep, and slightly pointed or round on the lower edge. White mull, thirty-two inches wide, and from thirty to forty-five cents, is greatly used with a trimming of point de Genes lace for dainty midsummer frocks.

FOR SMALLER GIRLS

THE all-wool and mixed chaille in pink and pale blue has the square, half-crown, with a brim of gat width just curving up at one side. Trimming most liked for these hats consists of a narrow twist of velvet and a shaving-brush pompon at one side near the front.

ELABORATE necklaces are no longer in vogue, a single string of gold or pearl beads fitting closely about the throat being counted all that is necessary.

A VERY dainty slipper is of black velvet and has its entire surface covered with facets of steel set in at regular intervals, that glitter like so many diamonds against their black surface. I mentioned this in black velvet with steel upon it, because that is the most artistic, but similar slippers may be gotten in green or brown velvet, with gold facets upon them.

THE extra broad black satin tie such as gentlemen wear in the evening is much fancied by the tailor-made girl for daytime wear with her pink, pale-blue, or lavender shirt. These shirts, by the by, must have white collars and white cuffs, or else they are not esteemed good form, and if this was said of her shirt the tailor-made girl would be made very wretched.

A VERY great many of my readers write asking how they can best clean white gloves. In all the large cities gloves are thoroughly well cleaned for ten cents, and when the cost of the material for cleaning them is considered, the amount of time taken and the chance for a bad result considered, it can be easily understood that there is economy in submitting one's gloves to a professional cleaner.

THE fancy for white ribbon ties around the braided knot of hair still continues. The ribbon should be about an inch wide, of gros-grain with a corded edge.

BOW knot pins are now sold with a chatelaine attached; the chatelaine hook may be removed if desired. These bow knots come in dull yellow, etruscan or bright polished gold, and also in silver, plain and iligree.

DRESSMAKERS' CORNER

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

M. A. C.—There is no reason why two friends should not dress alike.

MISS KATE S.—A letter to you has been returned to me as "uncalled for."

MARY B.—Am sorry, but we cannot promise to answer at any stated time.

MISS JENNIE T. L.—Letter sent to given address on March 15th has been returned.

MRS. PAUL D. M.—No address given in your letter of April 5th asking a reply "by return mail."

C. R.—Consult a physician in regard to the moles. (2) Dip the fish net in diluted alcohol and dry without ironing.

WISCONSIN—You did not send any address, and if you wish to buy a stamping outfit address the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

TIDDLY WINKS—Challes and white gowns were written of since your letter came. (2) Crepon, serge, China silk, batiste, etc.

MRS. W. H. W.—You can use tan with the pale green, but old rose China silk or surah would prove more becoming to a pale brunette.

SARAH K.—Select gray and trim it with narrow jet gimp. (2) The new designs written of in the May issue will have assisted you ere this.

MRS. C. R.—I fear this is too late, but a navy serge bell skirt and blazer, with skirt waist of percale, would be all you could have for the sum named.

MIZPAH—Bell skirt, ruffle, high sleeves, corselet front, coat-tail back, vest of spring green bengaline or crepe, changeable gimp of gold and green beads.

INQUIRER—With a clear, rosy skin you can fortunately wear any color. (2) Poplin will dye. (3) I should call you only plump, but wear stripes, as plaids are passe.

ADELINE—If you wear a loose, well-fitting corset there is no necessity for discarding them. (2) Wear dark reds, yellow browns, navy blue, clear tan, yellow and dark green.

NEW SUBSCRIBER—Grenadine will be worn, and should be trimmed with jet gimp over a lining of satin or surah. If you wish to brighten it, have a colored vest of crepe de chine.

EDITH—For the mull have a full skirt, gathered sleeves, deep cuffs, round waist, yoke and cuffs or cuffs and a bertha ruffle of point de Genes lace; belt of ribbon or a girdle of the lace.

M. H. S.—You should have sent me your address, as your reply would be too long for this column. I am sorry it is too late to assist you. The number of gowns depends upon your means.

MRS. D. A. N.—Nail heads are quite out of date. (2) Trim the vest with cross bands of jet or silk gimp for one style and as a V and pointed girdle for the other. (3) Both skirt waists and gimpes.

MRS. WM. J. W.—You neglected giving any address for a personal reply. (2) I could not advise this color for a wrap. As your dress is now made I can only say be careful to write full address.

LILY H.—Bell skirt, ruffle, high sleeves, pointed basque V neck, sleeves to elbows, ruffles of point de Genes lace on neck and sleeves, moire ribbon on basque edge tied in a long bow at the back. For demi-dress, I judge.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER—I am sorry your letter remains so long unanswered, but, as I have said many times, you must allow three months for a reply through the JOURNAL. My space is small, and I have many correspondents.

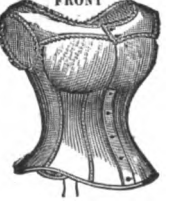
GERTRUDE F.—The chaille should have a rather full skirt with a ruffle on the edge. Round waist, with high sleeves, and wear an olive-ribbon belt, round or made as a pointed girdle. Deep cuffs and yoke of ecru Irish point lace.

BLONDE—With a long waist and ordinary hips you can certainly wear light colors, as the fleshy persons they are becoming to are these very short-waisted, dumpy women. (2) Get a rather light gray and trim with jet gimp. Use flat and lengthwise trimmings.

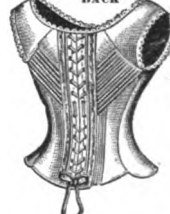
FRANCES R.—Your material is silk-and-wool gloria. (2) Try benzine on a scrap of the dress and if it does not spot it the soiled places on the skirt removed. If it does not, rub it well on the then bring it to the laundry.

Departments in many of the leading retail stores in America. They will be kept in every store, if you and your friends will ask for them. If not in stock when you ask for them, they will be obtained for you. Mention the matter to the lady in charge of the Department, and if necessary show her this advertisement.

FASHIONABLE AND HEALTHFUL THE GENUINE



FRONT



BACK

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SOME SUGGESTIONS ABOUT THE HAIR

By Isabel A. Mallon

EVEN in the world of fashion there can be no doubt that the influence of good taste overrules everything else. At one time some famous hair dresser, or some great beauty, approved of a certain method of dressing the hair, and all the world, that is, the world of women, followed her example. It made no difference if one were a tall slender woman with classical features, the same mode of arranging the hair was adopted as that fancied by the piquant beauty with a short face and nose tip-tilted, and whose dimples were supposed to excuse her lack of height. This has been changed. And the "becoming" is triumphant. Margery, whose golden locks naturally fall in soft easy ways and look best in a loose twisted knot, wears it that way, while Catherine, whose black, glossy hair seems of itself to roll away from her forehead and demand that it should be braided and carefully pinned to show the shape of her head, selects the mode that is most proper. To be governed by fashion, whether it is becoming or not, is counted an evidence of vulgarity, yet if a fashion suits one's face and a change is desired from the usual method of arranging the hair, then it is at once proper and in good taste to make the fashion subservient to one's self, and select for occasional use a pretty new style.

ABOUT THE CARE OF THE HAIR

BEAUTIFUL hair requires that never-ceasing care should be given it. It demands much brushing, some thought as to the kind of pins used to fasten it, and gentle consideration for it, so that when braided it is not pulled, and when one is asleep it is not allowed to be loose and so get matted. It sounds very



COIFFURE (Illus. No. 1)

A STRIPED TENNIS SUIT (Illus. No. 2)

colored flannel either as a striped bordering, or it may be appliquéd on to make it appear like such stripes as the zebra uses for his everyday frock. A preference is given in fabrics to light-weight flannels, and though they may be made up as picturesquely as possible, still they must not be elaborate, and sufficient room must be given for all parts of the body to have perfect freedom. Sometimes the blouse instead of being flannel is of soft silk, usually a cream in shade, and then for wear over this, if one should get over-heated, or if the day should be chilly, is an easy but well-fitting plain cloth blazer. Serge may be used for a tennis dress, but expert players count it as rather heavy.

English girls have a great liking for the heavy striped cotton material which we call "awning fabric." This they use for the plain full skirt and then have a blouse of blue flannel or silk, as is most fancied. Some very coarse wool stuff is shown and commended for gowns for out-door wear, but as it has a very wide mesh that would easily pull apart I cannot recommend it, believing that plain tennis flannel is, after all, the most desirable of the fabrics commonly shown for gowns to be worn for out-door games.

THE DESIGNS FANCIED

FASHIONS do not change much in the tennis get-up. Having discovered that a moderately full skirt is required for swiftness in running, that an easily fitting blouse with full sleeves permits one to be more at one's ease than in a close-fitting basque, the tennis player, though she may modify does not absolutely alter the general style of her costume. She has found that a skirt too full will tend to fly forward as she runs and cause her to trip, that a sleeve too full looks ridiculous, and that a blouse too loose is dowdy, and above everything else the tennis girl likes to look trim. The accordion-plaited skirts are still in favor, and as they are not made as wide as they were at one time, and as the plaits are caught here and there to position, they do not fly out and give the mushroomy look which was characteristic of them once.

ABOUT CRIMPING THE HAIR

OF course, it is true that many beautiful suits of hair are ruined by careless crimping. This is done by hot irons that burn it, and dirty irons that discolor it, making the locks anything but lovely. With care the hair can be crimped or curled, and not hurt in the least. French hair dressers prefer the old method of turning the hair around in a circle, putting a soft tissue paper over it, and then pinching it, a method that is certain to preserve the hair, and which forms soft fluffy curls when combed out. The ordinary curling iron, however, will produce the same result if a little care is used; the iron must not be allowed to get over hot, as this will ruin the metal, and it must be absolutely clean. A good hair dresser carefully wipes off her iron, so that any smoke that may have gotten on it will not abide upon the bang. For crimping the back hair the large, flat iron made especially for this purpose is given the preference over putting the hair in pins and pinching it, but the wielder of the iron must be careful that it does not get too hot.

A GRACEFUL COIFFURE

IN Illustration No. 1 is shown a pretty arrangement of the hair, certain to be becoming to the woman who has rather a large head and who, therefore, does not want to make it look top-heavy. There is a very short bang, that is loosely curled and which lies decidedly close to the head. The front hair is then drawn back in a soft manner, although it is not waved, and it is turned over the fingers until a fluffy puff is achieved. This is fastened to place with lace hair-pins, forming a rather solid foundation for the puff which is just above it, and which is made of the back hair drawn up as shown in the illustration.

ANOTHER PRETTY COIFFURE

A VERY different mode of dressing the hair is shown in Illustration No. 2; this style being intended for one whose face permits of wearing the hair low, and whose hair is sufficiently light in color to stand its being crimped in a very loose manner. The front is cut so that when it is curled the bang looks slightly pointed, the center curl coming right down, as it should, in the middle of the forehead. The remainder of the front hair is, after being crimped on a large iron, drawn back very loosely, the ends being turned up in long soft knots as shown.

ABOUT BRAIDING THE HAIR

A decidedly in vogue, hair to look small dark-blue buttons and the fullness is gathered in at the waist by tapes in regular casings. The collar is of light brown silk, and the tie that comes from under it, which is carelessly knotted, is of white silk. The sleeves have cuffs matching the collar. The belt is a pointed one of light brown leather laced down the front, and the cap is the regulation white one that seems dedicated alike to man or woman for rowing or ball playing, or indeed any sport that is possible under the sun. Plain white flannel blouses look well when worn with skirts of dark blue or black, but if an ordinary skirt is worn the striped blouse seems more in harmony with a dark skirt than does the all-white one; of course, the advantage of the all-white is that it can visit the laundry, but if it is wished that it should look well it must go to a laundry where the workers are adepts in the art of making flannels look as good as new. And certainly, when they are all crinkled up, as is too often the case, you could not say this about them. So, after all, unless you are very sure of your laundry, a silk shirt is advised; though according to the doctors and all the health people, the flannel is given the preference. But be sure of your laundry.



VERY SIMPLE AND PRETTY (Illus. No. 3)

THE MOST ARTISTIC STYLE

THERE are in this world a few women who, having their hair arranged in the most artistic style possible, can keep it that way, but the average woman finds that it has an inclination to tumble about and to grow untidy, so that she, after one or two trials, gives it up in despair. However, for the benefit for those who can keep their hair in perfect order Illustration No. 4 is pictured. The hair which is cut short all around the face is loosely curled, the bang not extending very far back; then the hair at the sides and on top is right from where it grows, crimped, drawn back and fastened in loose curls that form in their outline a chateleine, or rather the chateleine effect. Much care must be taken in arranging the hair in this way, for while it should be firmly fastened to position, still the hair-pins must not show; and, while it is fluffy and loose looking, it must not have the air of untidiness. For evening this mode is decidedly desirable, but I can scarcely commend it as an arrangement to be worn under hats of any sort. The effect would be entirely lost by any covering.

THE PARTING OF THE HAIR

A VERY decided fancy has arisen for parting the hair. It may be just in the center or slightly to one side, as is most becoming, but the part does not need to extend through the bang, so that the soft framing for the face is still retained. The hair on each side of the part, wherever it may be, is, however, brushed very smoothly, and made to look as glossy as possible, so that a decided contrast is offered to the fluffy part of the hair. Parting the hair slightly on one side is a style commended to women whose faces are somewhat slender, and whose features are pronounced. The part immediately in the cen-



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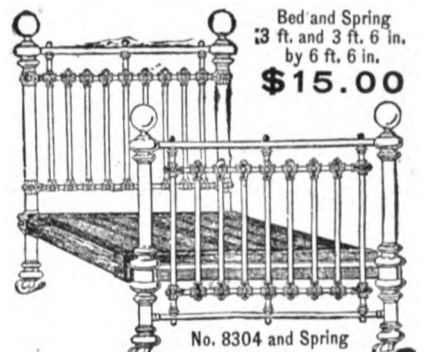
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THE SMALL BELONGINGS OF DRESS

By Isabel A. Mallon

MRS. MALLON will be glad to answer any question about woman's wear which may be sent to her by JOURNAL readers. She asks, however, that she be permitted to answer through this Department in the JOURNAL; though, if stamps are inclosed, she will reply by mail. Address all letters to MRS. MALLON, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.



HERE is one adjunct to a toilette, that, while it cannot be called a trimming, does not form the material proper, or the design chosen, will yet tend to make or unmake the good effect of a costume. And this is to wear it in a perfectly reposeful manner. Have you not seen women, who, by exciting themselves, by upbraiding the heat every five minutes, and by wondering why there are not cool airs in mid-summer, get themselves so wrought up that all their belongings look out of place, and they, themselves, present anything but the picture of a

well-dressed woman? Vexation of spirit as expressed in the face or manner will tend to make the most perfect toilette a failure. So it behooves us to be as placid as possible, and make our gowns look in place, and each knot of ribbon, each bit of lace not an overheated and weighty decoration, but a pretty trimming that seems just in the right spot and does not give an over-dressed and over-decorated look to a costume which should have an air of sweetness and simplicity.

THE Watteau fold, though it has even made its appearance on wedding dresses, will soon lose its popularity for out-of-door gowns or jackets. It shows, however, very prettily when it is made to form the entire back of a house dress that has an Empire front, confined with a broad ribbon and regular picture sleeves. With this the neck is cut out round, and from it falls a four-inch frill of coarse lace that is in regular berth fashion, and which suggests the pictures of the beauties who were famous when Queen Victoria was a bride.

A LITTLE to one side, far down on one side, in the back, or absolutely in the center, must the hair be parted. I have said this before, but I repeat it again, and the young woman who ordains that among her locks "there'll be no parting there," is simply telling that she is out of fashion, that dreadful state which somebody has announced is as bad as being out of the world.

FOR general wear nothing is quite so desirable as the small-sized sun umbrella with its handle of natural wood. The silk used for the cover is almost invariably plain, being either dark blue, bright or deep red, golden-brown or olive. The fancy white parasols, while they may be used at the seaside or the various watering places, are of no use whatever in the city unless one should be driving. Broad bows of ribbon matching the silk in color, tied firmly to place on the handle, are in good taste on any parasol.

NO matter how elaborate a skirt may be, three very narrow ruffles of black satin ribbon are fancied as foot trimmings. These scarcely show and yet protect the gown well. Black is invariably used, even though there should not be a hint of the dark color in the frock itself.

SOME odd buttons intended to be used merely as decorations on coats are of tan colored leather, or kid, with a small medallion of white lace in the center of each. Both French and English dressmakers are putting these buttons on white or black cloth coats. The combination of tan, black and white is one much favored on the other side of the water.

TURKEY red cotton is liked for frocks to be worn at the seaside. It is made up with a plain skirt and has a long coat trimmed with coarse Irish lace. Very often an elaborate arrangement of red satin ribbons forms the waistcoat. With this should be worn a small red hat trimmed with white lace and a black shaving-brush pompon, while the gloves, shoes and stockings should all be red. This costume, utterly impossible in the city, makes an attractive bit of color against "the sad sea waves."

THE Empire belt or girdle is worn very extensively with gowns having the Watteau back. Often it is a very wide ribbon, and again it is formed of folds of white silk, five in number, that make it reach up and give the short-waisted effect that is considered desirable. Girls with very small waists are wearing rather broad belts fastened at one side with a really fat rosette. This is placed right on the belt itself, slightly to one side of the front. By the by, in arranging ribbon belts remember that the ends and loops can be tied in any place except at the back.

GENTLEWOMEN whose years are many, whose brains are wise and whose hearts are young, keep themselves looking pretty and dainty by wearing little caps made of bits of real lace and upon which are placed coquetish bows of pale rose, blue, or white ribbon. These little caps are most becoming, and if some one objects to an elderly lady wearing a ribbon, I can only answer as did another woman writer: "That it is the withered oak upon which the mistletoe blooms."

A TRAVELING suit intended for a short journey is made of rough tweed, has a silk blouse and a belted blazer of the tweed. With the striped shirt is worn a laced girdle of undressed kid, and up over each shoulder come braces of the kid, caught just on top with small, gold buckles. After one is quite settled for one's journey the coat may be removed and the jacket, with its belt and braces, presents a very stylish appearance.

A SMART bracelet for a girl who rides, or who is inclined to out-door sports, is a gold crop, curved and caught in the center by a horse shoe and with a nail in the latter. The handle and end of the crop are elaborately engraved, so that an extremely pretty effect is produced.

A DAINY little bonnet to be worn with a black lace gown is made on an open-work frame and is of bunches of oats, a cluster of oats and clover blossoms standing well up in the back and forming the only decorations. Most of the flower bonnets come without any ties, but they are much improved when black velvet or some dark color in harmony is added to them. The average woman does not look well with a small bonnet on top of her head with apparently nothing to hold it in place.

A VEIL that is found becoming to brunettes is a fine black tulle with tiny white chenille dots upon it. The border is formed of the dots put together a little more thickly, although as the veil is drawn up under the chin this bordering scarcely shows.

THE curious little bells that may be gotten in either gold or silver to be placed upon one's chatelaine, are, it is said, duplicates of an old gold one first discovered during the excavations in Rome in 1875. The Greek letters that are on the sides of the bell are translated into meaning, "I was made against fascination." In the times gone by it was believed that these tinkling cymbals would keep away the evil eye and prevent one from being fascinated by wicked people. It would seem as if there were as much need of an amulet nowadays to keep away enemies and the evil eye as when they were worn by the Roman ladies and their little children.

WHITE undressed kid gloves will be in good taste with the simplest cotton gowns. They may either close with a large button, or slip over the hands in ordinary mosquitoire fashion.

IN wearing a veil with a round hat, the soft, full folds of the tulle or net must be drawn under the chin, over the hair, and fastened high up at the back. Fancy pins are not liked for pinning this in position; instead, the material should be knotted and tucked just under the brim of the hat.

A FAVORITE decoration for each side of the closing of a black or dark blue cloth coat consists of loops and ends of broad, black braid so carefully sewed on the material that they look as if they were woven on the coat.

A NOVELTY in hats was the square, mortar-board crown, with a brim of medium width just curving up at one side. The trimming most liked for these hats consists of a narrow twist of velvet and a shaving-brush pompon at one side near the front.

ELABORATE necklaces are no longer in vogue, a single string of gold or pearl beads fitting closely about the throat being counted all that is necessary.

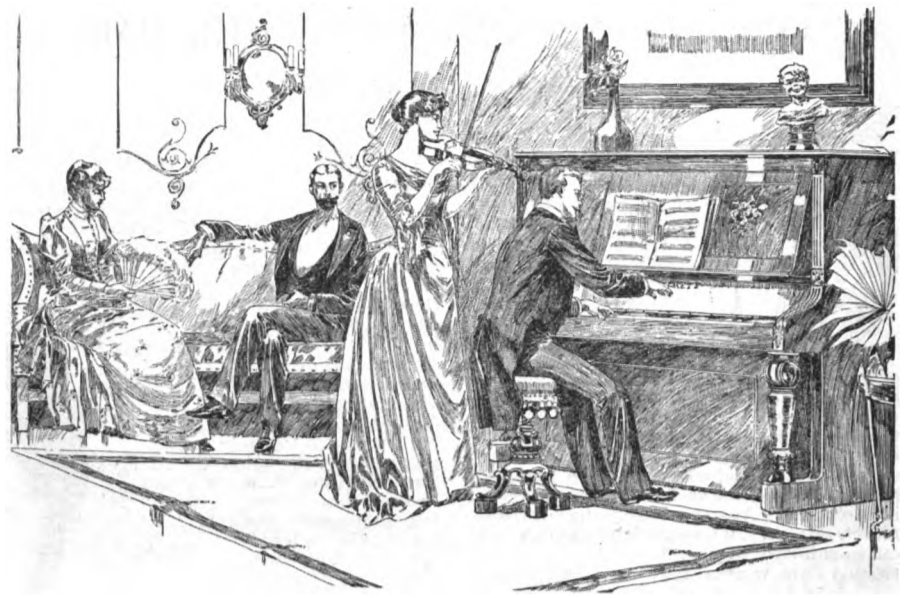
A VERY dainty slipper is of black velvet and has its entire surface covered with facets of steel set in at regular intervals, that glitter like so many diamonds against their black surface. I mentioned this in black velvet with steel upon it, because that is the most artistic, but similar slippers may be gotten in green or brown velvet, with gold facets upon them.

THE extra broad black satin tie such as gentlemen wear in the evening is much fancied by the tailor-made girl for daytime wear with her pink, pale blue, or lavender shirt. These shirts, by the by, must have white collars and white cuffs, or else they are not esteemed good form, and if this was said of her shirt the tailor-made girl would be made very wretched.

A VERY great many of my readers write asking how they can best clean white gloves. In all the large cities gloves are thoroughly well cleaned for ten cents, and when the cost of the material for cleaning them is considered, the amount of time taken and the chance for a bad result considered, it can be easily understood that there is economy in submitting one's gloves to a professional cleaner.

THE fancy for white ribbon ties around the braided knot of hair still continues. The ribbon should be about an inch wide, of gros-grain with a corded edge.

BOW knot pins are now sold with a chatelaine attached; the chatelaine hook may be removed if desired. These bow knots come in dull yellow, tuscian or bright polished gold, and also in silver, plain and filigree.



Do you want a new piano? Do you want to exchange an old square piano or an organ on a new upright? If you do, we want your name and address. To get them we will send you free the "College Album of Vocal and Instrumental Music by Standard Composers," if you will mention where you saw this advertisement and enclose a two-cent stamp for postage.

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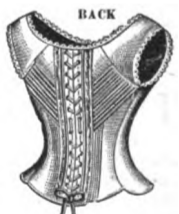
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COSTUMES FOR LAWN TENNIS

By Isabel A. Mallon



THE delicate, fragile girl has no longer, from a physical standpoint, any social position. She is looked at by all the other women with an air of pity that is strongly akin to contempt. Of the justice of this not much can be said, for, after all, the woman who is not strong is probably handicapped from her birth, and much should be forgiven her because she suffers much.

However, as a nation we ought to welcome the healthy, hearty girl who can beat her brother in managing a tennis ball, in rowing a boat, and very often in managing a frisky horse. The tennis girl belongs essentially to the summer time, for she wants verdure green upon which to have her court, and she longs for the sun to shine brightly so that she may warm up and her skin get that healthful glow which will make it so white and so pink during the coming winter.

THE MATERIALS FANCIED

JUST why stripes should attach themselves to lawn tennis costumes is not known, but a good tennis player would as soon think of playing with a strange racket as she would of not achieving a striped effect in her costume. It is true that veritable stripes in flannel, showing blue and white, scarlet and white, brown and white and black and white, may constitute the skirt, while the blouse is of plain material. Occasionally, plain white flannel is used, and then it is trimmed with a



A STRIPED TENNIS SUIT (Illus. No. 2)

colored flannel either as a striped bordering, or it may be appliqued on to make it appear like such stripes as the zebra uses for his everyday frock. A preference is given in fabrics to light-weight flannels, and though they may be made up as picturesquely as possible, still they must not be elaborate, and sufficient room must be given for all parts of the body to have perfect freedom. Sometimes the blouse instead of being flannel is of soft silk, usually a cream in shade, and then for wear over this, if one should get over-heated, or if the day should be chilly, is an easy but well-fitting plain cloth blazer. Serge may be used for a tennis dress, but expert players count it as rather heavy.

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Though a short skirt is required, it need not be one that is awkwardly short. Any little individuality may express itself about the blouse, where quaint sleeves, becoming collars and jaunty ties are possible. For belts, the plain leather one continues in favor, although the soft leather one, pointed and laced in front, is also fancied. When sashes are worn they are usually of soft silk, and provided they flatten to place they may be as long as the wearer desires.

A TYPICAL TENNIS DRESS

A VERY pretty tennis dress, more elaborate than any seen, is here shown. (Illustration No. 1). It is of white flannel laid in accordion plaits; the skirt being, however, very well fitted to the figure. The blouse waist is of pale blue silk, the sleeves, which are slightly raised on the shoulder, being turned over at the elbow to show under sleeves of white flannel; the cuffs on the upper sleeves are of white flannel, those on the under part being of blue silk. The collar is of blue silk, and the long soft sash, which is simply knotted on one side, not tied in a bow and ends, is of the soft blue silk with its ends fringed out. The hat is a white felt turned up from the face and having a cluster of pale blue ribbon loops as its decoration. The low shoes are of white canvas, and are worn over pale blue stockings. This suit could be duplicated in any colors fancied, but the combination of white and pale blue is so dainty looking and usually so becoming that it is oftener noted.

A STRIPED TENNIS SUIT

Illustration No. 2 is shown a tennis suit that suggests that its wearer is an expert at the art of tossing a ball, or following its swift career. The plain skirt is made of red and white striped flannel, the red being a decidedly dark shade. The blouse waist, which is very loose fitting, has inserted in the front a plastron of white flannel lined across with red braid matching the stripe. The sleeves are raised on the shoulder a very little, are easy fitting and finished with the simplest of cuffs. The apron is made of heavy white linen, being turned up at the bottom, as is usual, to form the pockets in which the balls are held. The waist band is an ordinary one of white ribbon. The hat is a straw one that comes well over the face and shades the eyes, its decoration being red poppies. The shoes are the usual canvas ones, and the stockings are red.

A gown like this could be developed in any of the materials fancied for out-door sports, and the design has much in its favor, for while it lacks the smart air of the first one shown, it has a decidedly business-like look, and would suggest that the girl who wore it played tennis to win and not merely to look fashionable, or because it was pretty. The wearing of the apron is a matter of individual taste.

A BLOUSE THAT IS FANCIED

ILLUSTRATION No. 3. There is always some girl who has not a regular tennis get-up; who either does not care for it, or who, it is just possible, does not wish to spend her money on a gown that can only be used for one purpose, so wisely enough she makes for herself a blouse like this, and wears it with some plain skirt. The material is white flannel, showing alternate stripes of scarlet, blue and brown. It is closed down the front with small dark-blue buttons and the fullness is gathered in at the waist by tapes in regular casings. The collar is of light brown silk, and the tie that comes from under it, which is carelessly knotted, is of white silk. The sleeves have cuffs matching the collar. The belt is a pointed one of light brown leather laced down the front, and the cap is the regulation white one that seems dedicated alike to man or woman for rowing or ball playing, or indeed any sport that is possible under the sun. Plain white flannel blouses look well when worn with skirts of dark blue or black, but if an ordinary skirt is worn the striped blouse seems more in harmony with a dark skirt than does the all-white one; of course, the advantage of the all-white is that it can visit the laundry, but if it is wished that it should look well it must go to a laundry where the workers are adepts in the art of making flannels look as good as new. And certainly, when they are all crinkled up, as is too often the case, you could not say this about them. So, after all, unless you are very sure of your laundry, a silk shirt is advised; though according to the doctors and all the health people, the flannel is given the preference. But be sure of your laundry.



COMBINING COMFORT AND GRACE (Illus. No. 1)

THE TENNIS HAT

OF course the regular tennis hat is the soft felt one bent up to be becoming, and with little or no decoration upon it. However, as all women do not look well in this hat a very wide choice is allowed, and there is no reason why one cannot wear just what one pleases on one's head. There is, however, a positive lack of taste in wearing an elaborate hat. If it be straw, then it should be rather coarse, with simple trimmings, and in cloth only the regular hat is permissible. At most country houses a collection of large felt sombreros, of rough straw hats, of tennis and of yachting caps are in the hall, so that the visitor may, if she does not possess a hat in harmony with the sport, be offered one by her hostess. The hair should be worn in the



A FANCIED BLOUSE (Illus. No. 3)

simplest manner possible, so that it will not seem to fly out of place each time that a sudden flight is necessary. In fact, while a tennis costume must be pretty and easy to wear, it must at the same time have the trig look that is possible even in an outing get-up. The only jewelry worn is the medal won at some tennis tournament, but the good taste of this even may be questioned. The good tennis player gives no thought to how warm she is getting and consequently, too often, becomes the victim of her own carelessness, catches cold and loses her good looks, when, if after she has finished playing she were a little careful and would be rubbed with alcohol she would find that her skin would become remarkably white and soft, and that she herself would be in good health.

THE FEW LAST WORDS

I CANNOT say too much in encouragement of out-door sports for girls; they get their lungs full of good fresh air, their bodies are well developed and the chances are that keeping well physically they are also in good health mentally. A sprightliness is apparent in the bearing of a girl who has been confined in school or office a number of months after she has returned from a needed outing. But do not let yourself become so absorbed by the gentle game of tennis that nothing else in life is of interest to you. Make your pleasures subservient to your duty, and you will find that you can more easily bear the burden that may be imposed upon you, and that you can more keenly enjoy the delights that come to you. And do not be selfish about your pleasure; that is, because you play well do not allow yourself to make a jest of the girl who is not as much of an adept as you are. Instead, show that you are a courteous hostess, and a good friend by assisting her in every way possible so that she will not feel her ignorance. A hint here and a suggestion there given in a quiet off-handed manner will put her at once at her ease. That is the best of all games to learn, the art of making your visitors feel happy and at home, and it seems to me you would be counted a poor tennis player if you did not know how to manage your friends so well that when they called "love!" there would be more meaning in it than is usually implied by the word.

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THE REVIVAL OF TATTING

By Alice S. Luka



KEEP a thing seven years, and you will find a use for it," says the old proverb, and those careful women who, when the fashion of tating declined laid their shuttles aside for unearthing in that future which gives all things their rotation, will find that the time is now at hand. This is the era of the revival of tating, and the fashionable occupation of a decade ago is the fashionable occupation of to-day.

To paraphrase an ancient poet of dignified fame, tating is popular because,

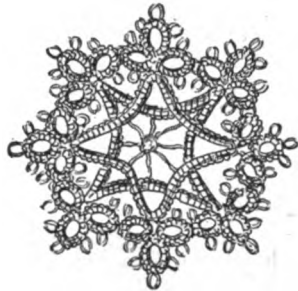
"Her hand alone her work can do,
And she can tat and tattle, too."

DIRECTIONS FOR TATTING

TATTING seems difficult to beginners, but a little practice will enable the worker to make the stitch without tying knots. All that is required is a tating shuttle and a spool of thread. Use coarse thread to practice with. First insert the thread in the hole at the center of the shuttle and tie it around the part of the shuttle in which the hole is made. Wind the thread around this part until it is filled. Hold the shuttle in the right hand; take the end of the thread between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand. Pass the thread around all the fingers of the left hand, extending them so as to form a large loop, and cross it over the end which is held between the thumb and first finger, securing them both firmly with the thumb. You are now ready to begin the first single or half stitch. Now throw the thread loosely over the left hand, and slip the shuttle under the loop around the fingers between the second and third fingers, drawing the thread from the shuttle tightly, and allowing the thread around the fingers to form a loop on this thread. If it is right you can pull the shuttle thread back and forth through it, but if not made rightly the two threads will be in a knot so that neither can be slipped. Always remember that the left hand must be passive, with fingers partly closed, until the shuttle has been slipped through the loop, and the shuttle thread is drawn tight, then the fingers of the left hand are extended, causing the stitch to be pulled up, when it is held under the thumb and forefinger while the second stitch, or last half of the double stitch, is made. For the second loop the shuttle thread is passed in front of the fingers and the shuttle is slipped between it and the thread at the back of the fingers. The shuttle thread is then drawn tightly, the thread back of the fingers forming a loop on it; this loop, together with the one already made, forms one stitch. When both parts of this double stitch are learned the rest of the work may be mastered easily. The thread must always be thrown over the knuckles first, then over the palm of the hand, to form a double stitch. A picot is formed by

STAR FOR HANDKERCHIEF CORNER

THESSE stars are very pretty, and easily made. Two shuttles are used. One square overlaps the other, as shown in the design. The center of the star is filled in when finished with lace stitches. Tie the two shuttles together. Make 18 d; then use one

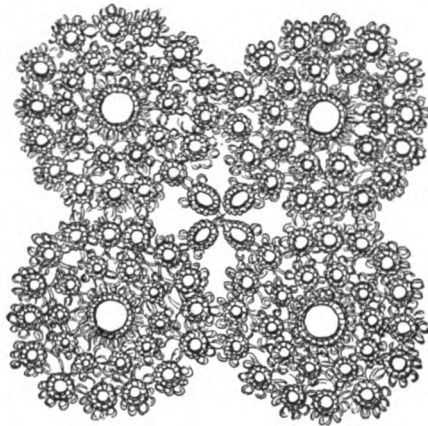


STAR FOR HANDKERCHIEF

shuttle alone for the three-leaved clover: * 4 d; a long picot, 3 d; a long picot, 3 d; a long picot, 4 d; make two more loops in the same manner, then use the two shuttles as before. 18 d; repeat the clover leaf from *; repeat twice more; four times by turns three clover leaves. Make the upper square in the same manner, but connect the clover leaves.

HANDKERCHIEF LACE

THIS pattern is made with one shuttle. Each rosette is made separate. Begin in the center. 2 d; a picot, 2 d; a picot. There are 20 picots in the round, each separated by



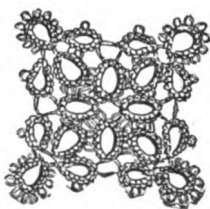
A LACE HANDKERCHIEF DESIGN

2 d. 2d round—2 d: a picot, 2 d; a picot, 2 d; a picot, 2 d; a picot, 2 d; a picot, 2 d; draw the loop up; miss 1 picot, repeat: the other loops in the same manner, but connect after 1st 2 d to the last picot of last loop. 3d round—there are 7 picots separated by 2 d. Connect the loops by the last picot. When working the loops in last round catch the 2 picots together, as shown in the design. Connect each rosette by the middle picot to the one before 3 times in turn. Fill in between the open spaces with a four-leaved clover. 2 d; a picot, 5 d; a picot, 2 d; catch in middle picot of loop around the rosette, then 2 d; a picot, 5 d; a picot, 2 d; draw the loop up and proceed to make another one exactly like the first. Connect the clover leaves together in the 1st picot.

This lace is very handsome made in white silk, and can also be nicely used for the trimming of dresses.

SQUARE FOR HANDKERCHIEF CORNER

ONE shuttle to be used in this design. Begin in the center of the four loops. 2 d; a picot, 3 d; a picot, 3 d; a picot, 3 d; a picot, 3 d; a long picot, 3 d; a long picot, 3 d; a picot, 3 d; a picot, 3 d; a picot, 2 d; this finishes the loop. Make the 2d, 3d, and 4th loops as the previous one, connecting twice by turns to the loop before. For the points, make as follows: 1st loop—5 d; a picot, 6 d; catch in long picot: 6 d; a picot, 5. 2d loop—5 d; connect to picot of last loop: 3 d; connect to 1st picot next to long picot: 2 d; connect to next picot: 2 d; catch in between the loops: 2 d; connect to next picot: 2 d; connect to next picot: 5 d; a picot, 5 d. 3d loop—5 d; connect to picot of the last loop: 6 d; catch in next long picot: 6 d; a picot, 5 d. 4th loop—This is called the picot loop. There are nine picots, each separated by 2 d. All the remaining points are made in the same manner.

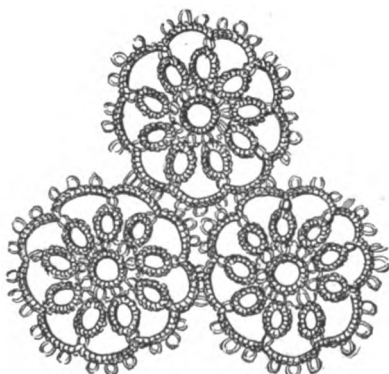


SQUARE FOR CORNER

leaving a space of one-fourth to one-half an inch, according to size desired, between the double stitches. This space, when the knots are brought close together, forms the picot loop. Some tating patterns need two shuttles to work with. In such cases tie the two threads together, pass the thread from one around the fingers of the left hand, and work with the other shuttle exactly as if you were working with but one.

CLUSTER OF CIRCLES

BEGIN in the center with one shuttle. 2 d; a picot, 3 d; a picot, 3 d; a picot; repeat 3 d between each picot; there are 9 picots in number. 2d round—fasten thread in 1st picot. Make 9 d; a picot, 9 d; draw the loop up, pull the thread through the same picot started from, begin the next loop in the same manner. At end of round tie thread and cut off, then take thread and tie in picot of last round. Take the second shuttle and tie in the same picot. Make 3 d; a picot, 3 d; a picot, 3 d; a picot, 3 d; a picot, 3 d; catch in picot: repeat all around. Connect circles three times when joining one to the other.



A PRETTY FAIRY ROSETTE

A PRETTY FAIRY ROSETTE

THIS rosette is very pretty when made in a pattern design of three for trimming dresses. Silk is then used, Brainerd & Armstrong No. 500. Two shuttles are used in making this rosette.

Begin the center with 1 d; a picot, 2 d; a picot, 2 d; a picot, 2 d; a picot, 2 d; a picot, 2 d; a picot, 2 d; a picot, 1 d; draw the loop up and pull the silk through the first of the six picots, put the shuttle through the silk drawn in picot and fasten, then take the second shuttle and tie silk in the same picot.

2d round—Make 2d; a picot, 2d; a picot, 2 d; a picot, 2 d; a picot, 2 d; draw the silk up, pull it through the 2d picot of center. Make the next loops in the same manner, but connect the last loop formed in the last picot.

Very beautiful lace may be made from these designs for underclothing. As lace made from tating is durable and easily laundered it is specially adapted for articles that are in constant use.

SOMETHING ABOUT WHITE SHOES

By ADA CHESTER BOND

ALIGHT evening toilette is not complete without white shoes or slippers; and a white shoe that is soiled is execrable. There are many popular fallacies in this world; one is that raw eggs are not good to eat, and another that white shoes are perishable. Perishable, indeed! My white shoes have lasted me longer than any shoes I have ever had, and with nothing more than a little "elbow grease" to preserve them. Any druggist will sell you ten cents worth of pipe clay. And who does not possess an old tooth brush? With these two articles there is no excuse for the dustiness of your white shoes. Use the pipe clay dry, taking care always to rub the way of the grain, so as not to roughen the suede. Do not be afraid to brush hard, or to get too much of the clay on the shoe. You cannot get too much on, and unless you are an athlete, with an arm of iron, I do not believe you can brush too hard. Pipe clay, used in the same way, will also clean trimmings of white cloth if they are excessively soiled. Use the clay wet; it will make them look badly at first, but if brushed carefully with a clean brush and fresh water, it will dry off in a most satisfactory manner. I have kept a little white broadcloth waistcoat, collar and cuffs clean in this way for two years. White undressed kid gloves may also be cleaned in this way. It is with pipe clay that the men in the British army keep their white gloves and the white in their uniforms so immaculately clean.

JAPANESE HAIR-PINS

By W. P. POND

THE chief distinction between the appearance of the male and female Japanese lies in the hair. The men shave nearly the whole of the head, while the women allow it to grow, and even add to it by art, when required. It is then twisted and coiled into elaborate and fantastic patterns which few eastern hair-dressers could imitate or equal. The hair-pins used are not so much for confining the locks in their places as for actual adornment, and are very fashionable. They are of enormous size, seven or eight inches in length, and half an inch wide, and are made of various substances, tortoise shell, carved wood and ivory, many of them being composed of carved figures adroitly pivoted so as to appear to dance at every breath drawn by the wearer. Others are made of glass, and are hollow, and nearly filled with some bright colored liquid, so that at every movement of the head an air bubble runs from one end of the pin to the other, producing a most curious effect in a strong light. Sometimes an extra fashionable woman will wear a dozen or more of these pins in her hair, so that at a little distance her head looks as if a bundle of firewood had been loosely stuck into it. The higher in rank the Japanese woman the more elaborate her coiffure is likely to be.

AN ECONOMICAL SKIRT FORM

By ADELAIDE F. COOPER

I WONDER if some woman who likes to alter her dresses when they are a little out of fashion, and who cannot afford a wire frame upon which to drape them, would like to know how I made one which I like better than the wire forms, and which cost me absolutely nothing? I found in the attic a hard wood stick about the size of a bed slat, a little longer, perhaps. On this I cut notches corresponding with my shoulders, waist and neck. I then beguiled my cousin into fashioning a board about a foot square for a base, with two braces about a foot long to steady it. He then nailed a narrow strip of wood across the shoulder notch, making it the width of my shoulders, and another across the upright just below the waist, on a line with my hips, making it a little shorter than my hips are wide, this comprising all the carpenter's work necessary. Now for the getting into shape. Two small pillows would have answered, but I happened to have a half-filled bolster, which I threw over the top of the upright. Around this I put a pair of corsets, over which I placed a fresh corset cover, with the farther addition of a white skirt, and behold, an excellent duplicate of myself, minus head and arms. My young lady is always at hand. She never gets tired of standing, no matter how much I may drape, and pull, and measure in trying one effect after another. By seeing a gown on her, I can see exactly how one will look on myself. I find her a most valuable adjunct in the work of dressmaking, and I think you will, too, if you will only try her. This form is especially adapted for skirt draping—not for the fitting of the waist.

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SYMPATHIZE WITH THE CHILDREN

THERE are some people who come into our lives like a gleam of sunshine. We feel unaccountably rested and cheered and refreshed after meeting them. If we go to them in trouble they have time to sit down and listen to the story of our worries and anxieties without fidgeting to get away to something else. They enter into our cares as if they were their own, and in some inexplicable way our burden grows lighter as we tell how heavy it is, and we are comforted. They have the power of substituting "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" they have the blessed gift of sympathy.

THE dictionary tells us that the word comes from the Greek *sumpatheia*, meaning conformity of feeling, that being derived from *sun*, together, and *pathos*, suffering. Perhaps it is because the griefs of life do rather overbalance its joys that we most often need some one to suffer with us, and so we find the origin of the common application of the word when we trace it back to its source. Yet in moments of great happiness we want some one to rejoice with us as truly as in times of woe we feel the necessity of some one to weep with us. There are heart-felt joys with which no stranger, and not even the most intimate friend, intermeddles, but there are many which we must recount to a sympathizing ear before we can fully realize our own good fortune. Our pleasure is doubled in the telling, and our friend's unselfish delight at our gratification makes it infinitely sweeter.

REALIZING as we do the comfort of sympathy for ourselves, it is strange that we are not more ready to bestow it upon children. Their sorrows seem so trivial to us we forget that they are very real to them. They have no past to compare the present with. When the cloud overshadows them they cannot remember, as we can, a hundred summer tempests from which we emerged unhurt and not the worse for the temporary wetting. It seems to them that the sun will never shine again. Each loss is irremediable, each disappointment overwhelming, each childish disgrace an indelible stain. They cannot look forward into the future and see there compensation. They need some one to enter into their feelings and to help them to bear the afflictions which compared to their feeble powers of endurance are anything but light.

THE mother, absorbed in her own trials, is not always ready to give it. A broken-nosed doll seems to her a small cause for a passion of tears, and yet the same chord is touched that moves her to despondency when her household idols are shattered, or her heart's dearest possessions taken away. A success at school, or a triumph in the playground, perhaps touches her more easily, and yet she does not always give that full measure of intelligent appreciation which is so dear even to a child. Children are quick to detect a false ring in any sentiment. If interest is only simulated they will find it out as certainly as an older person and more rapidly. Who does not know that chilly sense of repulsion, of being thrown back upon one's self, that comes when the friend upon whom we have relied for sympathy and comprehension fails to give it to us? The unsympathizing glance, which says in effect: "Go away, I am too busy with my own affairs to be troubled with yours!" turns our hearts to lead. Who that has ever experienced it would willingly inflict it upon anyone else?

DOES not the little child feel something of this when the mother is too hurried to listen to its tiny troubles, or to rejoice in its trifling pleasures? Is not the young girl deterred from turning to her mother for sympathy and counsel because she knows that the problems and events which seem so important to her will awaken only a half-hearted interest and be thought unworthy of being treated seriously? When a boy can say to himself: "Mother understands, she always knows what I mean, she'll want to hear all about it," he will not hesitate to go to her if he is in difficulties.

LET us be very tender with the joys and sorrows of these immature minds. Our ripper experience must help them to bear them well, to learn the lessons which each is meant to teach. They do not seem important, and yet they are, for in the plastic character of childhood each touch leaves an indelible impress. Let our sympathy be unstinted, so that they may always feel that nowhere is it as warm and ready as in their own home.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

DURING THE LONG VACATION

HOW SHALL WE AMUSE AND BUSY OUR CHILDREN?

By HELEN MARSHALL NORTH

HALF of the mothers in the land, and two-thirds of the other half, are just now asking the question, What shall be done with the girls and boys during the long vacation? Private schools which close their doors early in June and do not reopen them until the last of September, leave a large gap in the child's existence which must be bridged over in some manner. The public schools retain their hold upon their charges a little longer, but, in either case, thousands of children all over the country are released from steady occupation and confinement for four or five hours a day and thrown upon their own resources or those of their guardians, for occupation, for ten or twelve weeks of the most trying weather in our climate. No wonder the question arises, What shall we do with them? They are all in the growing period, full of life, eager, restless, interested in new things. No one head could supply suggestions for interesting such a great family of young people of widely different tastes and habits, but a few hints in this direction may not come amiss.

The difference between an occupation and an avocation is, of course, that the former refers to the principal business of one's life, the other—the avocation—to a minor interest, something calling one aside from his principal business. Going to school is an occupation for the boy or girl; fortunate is the child who has been taught an avocation. A young boy of my acquaintance finds his avocation in amateur photography. During the school months of the year, he has very little time to devote to his favorite amusement. There are tough problems to solve, long Latin lessons to learn, compositions to write or declamations to learn, beside a debating society, a reading club and other diversions which spring naturally out of school companionships. But from the middle of June he is quite free to consult his own inclination as to the spending of his time. He has taught his next younger brother to assist him in taking pictures, and so has always an agreeable companion in his pleasure. Last year, when they were at the farmhouse where the family spends the summers, Tom found an old tumble-down sugar-house which had been left to itself for a long time. With a few boards and some nails, and a little help from the hired man, the old sugar-house was transformed into a snug little den in which Tom keeps all his implements for taking pictures, and does most of the necessary work of finishing. This year he will have a small corner cut off for a "dark-room," and he has made some nice little cupboards out of old packing boxes, finished them with inexpensive portières, and they are already in the freight car, on their way to the farm.

The region abounds in picturesque views, and the boys will have glorious days tramping over the hills and by the brooksides. For myself, I think it is much more manly employment than dragging fishes out of their river homes with sharp hooks, or sending swift bullets crashing into the tender bodies of birds. Then too, every member of the farmer's household, including the hired man, enjoy "sitting" for pictures, and before the season is over, they will all be done up in blue prints, at least. The walls of the "den" are decorated with the products of Tom's toil, and with sketches and pictures taken from illustrated papers and magazines which Tom has the privilege of cutting up. He generally selects the illustrations and little Ben does the cutting and pasting. There are also a few Japanese fans and umbrellas hanging about the walls of the "den," and at the front door some Chinese lanterns. Tom has transplanted a half dozen wild clematis plants around the building, and in a year or so it will be covered with a mass of the pretty summery vines. Great branching ferns grow in what the boys call their door-yard, and altogether the "den" is a source of infinite amusement and considerable benefit to the children.

Another family of children, most of whom are girls, living in the same region, inspired by the boys' success, have adopted a similar plan; but their small play-house is more elaborately decorated. They are interested in pretty much everything in this world, but dolls still hold a warm place in their hearts, and to their little house they carry all the small families and their wardrobes, furniture and games. They have taken a number of useful lessons in housekeeping, incidentally, and the little place is always neat and dainty, and ready for visitors, to whom their mamma is quite proud to show the ingenious devices of her little daughters. But they do not play here alone, which reminds me of a source of enjoyment which children are apt to overlook.

Making collections of things, from buttons to base-balls, always furnishes interesting employment for a bright child. Did you ever make a collection of leaves? Of course not in the city, where every flower and leaf is bought over the florist's counter or of a street vender. But out in the woods and fields there are countless forms of leaves, big and little, light-green and dark, veined with white or delicately shaded, no two of them exactly alike in shape, size, or color. If you have no book prepared to receive them, you can easily make one of wrapping paper which will serve to hold them in place until you can find something better. Take a long tramp in the woods or over the hills some morning, and bring back a leaf of every different sort that you have seen. Perhaps I should not have said take a long tramp, because if you attempt to bring a leaf of every sort that grows by the way, you may not be able to get so very far away from home. There are all sorts of trees to look for, beech, birch, maple, oak, pine, willow, and dog-wood, besides the ordinary orchard trees, apple, pear, cherry, peach and plum, and several varieties of many of these.



BABY LANGUAGE

IHAVE enjoyed the blessed boon of motherhood for twenty years, and the sweetest music I have heard has been furnished by eight babies, who have learned to talk in our home during that time. Each baby had a language of its own; each had a surprising originality, an individuality in its expressions that was very dear to me, and I could not bear the thought of forgetting. So I adopted a very happy plan. I kept a record of each child's baby talk, spelled and sentenced just as it sounded, and these records have been a source of infinite pleasure and amusement to the entire family. This pastime may be pleasant for other mothers so old-fashioned as to love babies, and so devoted as to have found out that all babies do not talk alike.

TENNESSEE.

A MAN OF TO-MORROW

IAM an untiring reader of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and for the past few months a reader of the "Mothers' Corner." My baby weighed 12 1/2 pounds at birth. He cut a tooth at ten weeks old, and at six months had eight. He has been very healthy. When the weather turned cold I made him two flannel dresses, which he wore time about, and turned his white dresses into aprons. By doing that way he has worn white all his life, and has no trouble to keep clean and warm. Can anyone tell me where I can get patterns for baby shoes that I can make out of felt? M. D. C.

AN ECONOMICAL WARDROBE

IREAD with interest the "Mothers' Corner," as well as all of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. I notice "An Economical Wardrobe" in the March number, and I think there is something left out of it. I see no provision for night-dresses, unless the outing flannel wrappers are considered as such, and I do not think they would take the place of cotton or cambric night-dresses. I usually have one half dozen or more slips for wear night and day, at first, and afterward, when the long dress is assumed, at about three months, I use the slips as night-dresses. And I don't see how a baby can be kept sweet and clean with only two petticoats if they are worn night and day. I think three or four essential, two for alternate night wear and two for day, that is to say, a weekly change. Three might do by having one washed out between times.

SAFETY STRAPS FOR INFANTS

IHAVE received so much help from this page, I should like to tell other mothers a contrivance for my baby. When he was about six months old he would not sit still in his carriage when in the house, but was continually trying to lean over the sides so far that he was in constant danger of falling. So my husband planned a little harness consisting of three pieces of non-elastic webbing, with a buckle on the end of each piece. Two of the pieces are three-fourths of an inch wide and half a yard long. The other is twice as wide and long enough to buckle around the baby's body under the arms. The narrow straps are buckled through the waist strap and then through the rings on either side of the carriage where the carriage-strap belongs. The waist strap should be buckled comfortably tight, the side straps tight enough to keep the baby in the middle of the carriage, or loose enough so that he can move about freely and get to either side but not over the side. As the simple contrivance has saved many moments of worry while busy about my work, I thought it might be equally useful to others.

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS

BABY will sleep very comfortably upon a bed made upon two chairs placed beside mother's bed. The little one can be easily handled by mother when necessary during the night, and both will rest much better. Have baby sleep in various places in your house in the day time, then when you go elsewhere he will not take cold so easily. Don't be too regular and exact in his care, for when change is necessary it will come that much harder on him and cause greater commotion. I have been greatly helped by "Mothers' Council," and hope to be helpful in return.

REMEDY FOR STOOPING

WHAT can I do with a little girl who is growing very fast, and whose shoulder blades are becoming very prominent, causing her to look and to be stooped and round-shouldered. She also turns her toes in in walking; this last habit she comes naturally by, nevertheless I would very much like to be able to break her of the awkward habit.

1. Stand, feet together, weight over the center of each foot, hands at side. Raise arms sidewise to level with shoulders, taking a deep breath at same time; lower arms slowly, exhaling.
2. Raise arms sidewise over head, inhaling; lower arms, exhaling. See that neither the head nor the abdomen be pushed forward.
3. Bend arms at elbows, hands in front of shoulders, brought as far sidewise as possible, elbows close to side; extend upward, palms in, arms carried back and stretching up as far as possible. Avoid tendency mentioned in second exercise.
4. Same as in 3. Extend hands straight out at side, fingers leading.
5. Same as in 3. Extend hands downward and back of the hips.
7. Bend arms at elbows, lift sidewise to horizontal, elbows drawn well backward, palms down, forearm and hand on a straight line; fling forearms out and back till on a line with the upper arm. Keep chest well expanded. This throws the chest out, presses the shoulder blades down, and corrects the tendency to round shoulders.

These exercises educate, strengthen and develop the muscles designed by nature to hold the body in an erect position. Repeat each exercise several times.

A word of caution: Don't tell the children to throw their shoulders back, nor make them self-conscious by repeatedly calling attention to their stooping. And above all, don't allow them to place a book upon the table and lean over it.

THE BABY'S BLANKET

IAM always much interested in the "Mothers' Council," and thought I would add my mite of experience. I invented something in the line of baby blankets that I have found to be very satisfactory. I had blocks cut for an outline quilt, and one-half of them already worked in red; so I set them together, and then worked the other half of the blocks in yellow and sewed them together. Then I got the very finest white canton flannel and lined each, finishing the edges all around with tulle lace, and tying bows of ribbon to match the working in each corner. As long as baby needed to be wrapped in something I found these very nice. They were soft, warm, and could be easily kept clean. They were also dainty and pretty. Now he sleeps in one; I pin it in the back and that keeps his little hands covered at night.

RUBBER TOPS TO NURSING BOTTLES

RUBBER tops to nursing bottles can be boiled from time to time without injury. This keeps them perfectly sweet in the hottest weather.



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ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

This Department is under the editorship of EBEN E. REXFORD, who will take pleasure in answering any question regarding flowers and floriculture which may be sent to him by the JOURNAL readers. MR. REXFORD asks that, as far as possible, correspondents will allow him to answer their questions through his JOURNAL Department. Where specially desired, however, he will answer them by mail if stamp is inclosed. Address all letters direct to

EBEN E. REXFORD, Shiocton, Wisconsin.



ONE of the finest plants of recent introduction is a new variety of clematis, called Davidiana. It is from Japan, and claimed to be entirely hardy. It came through last winter well. It is a shrubby, upright plant, unlike all other clematises, which are vines. It grows from two to three feet high, and has a mass of rich green foliage, above which it throws its many flower stalks, on which small leaves are borne in whorls. The flowers are produced in clusters at each whorl of leaves. They are bright lavender in color and very fragrant. If this variety proves to be as hardy as claimed, it will be a great addition to our somewhat limited list of desirable plants for border use. The perennial poppy, Firebrand, is a charming plant for massing, because of its intensely bright color. Its flowers are very large and of the most glowing scarlet, with a black center. It is a wonderfully free bloomer, and nothing else with which I am familiar among border plants can equal it in striking effect. To secure the best results from it, plant it where it will have a background of evergreens, or some other plant with dark foliage, to show off its great, flaming blossoms against. Platycodon grandiflora, introduced a year or two ago, has proved to be perfectly hardy with me, and is an acquisition of great merit. It grows to a height of about three feet, and all summer long it bears a great abundance of star-shaped flowers, three inches across. There are two varieties, blue and white. As an effective flower, it is at once graceful and striking.

THE CARE OF HELIOTROPES

I HAVE been experimenting with the heliotrope, and I find that it can be made to assume a drooping form very easily, and with satisfactory results. If several stems are sent out near the base of the plant they will, if not given some support, be pretty sure to fall over the pot. Draw these down by weighting them as described in the article on the fuchsia. Do not let the plants bloom until you have all the branches you want. Give a rich, light, sandy soil, and be very sure to give water enough. Scores of complaints come in about the leaves of the heliotrope turning black and falling off. In most cases I am convinced that this is due to insufficient moisture in the soil. This plant has very fine roots, but a great mass of them, and they take up water very rapidly. You may give a heliotrope—and not a very large plant—as much water as you give a geranium and think you are giving all that is required. Your plant will fail to make a vigorous and healthy growth, because it is not moist enough at the roots. Examine it, and you will find that the tiny roots have extracted the moisture almost wholly. If not given more water at once, some of the young and delicate roots are injured, and the plant takes on a diseased condition from which it often never recovers. Do not get the idea from what I have said that the soil in which heliotropes are grown ought to be kept wet. Not at all. But because it requires more moisture than many plants—because it extracts it more rapidly from the soil—water should be given oftener to keep the soil in the proper condition. A good specimen of the heliotrope is a beautiful sight. A poor one calls for your pity.

A FEW SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS

IF you want good dahlias during the fall months, be sure to give your plants all the water they require. Unless you do this you will have few blossoms, and these will be inferior.

Sweet peas require a good deal of water, in a moderately dry season, in order to keep them blooming well. It is imperatively necessary that all seed-pods should be removed as soon as formed. If you allow them to remain on the plants, you will very soon find a decrease in the supply of blossoms.

If you have chrysanthemums planted out in the beds, see that they do not suffer for moisture at the roots. It is well to apply liquid manure at least once a week, as at this season they will be making growth, and strong plants with a vigorous development of branches is what should be aimed at. This growth must be secured before the plants begin to bud, as after that all the energies of the plants go to the perfecting of the flowers.

If you have a choice petunia among the seedlings in your bed of summer-blooming plants, make cuttings from it for use in winter. Stick these cuttings in the soil near the parent plant, and they will soon take root, and be in fine condition to pot by the time cold weather comes.

GROWING THE POPULAR CINERARIA

WE would have few more popular summer flowering plants than the cineraria if it were not for the fact that no flower is more subject to the attack of the green fly. If there is one about the place you will find it on these plants, and in a short time you will find them covered with these pests. Soon, if not attended to, the plant will begin to show yellow leaves, and in a short time your plants will be spoiled. I have tried insect powder and tobacco dust on them, but I find nothing so effective as thorough fumigation with tobacco leaves. It is something of a bother to fumigate plants, and the operation is far from being an agreeable one, but still, if you love flowers, you will be willing to put yourself to some trouble for them. If you are not you ought not to have any; that which costs us nothing we do not appreciate. See a well-grown specimen of the cineraria in full bloom, and you will come to the conclusion that to own such a plant is worth a good deal of trouble. It is better to buy young plants than to try to grow them from seed; those that you buy in spring will come into bloom by June, and a group of them will give a most gorgeous show of color. They range through all shades of purple and blue to pink and red, and some will show such brilliant contrasts of color in the same flower that you will conclude that few flowers are better adapted to brighten a window. There are both single and double kinds; both are beautiful. The first leaves of the plant are very large and quite cover the pot, but as the flower stalks are sent up the foliage decreases in size, so that the flowers seem borne on almost leafless stems above a mass of foliage sent out from the base of the plant. Give a soil of loam, well enriched, and shift from time to time till you have them in seven and eight-inch pots.

A QUEEN AMONG FERNS

ONE of the most beautiful of ferns for the summer decoration of the greenhouse is the adiantum farleyense. It is a strong grower, but at the same time one of the most delicate and graceful of the adiantum family. Its fronds are quite large, and the foliage heavy in one sense, and in another not so. While set so close along the stems that it gives a more massive appearance than that common to most adiantums—though massive is not just the word to use to convey the meaning I have in mind, but nearer it than any word I can think of just at present—it never loses its graceful and airy look. There seems something more substantial about it than there is about such varieties as A. gracillimum and A. cuneatum. Still, it is quite as beautiful, indeed, it is a better variety than either of the others mentioned for the amateur, as it is a sturdier grower, and succeeds where they often fail, and a well-grown specimen is sure to attract more attention from all save those who admire the extremely delicate and fragile members of this most lovely family of plants more than they do the more vigorous ones. It does well in a soil composed of leaf mold and turfy matter, half and half, with sharp sand worked in liberally. Drain the pots well, and then water daily; keep in shade, shower at evening unless you keep the air of the greenhouse moist at all times, in which case it will not be necessary to apply water to the plant.

THE STARRY JASMINE

ONE of the sweetest of flowering plants is jasmine revolutum; it bears small clusters of starry flowers of a rich yellow, and these are full of a very rich, heavy fragrance of the kind peculiar to the cape jasmine and the tuberose. Its foliage is a dark, shining green, and furnishes a pleasing background for the flowers. To grow it well, give a loamy soil in which there is sand enough to make it light, and make it quite rich. Water freely; while growing and blooming it likes plenty of sunshine. It can be trained about the window, or to the rafters of a greenhouse, where it is most effective. If grown with jasmine grandiflorum, which is much like it in all respects save that of color, the latter being pure white, a fine effect is produced—an effect worth striving for.

THE YELLOW DAY LILY

THIS hardy plant, given in the catalogues as herniocalis flava, is to be found in some old gardens, but it is comparatively rare. It deserves general cultivation. The flowers are borne very freely, and flowering is continued for a long period. The flowers are of a clear canary yellow. Its foliage is very luxuriant, and on this account alone it would be well worth growing. It should be disturbed as little as possible. Propagation is effected by division of the roots. There is no difficulty attending the cultivation of this most pleasing old border plant. Give it a rich soil and keep it free from weeds. To this plant age has brought only added value and beauty.

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

E. F.—The "regular pond lily" and the water lily are the same.

Mrs. O. G. K.—Do not continue pinching back with this plant after August. Pot in September.

EMMA H.—I will devote a special article to this subject, as several others have asked questions similar to yours.

M. W. N.—If you had written me personally, I could have given you information desired; but this column cannot be used in advertising anything.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER—I know of no method of drying flowers by which their natural color can be retained. I do not think there is any such process.

Mrs. D.—Both cissus discolor and begonia rubra can be grown from cuttings inserted in sand kept wet and warm. They do best if bottom heat can be given.

STELLA E. CROUCH—You can keep the bulbs in paper sacks, in a cool, dry room, until you get ready to plant them out again. But don't disturb until they have fully ripened off.

PANAY—If seed is sown in spring, you will have blooming plants for fall. Give a half shady location, if possible. No watering will be required, unless the season is very dry. Any good soil will grow them well, though they seem to like loam best.

S. R. F.—This correspondent has a large bed of hyacinths. She would like to use it for annuals, or summer flowering plants. Must she remove the bulbs? No; plant the summer blooming plants among the bulbs. They will not interfere with each other.

Mrs. W. S.—Your failure with this plant no doubt comes from your cutting it back in the fall, before putting in the cellar. You cut off the future flower supply, as the buds are already formed; the time to prune is immediately after blooming, and before the season's growth takes place.

EFFIE PEARCE—I think your failure with roses comes from a kind of mildew, from what you say about the appearance of the leaves and their falling off. This almost always comes from too low a temperature, or too much exposure to tender growth to a draft. Roses do not require great heat.

Mrs. WAITE—There are several blue flowers for ordinary sitting-room culture. Perhaps the best, all things considered, is plumbago cupensis, soft lavender blue, very floriferous, and an almost constant bloomer. Browallia elata is a brighter blue, and very pretty. The veronicas number several blues in their list.

E. M. H.—The white worms in the soil of pot plants almost always come from manure. The flies are hatched from larvae in the soil. To rid plants of worms use lime water, but several correspondents advise sticking matches in the soil. I use Food for Flowers as a fertilizer. It is safe, effective, easily applied, and breeds no worms.

Miss M. H. G.—An apple geranium requires precisely the same treatment that is given others of its class. If your orange is inclined to rest, withhold water for a time. Do not let it get positively dry, but do not give enough water to encourage much growth. When it shows signs of starting, increase the supply. If the surface of the soil in a pot looks dry, and the plant is in a condition of growth, you can safely give more water.

MAMIE B.—Try hellebore powder on the worms. Let all bulbs remain undisturbed until they have completed their annual growth, and "ripened off." You can tell about this by the foliage turning yellow. Then take up. They can be kept in the soil, or in a paper bag, or in a box, or re-planted at once. I like the plan of allowing hyacinths and other bulbs hardy enough to stand the winter out of doors, to remain undisturbed year after year, until it seems advisable to separate the plants.

L. A. E.—If you apply hellebore to your rose bushes early in the season, I think you can prevent ravages from worms. Don't wait until they come. Take it for granted that they will be there and head them off—get the start of them. Be sure to get the hellebore on the under side of the leaves. If applied as a powder, use a bellows to puff it among the foliage. If in infusion, apply with a syringe, which will throw it up against the leaves. When applied in powder, be sure to have the foliage moist, so that it will adhere.

MISS HODGKINS—For your bay window I would advise cobeas scandens. It is a very rapid grower, and a good specimen would soon cover all the surface you were willing to give it. It has pretty foliage, and bears large, bell-shaped flowers of purple, shading to green. Give it a large pot or box to grow in, and plenty of water if the pot is fully exposed to light. It shades give less. It is very easily grown. There is a green and white kind, B. scandens variegata, that is fine for the house, but it is hardly as vigorous a grower as B. scandens.

PLANTAIN IN LAWN—"Our lawn is overrun with plantain. What shall be done with it? The lawn-mower slips over it without harming it, and we can't pull it." I would advise using a broad chisel. Fit a handle to it of a sufficient length to make it possible to use the implement easily, without stooping much. With this chisel cut off the crown of each plant. In this way you can kill the weed. The same may be done with dandelions. But be sure to let neither plant ripen seed. If you do, the grass will be full of young plants next season.

C. E. P. G.—If, in your opinion, new earth is needed, you can re-pot the amaryllis as soon as it is done blooming; but if the soil does not seem exhausted, I would advise removing only that portion of it which can be taken out of the pot without disturbing the roots of the bulbs. You can leave the young bulbs, or remove them, as you think best. I prefer three or four in the same pot, giving a larger pot than is needed for single bulbs. A good compost for this plant is made up of loam, turfy matter or leaf mold, some old and rotten cow manure, and sand. Drain the pots well.

MISS B. G.—Transplant lily of the valley after its foliage turns yellow. This correspondent writes that she has an amaryllis Johnsonii having four large bulbs, from which she has thirty-two blossoms at a time, and she prefers to not separate the plants because of the fine show they make when kept growing together. It was for exactly this reason that I wrote you, P. G., to allow several bulbs to grow in the same pot. Miss B. G. thinks, however, that her plant must need something done to it, as its roots are appearing above the soil. I would shift to a pot of larger size, disturbing the soil about the plant as little as possible.

Mrs. V. McF. O.—I would not advise the use of an old bath-tub as a window box, for all the plants used in such a box or tub would have to be treated alike as to watering, and this might not suit them. Some kinds like a good deal, others little. I would use pots. In this way you have each plant under control. Window boxes, in which a large variety of plants are grown, are successful out of doors, but in the house conditions are very different. If vines are wanted, use cobeas scandens, strong grower, with purple, bell-shaped flowers; Madra vine, fine foliage and sweet, white flowers in fall. For flowering plants use geraniums and begonias in variety, abutilons and petunias.

Mrs. R. F.—To grow lilies successfully in the house it is necessary to keep in mind that they are plants fond of cool and shady locations. They will not do well if subjected to a high temperature before blooming. The best white kind, excepting L. Harrissii and L. longiflorum is L. speciosum album. L. auratum often does well in pot culture. These should be potted in fall, say October. An excellent soil is made by using equal parts of loam, leaf mold and old cow manure. Mix these together well. Use an eight or ten-inch pot. Put in about an inch of drainage. Then fill in soil to about one-third the depth of the pot. Set the bulb in, and then add compost enough to fill the pot. Water well, and then put the pot in the cellar. Do not allow the soil to get dry, but do not keep it soaked. Aim to have it simply moist. Keep the plant cool. When you see the stem pushing through the soil, bring the pot up and place it where it can have sunshine and moderate warmth. When buds appear, keep it in the shade. Supply liquid manure once a week. After blooming set the pot out of doors, and let the plant ripen off slowly. It is not customary to grow these lilies in pots, because they bloom so satisfactorily in the open ground, but I have repeatedly flowered L. auratum in the house. It makes a grand ornament for the greenhouse during the early spring months.



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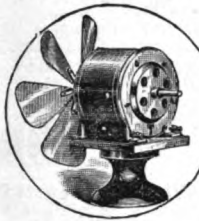
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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

H. E. N.—Try the kerosene emulsion for both white and green flies on fuchsias.

Mrs. P. McG.—Give the plant a soil of loam instead of a sandy one, and a good deal of water.

Mrs. H. V. K.—Set lily of the valley plants in fall, say from middle of September to last of October. Poppies will not bloom through the entire summer. The moon flower is too tender to stand a northern winter out of doors.

ANTS AND SPIDERS—A correspondent asks how to drive ants and spiders away from flower beds. Last summer my pansies were almost destroyed by them. I shook quite a large quantity of dalmation powder over and among the plants with the happiest results.

WORMS IN POTS—I find the old remedy of sticking matches in the soil to kill white worms a good one. The soil in some pots seems almost alive with them, but a few matches killed every worm in a week's time, and I have seen no signs of more since then. I have never had a plant injured by using matches. I put about eight in each six-inch pot.

A GOOD BASKET PLANT—Most plants grown in hanging baskets are failures because they don't get water enough. The best plant I have ever tried is othonna. It has succulent foliage, and plants of this class get along with less water than any other kind. It is pretty and a great bloomer; it likes the sunshine. Its yellow flowers are as cheerful as dandelion blossoms are. Try it, and you will be delighted with it.

READER OF THE JOURNAL—Ficus does very well in a sunny place, but quite as well in a shady one. It likes a rather strong loam and a good deal of water while growing. Given plenty of root room and a rich soil while making growth, it will soon become a fine specimen. It should be shifted from time to time, as the roots fill the old pot. Do not suffer it to get root-bound and remain so long, as this induces decay of some of the younger and more delicate roots which are in contact with the sides of the pot.

A. E. DAVIS—This correspondent says that her white chrysanthemums turn brown just before getting ready to open. She would like to know why. I think it must be that the variety she has is one that requires peculiar treatment. As none of her colored ones are troubled in this way it must be so. I would take up the plants early in the season, if planted out during summer, and give considerable quantities of liquid manure after the plants become established in their pots. As she says nothing about insects, I can only infer that the trouble is peculiar to the variety she grows.

SUBSCRIBER, Milwaukee—This correspondent says she has failed two years in succession, in getting bulbs to form roots when planted in pots. Why? I don't know. She gave them proper treatment, and as she obtained bulbs from different dealers, it would hardly seem as if the failure could be due to poor or inferior bulbs. Once in a while I find a hyacinth refusing to root, but it almost always comes about from a diseased condition of the bulb. Possibly she kept the soil too wet while in the cellar. I can think of no other reason. She does not say anything about this, and I can only "guess" a possible reason.

Mrs. E. R. W.—This correspondent writes that she has some ever-blooming roses which have grown tall. She wants to know how to make them branch, also how to take care of them. I presume she means hybrid perpetuals, hardy, out-door kinds. To induce branching, cut off at least one-half of the stalks. Keep the ground about them mellow and rich, using old cow manure or chip dirt. After a crop of flowers has been produced, cut back the canes about half. Soon new branches will be sent out, and these will produce a few flowers if her plants are of the class I speak of. The "ever-bloomers" are tender sorts, belonging to the tea, Chinese, noisette and Bengal branches of the family.

BETSY BROWN—Cut back the fuchsia in May, and keep rather dry until the middle of summer. Then re-pot, and give more water. Have the soil rich with leaf mold; a strong growth will result. Cut off from one-third to one-half of the old growth in spring. I always advise throwing away bulbs that have been forced into flowering; while they may give a second crop of flowers, they can never be depended on to do so. Instead of throwing them away, they can be planted out in the garden, and after a time they may give a few flowers. Tuberos begonias for winter use must be kept in a cool, dry place until July, or until they insist on growing, in fact. When they refuse to longer remain dormant, pot them and let them grow.

ROSE PATRICK—I would advise the application of kerosene emulsion. I think it will drive off or kill the worms which infest rose bushes. In fact, I consider it one of the best insecticides we have, and I use it for all plants infested with insects, and find it very effective. If care is taken not to have it stronger than advised in directions given for its preparation and application, it will not injure the most delicate plant. If an application of the strength advised does not bring about the desired result, make a second application, and let it be somewhat stronger. If there are webs on the under side of the leaves of your roses, they indicate the presence of red spider. To drive away this pest apply water daily and in liberal quantities, taking pains to have it reach the under side of the foliage.

SCABIOSA IN THE HOUSE—For the benefit of your readers who, like myself, desire to select for use in a bay window in winter a few plants that will bloom well, thus repaying one for care and attention given, I desire to give a little of my own experience. As my husband and myself were taking up plants from the border last September, I suggested the trial of a scabiosa, or "mourning bride," as at that time the plants were covered with buds. The result has not only been surprising to me, but highly satisfactory. At no time, from that to this, has the plant been without flowers. The color of the flowers is richer in winter than in summer. No insect disturbs its foliage. Buds are constantly appearing. I feel well paid for my labor in caring for this pretty plant. Next year I want several plants for the window.

DESTROYING CUT-WORMS—Several correspondents have asked how to get rid of these pests. I have had no experience with them, but I find this in an exchange, and give it for the benefit of inquirers: "A piece of ground, prepared for tobacco, was partly set to plants, when it was discovered that the cut-worms were killing them. A trial was made of different kinds of leaves to see what the worms preferred. It was found that they were not very particular, but perhaps showed some preference for the tender foliage of the chestnut. A quantity of these were soaked in a mixture of paris green and water, a teaspoonful of the poison being used to each gallon of water. The leaves were placed here and there, each one being held to its place by a small stone, or a little soil. In the morning we went out to see the result of our experiment, and the sight did us good. Scores of worms lay under and about every leaf. Some were dead, others in a stupid and apparently dying condition. Be sure they never chewed again! They had eaten the chestnut leaves full of holes. We finished setting out the field to tobacco, and had no more trouble from cut-worms." I would advise correspondents to try this plan. It is easy, and if effectual, just what many want to make use of.

MILDEW ON ROSES—"My rose bushes seem unhealthy, as to foliage. Some of the leaves, more especially the young and tender ones, seem, at times, covered with a white powder. Then they curl up and turn brown. Some kinds are more badly affected than others. What is the cause? What the remedy? The above query is similar to many that come to me. The trouble is mildew. This prevails in some localities much more than in others. Some seasons it is very destructive. It is quite likely to attack plants in autumn, when the temperature drops low at night. It is not fatal to the plants at that time, because the wood is ripe, but it sadly disfigures the bushes, and diminishes the bloom of ever-bloomers and hybrid perpetuals. It is a disease likely to prevail at all seasons in localities where the soil is not properly drained. Some varieties are more susceptible to it than others. The strongest vigorous growers are not injured by it as the slender sorts are. There is no absolute preventive of it, but precautionary efforts can be made to ward it off by draining the soil well, high manuring and the selection of the most vigorous kinds. Also, in pruning in such a manner as to prevent the exhaustion of the plants in blossoming, and lastly in the application of the flour of sulphur. Dust on the dry powder as soon as the first indication of mildew is seen.

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CULINARY HELPS AND HINTS

A Page of Helpful Suggestions from Experienced Minds

SOME SUMMER DISHES

DELICIOUS TO MAKE AND DELICIOUS TO EAT

CONTRIBUTED BY VARIOUS HOUSEKEEPERS

SOME of the most delicious and dainty of dishes can be made for the summer table when the housewife is most puzzled what to provide. We give a few receipts which have been culled from the experiences of some of the ablest housewives throughout the country, and which have been prepared with a special view to simplicity in preparation during the heated months.

TO MAKE ALMOND BISQUE

ONE pound sugar, twelve ounces almonds. Blanch the almonds and dry them. Put the sugar in a kettle on the fire without water, and melt it so that it has the color of molasses, then put in the almonds, mixing gently; put the candy on a platter; when cold, pound quite fine, put in three pints of milk, set on the fire and when it boils add the beaten yolks of ten eggs. Strain the burnt almond custard thus made into a freezer and freeze.

A DELICIOUS GRAPE ICE

ONE cupful of ripe Concord grapes, one pound of sugar, one quart of water, four whites of eggs. Mash the raw grapes and sugar together, add juice of one lemon, strain into a freezer at once.

A GOOD BISQUE OF LOBSTER

CHOP one pound of lobster meat very fine, melt two ounces of butter, adding three tablespoonfuls of sifted flour; when smooth add one pint of rich stock or soup; when boiled up add the lobster meat, one tablespoonful of fresh butter, one pint cream, salt, pepper and mace to taste.

A PALATABLE ITALIENNE SAUCE

BROWN two medium size onions in one ounce of butter, add a cupful of minced ham, a few minced mushrooms, one pint of good beef stock, pepper and salt to taste. Boil for ten minutes; strain.

A FOUNDATION FOR SAUCES

A GOOD foundation for sauces may be made as follows: Heat in a saucepan one ounce of butter, two carrots, one onion, one sprig of thyme, a bay leaf, six whole peppers, three cloves, two pieces of celery, and one of parsley. Boil fifteen minutes. Add one pint of soup stock, then strain. Melt two ounces of chicken fat, add four ounces of browned flour, stir smooth, then add the strained liquid of the vegetables, two more quarts of soup stock, simmer and reduce to half; strain. A good base for many sauces.

STRAWBERRY SHERBET

ONE quart of strawberries, three pints of water, juice of one lemon, one tablespoonful orange flower water, three-quarters of a pound of white sugar. Crush to a smooth paste the berries, add all of the ingredients except the sugar, and let stand for three hours. Strain it over the sugar and stir until the sugar is dissolved; strain again, and set in ice for three hours before using.

A DELICIOUS CHERRY TART

LINE the pie dish with rich paste, sprinkle over it about a level tablespoonful of sifted flour and a little sweet butter. Pour into it the fresh cherries stemmed and seeded, and sprinkle over it one-half a cup granulated sugar. When baked take from the oven and cover with a thin meringue made of the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth, with a large spoonful of pulverized sugar. Return to the oven long enough to bake the icing firm.

LOBSTER CUTLETS

MINCE the meat of the lobsters fine, season with salt and spice, melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, mix with it one tablespoonful of flour, add the lobster and a little finely chopped parsley, add a little stock also, and let it come to a boil; remove from the fire and stir into it the yolks of two eggs, spread this mixture in a shallow pan; when cold cut into cutlet shapes, dip carefully in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs and fry to a rich brown color in hot lard.

IMPERIAL PUDDING

BOIL one quart of milk, quarter pound of butter, quarter pound of sugar and the yolks of twelve eggs. Beat the eggs and sugar together, then blend the butter and flour together and add to the eggs and sugar; then put in the hot milk and add last the whites of fourteen eggs beaten to a stiff froth; place the dish in a pan of hot water while cooking, and bake one hour in a moderate oven. Sauce for pudding: two cups of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter and one quart of strawberries. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, mash and add the strawberries.

NESSELRODE PUDDING

BEAT up yolk of four eggs, one-half pound sugar, and one ounce powdered sweet almonds, and add to it a quart of milk and cream mixed; boil until thick. Remove from the fire, and when cold, freeze. When frozen, remove dasher and stir in one ounce cherries, one ounce currants and one pound preserved peaches. Mix well and let stand for two hours.

BLANC MANGE

THE most delicious blanc mange is made of calf's foot jelly. Take one quart of stiff stock and melt it; then add to it one pint of rich, sweet cream, eight ounces of white sugar, a teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and half a gill of bitter almonds beaten to a froth. Stir well and pour into moulds to get cold.

PREPARING STEWED FISH

By M. MYERS

TAKE any rich fish, such as shad, whitefish, salmon or halibut. For a small shad take two large onions, peel, slice very thin and put on to boil in water until quite tender. While they are cooking prepare your fish. Split right down the back, take out the backbone with a sharp knife and cut the fish into suitable sizes for single portions. As soon as the onions are done drain off the water they were cooked in, lay your fish in a broad, shallow stewpan with sufficient water to cover, sprinkle the onions on top and season with salt, pepper, ginger and a pinch of powdered mace. Season rather highly to allow for liquid you are about to add. While your fish is cooking, beat two eggs thoroughly, add gradually the juice of two lemons, beating quickly to prevent curdling, and some chopped parsley. If you can get some Spanish saffron it will improve greatly both the appearance and flavor of your fish. None but Spanish saffron will do. It must be thoroughly dried in a warm, not hot, oven and powdered very finely. Put enough in the egg and lemon to color a rich, deep yellow, but not sufficient to impart a bitter taste. When your fish is thoroughly done, dip off all but about half a pint of the liquid, but do not throw away. As soon as the remainder boils tip the pan toward you so that you get the water all in one corner, throw in your mixture, and to prevent curdling, mix quickly and thoroughly with a large spoon by throwing it over and over the fish. Remove from the fire and lift each piece carefully with a pancake turner on to your platter, upon which should be laid a napkin. Pour a little liquor over your fish, reserving the rest until just before it goes to the table. The liquor should be thick and rich; if too much so add some of the water taken off before the eggs were added; if too poor, too much water was left on. If the lemons are sweet or very small a third may be required. Experience will teach just how much seasoning is required. Garnish with parsley. This dish is eaten cold and is simply delicious. Chicken, veal and beef, or veal and calves' feet cooked in the same way, minus the onions, and eaten hot are equally good.

COOKING CANNED SALMON

EASY RECEIPTS WHICH ENSURE GOOD SUMMER DISHES

A CAN of fresh canned salmon is a luxury in more than one respect, as it lends itself so easily to different uses. In the summer it is one of the most convenient things to keep in the house, its preparation into different dishes being so readily and easily accomplished. Below we give five different receipts for using it:

BAKED SALMON

ONE can of salmon, two eggs, one tablespoonful melted butter, one cup bread crumbs, pepper, salt and minced cucumber pickle. Drain the liquor from the fish and set aside for the sauce. Pick the fish to pieces, then work in the melted butter, seasoning, eggs and crumbs. Put in a buttered bowl, cover tightly and set in a pan of boiling water. Cook in a hot oven one hour, then stand the bowl in cold water for a moment to loosen the pudding, and turn out on a hot dish.

For the sauce make a cup of drawn butter, to which add the liquor from the can, a beaten egg, pepper, salt, a chopped pickle, and some minced parsley. Boil up and pour over the fish or serve in a gravy tureen.

SALMON AU GRATIN

TAKE a coffee cup of salmon free from the liquor, and flake it, mix with it a half cup of cold drawn butter, pepper and salt. Fill a small baking dish with the mixture, cover with fine bread crumbs, and brown in the oven. A little mashed potato and half a cup of cream form a nice addition to this dish. It should be served hot and garnished with a little fried parsley. This quantity will serve four people.

SALMON ON TOAST

FLAKE the fish, season with pepper and salt, and heat it with a little milk or cream. Have some hot milk in a flat pan. Toast several slices of bread, which dip quickly into the hot milk, place on a hot dish, spread with butter and pour over it the heated fish.

SALMON CROQUETTES

ONE can of salmon, one egg, well beaten, one-half cup of fine bread crumbs, salt, cayenne pepper, nutmeg, juice of half a lemon. Drain off the liquor and mince the fish. Melt and work in the butter, season and if necessary moisten with a little of the liquor; add the crumbs. Form the parts into rolls, which flour thickly, and stand them in a cold place for an hour. Fry in hot fat and serve on a hot platter, garnished with fresh parsley.

SALMON SALAD

ONE cup of cold salmon minced and mixed with an equal quantity of chopped celery. Line a dish with lettuce leaves, turn into it the mixed salmon and celery, and over all pour a dressing made of two tablespoonfuls of oil, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, salt and pepper. A mayonnaise dressing may be used, but with salmon the plain dressing is to be preferred.

MAKING DAINTY SANDWICHES

By ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON

THERE are three essentials in making sandwiches. Very nice light bread, home-cured ham, and a very sharp knife. The bread should be cut into paper slices and the ham into the thinnest shavings. After the crust is cut from the end of the loaf spread the slices with nice fresh butter upon cutting. Have the ham already shaved and as you cut each slice of bread divide it in half, sprinkle one-half well with ham on the buttered side, and place on it evenly the other half of the slice, buttered side down; press lightly together and lay on a plate. Continue until you have made all that you want. If the ham, bread, butter and knife are what they should be, you had better make a great many.

The slices of bread may be squared after cutting off the crusts and then divided from corner to corner, making triangles, or the whole slice sprinkled with ham may be rolled up and tied with little ribbons. This makes a pretty variety in serving sandwiches at an afternoon tea.

A GLACE CHERRY PUDDING

ONE-HALF cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring. Bake in the round lids of baking powder tins. While these are baking, boil two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three-fourths of a cup of milk, one large tablespoonful of corn starch and the beaten white of one egg. Flavor with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract. When the puddings are baked, and while this mixture is still hot, spread one large teaspoonful smoothly over the top of each pudding.

Have white glacé cherries cut into halves. Place about six of these pieces around the top of each pudding. For the sauce, boil three-fourths of a cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of corn starch, the yolks of three eggs, and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Pour the sauce around each little pudding. Serve hot. These quantities are sufficient for twelve persons.

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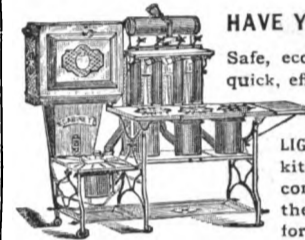
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 Knows a good thing,
 I tell ye; and when
 He hails a better
 Drink than VAN
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 He'll make a note
 On it."

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 Chicago, and a can. containing enough for 35
 to 40 cups will be mailed. Mention this
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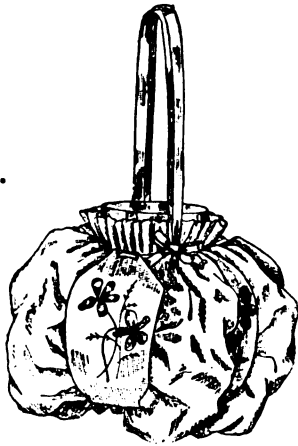
The Standard Cocoa of the World.

ARTISTIC MATCH RECEIVER

By LENA J. RINGNEBERG

MATERIALS—A piece of China silk eight-
 teen inches long by eight inches wide,
 and one and a half yards No. 1 satin ribbon, a
 small, round Japanese basket and a tumbler.

Get the tum-
 bler or wine
 glass to fit
 the basket,
 say about
 two and one-
 half inches
 in height,
 leaving one-
 half inch to
 project at
 the top.
 Make your
 silk into a
 bag, sewing
 together at
 the end, and
 gathering it
 together at
 the bottom.
 Turn down
 the top for a
 frill, put it
 over the bas-
 ket, drawing
 the gathering
 thread firmly
 around the
 glass. Cut
 four pieces
 of celluloid
 like the design,
 painting
 whatever
 flower may
 be pretty
 with the
 color used
 in the silk.
 Punch holes
 at the points
 of each piece,
 and fasten
 together
 with a
 rosette of
 the ribbon,
 then draw
 a ribbon
 through the
 holes at the
 top of the
 pieces, and
 tie. Use two
 ribbons by
 which to
 hang the
 receiver, and
 place a bow
 on each side
 to complete
 it. Water
 colors paint
 best on the
 rough side
 of celluloid.



THAT HUSBAND OF YOURS

—your brother—somebody's else brother—your son—too much business—hard office work—don't eat well, sleep well, feel well—unnatural tiredness—general feel-badly—all-over—Too much indoors—too little outdoors—Drugs to the dogs—men are not pharmaceutical repositories—Nature smiles remedy—all outdoors is open—the balsam of the open air is theirs—Walking is tiresome—horseback riding is expensive—buggy driving as prosaic as riding on a rail—no activity—no exhilaration in them—If all the world knew how easy it is to bicycle—that three half hours teach anyone—how healthful, how joyful, how sensible, how fascinating, how popular, how economical it is, all the world would bicycle—business brains be renovated—good appetites—good feeling everywhere—men would do in six hours what they don't now do in twelve—Ladies, teach the Gospel of Outdoors to those you love—teach it to yourself—outdoors is yours as well as theirs—delicate women are unfashionable—Nature moulded the female figure in perfection of loveliness—women of to-day are seeking health and strength—The open summer breathes breezy welcome to all creation—Free at all Columbia bicycle agencies—there are a thousand of them—or send two two-cent stamps to Pope Mfg. Co., 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, to receive a few ounces of information about cycles and cycling, worth a hundred dollars an ounce to you and yours—Not a word about Columbias—enough for the day to offer health and happiness—to-morrow you and yours will buy a bicycle—a Columbia—we have no fear—folks make no mistake in buying Columbias.

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A GRACEFUL HANGING POCKET

By LAURA WHITTEN

NOW that ladies' dresses are made so that a pocket is almost an impossibility, a hanging pocket, made of a shade of silk to correspond with the dress, is very pretty and stylish. Crochet over thirty-five brass rings with knitting silk the desired shade and color, and sew them together, making a square five wide and five long; then across the bottom of this square sew four, three, two, one, making the rings terminate in a point. Around the point tie in a fringe three inches long. Now make a square pocket of silk or cloth to match the silk, the size of the square of twenty-five rings, and fasten on the back. In this way you have a double pocket, as a fancy handkerchief shows off prettily through the rings, and the back pocket may be used for loose change or smaller pocket belongings. At the two upper corners sew one-half yard of No. 4 or 5 ribbon. This should be attached to the skirt band under the basque, at the left side. These pockets make very acceptable gifts.

A PRETTY GREENAWAY PANEL

By ALICE C. TILDEN

A VERY pretty panel, which is a charming ornament for the children's room, is made from transparent tracing linen, which can be bought at almost any store where artists' materials are kept. It has a smooth, glossy finish from which the dust can easily be wiped. Take a narrow strip of the linen forty inches in length and ten inches in width; on this trace as many Greenaway pictures as can be prettily arranged. This is done by placing the pictures under the linen and tracing on the right side with pen and ink; then with oil paints fill in these outlines on the wrong side of the linen, copying the colors of the Greenaway pictures, or altering to suit the fancy. The colors will show through the transparent linen, giving a very smooth and beautiful effect. When the paints are thoroughly dried, stitch a band of red, or any pretty colored satin three inches wide across the top and bottom of the panel; turn under all the edges a little more than an eighth of an inch, and line the whole panel with white silesia. Baste the lining and outside very firmly together, and stitch around on the machine, as near the edge as possible. Finish the bottom of the panel with four or five pretty plush ornaments, and hang it by a plush, or brass rod.

This panel is easily made and very pretty when finished; besides being an ornament for the room, it is a great source of amusement to the children, who never tire of looking at the bright pictures, and when bed-time comes, or the little ones are tired, or suffering from some childish ailment, mamma or nurse can easily invent a different story for each picture.

FIVE HELPFUL HINTS

PURE beeswax and clean, unsalted butter make an excellent substitute for creams and balms.

Sage-tea, or oat-meal gruel, sweetened with honey, are good for chapped hands or any sort of roughness.

A slice of apple or tomato rubbed over the hands will remove ink or berry stains.

Ingrowing nails, if serious, should receive the doctor's attention. In the first stage they can be helped by raising the edge and slipping a bit of raw cotton under the nail. Sometimes a drop of tallow, scalding hot, will effect a cure.

Whenever a nail gets broken into the quick, wear a leather stall over it until nature heals the breach.

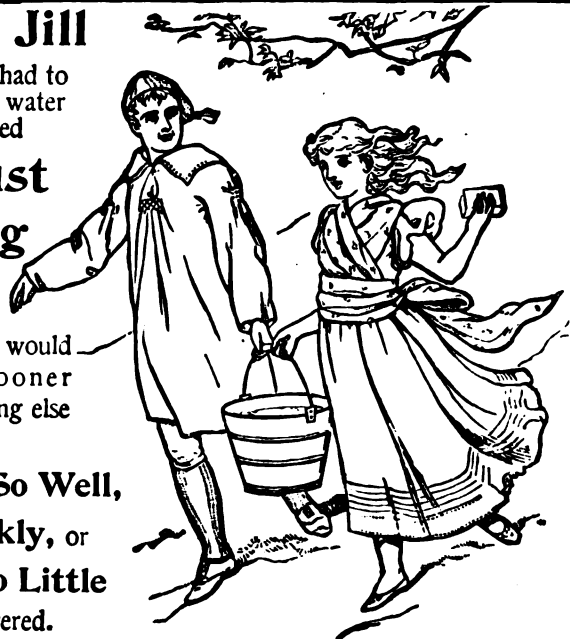
Jack and Jill

wouldn't have had to carry so much water if they had used

Gold Dust Washing Powder,

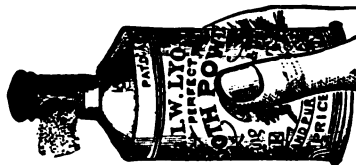
and their work would have been sooner done, for nothing else that

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 So Quickly, or
 Costs So Little
 has been discovered.



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WHILE YOU CURL YOUR HAIR

By EMMA V. SHERIDAN



SOME of us are slaves to the curling-iron. This, too, not always from vanity. For instance, the locks shorn at the doctor's orders, and now grown to a shoulder length, straight, and with ends bristling stubbornly, can be subjected to the hair-pin only if they are first subjected to the curling-iron. And oh, how long it takes to curl a shoulder-length of hair. Quite an hour and a half if the hair be straight as from washing. Which of us can spare so much time? Besides, it is so tiresome standing, and who ever heard of a woman curling her hair while seated! We try to hurry, that is, we do not clean the iron carefully, and our hair is smudged; or we half heat it, or we take too big a lock, or we do not hold the lock long enough, in either of which cases the hair is only half curled, and has to be done over two or three times. Or we heat the iron too hot and burn our tresses, and spoil our temper, and give a singed smell to our hair. This is one of the times when "doing two things at once" is good policy. Comb out your hair carefully, take just the right thickness of lock, heat and clean the iron properly, turn the lock upon it carefully, and, holding the iron in place with the left hand, go about other things. A trip to the closet for the dress and hat to be worn gives the lock just nice time to curl thoroughly. While a shoe is being buttoned the next lock curls; gloves, veil and sunshade are collected, card-case refilled, list of calls looked up, etc., and meanwhile the hair is done. Dear me, what a lot can be seen to! The room can be "tidied," the bookcase rearranged, the clean clothes laid away, the wash counted, the mending laid out; all this and many another thing can be accomplished, a little awkwardly, perhaps, but still accomplished, and the hair curled nicely and cleanly, and "both at once." You can even write a letter or so. I, for instance, have written and copied this article, and now that my hair is curled I close.

HOW A HYMN WAS WRITTEN

By REV. J. H. GILMORE, D. D.

ONE evening in the spring of 1862 I was speaking at the Wednesday meeting of the First Baptist Church, in Philadelphia, the subject being the twenty-third Psalm. I had been dwelling with especial emphasis upon the blessedness of being under God's leadership, entirely apart from the way in which He leads us, or what He leads us to; and when, at the close of the service, we adjourned to the home of one of the deacons, Thomas Watson, where I was staying, the same thought was still occupying all our hearts and minds. During the conversation, in which others beside Mr. Watson and his wife took part, the blessedness of God's leadership so completely possessed me, and so grew upon me, that I took out my pencil, and then and there wrote the hymn, "He Leadeth Me," just as it stands to-day. I thought no more of it, but my wife, to whom I had handed it, sent it, without my knowledge, to "The Watchman and Reflector," where it was printed for the first time. Three years later, while conducting worship in the Second Baptist Church of Rochester, New York, I picked up a hymn-book with the thought, "I wonder what they sing," when, to my surprise the book opened to "He Leadeth Me." This was my first intimation that the hymn had found a place in any collection of the songs of the church.

How little the fact of authorship impressed me is shown by my declaration, when I first told the story, that the refrain had been added by another hand than mine. But afterward, the original copy of the hymn, found among my wife's papers, proved that I had actually written the refrain myself.

SOME THINGS WORTH KNOWING

- There are 7,500,000 young men in the United States.
- The negro lives longer in the South than he does in the North.
- Wine clarifiers in France use more than 80,000,000 eggs a year.
- The large parlor cars weigh from 65,000 to 75,000 pounds apiece.
- The white man lives longer in the North than he does in the South.
- The value of floral establishments in the United States is \$38,355,722.
- Life is shorter in the valleys and lowlands than among the hills and mountains.
- An ordinary day coach weighs about 50,000 pounds; Pullman sleepers weigh about 75,000 pounds.
- The limited express, with its two engines and several Pullman cars, weighs nearly 750,000 pounds.
- The value of fur-seal skins shipped from Alaska since the territory came into the possession of the United States is given at \$33,000,000.
- The number of pieces of postal matter of all kinds which pass through the mails of the United States annually is estimated at 3,800,000,000.

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A GREAT Home Comfort

It drives all flies away by the shadow and movement of the wings while revolving. Will run 75 minutes at a time, and can be re-wound by simply turning cross-piece at top of base. No key required. EVERY FAN GUARANTEED.

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A POINTER!



POSSIBLY it has not occurred to our readers that the LUBURG MFG. CO., 321, 323 and 325 North Eighth St., Phila., are one of the largest manufacturers of Bicycles, Children's Carriages and Tricycles in the United States. A tour through their immense factory is positive proof. In their magnificent salesrooms you will find a very large stock of Cycle Sundries and Bicycle Suits. The carriage department presents a grand appearance with several hundred Coaches handsomely upholstered and trimmed. The Glacier Refrigerators with their seven walls for insulation, are the only practical Refrigerators made. We also notice a great variety of Reclining Chairs, Roller Top Desks, Invalid Chairs, etc. Name goods desired, and a catalogue fully describing each article will be sent.

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How to Make a Fortune

WANTED—Salesmen; who can easily make twenty-five to seventy-five dollars per week, selling the Celebrated "Pinless Clothes Line," or the Famous "Macomber Fountain Ink Eraser." Patents recently issued. Sold ONLY by salesmen, to whom we give **Exclusive Territory.** The Pinless Clothes Line is the only line ever invented that holds clothes without pins—a perfect success. The Macomber Fountain Ink Eraser is entirely new; will erase ink instantly, and is king of all. On receipt of 50c. will mail you sample of either, or sample of both for \$1, with circulars, price-lists and terms. Secure your territory at once. Address THE PINLESS CLOTHES LINE CO., No. 120 Hermon St., Worcester, Mass.

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COSTS BUT ONE CENT A GLASS.
On receipt of \$1.00 we will mail you recipe for making most delicious soda water. (No bottling or boiling required.) Easily made in a few minutes. Any flavor desired.
Equal to Ice Cream Sodas. Full directions sent.
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The best, surest, cleanest and cheapest remedy for corns and bunions ever produced. Easily applied—give immediate relief—afford absolute comfort. A package of the CORN SHIELDS or a sample of the BUNION SHIELDS sent, prepaid, on receipt of 10 cents. The Corn Shields are made large and small. In ordering, state size wanted.
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PILLOW-INHALER

It applies curative air directly to the affected parts of the nose, throat, lungs, ALL NIGHT, whilst sleeping as usual: for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Hay Fever.
Mrs. S. T. Rorer, 1617 Chestnut St., Philada., authoress of "Mrs. Rorer's Cook Book," says: "I have used the PILLOW-INHALER, and I recommend it to those who wish to get rid of catarrh."
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Send for pamphlet and testimonials, or call and see it.
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A BOON TO THE DEAF!

Osgood's Oraphone is the only instrument that will assist the deaf. Made from the best bell-metal, it will last for years. Easily carried in pocket, and used in public without attracting attention. Price \$5, sent by mail, or express on 2 weeks' trial. Enclose two-cent stamp for information and terms.
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"LATEST AND BEST" THE MARVEL OF TO-DAY

THE COLUMBIAN FOR \$5.00 PER MONTH AND SAVE \$50. CORNISH'S WORLD'S FAIR SPECIAL OFFER



IN ORDER to introduce our latest invented Parlor Organ into new localities, we have decided to offer the first 5,000 manufactured, for sale on the above terms. This is by far the best offer ever made by us or any other reputable firm of manufacturers in the world. No other firm in existence would take the enormous risk involved in selling five thousand costly organs on such terms. But after twenty-five years' experience, we know that the above terms apply to the **FIRST FIVE THOUSAND ONLY.** All latest improvements. Solid Walnut Case of unique design. The magnificent top is constructed and designed to represent one of the altars in the Lady Chapel at Genoa—the birthplace of Columbus. Mouse-proof Action. New Stop work. 5 Octaves, 14 Stops, 2 Octave Couplers, 2 Knee Swells, and 5 perfect sets of Orchestral Toned Reeds. Warranted for TEN YEARS. Handsome Stool and Instruction Book free. Organ sent on approval. Safe delivery absolutely guaranteed. Boxed and delivered free on board cars here. No risk to purchaser.

The Columbia No. 1900 that we are sold with the people; and we make this wonderful offer knowing that we can sell every one of the first 5,000 COLUMBIANS almost as soon as this announcement is made public. Bear in mind that the above terms apply to the **FIRST FIVE THOUSAND ONLY.**

FINEST CABINET PARLOR ORGAN MADE All latest improvements. Solid Walnut Case of unique design. The magnificent top is constructed and designed to represent one of the altars in the Lady Chapel at Genoa—the birthplace of Columbus. Mouse-proof Action. New Stop work. 5 Octaves, 14 Stops, 2 Octave Couplers, 2 Knee Swells, and 5 perfect sets of Orchestral Toned Reeds. Warranted for TEN YEARS. Handsome Stool and Instruction Book free. Organ sent on approval. Safe delivery absolutely guaranteed. Boxed and delivered free on board cars here. No risk to purchaser.

\$10 PER MONTH AND SAVE \$150. EASY AS A-B-C THE FINEST PIANOS
MANUFACTURED IN THE WORLD FROM \$175.

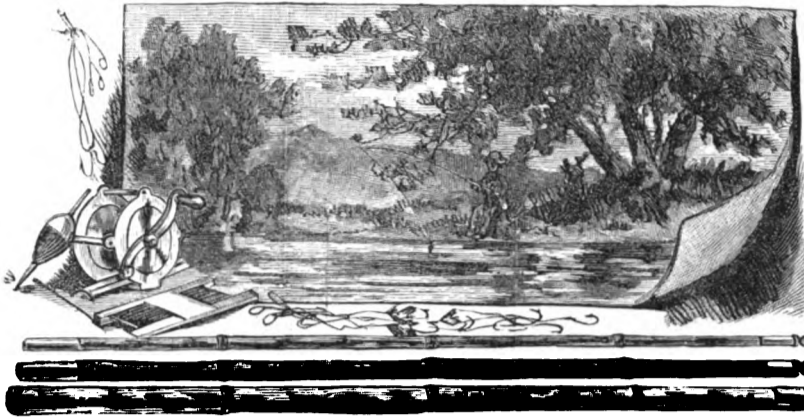
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CORNISH & CO., Washington, New Jersey. Established 25 years.

A SPLENDID FISHING OUTFIT FOR THE BOYS

Given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.10. Postage and packing, 30 cents extra, whether secured as a Premium or purchased. (See remarks below regarding ordering by Express.)

How many of the boys, who, throughout the summer spend their Saturdays seated with pole and line on the banks of near-by brooks and ponds, realize that by a very little exertion after school hours, or on some Saturday afternoon, they can secure an Outfit for trout and bass fishing of which any boy may feel justly proud

The equipment we furnish includes a Rod of genuine Calcutta Bamboo, 12½ feet long, in three joints, with double Brass Ferrules. The balance of the Outfit consists of 1 Brass Balance Reel, with screw handle and raised pillars, Braided Hse-thread Line, 25 yards long; ½ dozen long-shank Carlisle Hooks, for Trout, and ½ dozen Bass Hooks on double-twisted gut; one varnished Quill-top Float, and an assortment of Artificial Trout Flies. We put these Outfits up here in our own workrooms, and will recommend and guarantee them in every particular. The Rod is made of the material used in manufacturing the enormously ex-



pensive rods used by expert and scientific fly-casters—Burnt Calcutta Bamboo. The Reel is a perfect beauty.

Price, \$1.40, postpaid. A similar Outfit cannot be purchased for the same money at any retail store in this country.

LONGER POLES

Poles by mail will measure only eleven or twelve feet long. For \$1.10 (or, 4 Yearly Subscribers) we will send the Outfit by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, with longer and heavier poles. Packages over four feet long cannot be mailed

All goods by mail go to the owner's risk. For a trifling sum we will insure all mail packages, and will then duplicate any lost goods.

To insure to \$5.00, send us 5 cents, and request Mail Insurance.

To insure to \$10.00, send us 10 cents, and request Mail Insurance.

To insure to \$25.00, send us 15 cents, and request Mail Insurance.

THREE COMPLETE OUTFITS FOR PHOTOGRAPHY

Outfit No. 1

Given as a Premium for a Club of 15 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 11 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional; or, for 7 Subscribers and \$2.00 additional. Price, \$5.00. Sent only by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

We have used this Outfit to a very large extent, and find it universally satisfactory. It includes not only everything necessary for taking a picture, but all the materials for developing. The details follow:

The Camera is Hardwood, handsomely polished, for plate size 3¼x4¼ inches, with Leatherette Bellows; handsomely finished, quick-acting, brass-mounted Lens; a hinged ground-glass, double Plate-Holder, improved Tripod Carrying-Case.

The Chemical Outfit for Developing and Printing contains: Ruby Lamp, one-half dozen Dry Plates, 2

Japanned Iron Trays, 2 Bottles Developer, 1 Box Hyposulphite Soda, 12 sheets silvered Albumen Paper, Printing Frame, one bottle Toning Solution, 1 dozen Bevel-edge Card Mounts.

Send us 4 cents in postage stamps, and we will mail you a photograph taken with one of these Cameras.

Price, \$5.00. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.



Outfit No. 2

Given as a Premium for a Club of 7 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.25. Must be sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

In this Outfit, No. 2, we offer something that will do good work with less professional skill and fewer chances of failure than any other outfit at four times the price. It includes a Camera with a fine Lens and a Finder; Folding Tripod; Carrying Satchel, with Shoulder Straps; Package of Plates; materials for making a ruby lamp, and all the necessary chemicals for developing and printing. We send with each a 32-page Instruction Book, the best of its kind published.

We can especially recommend this Outfit as most desirable for an amateur. It is light, strong, compact, easy of comprehension, and readily manipulated.

The best low-priced Outfit offered. Do not confound the two Cameras we offer with worthless "Pin-hole" Cameras.

The effectiveness of an outfit really depends upon the lens. We guarantee the work done with either of ours will prove their excellence. We have seen pictures taken with our Camera No. 2 enlarged to 10 x 12 inches. The result was equal to the best work of a fifty-dollar Dahlmeyer lens.

Send us four cents in postage stamps for a Sample Photograph taken with this Camera and Lens.

Price, \$2.25. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.



Outfit No. 3

"SNAP-SHOT" CAMERA

"TO CATCH THE FIGURE, YOU TOUCH THE TRIGGER"

Given as a Premium or a Club of 15 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 7 Subscribers and \$2.00 additional. Price, \$5.00. Sent only by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

This is a Magazine Camera for either Instantaneous or Time Exposure work. It is not a toy, but a low-priced, practical, everyday, Snap-Shot Camera. It is an instrument capable of doing the best kind of work, simple enough to be understood, and successfully operated by any one. It is 6 inches square, 3½ inches deep, covered with imitation Seal, nicked handle and trimmings. With each Camera we send a Complete Outfit, comprising Dry Plates, Chemicals, and Dark Room Accessories.

Price, \$6.00. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.



"SANS SOUCI" HAMMOCK No. 2

Given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.15. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether purchased or secured as a Premium.



This is our new Hammock, and we find it to be preferable to the one we formerly used. The Weave is new and better. The Stripes, running lengthwise, not only add strength to the bed of the Hammock, but, being tinged with Colored Yarn, give the Hammock a very attractive appearance. The

end cords are strong and attached to the bed by a peculiar method, which gives additional strength. It is larger—extreme length, 11 feet; bed measures 76 x 38 inches. It is much superior to, and more comfortable than, the old Mexican Hammock; it is very elastic, and conforms to every motion of the body, and will not pull buttons from the clothing.

Price, \$1.15. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

"SANS SOUCI" HAMMOCK No. 4

We have a larger size than the above. Same Hammock in all respects but size. Extreme length, 13 feet. Bed measures 96 x 48 inches. This we send as a Premium for a Club of 9 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 5 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional.

Price, \$1.70. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether purchased or secured as a Premium.

THE HAMMOCK-CHAIR

Given as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Postage and packing, 20 cents extra. Price, 70 cents, postpaid.

This Hammock-Chair combines the features of a Hammock and of a Swing. As we send it out, it is complete and in perfect readiness for hanging up. Ropes, hooks and slips are sent with it. It can be packed in a very small and compact bundle, and is just the thing in which to spend a hot summer's afternoon on a cool porch, or under a shady tree.

Price, 50 cents. Postage and packing, 20 cents extra.



BREECH-LOADING SPRING GUN

Given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers, and 10 cents additional. Price, \$1.10. Forwarding charges, 70 cents extra, whether secured as a Premium or purchased.



Cheap ammunition, no report, no explosion. This gun is as safe to its owner as it is possible for a gun to be. Steel barrels, sighted front and back. Maple cross-bar bolted to a poplar stock. The springs are made of the best English oil-tempered steel.

The ammunition is placed in the barrel from the breech, so there is no liability of bruised fingers or the loss of an eye consequent upon a premature discharge. Will kill any small game.

Price, \$1.80, forwarding charges prepaid.

THREE-DRAW, 12-LINE ACHROMATIC TELESCOPE

Given as a Premium for a Club of 7 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.50. Postage and packing, 15 cents extra, whether purchased or secured as a Premium.

In describing many Telescopes offered for sale, the term "Achromatic" is very freely used in reference to glasses which have but two plain lenses—one at each end. The instrument we offer is fitted with an Achromatic lens, and is guaranteed to be perfect and satisfactory in every respect. It has four lenses of a high grade of excellence. Our cut (for want of space) represents it as nearly closed. It is a 3-Draw Telescope, and its actual length when open is 16 inches; closed, 6 inches; diameter, 1¼ inches. The tubes are of brass, lacquered and polished, and the body is covered with French morocco. It has strong brass caps, which protect the lenses when not in use. Each instrument is packed in a neat, strong and well-fitting carrying case.

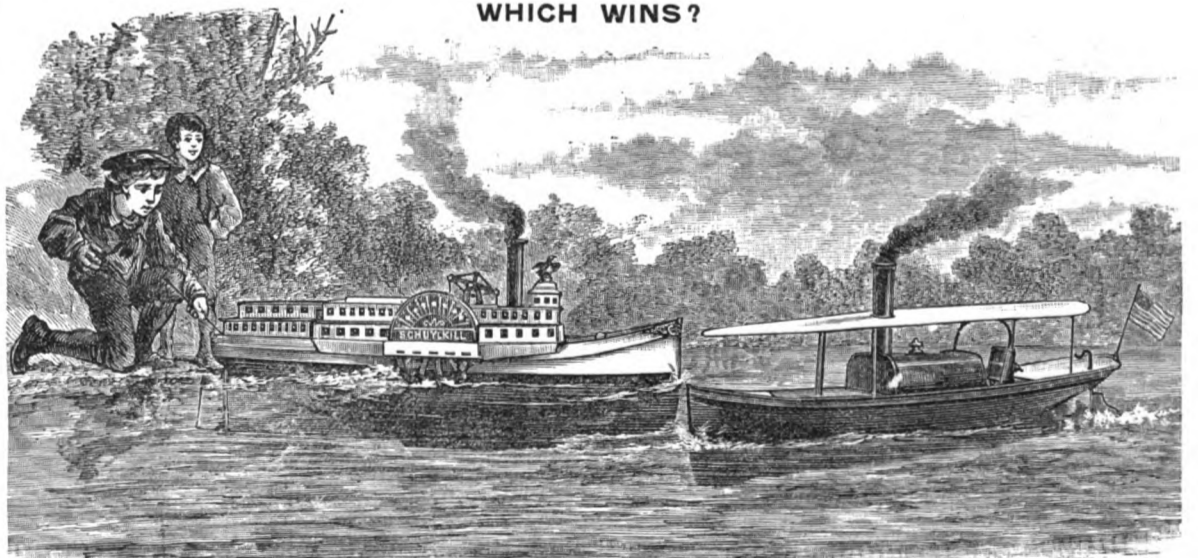
Objects seen through this glass will appear clear and well-defined, and we warrant every one we send out to give the utmost satisfaction.

It is a most handy companion for a stay at the seashore, or a trip on the water or to the mountains.

Price, \$2.65, postpaid.



WHICH WINS?



These boys are trying to decide this question to their mutual satisfaction, and are using two of the most popular of all the Premiums we have ever offered the boys. In the larger of the boats the graceful form of the well-known Side-Wheel Steamer has been adopted, and great pains have been taken to retain the proper proportions of all the parts, and at the same time to construct a Boat which will not only work properly, but will present a fine appearance when steaming in a tank of water or on a still pond. Measures from stem to stern, 12 inches; 3¼ inches beam; 5 inches high; runs one-half hour at each firing. Every Steamer is thoroughly tested and fully warranted.

We will give the Side-Wheel Steamboat as a Premium for a Club of 7 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 5 Subscribers and 50 cents additional; or, for 3 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.00. Send 50 cents extra to prepay postage and packing, whether you secure it as a Premium or a purchase; or, we will send it by Express, the receiver to pay the charges.

The other Boat is a Screw Propeller 11 inches long, and is a perfect model of a small Steam Launch. It has sharp bows and is a fast sailer. The boiler is brass and is perfectly safe. It is handsomely painted and covered with an ornamental canvas awning.

This Screw-Boat we send, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.

Provided with these boats, two boys can have no end of fun. All sorts of races and trials of speed can be arranged for Saturday afternoons. They can be used as "Mail Steamers." Notes can be sent across the pond and the boat turned around on the other side for a return trip with the answer. The possibilities for sport, which will suggest themselves to any live boy, are unlimited.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS:—Any question from our readers of help or interest to women will be cheerfully answered in this Department.

ELIZA—"Six and four are ten," is correct.

AMY—"Beauty Sleep" is the sleep that one gets before midnight.

ANNA—The fifth wedding anniversary is called the "wooden wedding."

MAKIE—The engagement ring is worn upon the third finger of the left hand.

L. M.—"Chiffon" is a French word, the literal translation of which is "rags."

CAROLINE—Chicago has an area of one hundred and seventy-four square miles.

J. C. B.—The length of the Presidential term in France is nominally seven years.

MIRIAM—North and South Dakota were admitted into the Union in November, 1889.

GRACE—Yellowstone Park is a Government reservation, and comprises 3578 square miles.

M. S. D.—In writing to the woman principal of a college, address her as "My Dear Madam."

LIDA—The next Presidential election will take place on Tuesday, November 8th, of this year.

WEST LIBERTY—What to wear at an evening wedding depends entirely upon your circumstances.

LITTLE MOTHER—A porcelain-lined kettle, broad and not very deep, is the best for a preserving kettle.

DE L.—"Man proposes and God disposes" you will find in Thomas A' Kempis's "Imitation of Christ."

JOURNAL READER—Cocaine is pronounced as though spelled ko-ka-in, with the accent on the first syllable.

WARREN—Royal Worcester china has been so called since 1788; the title has, of course, a commercial value.

A. A.—The Paris Exposition of 1889 was held in commemoration of the centennial of the French revolution.

CURIOS—Mrs. Russell B. Harrison is vice-president at-large of the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair.

SALLY—Inez De Castro, second wife of Pedro, prince, and afterward king of Portugal, was crowned in her coffin.

L. M. W.—The census of 1890 gives New York city a population of 1,513,501; Chicago, 1,003,134; Philadelphia, 1,046,252.

MATTIE—There is no provision in the Constitution respecting the observance, or non-observance, of legal holidays.

S. E. P.—Gentlemen usually prefer to wear gloves while dancing; there is no fixed rule upon this point, however.

BERKAVO ONE—We think that you may with perfect propriety retain the wedding gifts which have been sent you.

DAISY—Women are as eligible to appointments under the civil service rules of the United States Government as are men.

S. A. S.—When making a call you should leave one of your own and two of your husband's visiting cards, one of his being for the lady, and the other for the gentleman of the house.

ENTERPRISE—General Sheridan married Miss Rucker, daughter of General Daniel E. Rucker, of the United States Army.

ANXIOUS READER—The copyright law secures to authors, or their assigns, the exclusive right to translate or dramatize their own works.

INQUIRER—The Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., is the author of the famous hymn, "America." Mr. Smith resides at Newton Centre, Mass.

NANETTE—Robert Louis Stevenson, the author of the story, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," is authoritative for the statement that Jekyll is pronounced "Jeekill."

K. D.—The sender of a book through the mail may write an inscription or name upon the title page, and still class the package as "transient" mail matter.

M. S.—The Liberty Cap was first used as a device by the Phrygian conquerors of Asia Minor, who adopted it to distinguish themselves from the people whom they had conquered.

ROMOLA—All communications regarding passports should be addressed to the Department of State, Washington, D. C. The fee is one dollar. A passport is good only for two years.

H. E. R.—Authorities differ as to whether the knife and fork should be held in the hand, or laid upon one side of the plate, when it is passed for a second helping. We incline to the latter rule.

CADDIE—Mourning is usually worn about six months for a brother or sister; parents wear mourning for their children as long as they please. A widow should wear mourning for at least two years.

ROSALIND—If you always address the gentleman by his Christian name there can be no impropriety in your writing to him as "My Dear Fred," but we should advise you to begin your note "My Dear Mr. —."

ELIA—Baring Brothers & Co., London, England, did not fail. All their creditors were paid promptly. A syndicate, headed by the Bank of England, advanced upon the collateral of the firm all the money needed.

N. F. M.—The superstition regarding "thirteen at table" is said to have had its origin from the Last Supper of the Saviour, at which that number sat down. This superstition is not so general in America as it is in Europe.

L. A. H.—The Post Office Department has no way of knowing how many colored persons are employed in the capacity of letter-carriers, as in the selection for such appointments no distinction is made on account of race or color.

EDGEWATER—"Mrs. Partington" was B. P. Shillaber, a printer and an editor, who was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1814, and died in Chelsea, Massachusetts, in 1880. He did most of his humorous work for the "Boston Post."

MYTH—There really was a person named "Calamity Jane;" her name was Jane Steers. She carried military dispatches for General Custer in the Big Horn country, wearing men's clothes and feigning nothing. After Custer was killed she went to the Black Hills.

LAVETTE—We should advise you to ask your old friends the cause of their sudden change of manner toward you and your brother; perhaps some slight misunderstanding may be the cause of the trouble. Plain words, plainly spoken, can never do any harm.

FLORENCE—The United States government may prevent an extravagant use of pension money in any case by retaining a sufficient amount, until in their opinion the danger of waste has passed; any balance due a pensioner at the time of his death will be paid to his heirs.

ANNA L.—To "name a club after some virtue and then live up to it" was advice we once read somewhere. Take, for example, the "Progressive Club," "The Straightforward Club," "The Good-Will Club," "The Peace Club," "The Merry Club," "The Harmonious Club."

E. A. H.—The dollar of 1894 is the most rare and the most valuable of all United States coins. This is said to be owing to the fact that a vessel having on board almost the entire mintage of 1894 was lost. It is said that there are not more than eight of these dollars in existence.

RUTH—At a leap-year party the girls are supposed to wait upon the men, ask them to dance, fan them, take them down to supper, etc. The men should behave as nearly as possible as girls do in ordinary society. A party of this sort may be very enjoyable if the girls behave prettily, naturally and modestly.

MRS. L. E. C.—The sympathy felt in the United States for Russia must, in a great measure, be attributed to the attitude of the Russian Government toward the North during the Civil War. Russia was strongly in favor of the North, and openly expressed its sympathy. It was the only European power to do so.

MRS. L. W.—Washington was born in 1732, before the colonies had adopted the Gregorian calendar. In 1732, when the calendar was adopted by Great Britain and her colonies, eleven days were added to the date of Washington's birthday, and February 11th became February 22d, which is "the day we celebrate."

S. G.—Strawberries that are served unilled may be taken in the fingers separately and daintily, and dipped in powdered sugar before being conveyed to the mouth; lilled strawberries are eaten with a spoon. The fashion of eating oranges at present is to cut them in half across the grain, and eat the juice and fine pulp with an orange spoon.

BERKELEY—Cards announcing a baby's birth are of plain white cardboard, and in size about two and three-eighths by three and one-sixteenth inches. Engraved upon them in fine script is the baby's name, the date of its birth, and sometimes its weight. These tiny cards are enclosed with the cards of both parents in a plain white envelope, and sent by mail to the friends of both families.

VASSAR GIRL—The term "Blue Stocking" was originally used in Venice about the year 1400, to designate literary classes by the name of "Mille." History of literature, we are told that members of the various academies were distinguished by the color of their stockings, blue being the prevailing color. The application of the term to women originated in Miss Hannah Moore's description of a "Blue Stocking Club" in her "Bas Bleu."

B. B. B.—The belief that the opal is unlucky is essentially modern. In ancient times this stone, possessing, as it does, the colors of all the precious stones, was supposed to possess all their virtues. One verse of an old rhyme runs:

"October's child is born for woe
And life's necessities must know;
But lay an opal on her breast
And hope will hit those woes to rest."

READER—The question of pronunciation is always a subject for discussion, and we cannot enter into anything of that sort. We answer our correspondents according to the best of our ability, always referring to the most reliable text books for authority, and always endeavoring to be correct. We cannot count ourselves in error because our pronunciation of certain words does not agree with yours; authorities differ as well as individuals.

LIBERTY—A lady should precede a gentleman going into a house, and follow him in going out; she should follow him into a church or theater, so that he may reach the seat and see that it is ready for him. As he reaches the seat, he should stand aside and allow her to precede him. When with a woman a man always places himself where he can best protect and serve her; and as he can generally care for her better when she precedes him, she is usually given precedence.

SPRING VALLEY—Cards for an afternoon tea should be of plain white cardboard, a little larger in size than a ladies' visiting card. Engraved upon them, in whatever script may be fashionable, should be the name, as for instance:

MRS. REGINALD WHITE.
Wednesday, March sixth.
From five until seven o'clock, 212 FIFTH AVENUE.
(2) The blinds are usually closed and the lamps lighted at an afternoon tea.

EAST ORANGE—It is not altogether good form to ring a dinner bell at all; the maid usually announces dinner by saying to the mistress, "dinner is served." Of course, if the custom of the house is to ring a bell, it had better be done at the appointed time, even though it may savor a little of rudeness to any visitors who may be present. Sensible people will appreciate the fact that in well-regulated families meals are served at stated hours, and will not be annoyed; and people who are not sensible are never satisfied about anything, so they need not be considered in this connection.

CONSTANT READER—The church in New York popularly known as "The Little Church Around the Corner," is on Twenty-ninth Street, east of Fifth Avenue. Its real name is the Church of the Transfiguration. It is said that on the death of a prominent actor in New York much embarrassment was caused by the refusal of the pastor of a certain church to the admission of the remains to his church, where it was proposed to hold the funeral services. His refusal was said to have been supplemented with the information that there was a "little church around the corner where this thing might be done." Since that time the "little church" has become dear to the theatrical profession, and in it most of the services of the profession are held.

WESTERNER—Dr. Talmage belongs to the Presbyterian Church. (2) A decision of Judge Sawyer in the United States Circuit Court of California prevents the Chinese from being naturalized. The naturalization law reads: "The provisions of this title shall apply to aliens being free white persons, and to aliens of African nativity and to persons of African descent." Judge Sawyer held that a Chinaman was neither a free white person nor of African nativity nor descent, and his decision has been upheld. (3) According to the law passed by both Houses of Congress, and approved by President Arthur in 1882, and amended in 1884, Chinese laborers were forbidden to come to the United States for a period of ten years, or until May, 1894.

MANY CORRESPONDENTS—We have been flooded with letters (mostly from stamp collectors) with reference to the collection of a million canceled postage stamps, but we have not, as yet, found the place where a large sum of money will be given for them. One New York collector writes that he will pay five dollars for one hundred thousand of them; but unless he will advertise in the JOURNAL we cannot undertake to publish his name, nor to send it to the many people who seem to be wasting valuable time in the collection of a million canceled stamps. We have reluctantly come to the conclusion that we must ignore the stamp question for the future, unless it shall happen that some valuable information shall come to us, in which case we shall most certainly communicate it to our correspondents.

AGNES—The meal served at a morning or an afternoon wedding is usually called a wedding breakfast. (2) Salads, ices, cakes, croquettes, oysters, if in season, boned turkey, fruits, jellies, salted almonds and bonbons, with coffee and wines, if desired, may be served. Wedding announcement cards are sent out after the wedding to the friends of the families of both bride and groom; with the announcement cards are usually enclosed "at-home" cards. As styles in the matter of invitations, cards, etc., are constantly changing, it is well to consult a reliable stationer upon the subject. (3) It is always customary for the groom to give the bride a wedding present; it usually consists of something which she can wear upon the wedding day. (4) The title "Dr." or "Reverend" may be used upon either the wedding or announcement cards. (5) We do not know where the custom of leaving a visiting card even when the lady is at home originated, but the *raison d'être* for its existence is, of course, that it shall serve as a silent reminder of your visit, and that you are no longer in debt for a call to that house. (6) We certainly do think that every effort should be made to ascertain the character of the young man who may be engaged to the daughter of the house. It might be well to write to the clergyman of the church to which he claims to have belonged; a personal letter on such a subject would be sure to meet with a prompt and satisfactory reply.



Mothers take more pride in the garments of the baby than in those of any other member of the household; dresses of sheer India linen, soft flannels, dainty woolen socks, cashmere shawls, afghans in bright colors, all are the most expensive that the family purse can afford. It is not necessary that they should be renewed frequently, as almost the only wear is in the washing.

Ordinary soaps and washing powders should never be used; they will weaken the fibre of light materials, causing them to tear easily or to wear into holes.

Professor Cornwall, of Princeton, says of the Ivory Soap: "It will not injure the most delicate fabrics."

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WELL-ATTESTED MERIT

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher writes:

"40 ORANGE STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 11, 1890.

"I have used ALLOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for some years for myself and family, and, as far as able, for the many sufferers who come to us for assistance, and have found them a genuine relief for most of the aches and pains which flesh is heir to. I have used ALLOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for all kinds of lameness and acute pain, and by frequent experiments find that they can control many cases not noticed in your circulars.

"The above is the only testimony I have ever given in favor of any plaster, and if my name has been used to recommend any other it is without my authority or sanction."

Russell Sage, the well-known financier, writes:

"30 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, December 20, 1890.

"For the last twenty years I have been using ALLOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. They have repeatedly cured me of rheumatic pains and pains in my side and back, and, whenever I have a cold, one on my chest and one on my back speedily relieve me. My family are never without them."

Marion Harland, on page 103 of her popular work, "Common Sense for Maid, Wife and Mother," says:

"For the aching back ALLOCK'S POROUS PLASTER is an excellent comforter, combining the sensation of the sustained pressure of a strong, warm hand with certain tonic qualities developed in the wearing. It should be kept over the seat of the uneasiness for several days—in obstinate cases, for perhaps a fortnight."

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse writes:

"BEDFORD PLACE, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, December 10, 1888.

"I think it only right that I should tell you of how much use I find ALLOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my family and amongst those to whom I have recommended them. I find them a very breastplate against cold and coughs."

W. J. Arkell, publisher of Judge and Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, writes:

"JUDGE BUILDING, COR. FIFTH AVE. AND SIXTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK, January 14, 1891.

"About three weeks since, while suffering from a severe cold which had settled on my chest, I applied an ALLOCK'S POROUS PLASTER, and in a short time obtained relief.

"In my opinion, these plasters should be in every household, for use in case of coughs, colds, sprains, bruises or pains of any kind. I know that in my case the results have been entirely satisfactory and beneficial."

Hon. James W. Husted says:

"When suffering from a severe cough, which threatened pulmonary difficulties, which I was recommended to go to Florida to relieve, I determined to test ALLOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I applied them to my chest and between the shoulder-blades, and in less than a fortnight was entirely cured."


Henry A. Mott, Jr., Ph. D., F. C. S., late Government chemist, certifies:

"My investigation of ALLOCK'S POROUS PLASTER shows it to contain valuable and essential ingredients not found in any other plaster, and I find it superior to and more efficient than any other plaster."

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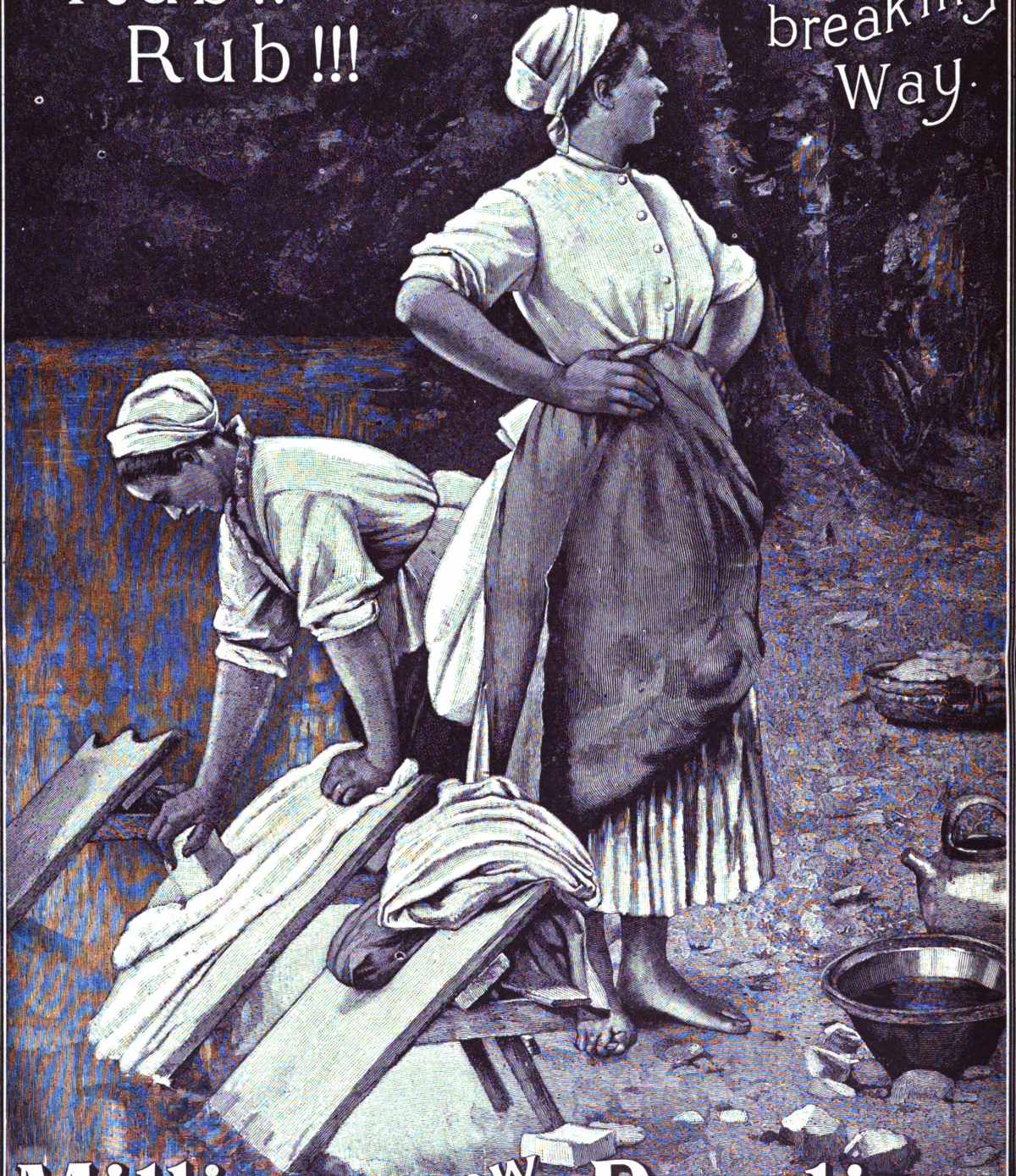
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