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Ten Cents

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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Albert Lynch

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"Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,  
Of all that mote delight a daintie care,  
Such as attonce might not on living ground,  
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere.

"Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,  
To read what manner musicke that mote bee;  
For all that pleasing is to living care,  
Was there consorted in one harmonie;"

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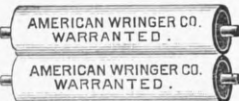
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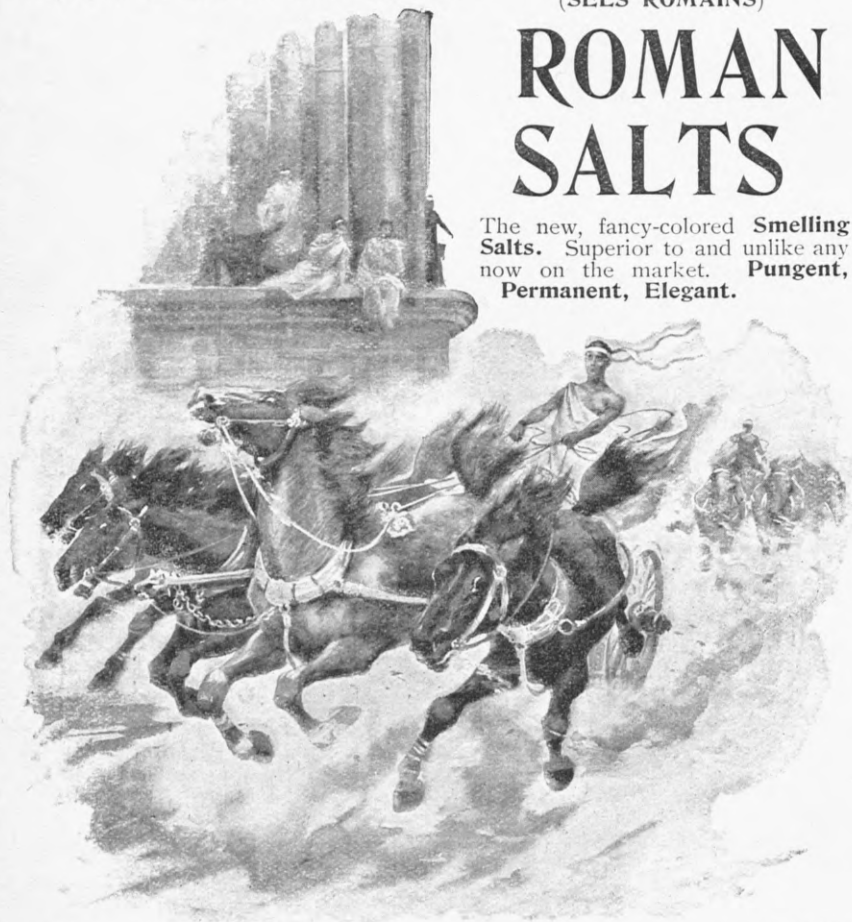
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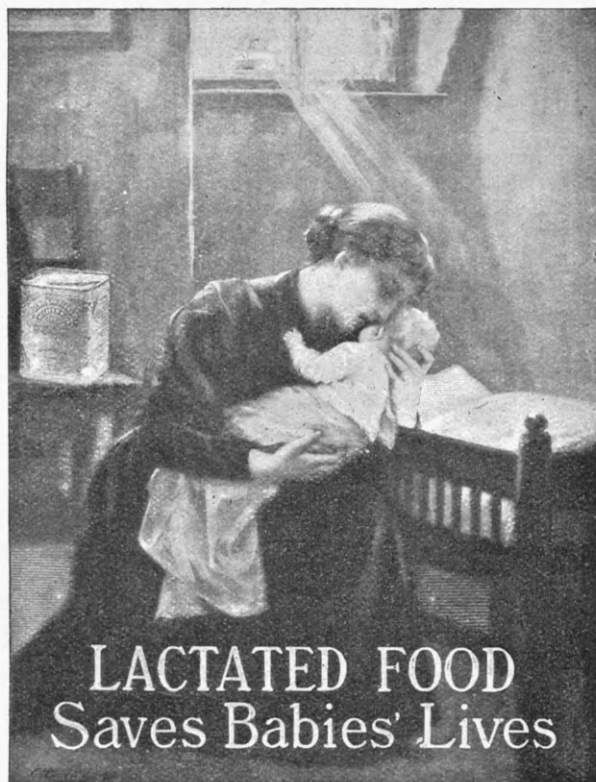


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# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

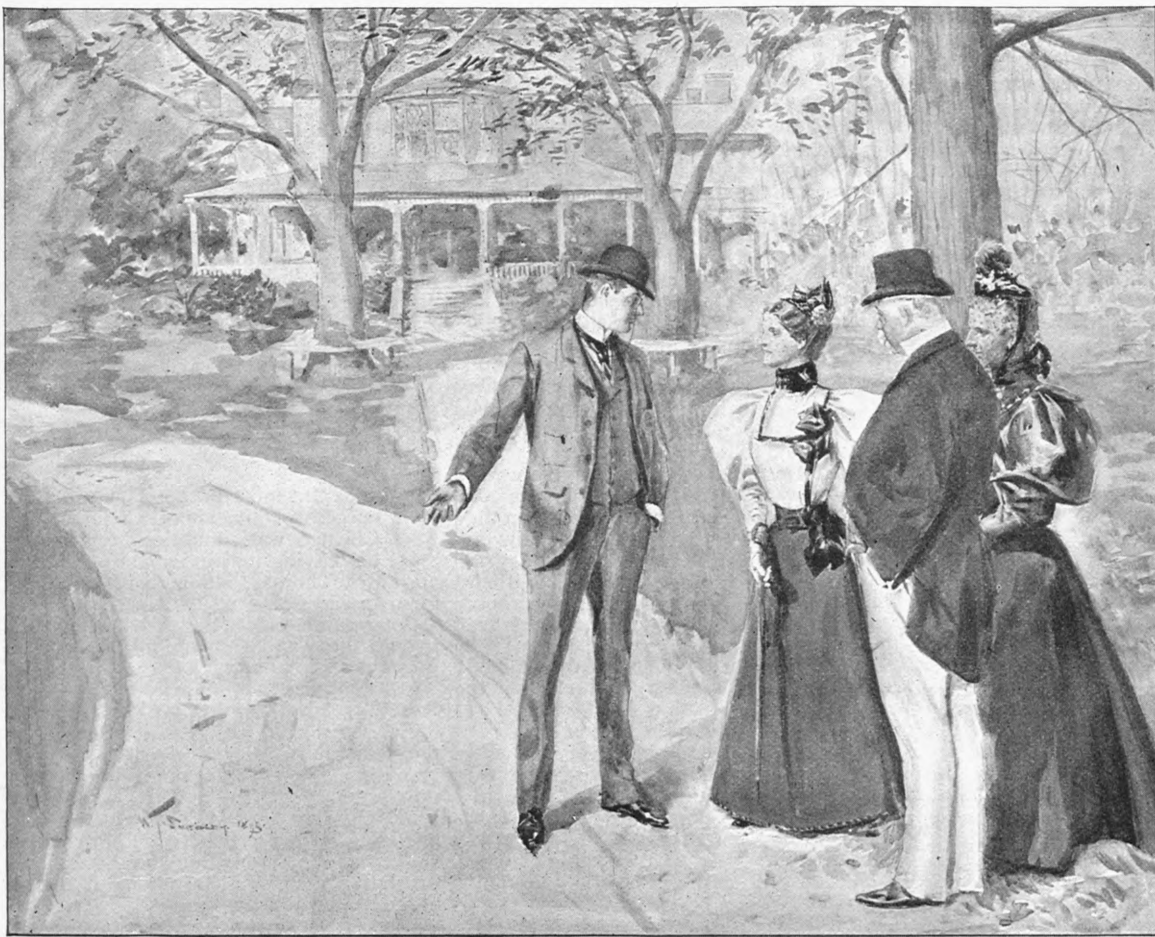
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"This was a family that suited me exactly"

## LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST

By Frank R. Stockton

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "Pomona's Travels," etc., etc.

[With Illustrations by W. T. Smedley]

### PART I



WAS about twenty-five years old when I came into the possession of an excellent estate. This consisted of a country house surrounded by lawns, groves and gardens, and situated not far from the flourishing little town of Boynton. Being an orphan with no brothers nor sisters, I set up here a bachelor's hall, in which, for two years, I lived with great satisfaction and comfort, improving my grounds and furnishing my house. When I had made all the improvements which were really needed, and feeling that I now had a most delightful home to come back to, I thought it would be an excellent thing to take a trip to Europe, give my mind a run in fresh fields and pick up a lot of bric-à-brac and ideas for the adornment and advantage of my house and mind.

It was the custom of the residents in my neighborhood who owned houses and traveled in the summer to let their houses during their absence, and my business agent and myself agreed that this would be an excellent thing for me to do. If the house were let to a suitable family it would yield me a considerable income, and the place would not present on my return that air of retrogression and desolation, which I might expect if it were left unoccupied and in charge of a caretaker.

My agent assured me that I would have no trouble whatever in letting my place, for it offered many advantages and I expected but a reasonable rent. I desired to leave everything just as it stood, house, furniture, books, horses, cows and poultry, taking with me only my clothes and personal requisites, and I desired tenants who would come in, bringing only their clothes and personal requisites, which they could quietly take away with them when their lease should expire and I should return home.

In spite, however, of the assurances of the agent it was not easy to let my place. The house was too large for some people; too small for others, and while some applicants had more horses than I had stalls in my stable, others did not want even the horses I would leave. I had engaged my steamer passage, and the day for my departure drew near and yet no suitable

tenants had presented themselves. I had almost come to the conclusion that the whole matter would have to be left in the hands of my agent, for I had no intention whatever of giving up my projected travels, when early one afternoon some people came to look at the house. Fortunately I was at home and I gave myself the pleasure of personally conducting them about the premises. It was a pleasure because as soon as I comprehended the fact that these applicants desired to rent my house I wished them to have it.

The family consisted of an elderly gentleman and his wife and a daughter of twenty or thereabouts. This was a family that suited me exactly. Three in number, no children, people of intelligence and position, fond of the country and anxious for just such a place as I offered them—what could be better?

The more I walked about and talked with these good people and showed them my possessions the more I desired that the young lady should take my house. Of course, her parents were included in this wish, but it was for her ears that all my remarks were intended, although sometimes addressed to the others, and she was the tenant I labored to obtain. I say labored, advisedly, because I racked my brain to think of inducements which might bring them to a speedy and favorable decision.

Apart from the obvious advantages of the arrangement it would be a positive delight to me during my summer wanderings in Europe to think that that beautiful girl would be strolling through my grounds, enjoying my flowers and sitting with her book in the shady nooks I had made so pleasant, lying in my hammocks, spending her evening hours in my study reading my books, writing at my desk and perhaps musing in my easy-chair. Before these applicants appeared it had sometimes pained me to imagine strangers in my home, but no such thought crossed my mind in regard to this young lady, who, if charming in the house and on the lawn, grew positively entrancing when she saw my Jersey cows and my two horses, regarding them with an admiration which even surpassed my own.

Long before we had completed the tour of inspection I had made up my mind that this young lady should come to live in my

house. If obstacles should show themselves they should be removed. I would tear down, I would build, I would paper and paint, I would put in all sorts of electric bells; I would reduce the rent until it suited their notions exactly; I would have my horses' tails banded if she liked that sort of tails better than long ones; I would do anything to make them definitely decide to take the place before they left me. I trembled to think of her going elsewhere and giving other householders a chance to tempt her. She had looked at a good many country houses but it was quite plain that none of them had pleased her so well as mine.

I left them in my library to talk the matter over by themselves, and in less than ten minutes the young lady herself came out on the lawn to tell me that her father and mother had decided to take the place and would like to speak with me.

"I am so glad," she said as we went in; "I am sure I shall enjoy every hour of our stay here. It is so different from anything we have yet seen."

When everything had been settled I wanted to take them again over the place and point out a lot of things I had omitted. I particularly wanted to show them some lovely walks in the woods, but there was no time for they had to catch a train.

Her name was Vincent—Cora Vincent, as I discovered from her mother's remarks.

As soon as they departed I had my mare saddled and rode in to town to see my agent. I went into his office exultant.

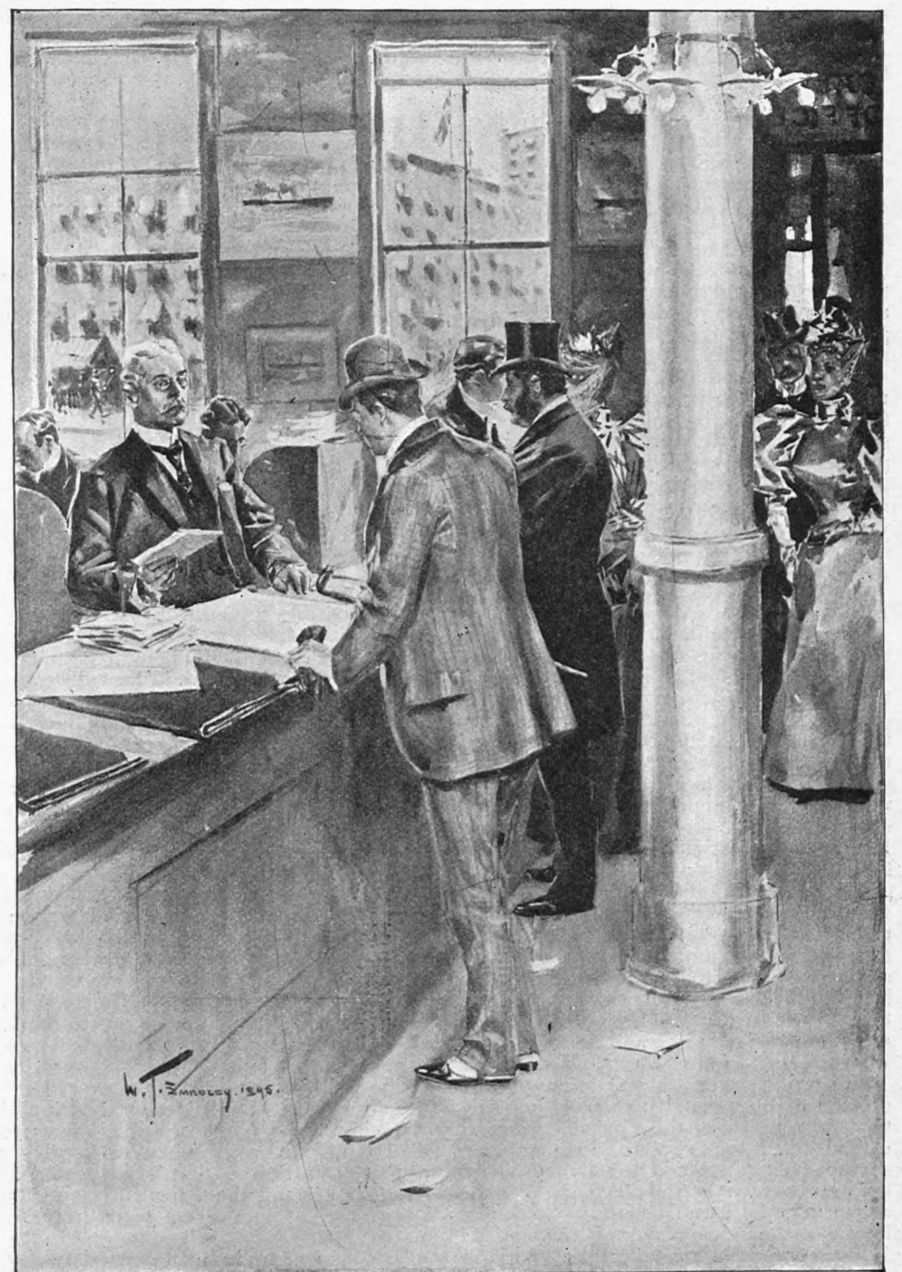
"I've let my house," I said, "and I want you to make out the lease and have everything fixed and settled as soon as possible. This is the address of my tenants."

The agent asked me a good many questions, being particularly anxious to know what rent had been agreed upon.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, when I mentioned the sum, "that is ever so much less than what I told you could get. I am in communication now with a party whom I know would pay you considerably more than these people. Have you definitely settled with them? Perhaps it is not too late to withdraw."

"Withdraw!" I cried. "Never! They are the only tenants I want. I was determined to get them and I think I must have lowered the rent four or five times in the course of the afternoon. I took a big slice out of it before I mentioned the sum at all. You see," said I, very impressively, "these Vincents exactly suit me," and then I went on to state fully the advantages of the arrangement, omitting, however, any references to my visions of Miss Vincent swinging in my hammocks or musing in my study chair.

It was now the fifteenth of May and my steamer would sail on the twenty-first. The intervening days I employed, not in preparing for my travels, but in making every possible arrangement for the comfort and convenience of my incoming tenants. The Vincents did not wish to take possession until the first of June, and I was sorry they had not applied before I had



"It had become impossible, I told the agent, for me to leave America at present"

engaged my passage, for in that case I would have selected a later date. A very good steamer sailed on the third of June and it would have suited me just as well then.

Happening to be in New York one day I went to the Vincents' city residence to consult with them in regard to some awnings which I proposed putting up at the back of the house. I found no one at home but the old gentleman, and it made no difference to him whether the awnings were black and brown or red and yellow. I cordially invited him to come out before I left and bring his family that they might look about the place to see if there was anything they would like to have done which had not already been attended to. It was so much better, I told him, to talk over these matters personally with the owner than with an agent in his absence. Agents were often very unwilling to make changes. Mr. Vincent was a very quiet and exceedingly pleasant elderly gentleman, and thanked me very much for my invitation but said he did not see how he could find the time to get out to my house before I sailed. I did not like to say that it was not at all necessary for him to neglect his affairs in order to accompany his family to my place, but I assured him that if any of them wished to go out at any time before they took possession they must feel at perfect liberty to do so.

I mentioned this matter to my agent, suggesting that if he happened to be in New York he might call on the Vincents and repeat my invitation. It was not likely that the old gentleman would remember to mention it to his wife and daughter, and it was really important that everything should be made satisfactory before I left.

"It seems to me," he said, smiling a little grimly, "that the Vincents had better be kept away from your house until you have gone. If you do anything more to it you may find out that it would have been more profitable to have shut it up while you are away."

He did call, however, partly because I wished him to and partly because he was curious to see the people I was so anxious to install in my home, and to whom he was to be my legal representative. He reported the next day that he had found no one at home but Miss Vincent, and that she had said that she and her mother would be very glad to come out the next week and go over the place before they took possession.

"Next week!" I exclaimed, "I shall be gone then!"

"But I shall be here," said Mr. Barker, "and I'll show them about and take their suggestions."

This did not suit me at all. It annoyed me very much to think of Barker showing Miss Vincent about my place. He was a good-looking young man and not at all backward in his manners.

"After all," said I, "I suppose that everything that ought to be done has been done. I hope you told her that."

"Of course not," said he; "that would have been running dead against your orders. Besides, it's my business to show people about places. I don't mind it."

This gave me an unpleasant and uneasy feeling. I wondered if Mr. Barker were the agent I ought to have, and if a middle-aged man with a family and more experience might not be better able to manage my affairs.

"Barker," said I, a little later, "there will be no use of your going every month to the Vincents to collect their rent. I shall write to Mr. Vincent to pay as he pleases. He can send a check monthly or at the end of the season, as it may be convenient. He is perfectly responsible and I would much prefer to have the money in a lump when I come back."

Barker grinned. "All right," said he, "but that's not the way to do business, you know."

I may have been mistaken but I fancied that I saw in my agent's face an expression which indicated that he intended to call on the first day of each month on the pretext of telling Vincent that it was not necessary to pay the rent at any particular time, and that he also proposed to make many other intervening visits to inquire if repairs were needed. This might have been a good deal to get out of his expression but I think I could have got more if I had thought longer.

On the day before that on which I was going to sail, my mind was in such a disturbed condition that I could not attend to my packing or anything else. It almost enraged me to think that I was deliberately leaving the country ten days before my tenants would come to my house. There was no reason why I should do this; there were many reasons why I should not. There was Barker. I was now of the opinion that he would personally superintend the removal of the Vincents and their establishment to my home. I remembered that the only suggestion he had made about the improvement of the place had been the construction of a tennis-court. I knew that he was a champion player. Confound it! What a dreadful mistake I had made in selecting such a man for my house agent. With my mind's eye I could already see

Miss Vincent and Barker selecting a spot for tennis and planning the arrangements of the court.

I took the first train to New York and went directly to the steamboat office. It is astonishing how many obstacles can be removed from a man's path if he will make up his mind to give them a good kick. I found that my steamer was crowded. The applications for passage exceeded the accommodations and the agent was delighted to transfer me to the steamer that sailed on June the third. I went home exultant. Barker drove over in the evening to take his last instructions, and a blank look came over his face when I told him that business had delayed my departure and that I should not sail the next day. If I had told him that part of that business was the laying out of a tennis-court he might have looked blanker.

Of course the date of my departure did not concern the Vincents, provided the house was vacated by the first of June, and I did not inform them of the changes in my plans, but when the mother and daughter came out the next week they were much surprised to find me waiting to receive them instead of Barker. I hope that they were also pleased, and I am sure that they had every reason to be so. Mrs. Vincent, having discovered that I was a most complacent landlord, accommodated herself easily to my disposition and made a number of minor requirements, all of which I granted without the slightest hesitation. I was delighted at last to put her into the charge of my housekeeper, and when the two had betaken themselves to the bedrooms I invited Miss Vincent to come out with me to select a spot for a tennis-court. The invitation was accepted with alacrity, for tennis, she declared, was a passion with her.

The selection of that tennis-court took nearly an hour, for there were several good places for one and it was hard to make a selection, besides I could not lose the opportunity of taking Miss Vincent into the woods and showing her the walks I had made and the rustic seats I had placed in pleasant nooks. Of course she would have discovered these but it was a great deal better for her to know all about them before she came. At last Mrs. Vincent sent a maid to tell her daughter that it was time to go for the train, and the court had not been definitely planned.

The next day I went to Miss Vincent's house with a plan of the grounds and she and I talked over it until the matter was settled. It was necessary to be prompt about this, as I explained, as there would be a great deal of leveling and rolling to be done.

I also had a talk with the old gentleman about books. There were several large boxes of my books in New York which I had never sent out to my country house. Many of these I thought might be interesting to him, and I offered to have them taken out and left at his disposal. When he heard the titles of some of the books in the collection he was much interested, but insisted that before he made use of them they should be catalogued as were the rest of my effects. I hesitated a moment, wondering if I could induce Barker to come to New York and catalogue four big boxes of books, when, to my surprise, Miss Vincent incidentally remarked that if they were in any place where she could get at them she would be pleased to help catalogue them; that sort of thing was a great pleasure to her. Instantly I proposed that I should send the books to the Vincent house; that they should there be taken out so that Mr. Vincent could select those he might care to read during the summer; that I would catalogue these, and if Miss Vincent would assist me I would be grateful for the kindness, and those that were not desired could be returned to the storehouse.

What a grand idea was this! I had been internally groaning because I could think of no possible pretense for further interviews with Miss Vincent, and here was something better than I could have imagined. Her father declared that he could not put me to so much trouble, but I would listen to none of his words, and the next morning my books were spread over his library floor.

The selection and cataloguing of the volumes desired occupied the mornings of three days. The old gentleman's part was soon done, but there were many things in the books which were far more interesting to me than their titles, and to which I desired to draw Miss Vincent's attention. All this greatly protracted our labors. She was not only a beautiful girl but her intelligence and intellectual grasp were wonderful. I could not help telling her what a great pleasure it would be to me to think, while wandering in foreign lands, that such an appreciative family would be enjoying my books and my place.

"You are so fond of your home and everything you have," said she, "that we shall almost feel as if we were depriving you of your rights. But I suppose that Italian lakes and the Alps will make you forget for a time even your beautiful home."

"Not if you are in it," I longed to say, but I restrained myself. I did not believe that it were possible for me to be more in

love with that girl than I was at that moment, but, of course, it would be the rankest stupidity to tell her so. To her I was simply her father's landlord.

I went to that house the next day to see that the boxes were properly repacked, and I actually went the next day to see if the right boxes had gone into the country, and the others back to the storehouse. The first day I saw only the father. The second day it was the mother who assured me that everything had been properly attended to. I began to feel that if I did not wish a decided rebuff I would better not make any more pretenses of business at the Vincent house.

There were affairs of my own which should have been attended to and I ought to have gone home and attended to them, but I could not bear to do so. There was no reason to suppose she would go out there before the first of June.

Thinking over the matter many times I came to the conclusion that if I could see her once more I would be satisfied. Then I would go away and carry her image with me into every art gallery, over every glacier and under every lovely sky that I should enjoy abroad, hoping all the time that, taking my place, as it were, in my home, and making my possessions, in a measure, her own, she would indirectly become so well acquainted with me that when I returned I might speak to her without shocking her.

To obtain this final interview there was but one way. I had left my house on Saturday, the Vincents would come on the following Monday and I would sail on Wednesday. I would go on Tuesday to inquire if they found everything to their satisfaction. This would be a very proper attention from a landlord about to leave the country.

When I reached Boynton I determined to walk to my house, for I did not wish to encumber myself with a hired vehicle. I might be asked to stay to luncheon. A very strange feeling came over me as I entered my grounds. They were not mine. For the time being they belonged to somebody else. I was merely a visitor or a trespasser if the Vincents thought proper so to consider me. If they did not like people to walk on the grass I had no right to do it.

None of my servants had been left on the place, and the maid who came to the door informed me that Mr. Vincent had gone to New York that morning and that Mrs. Vincent and her daughter were out driving. I ventured to ask if she thought they would soon return, and she answered that she did not think they would as they had gone to Rock Lake, which, from the way they talked about it, must be a long way off.

Rock Lake! When I had driven over there with my friends we had taken luncheon at the inn and returned in the afternoon. And what did they know of Rock Lake? Who had told them of it? That officious Barker, of course.

"Will you leave a message, sir?" said the maid, who, of course, did not know me.

"No," said I, and as I still stood gazing at the piazza floor she remarked that if I wished to call again she would go out and speak to the coachman and ask him if anything had been said to him about the time of the party's return.

Worse and worse! Their coachman had not driven them! Some one who knew the country had been their companion. They were not acquainted in the neighborhood and there could not be a shadow of a doubt that it was that obtrusive Barker who had thus indecently thrust himself upon them on the very next day after their arrival, and had thus snatched from me that last interview upon which I had counted so earnestly.

I had no right to ask any more questions; I left no message nor any name, and I had no excuse for saying I would call again.

I got back to my hotel without having met any one whom I knew, and that night I received a note from Barker, stating that he had fully intended coming to the steamer to see me off, but that an engagement would prevent him. He sent, however, his best good wishes for my safe passage and assured me that he would keep me fully informed of the state of my affairs on this side.

"Engagement!" I exclaimed. "Is he going to drive with her again to-morrow?"

My steamer sailed at two o'clock the next day, and after an early breakfast I went to the company's office to see if I could dispose of my ticket. It had become impossible, I told the agent, for me to leave America at present. He said it was a very late hour to sell my ticket but that he would do what he could and if an applicant turned up he would give him my room and refund the money. He wanted me to change to another date but I declined to do this. I was not able to say when I should sail.

I now had no plan of action. All I knew was that I could not leave America without finding out something definite about this Barker business. That is to say, if it should be complained to me that instead of attending to my business, sending a carpenter to make repairs, if such were necessary, or going personally to the plumber to make sure that that erratic personage

would give his attention to any pipes in regard to which Mr. Vincent might have written, Barker should mingle in sociable relations with my tenants and drive or play tennis with the young lady of the house, then would I immediately have done with him. I would withdraw my business from his hands and place it in those of old Mr. Poindexter. More than that it might be my duty to warn Miss Vincent's parents against Barker. I did not doubt that he was a very good house and land agent, but in selecting him as such I had no idea of introducing him to the Vincents in a social way. In fact, the more I thought about it the more I became convinced that if ever I mentioned Barker to my tenants it would be to warn them against him. From certain points of view he was actually a dangerous man.

This, however, I would not do until I found my agent was really culpable. To discover what Barker had done, what he was doing and what he intended to do, was now my only business in life. Until I had satisfied myself on these points I could not think of starting out upon my travels.

(To be concluded in September JOURNAL)

## MRS. THEODORE THOMAS

BY MRS. HAMILTON MOTT

ONE of the most potent factors in the success of Mr. Theodore Thomas in Chicago was, doubtless, the fact of his having married a Chicago woman. Mrs. Thomas, although not a Chicagoan by birth, had resided in that city for so long a time before her marriage that the people there had come to feel a sense of proprietorship in her.

Mrs. Thomas, whose maiden name was Rose Fay, was born in 1852, in the parish of St. Alban's, Vermont, where her father, the Rev. Charles Fay, of Boston, a clergyman of the Episcopal church, was at that time acting as rector. His wife, Miss Emily Hopkins, was the daughter of the presiding Bishop in the House of Bishops, and it may be readily imagined, therefore, that Mrs. Thomas is, by choice as by inheritance, an Episcopalian.

When Rose was four years of age her mother died, and a few years later the child was sent to live with a married sister in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She remained there, receiving her education with the poet Longfellow's daughters, until she made her *début* into society under the chaperonage of her sister. When twenty-six years of age she went to Chicago, where her unmarried brother and sisters had formed a household in which she was soon installed as a member.

Miss Fay's sister Amy, famed as a pianist of the first order, had made an engagement to play at one of the Thomas concerts, and on the occasion of her performance her sister Rose accompanied her to the hall. While waiting in the artist's room Mr. Thomas was presented to them. It was not, however, until many years later that the acquaintance thus begun was continued. A close friendship gave place in due time to their engagement, which was of very short duration. Their marriage occurred on May 7, 1890. The following winter was spent in New York.

Mrs. Thomas has very decided preferences in her musical tastes, and announces bravely the somewhat unusual union of Bach, Beethoven, Wagner and Dvorak as her favorite composers. She is extremely discriminating in her musical criticisms, but possesses, at the same time, a large fund of generosity in her treatment of musicians. Before her marriage she contributed special critiques on the musical events of the day in Chicago to the newspapers and periodicals of that city, and this combination of generosity and discrimination with a thorough knowledge of her subject gave the criticisms unusual value. Her literary and artistic tastes united in the ability to produce art as well as musical criticisms for these same periodicals.

It will be seen from this description of Mrs. Thomas' abilities that she is one of those women whose artistic nature is very strongly developed. This is most surely the case. She, herself, says she feels that in this workaday nineteenth century, when the tendency is strongly toward material things, that it is a matter of necessity that some people shall devote themselves exclusively to the development of the finer arts, and she labors always to this end. She holds the position of president of the Amateur Musical Club of Chicago, an organization having for its object "the development of musical talent and the fostering of music." As president of this organization and as the wife of Theodore Thomas, Mrs. Thomas is able to wield a great influence in the proper development and cultivation of music in Chicago, and she wields her power wisely.

In appearance Mrs. Thomas is tall and slight, of fair complexion, with gray eyes and brown hair. Her face betokens much of the intellectuality of the cultivated Bostonian. She dresses in quiet and excellent taste, preferring the darker shades of brown for street wear, and reds or heliotropes for evening dress.

AMERICAN GIRLS AS VIOLINISTS

By Frederic Reddall



HE feminine temperament is essentially artistic, although the receptive faculty far exceeds the creative. Women who write passably good music are few; the woman who can compose really great music has yet to be born. But as executants, women meet men on practically equal terms. For every noteworthy tenor or barytone there is an equally accomplished soprano or contralto; in fact, in the world of song the great songstresses outnumber the master singers.

VIOLINISTS, like poets, are born, not made, and evidences of special aptitude for the difficult instrument usually appear very early in life. In one case, at least, there are indications of pre-natal influences.

The mother of Dora Valesca Becker had, as a child, the greatest craving to study the violin, but her wish was never realized, because her father, a wealthy Hungarian merchant, was opposed to the idea of having a girl educated in music. Mrs. Becker was therefore determined, should

SOME years ago, when Camilla Urso was in the flush of her professional career, a little girl, after hearing her play, thought, "One woman has mastered the violin, why should not another?" This girl was Maud Powell, an American artist whose name is famous in both hemispheres. Twice a week, while not yet in her teens, she traveled alone forty miles to Chicago and back to take her lessons, and at thirteen had made such progress that her parents decided to send her abroad for a year of study. When she appeared for examination before the staid old professors in the conservatory at Leipsic, her talent was so pronounced that all took an unwonted interest in her. When the year was over Miss Powell was so impressed with the progress she had made that she decided to go to Paris for one year more of study. At the Conservatoire the

MRS. POWELL at once cabled to her husband of the change of plan, and instead of starting for the United States they set off for Berlin. It is a requirement of the Berlin Conservatory that all prospective pupils must register their names six months in advance, but Joachim brought about the suspension of the rule in Miss Powell's favor, and furthermore, on the examination day, when she entered the ante-room, she was taken at once to the committee.

When one sees Miss Powell play, she seems to do it all so simply and spontaneously that the years of drudgery and the incessant practice still exacted are almost lost sight of.

"I BEGAN the study of the violin at the age of seven years," says another fair young American, Miss Bertha Behrens. "From that time until I was twelve years old I was called at six o'clock in the morning and began practicing at half after six, to continue until breakfast-time (eight o'clock). My mother was always by my side to encourage me, and it is she I have to thank for my present knowledge and

AFTER her father's death she was placed in charge of Dr. Leopold Damrosch. She studied with him for two years, and Dr. Damrosch, recognizing the ability of his pupil, advised that she go abroad to continue her studies. Her development was rapid, and after another period of two years she was placed under Joachim, with whom she studied in Berlin for over eight years. Joachim's interest in his talented pupil continued, and her *début* was made with the Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin, under his direction. Miss Morgan's London *début* was made with Joachim.

A daughter of Mr. E. C. Phelps, well-known in the Eastern States as a teacher, composer and conductor, Laura B., perpetuates his name and fame, and has herself, by the "gospel of hard work," achieved a worthy place among our younger women violinists.

Jeanne Franko was born in the far South—New Orleans—but received her musical education in Berlin and Paris under such masters as De Ahna and Vieuxtemps. She was a member of the St. Cecilia Quartette, composed of four ladies, which won such high praise during the Paris Exhibition. In New York she has been heard in the Seidl and Thomas concerts, and is a favorite everywhere. The particular beauty of Miss Franko's playing is its emotional quality. Her technique is of the best, her tone broad and full. Brilliant bravura passages, no matter how difficult, are given with wonderful fire, vim and ease, and her cantabile is delightful. Vieuxtemps,



she be blessed with a daughter, to have her learn the violin. So it came about that the little Dora began her studies when only six years of age. She was born in Galveston, Texas, her father being conductor of the Galveston Singing Society. At the age of seven she made her *début* at the Galveston Opera House. At a second concert, given when she was only nine years old, she won the hearts of the people in such a manner that they sent her presents of jewelry and a beautiful three-quarter-sized violin. In that same year the family removed to New York, where Miss Becker continued her studies under such teachers as Reimendahl, Sam Franko, Carl Richter and Richard Arnold. Her New York *début* took place in Steinway Hall at the age of ten years, when she played the "Souvenir de Haydn," by Léonard. The child was at that time laboring under a spell. Having heard young Mauricio Dengremont, she was determined to play like him, and practiced from four to six hours daily, besides attending school, until her parents finally concealed her violin, fearing she would overwork herself. In 1886 she became the fortunate owner of a genuine Cremona, a Nicolas Amati of 1681. At the age of sixteen she left for Europe, where she studied in Berlin at the Royal Academy of Music. At the preliminary examination no less than eighty young instrumentalists played; of these only seven were admitted to the High School, Miss Becker being one of them, and she was immediately selected by the great Joseph Joachim and by Professor Kruse as their pupil.

tuition is free, but the examination is made extremely severe for all foreigners. At this time there were eighty-seven applicants and but thirteen vacancies. Probably the most anxious hours of Miss Powell's life were the twenty-four preceding her examination. Before the official notice of her success came she received a letter from her future professor, Danola, informing her that she had been assigned to his class. This professor took infinite pains with her instruction and evinced undisguised pride in her work.

When the second year was almost at an end she thought of something more that she needed, and that was, the experience that comes from concert work. She went to Léonard, played for him, and asked his advice. He counseled an immediate trip to London, and gave her letters of introduction to the leading musical people there. She made her *début* as a youthful prodigy, and at once became the rage. After a London season she made a tour of the British provinces. She was almost ready to return home when, through the kindness of friends, she met Joachim, and played for him. He made no comment but sought out her mother for a confidential talk, in which he strongly urged a year of study with him in Berlin.

skill with the violin. At twelve years of age we moved to New York, where I continued to study. My name is a German one, but I am a thorough American, and proud that all my knowledge has been gained in this country."

ANOTHER product of American teaching is Miss Bertha Webb, a Maine girl. She received her first instruction from the late Dr. Julius Eichberg, founder of the Boston Conservatory. As she was then living in Portland, Maine, it necessitated a pilgrimage to Boston each week (over a hundred miles by rail) to take her lesson. Bernhard Listemann succeeded Dr. Eichberg as her teacher, and she was under his care for many months. It was finally decided to send her to New York to continue her education. There she has made her home ever since, studying successively under such teachers as Leopold Damrosch, Gustav Dannreuther and Camilla Urso.

The daughter of an organist, the late John P. Morgan, of old Trinity Church, New York, is one of the famous women violinists of the present day—Miss Gertrude Morgan. She was born in New York, and very early evinced great musical aptitude for the "king of instruments."

Wieniawski, De Beriot, Hauser, Spohr, Léonard, all the difficult composers for the violin, she interprets with skill and fluency.

TO the sunny South is the world indebted for another charming and brilliant American violinist, Miss Currie Duke, a native of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. In her veins flows some of the best cavalier blood of the South, her father being General Basil Duke, and an uncle, General John Morgan, two of the bravest soldiers that ever bestrode saddle.

At nine years of age her mother put her at the violin, as she had manifested from her babyhood a love of music. She received her first instruction from a local teacher, but when twelve years old was sent to Cincinnati, where she had her first real master in Jacobsohn. For a year after Jacobsohn left Cincinnati Miss Duke had no teacher, but as the desire for the concert stage was strong within her General Duke finally gave his consent, and she went to Berlin to be with Joachim. She went through the rigorous examinations required at the Hoch Schule, and immediately entered Joachim's class. Joachim encouraged her from the first, telling her she had that mysterious something which the Germans call "perferividity," or "temperament." He also advised her to aim for the concert stage. For four years she was his pupil, devoting every particle of strength and energy to her work, and dedicating every hour of the day to music. Before leaving Berlin Miss Duke played before the Princess Leopold, sister of the Empress of Germany.

## THE WOMAN WHO MOST INFLUENCED ME

A SERIES OF SIX PAPERS

### \*IV—TWO WOMEN—By Edgar Wilson Nye ("Bill Nye")



It is with some reluctance that I write in comment upon the heading of this series of articles, for it may not be regarded as a great credit to any woman that she has been most influential in turning out such a doubtful job. Yet no one can tell how much more I might have fallen short had I missed the kindly influence of a good woman.

It was my good fortune to have, in the first place, an indulgent grandmother, who is still in good health and who writes me frequently in a small, clear and beautiful hand, a long, cheery letter filled with pride and politics; pride because I can write for the papers and spell with reasonable accuracy, and politics because for over three-quarters of a century and during a very busy life she has entered with genuine pleasure at all times into the questions of national government and the rights and duties of the qualified citizen.

SHE was a pioneer in the State of Maine, one of the members of a large family and afterward the mother of a family equally large. Webster's Spelling Book was her curriculum. She has often told me how the log schoolhouse was built by a bee, each neighbor contributing so much work toward its construction, and how, the door having no fastening but a leather string (the latchstring hanging outside), a stray calf one night pulled the door open and ate up my grandmother's library—books and all.

My mother also became a pioneer when I was three years old, and we removed to the Mississippi Valley in 1853. I can easily recall the trip by wagon over the present line of the Northwestern Railroad, when we ran out of food and for several days ate the ground feed of rye and oats which rightfully belonged to the horses. We settled among the Chippewa Indians, who gossiped freely about us and commented unkindly regarding our poverty. Still they were not above putting their legs beneath our mahogany or filling up on our New England doughnuts. I can still remember how they dropped in on us at times, always looking in the window first to see if we were at home or if the footman remained at his post.

A PRAIRIE fire was one of my mother's earliest Western experiences, a swift messenger having galloped ten miles to warn us. We had barely time to encircle the cabin and barn with a furrow and then to plow another about twenty feet outside this, burning the tall grass between the two so as to make a twenty-foot strip of blackened prairie in a broad circle about the ranch, when the lofty blaze and stifling smoke were upon us. Three men all one afternoon fought this mighty fire on an autumn day, and fifty times the towering flames would lap across the wide circle and catch on the grass inside. Mother did not shed a tear, but led my little brother and myself out into the middle of a plowed potato patch with what clothing she could carry there, and for hours, red-eyed and choking with the hot and stifling smoke, we waited for the tempest of flame to come and surround us and then pass by. Many people lost their lives and others lost everything else. The wild animals were driven before the hot hurricane, and showed no fear for man in their frenzy as they fled for life with scorched coats and smarting throats.

Then later the festive rattlesnake attacked my younger brother, who had just learned to walk, and the four little marks on his baby ankle, where the poisoned fangs had struck, are as distinctly before my eyes now as forty years ago on that summer morning when my father caught him up and ran with him to the house. The foot turned almost black, but a pint of whisky internally and a poultice of tobacco on the wound neutralized the poison, and the next day he was out hunting for the snake, armed with a switch about two feet long.

Many of these terrible experiences, far from physicians or friends even, were the lot of my mother, and yet her courage never for one moment forsook her. She took our primary education into her own hands, and even in the heart of the wilderness she inspired us with a love for education which never forsook us.

MY father regarded any means of gaining a livelihood aside from manual labor as doubtful, and though a professional life was a sort of compromise, he never encouraged us to forsake the honorable and honest path that leads through swamps of perspiration to a humble grave. Mother believed that her boys were as capable of shining in the professions as other boys, and never allowed our ambition to slumber or sleep. When finally I began school I had such a start that at six years of age I was the smaller half of a reading class while the other half was a six-foot man with massive whiskers. It encouraged me to hold that position and to rank with pupils much older than myself through all my early school life. For this I am indebted to my mother, and those who have even abundance of leisure will agree with me that to undertake the teaching of children at home is a heavy chore. When it must be done under the most trying circumstances and in addition to a laborious life it is a kind of heroism which no future filial devotion can ever fully repay. However sadly short I may have fallen of the mark set for me by my mother, she has no cause for regret on her own part. Weary with the endless labor which devolved upon her, her eyelids knew no slumber until we had learned our lessons and had learned them thoroughly. There was no "soldiering" permitted in her school, and with her instructions, too, came the earnest and prayerful effort at all times to arouse our ambition, and never to permit us to be contented with barely dragging along abreast of our classes. There were three of us and each destined to enter the legal profession.

I DID not practice much, it is true, for the bulk of my clients early entered the portals of the penitentiary, where, of course, they were of no use to me, but the other two brothers are successful lawyers and both attorneys for the State. But I was compelled to write for the press in order to buy coal for my law office, and my wife had to play the church organ in order to pay the rent. Pauper criminals used to beg to be thrown upon the mercy of the court rather than have me appointed to defend them. Sometimes I thought I did well to avoid getting sentenced myself, for I only succeeded in shining at the bar when the glad sunlight shot athwart my glittering trousers and polished elbows.

The profession soon recovered when I left it and other lawyers were raised up to take my place. I gave my library to a rising young attorney who needed a book of that size to prop open a window in his office, and I then entered the vast field of letters. It was not the course marked out for me by my mother, but she has learned to accept the situation with submission though she cannot reconcile herself to my wild *nom de plume*. In fact, it was not voluntarily taken by me but was forced upon me by the press and surrounding circumstances. It cannot now be shaken off, though often I am misjudged by strangers by reason of it.

Right here let me say that speaking from my own experience I may safely write that while the father may, by example and a strong will, do much to start his son on the right track, the mother's earnest devotion and never-flagging watchfulness inspire the best ambition and cling longest to the memory.

IT was shortly after my admission to the bar that I gave my hand in marriage to my present wife. Before that I had only a meagre confidence in my own ability. I had grave doubts about amounting to much, and my lack of confidence in myself was shared by my tailor.

But the right sort of wife gives a man a feeling of self-reliance that he cannot get elsewhere. He finds for the first time that he has an audience. Friends heretofore may have flattered him, but he fears that it is flattery, while his enemy, he feels, has been unjustly severe. His wife generally shows a genuine feeling of confidence and security in him which is a revelation. At first he is surprised and then he resolves to deserve that confidence. It is very difficult in a publication which goes into nearly every home in America to snow one's wife completely under with encomiums, thus using up the space which some other man wants to use for his own private encomiums, but in order to fully and honestly answer the question put to me I must state over my own signature that my early industry and ambition were stimulated by the never-flagging faith of my mother, and the still more deadly combat later on turned in my favor through the loyalty and confidence shown by my wife, who alone knows what have been the trials through which she has helped me.

YESTERDAY a young man asked me if it would be safe for him to marry on five hundred dollars and a salary of fifty dollars per month. I told him I could tell better when I saw the girl. There are girls who have grown up in ease and who have kicked great black and blue welts in the lap of luxury, yet who are more ready and willing to accept a little rough weather than the poor girl who has stood for eighteen years looking out through the soiled window of life waiting for the rain to rinse it off and let the sunlight through that she might see her approaching lord.

It is fair to say that neither my wife nor I had as much pocket money for several years after we married as we had before, but there was a thorough understanding between us regarding the matter, and before long people saw that scarcity of money matters did not scare us, and one day the tailor told me that I could take my time to pay for that suit I was married in. It was so with every one who knew us. They saw that our courage was good and that the future was being gazed at with dauntless eye. Of course, we could not go through that now with such a wild hurrah and capture the enemies' colors in a few years. God does not ask young folks to make such a fight all the time, but victory is sure to follow and it is worth the fight.

I presume that there are several husbands who read THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL who would prefer their wives to mine, but some unseen hand beyond the horizon of the average eye directed my wandering feet in the direction of the woman who alone could have the most and the best influence over me.

I wish right here to digress one moment to say that the funny man or the funny journal which subsists upon sarcastic and vinegary pictures or paragraphs regarding the utter selfishness and meanness of the marriage state, the perfidy of wives and the duplicity of sweethearts, ought to be, and will be finally sat upon by all honest people. It is as feeble in the way of humor as the poor old tottering mother-in-law joke, and in as equally poor taste. It is my blessed privilege to stand up and give evidence in favor of home influence, and I can truly say that no matter how far I may have fallen short of my high ideal, the fault has been my own and not that of any one associated with me in the capacity of parent or companion.

My wife, mother and grandmother being alive and well at this writing I hope that I may be excused from making any comparisons which might in any way cause the slightest pain or anguish. Each has done her part since the day of my birth.

I see no reason why woman should ask for an enlargement of her rights so long as she moulds the future of men and nations. We try to joke about it but that is only to attract attention away from the fact. She already has charge of our morals and our religion. Possibly that is enough for her to do. We make her responsible for future statesmen and give her full charge of the family morals and religion. And is not that enough?

### STREET-CAR ETIQUETTE FOR WOMEN

By A. S. FERGUS

THERE is a law in most communities that requires street cars to stop on the upper side of the crossing in the direction they are going. But no woman is expected to respect this—consequently stand on the wrong corner and signal the car to stop. You may tempt the driver to stop for you and run the risk of the law. If it passes you, you can glare at the conductor, who, of course, will stop for you on the other side and beckon you to come over. Turn on your heel and treat him with scorn. Wait for the next car and walk down the block a little and stop it before it comes to the corner.

Always stop a car in the middle of the street, especially if it is in full speed. Do not go to the crossings where the cars are expected to stop and are willing to do it. By stopping them at different points of the road you retard their progress and give the driver a chance to rest. Just as a car starts, suddenly make up your mind you want to get on it. The driver will enjoy coming to a standstill again. The conductor always enjoys this.

Hail a car and have it stop while you are a good distance from it. Having done this, walk leisurely toward it. You will observe the conductor, with hand on the bell-rope, leaning anxiously toward you, and the passengers looking in your direction, to say nothing of the driver gazing viciously around the corner of the car. Let none of this disturb you. Take your time and be oblivious to all the scowls about you. Do this with a sweet, placid smile. As you mount the step scowl at the conductor as though he were neglecting his business. It will nonplus him and prevent any remarks. To stop a car and then not get on it is quite the thing, and affords some amusement to all concerned. In getting on a car do so with slowness and care. Put one foot on the first step, keeping the other on the ground. This prevents the conductor from starting.

IF the car is not full pause at the door, and as you do so, seemingly criticize those therein, and select the one beside whom you will sit. Make sure, however, that your selection is at the further end, as it will give you an excellent opportunity to step on the toes of the others as you pass along. If the car is nearly full and there happens to be a small space between any two of the passengers, even though it is not large enough for you, make your way straight toward it. Gather yourself together as you hover over the spot, let yourself drop suddenly and trust to Providence for the rest. The chances are greatly in your favor that the space will be enlarged for your comfort. If you see any one about to try this neat little trick upon you frustrate it by suddenly occupying the space the other calculated upon. The person will sit upon you, and will ordinarily become confused at the mistake, and will show surprise when he discovers the space is gone. Never move to make room for any one else; crowding yourself up to your neighbor is abominable. Let them stand. Make it your rule to take all the room you possibly can. When once taken, keep it if you can. Never wait for a car that is not crowded. The more the merrier. If people are hanging on stop the car and force your way in. People like it, especially on a wet day.

If there are no seats unoccupied select some man, stand before him and just glare. If that does not have the expected effect sigh, get very uneasy, stand on one foot and then another, step on the man's foot once in awhile. He will get up at last; then drop into the seat. Never thank a man for giving you a seat. It is his duty. Remember the "rights" of your sex always.

A woman with a lot of packages is always welcome on a street car. It makes her look pathetic and interesting, and she can amuse the passengers by allowing them to pick them up off the floor for her as she drops them. An umbrella, with a woman behind it, in a street car is immense. It is needless to point out the fun and amusement that can be derived from the combination.

IF you carry a bag be very careful to put it on the floor so that people may trip over it, or if you have shawls and other packages place them beside you and do not move them if any one should desire the seat. When the conductor enters to take up the fares do not see him till he calls your attention to the fact that he is there for that purpose. Look at him in surprise. Then proceed in a very leisurely manner to hunt for your pocketbook. Having found it, never be in a hurry to get your fare. The conductor admires you and enjoys the rest. Always carry large money if you can. A conductor loves dearly to use up all his small change in taking a fare. If you have children try and evade paying for them. Never offer to do this yourself, wait till the conductor asks you. If you cannot deceive him then tell the truth and pay the fare. Taking them on your lap is quite deceptive, and is apt to make the conductor think them under age.

Ask the conductor all the questions you can, as, for instance, where is such and such a street, how near does he come to it and where is Messrs. Jones & Co., and the like. He appreciates the confidence you show in him. Always talk loudly in a car. Arrange to have your friend sit opposite you. This is always interesting. Then talk loudly across the aisle and thus entertain the whole car.

Sit sideways. It will enable you to take up as much room again as you are entitled to. Two persons conversing this way are perfectly irresistible, especially in a crowded car. In getting out do not begin the movement till the car has started. This will require bringing it to a complete standstill again. Make several attempts to get out, discovering each time that you have made a mistake—it was not the street you thought it was. This will insure the conductor taking a lively interest in your case.

When stopping a car put one foot on the step and ask the conductor what car it is. He will enjoy telling you. Never find out for yourself. With your foot on the car you hold him, for he dare not start for fear of an accident. You can entertain him by telling him where you want to go and ask how to get there. Sit near the door. If you have an umbrella you can reach the conductor on the platform.

A stormy day gives many opportunities for acts of politeness. If you wear a waterproof it is generally very wet, so sit beside somebody and rub yourself against them. If you have a wet umbrella lean it upon the person beside you, or hold it so the water will drip on their feet. Begin to raise it at the door as you go out, and shove it into the faces of those standing on the platform. They are generally men. They will secure their hats and dodge under your umbrella. This will give them exercise. A nervous passenger is much liked by the conductor; therefore never fail to ask him every time he enters if it is such and such a street. And also ask the people sitting near you. Every one will then take an interest in you, and all will call out your destination at the same time.

\* In this series of papers the following writers have already appeared:

MR. EUGENE FIELD . . . . . January, 1895  
MR. ROBERT J. BURDETTE . . . . . February, "  
REV. ROBERT COLLYER, D. D. . . . . June, "

In the companion series, "The Man Who Most Influenced Me," the following have appeared:

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT . . . . . December, 1894  
MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY . . . . . April, 1895  
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS . . . . . May, "

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



ALICE FRENCH ("OCTAVE THANET")

## THE WRITER WE KNOW AS "OCTAVE THANET"

By Mary J. Reid

[With Illustrations from Original Photographs]



"OCTAVE THANET" has been described as "the only female writer in America who is a humorist." Of wit and delicate fancy there is no lack among our women writers, but the power of evoking that kindly spirit, akin to the humor of Addison, Lamb and Irving, which enlivens, but holds within itself a sting so slight as to be barely felt, has seemed almost to be denied to women. We find it in some of "Octave Thanet's" sketches of American types, particularly in the characters of "Colonel Rutherford" and "Harry Lossing," these being drawn with a few strong, humorous strokes almost Chaucerian in picturesqueness and simplicity. In every sense one must regard "Octave Thanet" (Miss Alice French) as an exceptional woman, the old-fash-

There are strong fibres in her nature which draw her to the South and mid-West. Some portions of those regions she says she knows like her own soul. Her fair complexion, fathomless blue eyes, light brown hair, and also her tender conscience and love of learning ally her to New England; her manners, speech and magnificent physique are Southern, while her humorous mouth and vigorous, practical mind bespeak her a daughter of the West. A long residence at the South and a study of various dialects have somewhat affected her pronunciation. "If Miss French were a foreigner," a New England poet remarked, "I should call her speech an accent," but I have heard the same pronunciation in old Virginian and Maryland families. This little peculiarity is not to be regretted at all, since it greatly adds to the charm of her conversation.

Miss French's manners are indescribably charming. She is always very approachable, but is sometimes as elusive as a wild bird about betraying her real self to a stranger. Her tact is marvelous. I have never known her to go beyond the occasion or to rise above the intelligence of the person with whom she was conversing. She is very fond of children, particularly of her three nephews and nieces,

Harry, the eldest one, being devoted to her. She helps him to write quaint, childish stories, and takes part in his plays. One day she spent a long time in making a target for the little fellow's air-gun, and then joined in the shooting, hitting the bull's eye oftener than any one, even when "grown-ups" took part in the fun. Among intimate friends where she feels herself at home, she is the soul of a dinner-party. Her memory is very retentive and holds everything from Emersonian maxims to the latest doggerel verse. She tells a story capitally, easily dropping into a dialect if it will add to the humor of the narrative, and is remarkably quick at repartee. After a brilliant social season one will find "Octave Thanet" hard at work in the charming little home on the Clover Bend plantation in Arkansas, where her friend, Mrs. Crawford, has provided a retreat for the author she loves the best of all. No one can fully understand Miss French without seeing this slender, dark-eyed friend, who has been called "Jane" in "An Adventure in Photography." "Jane" plans their numerous expeditions and makes our author's life bearable during the winter months on the Black River plantation, where the materials for "Expiation," "The Loaf of Peace" and "Trusty No. 49" have been collected. But even here Miss French is not beyond the call of duty. There is no doctor within twenty miles. If a drowning mill-hand is to be resuscitated or an artery is severed, she is invariably sent for, as she knows exactly what ought to be done until the doctor arrives.



A GLIMPSE OF MISS FRENCH'S DINING-ROOM

ioned Anglo-Saxon phrase, "many-sided," expressing her traits with more vividness than the Latin word versatile. She does not belong to that over-sensitive, spiritual type, best represented in our age by Christina Rossetti and Emily Dickinson, but rather to the Thackeray and Kingsley type. By this comparison it is not to be inferred that she is lacking either in womanliness or spirituality, but that she loves human life and intercourse, and watches with an ever-increasing interest "our provincial vanity, our cosmopolitan toleration, our daring, our reckless humor and secret tenderness, our vigor, our divine hopefulness." Miss French has, in reality, a great deal of spirituality. There are moments when her remarks upon immortality and the duty of one soul to another are so simple and fervent, that one would imagine they were inspired by an over-study of the early Christian fathers, and to hear her repeat Matthew Arnold's "Buried Life" amid the gathering shades of dusk is an inspiration.

No section may exclusively claim "Octave Thanet" and say, "she is mine," in the sense that Miss Murfree belongs to Tennessee or Miss Wilkins to New England. Miss Alice French was born in Andover, Massachusetts, her ancestors on both sides belonging to well-known New England and Virginian families, such as the Mortons and Lees. When but five years old her father removed to Davenport, Iowa, but she was sent to Andover to be graduated from the same seminary which her Grandmother French had attended when a girl,

About six months in the year Miss French may be found in the family homestead, humorously styled "The Clam Shell." It is situated at Davenport, Iowa, in the upper town, and is a large cream-colored frame house, occupying a prominent position on Perry Hill, overlooking the river so affectionately described in the "Stories of a Western Town." Unlike Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr's picturesquely irregular home at "The Maples," in Vermont, where wing after wing has been added to meet the needs of a growing family, the Western home which Mr. George Henry French built has been enlarged solely in length until it almost reaches from street to street, its long piazza and many bay-windows making it a very cheerful home. The whole family are artistic rather than musical in their tastes. One may find in the drawing-room at "The Clam Shell" a very choice selection of oil paintings from the modern French and Italian masters. In the dining-room are cups, plates, spoons and pieces of cut-glass ware which have been handed down from the four Marcus Mortons who were prominent in the making of New England, from the Frenches and the Crown-shields. The most ancient heirlooms in the Morton family are flagons, marked with Nathaniel Morton's monogram and coat-of-arms, extending back for I know not how many generations. The Chippendale chairs, which belonged to General Jackson, one of which figures in the story, "Mrs. Finlay's Elizabethan Chair," may be seen in the illustration of the dining-room. The Elizabethan chair which "Octave Thanet's" pen has made historic belongs to a sister-in-law. Miss French has a hobby for old furniture; a sixteenth century Marqueterie set, bequeathed to her by a relative, is so greatly valued that, I doubt not, she travestied some of her own feelings in the delineation of the character of "Mrs. Finlay." Her ordinary writing-chair is a comfortable leathern one, nearly a century old, which was once used by the law-makers in the Pennsylvania Senate. A little superstitious feeling may be connected with the use of the old leathern chair, since it is not a thing of beauty. This mediæval fondness for artistic furniture and architecture finds expression in such stories as "The Besetment of Kurt Lieders" and in "An Assisted Providence."

In the "Stories of a Western Town" the father of "Harry Lossing" is a charcoal sketch of her own father, the late George Henry French, the features altered somewhat so as to make the character unrecognizable. But the Davenport people, who loved him well, identified the portrait in spite of its transformation. Mr. French always believed in his daughter's talent—more than she believed in it herself. He died about seven years ago, before she had won her reputation as the greatest of our short-story writers. Perhaps her severest critics have been her brothers. In a playful mood she once described to me how much she was indebted to them for the masculine view of human nature. A funny incident is told in the family about one of her brothers. When her stories were first published he refused to read any

magazine and began to read a story. He read it all through before discovering that the signature was "Octave Thanet." In a flash his indifference vanished, and was succeeded by a great throb of brotherly pride in his sister's talent. The three houses inhabited by the different members of the family upon Perry Hill were ransacked for old magazines containing her stories, and the brother was not satisfied until he had read every one of them.

In a quiet way Miss French enjoys laughing at herself and the creations of her brain. In the early part of our acquaintance I asked her how she obtained the materials and incidents for her stories and she gave me this humorous answer:

"I should have to draw entirely upon my imagination to tell you how I obtain my materials. Sometimes an incident suggests the character and sometimes the characters suggest their own incidents."



PORTION OF DRAWING-ROOM IN MISS FRENCH'S HOME

In fact, they have a sad trick of taking their destinies into their own hands. There was 'Colonel Rutherford' in 'Expiation,' for instance, a gentleman whom I hold in high regard. I expected him to be the faithful and inconsolable husband of one wife, and he was happily living with his fourth before my acquaintance with him ended. I was so fond of him that it was a cruel blow to me; but I simply had no influence at all with him, and he went his own gait in spite of me. 'Meadowes,' in 'The Day of the Cyclone,' I found all over what we call in the river counties 'The Slough Water Districts' of Iowa, and all over Kansas. I think he is a fine old Roman, but he would probably despise me as a writer of stories and a trifler. I like the dear old man just the same. He is the Western Puritan, the modern descendant of Cromwell's 'Ironsides.'

Miss French believes in the dedication of an author to his art and that he must spend some years in preparatory study and travel. Her own preparation was masculine in its breadth, because one of the aims of her life has been to keep intellectual pace with her brothers. She made great explorations into the French, German and English literatures; diligently studied the German metaphysicians for the sake of cultivating her reasoning powers, and learned to love the masters of political economy. But, on the other hand, her uncle, Bishop Lee's, and later, Bishop Perry's, ecclesiastical libraries have been ransacked for the sermons of old English divines.

To draw, from her fine knowledge of human nature, the strong, sweet, healthful types of our time, and to place them in an atmosphere as fresh and enlivening as the outdoor air, would seem to be the task which Mother Nature has set for "Octave Thanet." Emerson has said somewhere: "It is the best sign of a great



THE HOUSE IN WHICH MISS FRENCH RESIDES AT DAVENPORT, IOWA

nature that it opens a foreground, and, like the breath of morning landscapes, invites us onward," and it is this "onward" quality of genius which Miss French possesses. But it happened one day that he took up a

nature that it opens a foreground, and, like the breath of morning landscapes, invites us onward," and it is this "onward" quality of genius which Miss French possesses.



## IX—A SUMMER PROBLEM SOLVED



THE Cynic, the Philosopher and the Irresponsible Person had dined. The Married Man was absent, having departed three weeks previously for the mountains to join his family. Naturally in his absence the conversation of the deserted trio turned upon him.

"He's the only man I ever met," said the Cynic, "that was not utterly spoiled by matrimony."

"That's rather hard on your father, I think," said the Irresponsible Person.

"Oh, no," returned the Cynic. "A man may be spoiled utterly and yet be lovable and worthy of admiration. I loved my father and I admired him, but I could see that matrimony had spoiled him. I loved him all the more because he had been spoiled, and I admired him because he was glad he had been spoiled. He preferred being spoiled with a wife, to being unspoiled without one. A man is a man by virtue of his rugged nature, by virtue of his being able to fight the battle of life with a chance of coming off victorious, by virtue of the spirit of aggression which is implanted in his nature. My daddy had all of this when he started in, and if he had remained unmarried he might have been a greater success or a greater failure according to his fight. As it was, marriage made him cautious; it substituted slow growth for rapid because the happiness of others became involved in his own happiness, and he could not, as a married man, conscientiously take the chances he would have jumped at if he had remained single. He avoided risks that he feared only because of the effect they might have upon the comfort and well-being of my mother. He worried ahead slowly, and life was not long enough for him to attain the position he would have attained if circumstances had permitted him to go his own gait."

"You'll excuse me," said the Irresponsible Person, "if I say that I think that theory is all nonsense. I fancy you'll find, if you look into it a little more closely, that matrimony makes men more frequently than it mars them. I've never had much sympathy with the notion that a young man married is a young man marred. That remark was made by some irresponsible person who wished to say something clever. A wife is an inspiration. She is the mainspring of the family and she keeps her husband up to his work. She gives him something to work for."

"Indeed she does," said the Philosopher with a chuckle. "Look at Harkaway's case. Mrs. H. keeps his nose on the grindstone perpetually. He wears winter clothes all summer, and never takes a day off in order that Mrs. Harkaway may keep an end up in society. When she goes to Newport in August we know that it is because Harkaway has worked like a horse all the year, and can at the moment afford to send her there. She's an inspiration without doubt. She's more than an inspiration—she's an impetus with a whip-lash."

"Yes, she is," said the Irresponsible Person. "And whose fault is it? You blame her. I don't. Harkaway gets his reward. He buys the papers and gloats over the reports in them of how Mrs. Harkaway wore this at the Vanderbilt reception; he is happy because six months' hard labor is rewarded by a paragraph in the Sunday papers announcing that Mrs. Harkaway's costume at the Astors' dance was entrancing. He worked like a dog for six months to get just money enough to pay for the costume, and he pats himself on the back when he finds that because of it she is worth two lines in the newspapers. It's his fault, not hers. You call her a butterfly and you pity him. Well, I don't pity him because he deceives her. The man who deceives the world for the sake of his individual credit may be excusable. His business welfare may demand it, but when he deceives his wife and makes her believe that he has a big income when he hasn't, he commits a crime. I'm tired of hearing women blamed for men's extravagances. If Harkaway had told his wife at the outset that he was poor and couldn't afford all her nonsense I

firmly believe she'd have saved money for him instead of making him a bankrupt."

"You have great faith in women," said the Cynic.

"I have," said the Irresponsible Person. "I'm descended from one on my mother's side, and I've so much faith in 'em that if I could find one who'd have me I'd get married right away."

"May your quest be a long and weary one," said the Cynic.

And just then, to the surprise of all, and fortunately for the discussion, which was bordering upon the acrimonious, the Married Man appeared. He was grimy with railroad dust, and he looked tired, hungry and not altogether amiable.

"What?" cried the Irresponsible Person. "You here—or is it your ghost?"

"I'm here, or rather, all there is left of me is here," said the Married Man. "I hope you fellows haven't eaten up everything in the house. I'm hungry as a bear. Haven't had anything but a glance at a railroad sandwich and a mouthful of cinders all day."

"Poor fellow," said the Cynic. "Here's some Tabasco sauce. You'll find it very warming if you feel chilled."

"I thought you were off on your vacation," said the Irresponsible Person.

"Well, I am," said the Married Man wearily; "I'm just beginning it now. I've been in the mountains about three weeks and now I've come home for a rest. I couldn't stand the racket."

"Racket?" cried the Philosopher. "This is a new development. I'll have to make a note of it for my book. It always seemed to me that for a married man like yourself the Mountain House was an ideal spot."

"It used to be," growled the Married Man, "when there were more men and fewer women in the world. Why, my dear fellow, the summer resorts are becoming simply unbearable. There's such an over-production of girls, and such a man-famine, that there's no rest for the few male mortals who venture into them. I'd rather be Daniel in the lion's den than go back to the Mountain House again."

"Oh, come," said the Philosopher. "Don't spoil your reputation. I've always said I liked you because you are not given to exaggeration. I've often remarked that that virtue saved you. You have seemed to me to come as near to having a philosophical mind as any man who is married can hope to have. Result, I have even admired you at times. I can quite understand how in a country resort where men are scarce an eligible young man may be worn to a frazzle before his vacation is half gone, but when the father of a family tries to convince me that he has been pursued by summer-girls until he has to take refuge in flight—why, it's incredible, particularly when he has his wife and children along as tangible evidence of his matrimonial plunge."

"If you'd observe more and theorize less you'd get at truth oftener," snapped the Married Man. "It's plain to me that you don't know to what a dire pass this man-famine in the summer resorts has come to. Why, it has positively got to such a pass that even grandfathers are impressed into the service for dancing. That's why the Roger de Coverley is so popular. The old Virginia reel has been discarded for the De Coverley not because the girls didn't enjoy the romp and the rush and the noise of the reel, but because the available men were most of them so old and creaky in their joints that the dignified and stately movement of the De Coverley became an absolute necessity. The minuet will come again, I'll bet a dollar, simply because of this man-famine which forces grandfathers into the service of Terpsichore."

The Married Man paused long enough to order a half dozen little-neck clams. Then he resumed, addressing the Philosopher. "You say that I exaggerate," he said. "Now here's my experience and I'll swear to it. When I arrived at the Mountain House there were sixteen girls in the house—unmarried, fun-loving girls—ranging in years from sixteen to thirty-eight. The available resources of the house in the matter of dancing men were two boys of fourteen whose parents had fitted them out with Tuxedo coats, which they wore with becoming dignity and a blasé air worthy of the Cynic himself; the hotel doctor, a delightful fellow in every respect, but lacking in conscience when it

came to doing his duty in the ballroom; a retired New York banker of sixty, and myself. The boys, of course, were equal to the occasion, but on several evenings they were sent to bed early for misbehavior and I had no help from them; the doctor had an understanding with the bell-boys to come and summon him to an imaginary patient whenever he felt that he had had enough, and the retired banker, as soon as he saw how insatiable was the appetite of the young women for draughts upon his small Terpsichorean balance, conjured up a most fortunate attack of gout, did his foot up in bandages until it looked like an abnormally-developed golf club, and withdrew. I don't believe he had any more gout than I had, but for the sake of his constitution he had to do something and that was the easiest and the pleasantest thing to do. The result was that I was left entirely at the mercy of those girls. You see when I first arrived I was weak enough to dance once or twice with my wife, and as it has always been my misfortune to be graceful, as soon as the girls saw me tripping the light fantastic I was lost. They sought out the madame, unanimously elected her chaperon for every function of the day or night, and she, in her innocence, failed to see in her popularity anything but a compliment to herself. She doesn't understand the modern summer-girl. When she was young she had men to choose from, because the supply was greater than the demand. She little knew that those girls were making a dead set at me through her—not because they thought I was flirtatious, mind you, but only because I was a man. A starving soul will eat elephant's hide and consider it a tender morsel. A summer-girl when the man-famine prevails will lavish her smiles upon anything bearing semblance to a man—even dudes. I'm not at all sure that, now that I've left, the head-waiter of that hotel will not be impressed into the service, unless the hotel proprietors do the right thing. The thirty-eight-year-old young woman was beginning to take notice of him before I left. She always asked his advice about what she'd better have for breakfast this morning, and once when I wanted a pitcher of warm water to shave with I couldn't get my bell-boy to bring it, because he'd gone off fishing on the lake with a half dozen maidens who didn't mind hooking sunfish and perch, but had a holy horror of putting worms on their hooks.

"So it happened that I danced enough for a lifetime every evening, and if when the music stopped it happened that there were two or three girls who had been overlooked I had to take those two or three walking or rowing or fishing the next day to keep 'em from feeling hurt. Then the thirty-eight-year-old had an abnormal craving for games. Blind-man's buff was her idea of bliss, and, of course, I always had to be a blind man, and I tell you the hardest work I had was trying not to catch her. She was a coy young thing and rather enjoyed being caught. Going to Jerusalem was another of her favorites, and for a week or two until I discovered her system it seemed impossible for me to sit down in the chair when the music stopped without finding her somewhere in my immediate vicinity—above, below or alongside. And worst of all, between times I had to sit and make myself popular with the mothers of all the girls, talking about the beauties of Nature, and Sarah Grand, and listening to the cunning things my boy had said to their daughters—things he ought to have been skinned for saying. So it went. I was between three fires. The girls on one side, their mothers on the other, and Tom constantly looming up in some new bit of ruffianism induced by the ill-advised attention he was receiving, in payment, I suppose, of the attention I was lavishing on the older young people. I didn't see anything of my wife, and hardly had time to think of her. I was rapidly growing into a regular hotel beau, and so finally, to save my reputation, I wrote to the office and told them to telegraph to me to return at once. This they did and here I am. I can at least think of my family here undisturbed. I love to be popular, but heaven forbid that I shall ever again work up a corner in popularity at a summer hotel."

"By Jove, you did have a time of it, didn't you?" said the Cynic.

"I did, indeed," returned the Married Man. "Hereafter when I go to a place like that I think I'll break my leg the week before. That will let me out of the dancing anyhow."

"You spoke of the hotel proprietors' doing the right thing," said the Philosopher. "What would be the right thing?"

"I don't know," sighed the Married Man. "I haven't brains enough left to solve that problem."

"I have," said the Irresponsible Person. "I've thought about it a great deal, for I, too, have suffered, and I, as a single man, suffered far more than you ever dreamed of. The solution is simple. The hotel proprietors ought to employ a corps of beaux, that's all. There are plenty of young men about who'd like nothing better than to draw a salary for impersonating a guest at a summer resort. I think I'd do it myself for ten dollars a week and my board and lodging—or if they didn't want to go to

that expense they could issue a confidential circular to impetuous young men of pleasing address, offering them free board and lodging at their hotels, stipulating that they should be on duty as escorts all the time, and requiring that their attentions to young ladies should be general and not individual, so that homely girls would have a chance. They could advertise the fact that these young men had been secured, and girls would simply flock there in such numbers that they could very soon declare dividends on their beau account, no matter how large a beau's appetite might be. Take the place you have just left, for instance, Mr. Married Man. The proprietors might advertise this way:

THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE  
VALLEVILLE, N. H.

Air Unsurpassed—Fine Views  
Cuisine Unrivaled  
Young Men a Specialty

Dancing Every Night and Partners for All  
Send for Circular Send for Circular

"That's the solution of the problem, sir," concluded the Irresponsible Person. "It would fill the house up with girls, and old people like yourself, my dear Married Man, could go there and sleep all day and all night and not be missed for a minute."

The Cynic and the Philosopher nodded approval, but the Married Man looked a little dubious about it.

"I don't know," he said thoughtfully after a moment's reflection. "I don't think I'd like that either. I—I rather enjoy a little popularity, you know, even with maidens of thirty-eight."

## TO TALK WITH FLUENCY AND EASE

BY LOUISE ROYLE



ANY a girl, intelligent, educated, as our ideas go, is mortified by her lack of ease in conversation. She finds other girls, inferior in actual ability, ever ready in the shifting round game we call small

talk, and is forced to the conclusion that shallowness is the passport to social favor. But she is mistaken; she is simply in the condition of a person overloaded with large bills when there is need for a little small change. Perhaps she is self-conscious; perhaps—let me whisper it—she is selfish, like the man in "Punch," who said, "Oh, Robinson is such a bore, he's always talking about himself and his affairs when I want to talk about myself and my affairs."

There is one great reason for this lack of conversational power: in too many cases the art is never practiced inside the home circle. No attempt at pleasant converse is ever made save when visitors are present; the various members of the family may gossip a little, or discuss purely personal affairs, but they make no attempt at entertaining talk. In point of fact, the art of conversation is like a game of battledore and shuttlecock, one needs the quickness and dexterity of constant practice. In many busy households the only general gathering of the family is at mealtime—a time above all others when worry should be banished, if only for the sake of physical comfort. Yet this is the very time when the mother will complain of domestic worry, the father of business cares, and the daughters of shabby frocks.

All this should be changed; it ought to be a rule in all households that disagreeables are to be banished at mealtime. If complaints must be made let them come at a proper time, but do not imperil your digestion by eating while you are in an irritated and discontented frame of mind. Pleasant talk, relieved by an occasional laugh, will be more beneficial than pounds of pills. In the household there should not only be an avoidance of unpleasant topics, but an attempt to find agreeable ones. Each member of the family should come to the table prepared to say something pleasant. Any bright little story or merry joke, or any bit of world's news that will loosen the tongues and cause animated talk—how it will increase the brightness of a working day! There need be no profound discussions, no hobby-riding; it should be lively touch-and-go talk. Let the girls talk just a bit about gowns and chignons if they will; let the boys talk athletics, for in this family parliament every one should have a right to be heard. But let the general range be of the newspaper order—what all the world is doing. It is far better to discuss the delinquencies of powers and potentates than of our neighbors; and she who keeps herself acquainted with the doings of all great people and places cannot be provincial, however narrow her horizon. Now, there is one fact to note especially: the girl who wants topics for conversation must read the newspapers. There is no doubt that newspapers and periodicals are most useful in giving subjects for general conversation. The information thus gleaned is both timely and popular—just what one needs in society. General information of a popular type is the prime requisite for easy conversation, and when to this is added good temper and the ability to appreciate a joke, there should be no complaint of inability to talk with fluency and ease.

\*Mr. John Kendrick Bangs' reports of "The Paradise Club" began in the JOURNAL of December, 1894, and have appeared in each succeeding number. Back numbers can be supplied at 10 cents each.





THE NEGLECTED GRAVE IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY

## TOM MOORE'S FIRST SWEETHEART

By Edward W. Bok

[With Illustrations from Original Photographs]



ONLY those who are thoroughly conversant with the innumerable highways and byways of Greenwood Cemetery, in Brooklyn, know of a section called "The Hill of Graves." It is one of the most unfrequented spots in the cemetery, at the intersection of two walks called Meadow and Linden Avenues. The section derives its name from the fact that nearly forty thousand unfortunates are buried there in rows of fifty. Only the pauper and unrecognized dead are interred there. One would never think of looking for a spot of interest in that locality. Neglect is apparent on every mound: scarcely a grave that shows a mark of remembrance. Either those who are buried there have no friends, or in the myriad of graves are forgotten and their resting-place cannot be found. To find any particular grave in this public burying-ground one needs the aid of a cemetery guide. And even such a guide has difficulty, since the graves are known only by numbers. Upon looking

sunken and neglected; the grass, once green upon it, is long since dead. A single yellow moss rose bush, evidently planted years ago, is the only indication of life about the grave. No more striking instance of utter neglect can be imagined. A small white marble stone stands at the head on which is inscribed:

MOTHER  
AND  
GRANDMOTHER

Nothing is there to indicate the fact that underneath that sunken mound lies all that is mortal of beautiful Mary Duff, to whom the poet Thomas Moore offered his hand and heart, whose beauty he immortalized in his verse, and who, in the maturity of her career, won the applause of thousands and thousands of people, whom her name attracted to all the great theatres of America and England as one of the most gifted of actresses.

To the present generation the name of Mary Duff is known only by tradition and by Moore's poem. Yet her career reads like a romance. It was in London that she was

born, in 1794. Her christened name was Mary Ann Dyke. When she was scarcely fifteen she was known far and wide as one of the most beautiful girls of the neighborhood. Her poverty led her to adopt the stage as a profession, and she with her two sisters, also of great beauty, became dancers at the Dublin Theatre, where their singular grace, comeliness of face and person attracted immediate attention and admiration. Whenever the Dyke sisters appeared the theatre would be thronged. And Mary seemed to be the favorite of the trio.

It was the fashion of the time at Killenny for gentleman amateurs to give annual public performances for the benefit of the poor of the city, and it was on one of these occasions, when the assistance of professional ladies from Dublin was invoked, that Thomas Moore, the Irish poet,

was introduced to Mary Dyke, and immediately found himself passionately in love with her. It was in the play, "Fortune's Frolic," that Tom Moore personated "Robin Roughhead," and Mary Dyke "Nancy."

The Irish poet became Mary Dyke's very shadow, and after awhile he poured forth his great love for her and offered her his hand and heart. But, for some reason, the beautiful Mary did not reciprocate the wealth of affection thus offered her, and she rejected him. It was this which led Moore to return to his room, and in the midnight hour, pen his celebrated love-song:

"Mary, I believed thee true,  
And I was blessed in thus believing;  
But now I mourn that e'er I knew  
A girl so fair and so deceiving!

Few have ever loved like me,  
Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely!  
And few have e'er deceived like thee—  
Alas! deceived me too severely!

Fare thee well! Yet think awhile  
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;  
Who now would rather trust that smile,  
And die with thee, than live without thee!

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,  
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;  
For see, distracting woman! see,  
My peace is gone, my heart is broken! —  
Fare thee well!"

Others of his lyrics contain references to the beautiful Mary. Moore was thirty-one years old at the time, and finding his advances rejected by Mary, transferred his affections to her sister, Elizabeth, whom he wedded. After Moore's marriage it was revealed to him that Mary's rejection of him was because of her love for one John R. Duff, an actor of the Dublin Theatre, where she first danced, and to whom she was married a short time after, when only sixteen years of age.

Immediately upon their marriage the young groom and bride sailed for America, and on November 2, 1810, Mr. Duff made his first appearance on any American stage

in Boston, at what was then known as the Federal Street Theatre. He appeared in a comedy and a farce and won instant success. Mrs. Duff's first appearance was delayed until the evening of December 31 of the same year, when she essayed "Juliet," her husband appearing as "Romeo."

She did not create a very marked impression as an actress, but her marvelous beauty became the talk of the town. The unanimous judgment was that a more beautiful woman had never trod the American stage. Great crowds were attracted to the theatre. But to be accepted merely as a beauty did not satisfy Mrs. Duff, and she studied and worked hard to gain applause for her art. Her next appearance in a new rôle was in the following January, when she played "Lady Anne" to the "Richard III" of no less an actor than George Frederick Cooke, who was then the greatest tragedian of the American stage. Her success as an actress was more marked. It was not, however, until February, 1818, that she really stamped herself as a great actress, when she came once more before the public as "Juliet" and received her rank at once as an actress of the first magnitude. From that time her success was phenomenal, and her career a succession of the most brilliant triumphs. She played much in Philadelphia and Boston, eschewing the New York stage for years, but when she did appear there it was to make an instant success. In the latter part of 1828 she returned with her husband to London, and acted with Mr. Macready at Drury Lane Theatre.

In 1829 Mr. and Mrs. Duff returned to America and never again left American shores. Two years later Mr. Duff died, leaving his wife almost penniless, for it

must be remembered that the most popular actors in those days did not receive the enormous salaries that are at present paid. At the zenith of their fame the highest salary commanded by Mr. and Mrs. Duff was, jointly, only fifty-five dollars per week.

With ten children to look after and educate, Mrs. Duff had a hard time of it after her husband's death. She continued on the stage, however, until 1836, when she married John G. Severe or Seaver. Her public appearances were less frequent, and on May 30, 1838, she acted for the last time. She went to New Orleans to reside, renounced the stage, left the Catholic faith and became a member of the Methodist church. For years her life was spent in works of benevolence and charity. Finding herself unhappily married, she passed her days in deepest retirement.

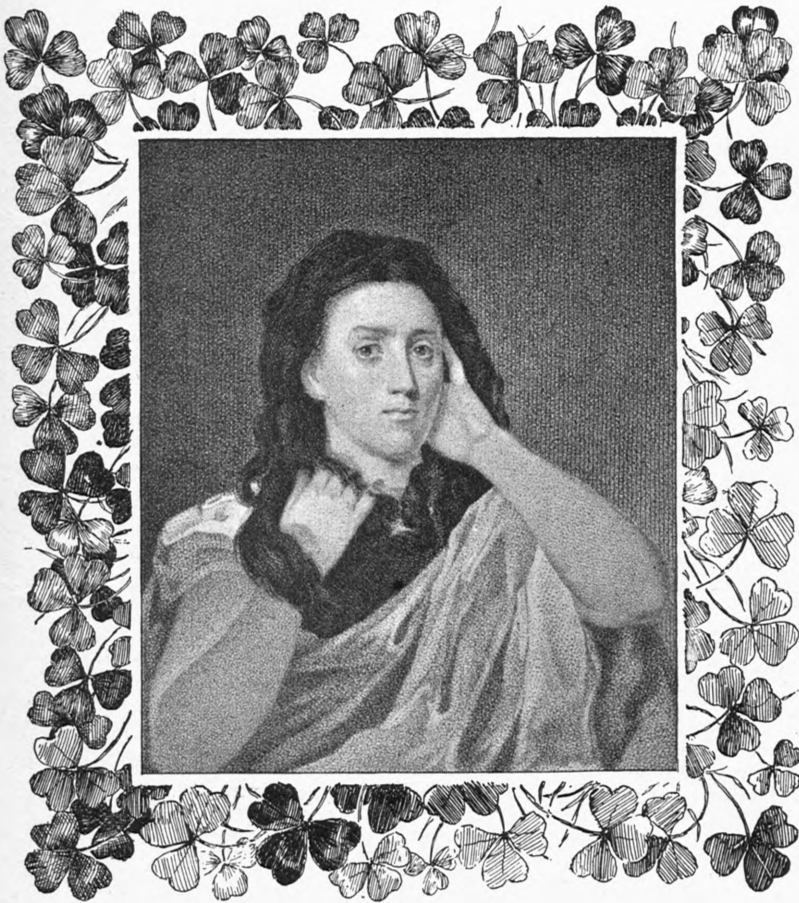
Suddenly, in 1854, she disappeared from New Orleans with her husband and children. It was said that they had removed to Texas. Whether they ever reached the land of the Lone Star or not no one knew—in fact, the world never knew nor heard of Mary Duff again until the year of 1874, when it was discovered that she had lain buried in an unknown grave in Greenwood Cemetery for nearly twenty years. The secret of her later life and death was so well kept that no one ever penetrated it. Then some one stumbled over the lonely grave in Greenwood, and ferreted out the fact that the greatest actress of her day, with her daughter, was sleeping beneath a humble stone bearing the simple inscription, "Mother and Grandmother!"

It afterward transpired that Mrs. Duff had gone to New York in 1855, a sad, subdued, broken-spirited old lady. Quietly the once-renowned actress went to the home of her youngest daughter, Mrs. I. Reillieux, at No. 36 West Ninth Street, and there on September 5, 1857, she died. On the following day a single carriage followed her remains to Greenwood Cemetery, where they were temporarily placed



MARY DUFF AT THE AGE OF 60

[The last portrait known to have been taken of her]



MARY DUFF IN EARLY LIFE

[From a print in the collection of Frederick R. Ryer]

at the records of the cemetery it was found that the special grave desired in this instance was in Public Lot No. 8999, and that the number of the mound was 805. When the grave was found it was not unlike the thousands around it. The mound was

kenny for gentleman amateurs to give annual public performances for the benefit of the poor of the city, and it was on one of these occasions, when the assistance of professional ladies from Dublin was invoked, that Thomas Moore, the Irish poet,

in the receiving tomb. The same year the remains of her daughter were laid beside her in the receiving tomb, and finally, on April 15, 1858, Mrs. Duff's remains, together with those of her daughter, were laid in the public lot where now they rest.

By Junius Brutus Booth Mrs. Duff was called "the greatest actress in the world." John Gilbert said she was, without exception, the most exquisite tragic actress he ever saw. Her beauty was worshiped. Her movements were likened unto those of a queen. The classic outline of her head and face made painters and sculptors marvel. Her dark, brilliant eyes fastened people. She was a glorious woman in the eyes of men; exquisite in the eyes of women. She swayed audiences as never did woman before or since. Her tenderness touched hearts, her grace enthralled them. Her career was brilliant, her life stainless. And yet, in Greenwood Cemetery, amid decay and neglect, side by side with paupers and suicides, in an unmarked grave lies all that remains of this much-admired woman of the American stage.

## A THRIPPENNY TOKEN

By Thomas Wharton



THE custom of splitting sixpences or other small coins between lovers is useless, superfluous and dangerous: Useless because a half-sixpence does not preserve love, or you are very weak-minded if you need such a preservative; superfluous because it does not express

love—nobody will argue about that—and dangerous—well, dangerous because everything useless and superfluous is dangerous, and particularly because everything sentimental is dangerous.

It was not a sixpence that I split with Marian, but a silver three-cent-piece—one of the old silver bits, with a III and a big C. I found it in a handful of change one day, one of the early days of our acquaintance, and though it was then a very presumptuous step to take I had it cut in half, bored with two little holes and fitted (the halves) with two little gold rings. Then I gave one half to Marian and when she accepted it my heart punched me joyfully in the ribs. Goose that I was! I believe geese are myopic.

I affixed my half of that three-cent-piece to the key-ring of my watch-chain. At first I regarded it as a veritable charm against all the evils, cares and mortalities of this sinful world. Later I grew more accustomed to it, but I never quite ceased to consider it a fetish. Marian's half disappeared for a time, and though mortified I did not dare ask after it. Later—oh, much later—it reappeared once more.

I could make a separate story out of the later reappearances of that dear little bit of silver. The first time I saw it again it slipped down, unobtrusively and unconsciously, attached to a thin gold bracelet, out of a soft sleeve. I did not dare to seem to notice it, but I could not manage to look unconcerned, and all at once there was a blush and the bracelet was suddenly and hastily restored to its hiding-place up the sleeve. After that the half-threepence grew bolder; it showed itself on a watch-guard and on other bracelets; for a time it seemed to possess barometric properties and would indicate what the weather had been and was going to be; but at last it finally returned to the gold bracelet and was left to exhibit itself or no without diffidence as chance might direct.

It was one day during this period that Marian requested it to be demonstrated to her that I was still in possession of my half of the threepence. I pulled it out of my pocket, and it was then, as the little silver thing lay in her soft white palm, that she swore me never to part with it and to cherish it as the one indissoluble bond between us. I took it quite as seriously as she could have wished and entered fully into the solemn spirit of the ceremony, for you may guess whether I was not flushed with happiness. I had not believed that she set such store by my first gift to her.

"While you wear it," she said, "I shall always keep my promises to you. But if you part with it in any way I shall never forgive you—and I will not—I will not care for you as you wish me to. Remember, I have warned you."

That is the first half of the story. Anybody can guess how the second half begins. I lost that wretched, ill-fated bit of silver. How, I don't know; nor can it matter now. Marian begged me to have it riveted on my key-ring. I meant to take her advice but neglected the matter, until one day, on passing a jeweler's shop, the half-threepence popped into my head. "I will have it riveted at once!" I said to myself. I entered the shop well satisfied with my diligence. My excitement and pallor when I discovered my loss created a sensation among the salesmen and customers. The impression gained that I had been robbed of diamonds at least, and I did not dare to correct it. I searched myself then and there before them all to the verge of impropriety, and subsequently subjected both my office and my bedroom to a scrutiny which would have made the Russian police turn pale with envy; but I might as well have been looking for the ten lost tribes. Do what I might I could not find that fatal fifteen mills' worth of the white metal, and I do not expect that I shall ever see it again. I may add that I do not wish to.

Having at last nerved myself to face my loss, what next?

There was one alleviating circumstance—just one. Marian had gone on to Boston to stop with the Miles-Standishes, who were giving dinners, and after that with the Cotton-Matherses, who were giving dances for her. Consequently I should have a respite of at least a week before detection was possible. During that time she would be most unlikely to read the lost and found columns in the New York newspapers (oh, yes, I advertised—on principle), and I should be able to carry out the felonious subterfuge which immediately suggested itself to me, with comparatively little fear of detection.

The subterfuge was to procure another three-cent-piece, have that cut in half, hang the substituted token on my watch-chain (rivet it, this time), and present a virtuous and undisturbed brow to the world. It was an astute thought, worthy of M. de Giers. I did not think any the less of myself when it occurred to me. I therefore ordered the brougham and went and took counsel with a leading numismatist. He, misapprehending yet abiding my question, informed me that three-cent-pieces of the sort I named, if in good condition and mint-marked, might be worth eight cents; if in good condition, but not mint-marked, say five cents. If worn they had no value to the collector and I might as well spend them out. I informed him that I did not desire to sell, but to buy. Upon that understanding he offered me a choice, at a slight advance on the prices I have named, among several very elegant and well-preserved threepences, all with their edges fresh and their C's sharp as a new moon.

Thus I found myself confronted by my first difficulty. The three-cent-piece which I had divided with Marian had been a most disreputable wreck of a coin, worn smooth as a looking-glass, and its edges badly crumpled. It was the very model of a token: old, bent, battered by the world and full of strange experiences of life. To replace it by one of these smug, unhandled, collector's pieces would be as impossible as inappropriate. I revealed as much of the state of things as I dared to the dealer. He pondered over me a little while, glaring through his spectacles as if he half-suspected me of felonious adventure; then, dropping his voice to a Gaboriau pitch, he advised first, the Brooklyn bridge; second, the elevated railroad stations; third, the nickel-in-the-slot machine treasurers; fourth, the Philadelphia Mint. As I thanked him and said good-by he threw out further hints as to apple-women and newsboys. I wonder he did not advise corner-stones.

If I were permitted I could easily write a novel on my experiences during the next three days while I was seeking for that threepence. I am not permitted. All I may do is to strive to convey the impression of haste, despair, constant movement, confusion as to time and place, sense of oppression, bewilderment, noise, bustle, oblivion of identity—to dash these in with a few strong strokes, so to speak. I tried all the means suggested by my numismatic (and philatelic) counselor. I believe I even addressed a letter to the Philadelphia Mint, which respectfully referred me to somebody—or somewhere—else. The bridge and the elevated railroads I expanded into banks, savings banks, ferry companies and street car railways; and goodness knows what other incorporated methods of gathering up the small change of a people, their treasurers and cashiers, did I visit modestly, deprecatingly, anxiously, one after the other. I don't suppose I shall be believed, but there did not seem to be in the city of New York one single silver three-cent-piece in circulation or on deposit.

I will give, simply by name, other places or persons included in my quest: newsboys, bootblacks, newsboys' homes, apple-women, river-front restaurants, telegraph offices, soup-houses, candy stores, drug stores, exchange brokers, curiosity shops, pawn-brokers, dime museums and bootlace venders. I was everywhere unsuccessful, and finally another numismatist said to me, "You see, when people get hold of those coins they keep them for pocket pieces or have them cut in half for tokens." I began to believe him.

None the less, however, shall I ever remember with gratitude the sympathy of the proprietors of the nickel-in-the-slot machines. They begged me to wait. It could not be long before a silver threepence was passed for a nickel. Alas! fate was against me. At last Sunday came. Weary and broken in spirit I went to church (a promise to Marian). The collection was taken up. I sit directly behind the venerable Edward Edwards. His venerable purple hand trembled over the velvet-lined plate. When the vestryman moved on to me, there before my eyes lay the object I was seeking. It was old, it was worn and shiny, its edges were scalloped—it was the very twin of my own.

After service I visited the vestry and effected an exchange. I leave the casuistry of my action to others; but it is a fact that gratitude for the providential assistance I had received toward my contemplated subterfuge impelled me to a thank offering, and the heathen were spiritually richer to the extent of one dollar and ninety-seven cents after the exchange was completed.

The next morning I took the threepence to the jeweler's shop to be cut in half. I still had my tremors, for suppose Marian took a fancy to compare the supposed halves and they did not fit? However, this was a remote contingency; I could even devise means to provide against it. On

the whole, I felt like an esoteric Buddhist just released from an underground fast.

There is only one way to cut a coin in half—from top to bottom. Mine was the right-hand half; the jeweler riveted it on my chain, after rubbing the edges a little to make them seem not so freshly cut. Marian was to return the next day—Tuesday. It had been a narrow escape.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now I know what you think happened. You think that when Marian returned my apprehensions were once more aroused by the peculiar manner in which she questioned me on the subject of my half of the threepence; that her manner convinced me that I was not only suspected but found out; and that at last, after enduring untold agonies, I discovered that she had lost her own half—that is your supposition. How little you know Marian.

\* \* \* \* \*

What happened was this: I wore my counterfeit pledge for twenty-four hours with great satisfaction to my soul. But when my dear girl came home and sat smiling beside me, the depths of my baseness were opened unto me and I saw how mean and black they were. I could not look into her eyes and deceive her. Without hesitating I told her everything.

She heard me to the end without a word. Then she lifted her eyebrows slightly.

"If you have lost your half," she said, disengaging her hand from mine, "it is absurd for me to go on wearing mine." And she pushed up her sleeve, drew off the bracelet and dropped it into a big Cloisonné bowl full of visiting-cards.

"Jim," she went on, "did you really miss me?"

THE AUTHOR OF  
"ALICE IN WONDERLAND"

BY ETHEL MACKENZIE MCKENNA

THE author of "Alice in Wonderland," charming, kindly gentleman that he is, has a horror of anything approaching to publicity which might almost be called morbid. So much does he dread a chance encounter with the ever-wily interviewer, and even the possibility of a betrayal by an acquaintance, that he avoids making friends. Only a very few of those who surround him are admitted to his intimacy and enjoy the charm of his quick sympathy, bright intelligence and wide learning. To us who live in the world, and who are accustomed to have our thirst for information regarding all those whom we admire ministered to by the enterprising journalist, it seems difficult to understand how Mr. Dodgson can believe that the individuality of Lewis Carroll is entirely hidden in that of the spare, gray-headed, austere-looking don of Christchurch, but so it is, and he even takes a joy in the thought that his family name is hardly known outside the University save to ardent lovers of mathematics.

The Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson has spent the greater part of his life in college. He was elected a student—*i. e.*, a Fellow of Christchurch in 1854, and from 1855 to 1881 he was mathematical tutor. His subject is mathematics and he has contributed a number of books to its literature. Curiously enough he hardly realizes that his fame has come to him, not as the advanced mathematician but as the author of the most fascinating nonsense that ever was written. When in the first flush of her success "Alice" was in every hand and her wonderland adventures were the delight of grown-up people as well as of children. Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, sent a message to the author begging him to send her his next book. Like all her subjects she was anxious to hear more of the delightful child, whose prototype was the daughter of the dean of Christ Church. She was much astounded to receive soon after a copy of "An Elementary Treatise on Determinants," by C. L. Dodgson, for in those days he had managed to preserve his incognito, and Her Majesty, like the rest of the world, believed him a mere humorist.

Mr. Dodgson is a clergyman in deacon's orders; he was never ordained a priest, owing, it is said, to a slight hesitancy of speech which prevents his speaking in public. This, however, he has in a measure overcome, and he now not infrequently reads the lessons and prayers at the college services in the Cathedral. He has even occasionally been known to preach at the special services for the college servants, but it is very rarely that he mounts the pulpit. He is a creature of habit and in term time is never absent from his own particular seat in St. Mary's for the University sermon, always staying to matins afterward. During the last five-and-twenty years he has hardly ever been missed from his accustomed place.

For years Mr. Dodgson has been a keen amateur photographer, and he finds in the art one of his favorite relaxations. Long before the craze became at all general the Christchurch don was as enthusiastic and as indefatigable in pursuit of good nega-

tives—or were they positives then?—as he is in everything that interests him. His rooms very soon included a shed for photography, and though his ardor has now slightly cooled he by no means neglects his camera. Children are, perhaps, his favorite subject, but then he adores children under every condition. He found one of his chief delights in the dramatic version of "Alice," so charmingly arranged for the stage by the late Mr. H. Savile Clarke, that it was played entirely by children. He took a great interest in the little actresses, and had several of the principal performers to stay with him at the seaside, where the fascinations of castle-building and paddling were diversified by instruction in mathematics by their host. He would also send presents to all the diminutive company, with the proviso, however, that they were only to be given to those children who deserved them. Of course, he is immensely popular among small folk, but their affection is mingled with a certain amount of awe, for he has a quaint way of talking to them about great and beautiful things in an elaborately mystifying way, which, while it somewhat confuses his juvenile listeners, delights the grown-ups. He is a great lover of mystery and mystification, and it is, no doubt, partly owing to this that he is so extremely sensitive on the subject of his name and his whereabouts.

Oxford is full of witty stories gleaned from the sayings of Mr. Dodgson, and any old Oxonian will point out many of the characters who found their way into Lewis Carroll's fascinating stories. "Alice" herself has long ago disappeared from University circles, but the "White Rabbit" still roams about the precincts of New College in the person of a well-known don, and the "Mad Hatter"—of whom Sir John Tenniel's picture was a perfect portrait—has only recently seceded from his business in the "High," where for many years he was a prominent upholsterer.

Always ready with a repartee, it has been the delight of the bright-witted undergraduates to enter into wordy contest with their tutor. On one occasion a young sporting member of the college drove out one of the Egyptian Princes, who was also an "undergrad" at the time, in a tandem, a frequent act of university insubordination. The result was a stupendous smash. On the subject the youthful Jehu had to stand a generous amount of chaff. He was not to be beaten, however, and called upon Mr. Dodgson next day and asked him to come out for a drive. The tutor merely looked up from his paper and replied to the invitation in the Biblical words, "Wilt thou slay me as thou didst that Egyptian yesterday!"

His chambers in the Tom Quad are, perhaps, the finest in Christchurch and he is particularly proud of them—indeed, one of his favorite boasts is that he owns thirteen rooms, more than any one in college, though this large number is arrived at by his having put up partitions and made them, if more numerous, certainly smaller than those of his fellow Fellows. The ascetic-looking figure of the Christchurch don may often be met trudging steadily along the roads several miles away from Oxford, for he has always been a great walker and he is not the man to give up any good habit. Most of his rhymes are composed while he is out walking. Quite recently when he was asked to do some elementary mathematical teaching in the absence of the regular tutor he replied, "Certainly," adding as an afterthought, "I must take a lot of long walks to recover my Euclid, which I haven't touched for twenty years."

As a rule, though, it is at night that he chiefly ponders over mathematics, and his half-serious, half-humorous book, "Pillow Problems," really was what it professed to be, an exposition of the abstruse mathematics with which he amuses himself when lying awake at night.

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" appeared in 1865; "Through the Looking Glass, and What Alice Found There," in 1871; "The Hunting of the Snark" in 1876, and "Sylvie and Bruno" in 1894. But of them all "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking Glass" remain the favorites.

There is something very pathetic in the figure of the old don living his secluded life in the Oxford College, while his pseudonym rings through the nurseries of the world and is dear to the children, whom, without knowing, he loves. A constant stream of young life is flowing past him, bringing gleams of youth into his life as it does into the buildings of the old college which is his home. He still retains his overpowering affection for children, though nowadays they come but little into his life, for he has almost ceased to make friends outside his college.

He is never seen in company except in that of the Common Room, and there he is ever at his best. The atmosphere seems to dispel the cloud of reserve which, as a rule, surrounds him, and there he is talkative and genial, overflowing with kindness and good fellowship to the young men seated around him who listen eagerly for the words which flow from his lips. His friendship is their most cherished gift, his companionship the most delightful privilege they enjoy.

## THE LUCK OF THE PENDENNINGS

By Elizabeth W. Bellamy

(With Illustration by Alice Barber Stephens)

V

WHILE Esther was pounding away at the fence with an energy emphasized by her sense of mortification, "Mom Chaney," who had been an interested spectator from a distance, made up her mind to lend a helping hand. Chaney usually took all day long to accomplish her own work, but she could spare time when it pleased her to do so, and she strode through the weeds to Esther.

"You is de man o' de fam'ly, Miss Esther, honey," she said admiringly; "but you ain't got no heft o' sich a job. Gi' me a holt, an' we'll brace hit up together."

"I'll do the best I can," Esther said, hoping Chaney would not discover how near she was to tears. "I can't call on Roger to do this; he is too little, for one thing, and besides, mamma keeps him and Lucy studying all the morning."

"Book-larin' is gre't sto', sholy," Chaney commented sentimentally, "but work-sense is better, an' you is got de work-sense—'ceptin' of carpentry. Why don't you hire this job done, stid o' maulin' yo'self inter a fever?"

"Because I've got no money," answered Esther shortly. "And just now I've nothing else to do."

"Well, chile, de preacher he preaches, 'Do wid yo' main stren'th an' perseverance what you come across ter do, an' put yo' trust in de Lawd.' An' I tell you fur yo' inducement, chile, de Pendenings warn't made ter be everlastin' down in de worl'. Yo' luck gwan ter turn."

"Well," retorted Esther "it ought to, if putting my shoulder to the wheel will do any good."

"There ain't never no tellin', no time, what's ahead of us," Chaney declared. "An' now, chile, I done help you fur ez I kin. When you git ter dis nex' post you better jump de job fur ter-day. Little an' often is de best way fur onspereenced hammerers, an' I got ter look arter my kitchen. Mebbe I kin help you some mo' ter-morrer. You is done well. Dis fence ain't nigh so wobbly as hit wuz. But, kehi! Miss Esther, yo' rig is tarryfyin', sholy! Effen dee wuz a crop a sproutin' nary a jay-bird nor nary a crow would n't light on it, if dee seed you."

"It suits my work," said Esther.

"Yes, honey; but hit don't suit you. Lucky nobody don't pursue down dis side lane commonly; but, honey, don't you tackle dem front palin's, unless you mek yo'self bedorned."

"I shall tackle the front palings in precisely the same costume," Esther declared. "I'm not ashamed of wearing working clothes when I am at work."

But it was several days before Esther finished her repairs on the side fence. She had assured herself that Arthur Hackett would not pass that way again, and yet she was vaguely expecting him. For it was to be supposed that the novelty of finding a young lady tinkering laboriously at a fence would furnish an irresistible source of amusement to a young man bored by his own idleness.

But in vain did Esther revolve in her mind various sharp speeches for his edification; never a soul traveled that unfrequented lane again while she drove home the numerous nails. And it did not once occur to Esther that a sentiment of delicacy might withhold the idle young man from intruding upon her unfeminine labors.

With Chaney's spasmodic help Esther, on the fourth day of her undertaking, arrived at the corner, and there "Mom Chaney" insinuated that "belong of the rheumatics in her backbone" she would have to be excused from rendering further assistance.

"The truth is, 'Mom Chaney,'" said Esther laughing, "you are ashamed to be seen carpentering."

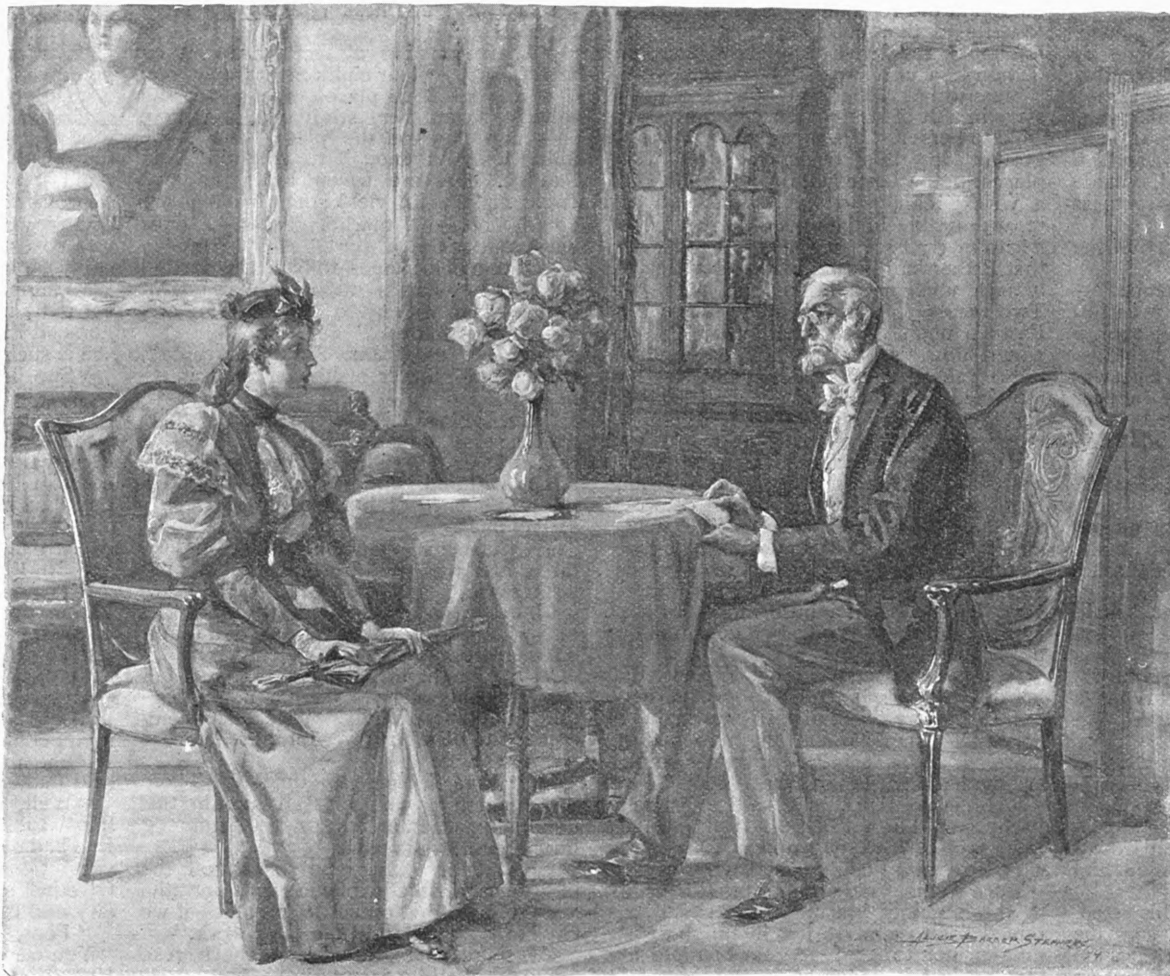
"Dat's a fac', honey," Chaney acknowledged. "I got some respec' fur my incompleteness ef you ain't got none fur yours. You ain't no business ter be

wastin' yo' quality on dis kind o' job; but you is dat brash hit ain't no use talkin'. You 'minds me o' yo' paw's cousin, Mr. Carroll Ashe. Ain't you heard de news, Miss Esther?" she asked suddenly.

"What news?"

"Why, since 'most a week, how yo' paw's cousin, Mr. Carroll Ashe, is sot hisself up in de ole Pendenning home, top o' Myrtle Avenue?"

"Our old home?" gasped Esther, with a pang of jealous resentment, followed instantly by a thrill of expectancy—it was hardly hope. She knew very little about Mr. Carroll Ashe. She had never seen him—for long before the marriage of her parents he had left Rodney to live abroad—but if he had bought the old Pendenning place—The Home, as it had always been named in the family—it was presumable that he had means; and a kinsman might find it in his heart, perhaps, to be a friend. Yet Esther did not know whether she was glad or sorry to have him in the beloved old home which her great-grandfather Pendenning had built, for there had been



"Necessity compels me to be a borrower for those I love—not for myself"

an estrangement between her father and this kinsman, and years ago all communication between them had ceased.

"He's pow'ful rich, ain't he?" Chaney asked significantly.

"Indeed, I know very little about him," Esther answered coldly.

"But he's yo' kin, yo' paw's own blood cousin, spite o' dif'rence in name," Chaney persisted. "An' he's boun' ter be rich, else he couldn't own that Home, Miss Esther. You know when yo' maw had ter gin hit up, hit took five in company ter buy hit fur a hotel, an' now he, one, holds hit intire, an' is slinging his improvements around brash. An' nary a wife, nor a chick nor a child ter qualify his lonesomeness. So, Miss Esther, honey, you be perlitte; perlitte is mighty cheap, an' hit allers pays."

Esther laughed, but a hot flush dyed her face, and she pulled her hat down, ashamed of the thoughts that crowded to her mind. She continued, after Chaney left her, to pound away at her fence, though hardly conscious of what she was doing. Her work compelled her to take her position outside the inclosure, but her hat hid everything from her view except the precise point at which her hammer aimed, and she was so absorbed in considering the news Chaney had divulged that she heard no approaching footsteps. Suddenly a voice at her side accosted her.

"Good-morning, Miss Pendenning! What a variety of talents you are endowed with!"

Esther pushed back her hat and looked up—never had she looked prettier, Arthur Hackett thought.

"Good-morning, Mr. Hackett," she

said, without a shadow of embarrassment; but she drove in the next nail very crookedly. "I have only one talent," she corrected, "the talent for work."

"An admirable talent," he replied; "but—aren't you letting your energy outrun your judgment?"

"Oh, if you mean that I ought to employ a carpenter," said Esther, "I must inform you that money is not so plentiful with us." And venting her feelings on the fence the whole panel came down.

"Here's a job for a young man out of work!" exclaimed Arthur Hackett. And with the words his coat was off and hanging on the neighboring pickets; the next moment he had taken the hammer from Esther's unsuspecting hands.

"It is dreadfully rickety, this old fence," faltered Esther. "Everything about here is rickety."

"Except yourself!" Arthur Hackett declared, with a look that brought the vivid color in a fresh tide to Esther's cheeks.

"It is not so very bad after all," said Arthur Hackett, turning his attention to the fence. "This post can be braced up. If I had a spade and some bits of board I could soon make it all right."

"I can bring both!" cried Esther, and stepping through the gap in the fence she ran around the house to the shed behind the kitchen, whence she presently returned with a spade, a hatchet and the wreck of an old candle-box.

—late in the season, don't you know?" he stammered, with an embarrassed perception that his interest might savor of impertinence.

But Esther's opinion of this young man had undergone a decided modification since his deft patching of her fence, and the seriousness with which he accepted the avowal of her intention of betaking herself to farming was so gratifying, that almost unawares she had told him of the mortgage.

"Mamma thought that she was doing right," said she, when she had explained the purchase of Mr. Daniel Miller's land. "She thinks so still; she considered it a point of honor to redeem my father's pledge to an old friend. All my mother's wisdom is in her heart," she added with a tender little sigh.

"I see," said the young man in a tone that went far to complete Esther's more favorable estimate of him. "But—does not Mr. Miller know what a sacrifice she has made?" he asked with a touch of indignation.

"Oh, he is dead," Esther answered, "and I don't suppose he ever knew. He died about two years ago, and left no heirs, and no property, either, I believe."

"And the land is in Eagle County, you say? Near Summerfield?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Pendenning keeps up the taxes, I suppose?"

Esther laughed. "What's the use? The land won't sprout peas, Mr. Fastin says—and that means very poor land indeed."

"Still—it may be worth something."

"I don't know," replied Esther, who, in this case failed to be impressed by his earnestness. "Nobody wants to buy it. Mamma has tried to sell it for half that she gave for it—"

"Tell her not to do that!" he broke in. "Tell your mother not to sell that land at a sacrifice," he counseled with great earnestness.

"Nobody wants it," Esther repeated, much amused.

"And if ever she has an offer for it, ask her to let me have the refusal," he persisted.

"I am very much obliged," said Esther a little stiffly, as the uncomfortable suspicion forced itself upon her that he was striving to invent some way to render pecuniary assistance to her mother.

"I do not know how I have been betrayed into confiding our affairs to you. You must excuse it—and forget it, Mr. Hackett."

"There is nothing to excuse," said he. "And since you have done me the honor to confide in me how can I forget it?"

"Mamma would be very much shocked," faltered Esther. "She would not approve at all of the freedom with which I have spoken to you. I am always acting on impulse, and then repenting in sack-cloth and ashes."

"I am sure of one thing," he rejoined with deep feeling, "you will never need to repent of a word you have this day said to me." His heart was clamoring for the privilege of offering comfort and succor to this girl, so young, so brave, so unselfish, bound by a hard fortune to a life of toil for the sake of her helpless family. All his heart was in his eyes, and Esther was filled with a strange confusion. She had considered herself very much this young man's superior, but all of a sudden she felt herself reduced to insignificance in presence of a sentiment to which she was an absolute stranger, and she trembled.

"I love you!" he said in a whisper. "I must have loved you always."

But when the words were spoken Esther no longer believed in the sentiment.

"No, no," she said, shrinking from his outstretched hand, "you are attracted and amused by the novelty of a girl deliberately giving herself to a man's work; your fancy—"

"Ah, how much better I know you than you know me," he interrupted with smiling reproach. "I was sure you would say that; but this is no fancy; it is a part of myself. It breaks my heart to think of you—in this inadequate struggle—"

"I am determined to succeed!" Esther declared proudly. "What do I care for the struggle?" Her heart was far too securely bound up in her desperate enterprise to pass readily into this young man's keeping.

"Wasting your youth—your strength, when I would so gladly bear all your burdens for you. Esther! Esther! love me never so little, but marry me!" he entreated, holding out his hands.

But Esther shrank from him still. "No," she said. "Even if I loved you how could I forsake those who need me, and who have loved me all my life long?" "There are those who have loved me all my life," he replied, smiling; "but their love does not suffice. I, too, need you—you alone, of all the world. Love me—if only for that."

"No," said Esther again, this time not without a touch of sadness. "I like you better to-day than I have ever liked you, but it is not love. Ah, if you knew the fire of courage in my heart for those of my home you would see how impossible it is that I should fail—how impossible that I should find any hardship in anything I undertake for love of them."

"You have not sounded the depth of my love for you," he broke in. "Do you not understand that I would make those you love mine too, Esther?"

"And do you think I would—do you think they would—?"

Esther could not finish her broken sentences.

"Oh, Mr. Hackett," she sighed, "I am so sorry."

"Yet—think of it, think of it," he pleaded. "Indeed it is worth while." And Esther did not deem him conceited for this assurance.

But there came a sound of wheels upon the road, and the vision of a pony-phaeton whirling toward them recalled these two young people to the every-day world.

## VI

AFTER one swift, unrecognizing glance, Arthur Hackett and Esther, as if by tacit consent, ignoring the approaching phaeton with its solitary occupant, turned away from the road, and sent their gaze across the rose-garden in front of the house, but the intruding phaeton came to a sudden halt just opposite where they stood, outside the fence, and a voice of affected sweetness lisped softly:

"Pray, good people, can you tell me which way—?"

With one accord the "good people"—Arthur Hackett because escape was impossible, and Esther because she took a perverse satisfaction in revealing herself—turned and faced Mrs. Hackett. She was accustomed to drive every day for her health, but never before, to the best of Esther Pendenning's knowledge and belief, had she passed along that road.

"Why, what an extraordinary tableau!" exclaimed the lady of the phaeton.

Esther, who had been serenely unconscious of the costume that Anne said made her a guy, became suddenly—and defiantly—aware of it.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Hackett," said she, with admirable composure; but Arthur Hackett frowned.

"Why—why—it is Miss Pendenning?" queried Mrs. Hackett, shrilly, "What a startling costume, really. Excuse me, but I did not know you."

"It is not my reception costume," said Esther, unrebuked. "It is my working-suit."

"It has the indispensable merit of appropriateness," commented Arthur, still frowning. "It is, moreover, picturesque and decidedly becoming."

"Ah, my dear Arthur," said his step-mother sweetly, "you always say the right thing. Miss Pendenning must pardon me. And now, dear boy, if you will put on your coat—did you take it off on the same polite principle that induced the French monarch to drink from his saucer when taking tea with the primitive old ladies?"

"No," said Esther promptly. "Mr. Hackett did not take off his coat in deference to my costume; he has been mending our fence."

"Ah?" said Mrs. Hackett, arching her heavy black brows, a gesture in which Esther read many things. "Well, if you have finished your job, young man, pray come to my assistance. I hear there is a road in this neighborhood known as Brower's Lane, where the Cherokee rose is in bloom. Miss Pendenning will excuse you, I am sure. This can't be her reception day."

"No, it is not," said Esther, imperturbably; "therefore, I cannot invite you to stop, Mrs. Hackett."

Arthur darted her a look of admiration, reproach, deprecation, entreaty; then he put on his coat and seated himself beside his step-mother.

"Which turn do we take for Brower's Lane?" he asked, leaning forward the better to compel Esther's eyes to meet his own. "The left?"

"The right," corrected Esther.

"The right? I won't forget," he said. "Good-morning."

"Good-morning," echoed Mrs. Hackett, with a gracious smile and bow. It had been easier than she expected to tear Arthur away from the designing young person.

"Good-morning," responded Esther. As the phaeton rolled away she stooped for the hammer lying in the sand. "I know just what she is saying to him," she commented to herself.

Mrs. Hackett was laughing, a studied laugh that she wished to have appear spontaneous and uncontrollable.

"My dear boy," she bubbled, between paroxysms, "for an exceptionally clever youth, how you do contrive to get yourself into extraordinary positions. How lucky that I happened along to rescue you."

"I was in no danger," said he grimly.

"Ah, you never know when you are in danger, you rash young people. But pray tell me, Arthur, how long have you been patching Miss Pendenning's crazy fences?"

"About—an hour," said he.

"I hope the job is a final one?"

"Well, so she gave me to understand."

Mrs. Hackett was not sure that she understood her stepson.

"The girl is very handsome, and very clever and very poor," she said amiably.

"I couldn't blame her if she—"

"Don't be uneasy," Arthur interrupted impatiently. "A girl with such a passion for work can't have much respect for me."

"Why, Arthur, what an idea!"

"It makes a fellow wish he had some aim in life," he declared gloomily.

"You absurd boy! Just because you've seen a girl dressed like a scarecrow. Isn't it aim enough to look after our investments?"

"What is there in Rodney?" he asked.

"There is the climate, for one thing," said Mrs. Hackett pensively. "And then, you know, I needed quiet, quiet without gloom. Besides, you forget our great attraction, Miss Trent; and now that our friend Mr. Ashe—"

"Ah, yes! I forgot Miss Trent," Arthur Hackett exclaimed, with a thrill of satisfaction in the reminder. And he decided to write to that good friend at once, and tell her of the brave struggle Esther Pendenning was making.

Meanwhile Esther sat upon the porch steps in a fit of despondency incomprehensible to herself. There was no reasonable ground for this dejection; the worst places in the fence had been mended, and a young man, who was considered the most desirable in the town, had just asked her to marry him. It was not the first time that Esther had heard a young man declare himself unchangeably in love with her. Two years had not passed since Mr. Fastin's nephew Joe had sworn that he would blow his brains out if she persisted in her refusal to marry him; but she had remained obdurate, and Joe had gone to Texas and married there in less than six months. Esther had laughed at Joe, and had told Anne all about his fiery, frantic courtship, but she could not laugh at Arthur Hackett, and she was not at all disposed to tell a word of what he had said to her.

"If Arthur Hackett had as hard a problem before him as I have," she sighed, "he wouldn't be any more in love than I am. If only I had a little money to start with. And there is our rich cousin in our old home—"

At this recollection Esther felt sure that her depression was the outcome of a vague sense of injury that had been growing upon her since Chaney's startling news of the morning. Was it, indeed, that very morning she had heard the news?

"He is so rich," she said to herself; "why should he not help his own kindred? If he would lend us enough to make a start I am sure I could pay him back."

Then Esther made up her mind to apply to this stranger kinsman; but she determined not to confide her intention to her mother, nor to Anne, lest they should advise against it. Her courage rose again with this resolve, and she went in to acquaint the family with Chaney's news.

"Well," sighed Mrs. Pendenning, "I would much rather he should have the dear old home, than see it turned into a boarding-house, as was proposed. But whether he remembers our kinship—"

"Why should he forget it?" interrupted Esther vehemently. "There is our name to remind him; didn't he and my father grow up together under great-grandfather Pendenning's roof?"

"It can hardly be said that they grew up together," Mrs. Pendenning corrected with careful accuracy; "for Carroll Ashe, I remember, was some years older than your father. And then, too, there was an estrangement, the grounds of which I never quite understood."

"It could not have been of much importance, then," Esther said briefly. She did not like to be reminded of this estrangement; it chilled the hope that Chaney's news had kindled in her heart. She said no more about Mr. Ashe, then or later, but went on, day after day, driving nails and pulling up weeds, thinking, thinking all the while, and studying gardening-books by night, until at last her mother asked:

"Are you going to turn market gardener, Esther?"

"Dear mamma, how good you are at guessing!" Esther laughed. "It is the height of my ambition to be a market gardener."

"It is very late in the season," Mrs. Pendenning sighed.

"It is not too late for a crop of experience," Esther reminded her bravely.

Although Esther had fully determined to seek the aid of her stranger kinsman, several days passed before she found the nerve to put her purpose into execution. But at last, one April morning, she opened

the great iron gate, passed up the familiar walk, and rang at the door of her old home.

She was ushered into the room at the end of the hall—not quite the same room she had always known, for the old black mahogany furniture of her great-grandfather Pendenning remained in her mother's possession; and the obvious attempt to reproduce the belongings of this dearly-remembered nook filled Esther with an unreasoning resentment. She was hardly in a frame of mind that insured serene self-possession when Mr. Ashe entered—a tall, stately, white-haired old gentleman, who bowed somewhat stiffly, and waited for her to speak.

Esther had declined to send her name by the servant, and she now announced it with a stammering tongue.

"Daughter of Roger Pendenning?" he asked.

"Yes," Esther answered.

"Be seated," her host commanded, courteously but coldly, or so it seemed to Esther.

"I don't know whether it is worth while," she said. "It is business only that brings me."

Mr. Ashe looked at her now with awakening interest.

"I will go straight to the point," said Esther, meeting his scrutiny with unflinching eyes, for her courage had returned. "My father is dead, as you perhaps know—"

"I know," he replied, and had Esther been less prejudiced she might have noted a touch of tenderness relaxing his stern features.

"There are five of us," she went on impetuously, "four children and mamma. We live on a little place out of town, and—and—we are very straitened, and there is a mortgage on the place. But Anne and I are old enough to take things in hand. There are seven acres, and we could make them yield some income—we could manage a market garden—if once we could make a start. A little money to put things in shape—to have the needful work done—and I thought you might, perhaps, be willing to help my father's widow and children."

"Pardon me," Mr. Ashe interrupted, "did your mother send you on this errand?"

"No, indeed!" she answered. "Do not imagine that mamma would ask a favor of you. I came of my own accord, unknown to her, and because—"

but in the vehemence of her feelings she could say no more.

Mr. Ashe had seated himself beside a table, and was unlocking a drawer. "It strikes me," said he, still in the same cold, even tone, "that the first visit of one of my kindred might have been of a different character."

Esther ought to have felt rebuked, but she was only angry. "I am not a beggar," said she proudly. "Necessity compels me to be a borrower for those I love—for myself."

Mr. Ashe looked up quickly. There was something that pleased him in this young kinswoman of his, notwithstanding her peremptory manner.

"I am not asking you to pay off the mortgage," Esther explained with warmth; "we will do that ourselves, in time—if we can but have a start at our farm work."

Mr. Ashe, having filled out a check, rose now with the bit of paper in his hand.

"When a man lends money," said he gravely, "he likes to assure himself of its return, but I shall not ask security if—"

The slow smile with which he uttered the words was kindly meant, but Esther judged it patronizing, and not to be endured.

"Stop!" she interrupted. "I have no security to give. I have changed my mind. I will not take your money. I am sorry I came. Good-morning!"

And she walked out of the room, leaving Mr. Ashe tearing the check.

He sank into a chair, covering his face with his hands. "Ah, me!" he sighed, "how much she is like her father!"

Esther was fully persuaded that her conduct toward her haughty kinsman had been commendably spirited; but when Anne declared that she had demanded his money like a brigand she began to see herself in a different light.

"Oh, Anne!" she exclaimed, aghast. "But even though I did 'demand his money like a brigand,' as you say, he need not have been so exasperatingly lofty. May kind fortune send me, some day, a chance to be even with him!"

"Oh, don't say that, Esther," Anne entreated.

"But that is now my most ardent wish," Esther persisted. "I am sorry I went to him."

"It would have been better if you had not gone," Anne sighed regretfully. "It was only this morning that mamma said to me it would be more becoming to wait for overtures from him."

"Oh, Anne, don't tell her I've been so headlong."

"No, we won't tell her," Anne agreed; "it would only distress her to no purpose. But I do wish you would not so often ignore mamma, Esther."

"I know what you mean," said Esther

contritely, thinking of her impulsive confidences to Arthur Hackett, and not liking to confess to Anne. "My self-reliance and my impetuous temper hurry me too far. I must try to learn humbly."

"And you must begin by going to see old Mrs. Wallis to-morrow morning," Anne informed her.

"And why should I go to see old Mrs. Wallis when there is work to be done?" cried Esther impatiently.

"First of all, because mamma wishes it. She has just heard that Mrs. Wallis has had a fall and broken her arm, and you and I must go to inquire after her to-morrow."

"Of course we'll go," Esther assented resignedly. "But I know she'll gossip in a way that will drive me wild. You must look at me, Anne, and cry 'hem!' if I show any symptoms of an inordinate 'brashness.'"

## VII

ANNE and Esther rode in to town on the nine o'clock car the next morning, and had but a short walk before they were in sight of the little house where the two widowed sisters lived. As they drew near the gate a girl coming around the corner opposite waved her parasol at them.

"It can't be Libbie Deane!" cried Anne, as the girl rushed across the street.

"But it is!" said Esther.

"Of course it is!" Libbie giggled.

"Couldn't stand Miss Trent," she explained. "Say, Esther Pendenning, you didn't dare say your soul was your own, did you?"

"Esther is not cringing, if that is what you mean, Libbie," Anne answered.

"Oh, I don't mean anything," Libbie declared. "Miss Trent says she is a model, and by inference, I am not. From morning till night it was, 'Miss Deane, I don't approve of this; Miss Deane, I don't approve of that.' It was as if Miss Trent herself were speaking, Libbie's mimicry was so exact, but neither Anne nor Esther could be induced to smile.

"I suppose I might have gotten on with her if I had heeded your advice, Esther," pursued Libbie, somewhat sobered; "but she is such an old cran!"

"She is one of the kindest-hearted women in the world!" Esther interrupted.

"Maybe so—to you. Queer's not the word—and sudden, oh, my! She had a dressmaker to come to her room in the hotel in New York, and sew for her; and one day, just for a little fun, while she was out—Miss Trent, I mean—I put on some of her things and took her off—"

"Oh, Libbie!"

"There wasn't a bit of harm in it," Libbie protested, "if Miss Trent hadn't happened to come in and catch me at it. She wrote to my brother that night, and the next day she packed me off home under charge of a chaperon hired for the purpose. If you'd speak out like me, I'll answer for it you could tell sweet tales of Miss Trent."

"She always was a kind friend to me," said Esther. "I've nothing else to tell."

"Well, you knew just how to manage her," Libbie insisted. "But as for me, I've had quite enough of Miss Trent, thank you. Going to see Mrs. Wallis, are you? Give her my love. Ta-ta." And with an airy nod Libbie tripped away.

"Poor, foolish Libbie," said Anne.

"You were never insincere and unfeeling, Esther. I am sure Miss Trent felt the difference."

"All the same, I am sorry she should have been disappointed in Libbie," Esther began, but broke off suddenly. "Oh, Anne, there is that insufferable Mrs. Hackett and her phaeton; do let us hurry and escape her patronizing airs."

But escape was impossible; the phaeton stopped at Mrs. Wallis' gate just as Esther had her hand upon the latch, and Mrs. Hackett leaning forward eagerly, called in most persuasive accents:

"Oh, Miss Pendenning! Won't you stop a moment?"

Esther could not refuse; but the lady's unwonted graciousness met no response.

Mrs. Hackett, however, was not to be subdued by a girl of Esther's years. "This is your sister? So happy to meet her! I was on my way to see you. I want to ask you both to come and spend the evening with me to-morrow."

Esther stammered hurriedly:

"Oh, but it is impossible, thank you."

"Nothing is impossible," said Mrs. Hackett. "If not to-morrow, then, won't you name an evening?"

"You are very kind," said Esther, "but Anne will tell you that just now we are quite too busy to indulge in social distractions. We are out this morning to inquire after Mrs. Wallis."

"Oh, yes; an unfortunate accident, but not likely to prove serious, I understand. Now, really, I cannot surrender the hope of commanding an evening. Pray let it be soon. I have a piece of news for you that I might use as a bribe, but I will be generous and tell you now—"

Here Mrs. Hackett seemed to hesitate, and Esther held herself prepared for war, anticipating some mention of Arthur Hackett with latent reference to herself.

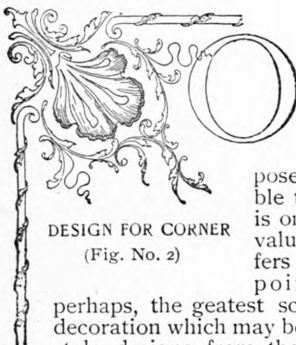
(To be continued in September JOURNAL)



# Louis XV Embroidery Designs

By Helen Mar Adams

{With Illustrations by The Author}



DESIGN FOR CORNER (Fig. No. 2)

Of the many beautiful and classic French styles that for decorative purposes are invaluable the Louis XV is one of the most valuable, and offers from several points of view, perhaps, the greatest scope for mural decoration which may be had. In this style designs from the finest to the most colossal in line may be carried out with the same feeling of ease and grace, and for that reason are most admirably adapted to the decoration of reception-rooms, boudoirs and music-rooms, and to the embellishment of the furniture and ornaments that are placed in them.

For embroidery and fancy-work of all kinds where design plays any part the Louis XV is one of the most satisfactory of the many ancient and modern styles to carry out, owing to its graceful lines, and as a characteristic peculiar to this and the Rococo, evenness of corresponding sides or matched parts is seldom, if ever, used, so that all the lines employed to make up a complete design should not necessarily be counterparts or repetitions of other lines placed in a similar position at other parts of the same design.

While it is necessary that the several parts of a design shall not correspond it is essential that all the lines should be arranged in such a manner that a graceful and pleasing result will be obtained, and so that the several parts may not clash in line with others in close proximity. This feature is clearly shown in the middle of the round centrepiece, shown in Illustration No. 1.

### GRACEFUL DESIGNS

A NUMBER of graceful designs that apply to centrepieces, doilies, scarf-ends, lambrequins and other pieces of ornamental and useful fancy-work are shown in the accompanying illustrations, and while they are, of course, very much reduced in size they suggest the outline that may be carried out on a larger scale.

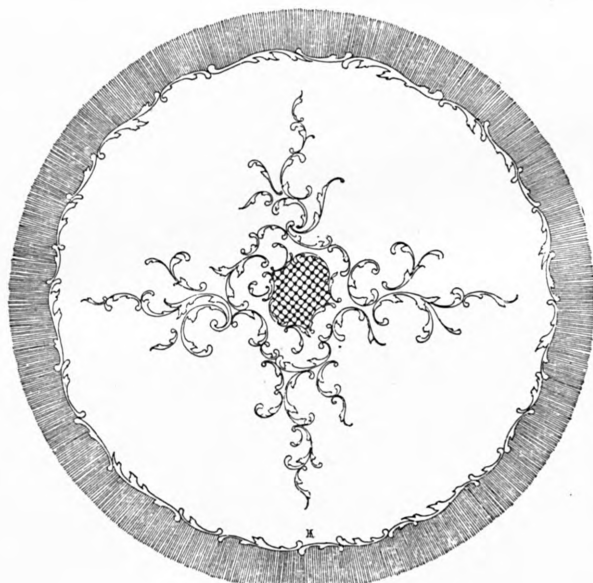
Illustration No. 1 is a design for a round centre-piece or doily that can be made almost any size desired, though the accepted size is about fifteen to eighteen inches in diameter, with a fringe an inch and a half in width all around; or, if it be preferred, the fringe may be omitted altogether.

### PREPARING THE LINEN

HAVING cut a square of linen about the desired size lay it on a smooth board, and with a pencil compass describe a circle to indicate the outside line or ends of the fringe, and one inch and a half inside the outer circle make another to show where the circular running pattern will be. With a pencil draw in the pattern as illustrated in the drawing, and as far as possible carry the same feeling in the arrangement of the curved parts that together make up the circular design.

The pattern in the centre of the linen is then to be drawn in and the scrolls are to be arranged as illustrated.

The running border should be buttonholed, while the centre may be outlined or worked solid; the fringing to be done in the same manner that any round doily is fringed, and where it is not possible to draw some of the threads up close to the buttonhole stitching all around it may be necessary to cut a few



DESIGN FOR CENTREPIECE (Illus. No. 1)

cross threads at each of the four sides, but when doing so take care not to destroy any threads that would form the fringe. The centrepiece should then be laid on a board and the fringe brushed out in a straight line from the centre of the piece and then trimmed with a sharp pair of scissors.

### COLORS TO BE USED

LIGHT blue on a white ground or white on a light pink ground are pleasing combinations, and although darker shades of any color may be used as a ground and threads to embroider with, it must be understood that to carry out dainty designs, to form beautiful results, materials of light shades only should be used.

Pink and blue, white and gold were the prevailing colors of the Louis XV period, and although they predominated the other colors were more or less employed to carry out the designs, particularly in garlands of flowers where light vivid coloring was used to a large extent, and the various shades of green, from very light to deep, rich tones, figured prominently.



THE SQUARE CENTREPIECE (Illus. No. 2)

### DESIGN FOR SQUARE CENTREPIECE

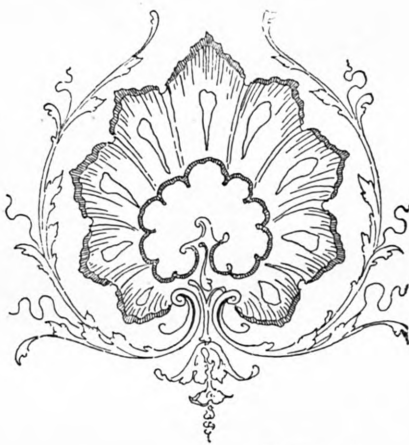
ILLUSTRATION No. 2 suggests the design for a square centrepiece, and is one that may be enlarged and adapted to a sofa-pillow or table-cover. This design appears to good advantage outlined on a square of linen about eighteen inches in size and having a fringe from one to two inches in width all around.

If used for a pillow-cover the design should be worked with silk or linen floss on a suitable ground, while for a table-cover a bold and pleasing effect can be obtained with rope silk or linen worked on a stout, hand-spun, round thread linen cloth. This design is not only adapted to a centre-piece, but one side of it may be used for the end of a dresser-scarf, or the sides may be repeated and worked all along the edge and at the ends of a lambrequin.

### DESIGN FOR SCARF

IN Illustration No. 3 a design for the end of a scarf is depicted, and although it may seem from appearances to be an intricate and difficult one to carry out, it is, in reality, quite simple both as regards design and workmanship, it being no more

difficult to embroider than any one of the other designs illustrated, although more time will necessarily be required to mark and then work the material it will decorate. A generous width of material should, of course, be afforded to accommodate a design of this description, in which such a wealth of detail is portrayed, and, as a suggestion, it should not measure less than eighteen inches in width. If, however, it is desired to work the design on a narrower strip of mate-



DESIGN FOR CENTRE (Fig. No. 1)

rial, the pattern must necessarily be drawn in proportion and worked with very fine silk. Hemstitching along each side and half or three-quarters of an inch in from the edges will lend to the appearance of the design, and between two rows of hemstitching at either end a design as indicated may be outlined.

Knotted fringe at the ends will be quite appropriate for a scarf of this pattern, and the meshes forming a lattice effect will be thoroughly in keeping with the style.

### FOR A SIDEBOARD SCARF

FOR a large sideboard or table scarf a very satisfactory result can be obtained by embroidering the design in outline stitch with heavy rope silk on a piece of stout, round thread, hand-spun linen. Such linen may be obtained at most of the large dry goods stores and linen shops in our large cities. A piece of antique hand-spun linen sheeting makes an excellent ground on which to work, and if you have an old piece of this description, which, perhaps, may have been spun by a grandmother or great-aunt, it will be found superior to the modern linen, and on account of the evenness of the threads it is very desirable for fringe.

### SELECTING THE MATERIALS

FOR embroidery work linens of various grades and weights will be found the most satisfactory for grounds on which to carry out any design from the finest to the coarsest in line. Of all the materials that are adapted to embroidery it proves to be the most durable and lasting, and will stand repeated and frequent laundering for a long while without showing any perceptible signs of wear.

Figure No. 1 is a design for a centre, and Figure No. 2 is one for a border and corner. These designs are suitable for pillow-shams or bolster-covers, and Figure No. 2 is quite as well adapted to table-covers, centrepieces, etc. Figure No. 3 is the design for a centre and is a charming idea for a large doily

### DESIGN FOR CORNER

THE design for a running border and a corner, as shown in Illustration No. 4, is a series of flowers formed of acanthus leaves and carried in the graceful line that characterizes the Louis XV style. For the edge of a table-cover, a lambrequin or a scarf it is well adapted, and if treated in the light and graceful manner illustrated in the drawing the result will be a success.

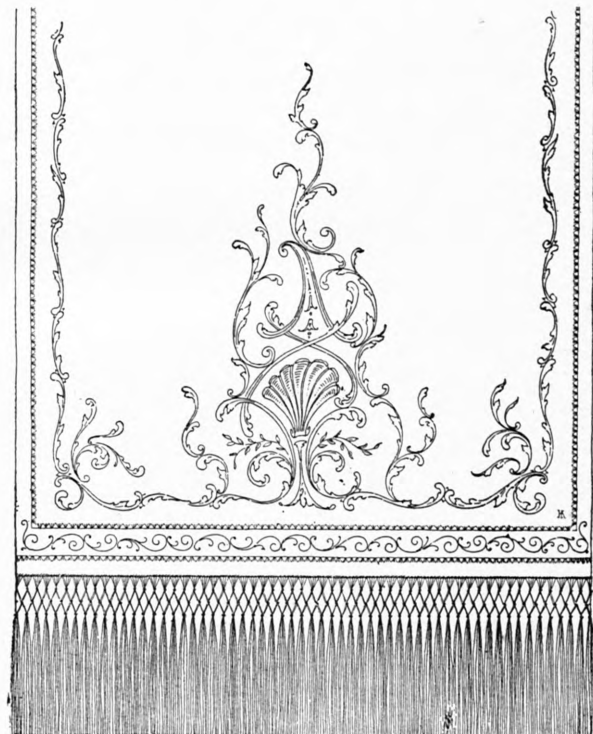


DESIGN FOR LARGE DOILY (Fig. No. 3)

While the design should not be made too large it must not be drawn so fine that to work it would render the lines indistinct or run them together so much that the flowers, instead of preserving their graceful outline and detail, would be a conglomerate mass of lines without any meaning.

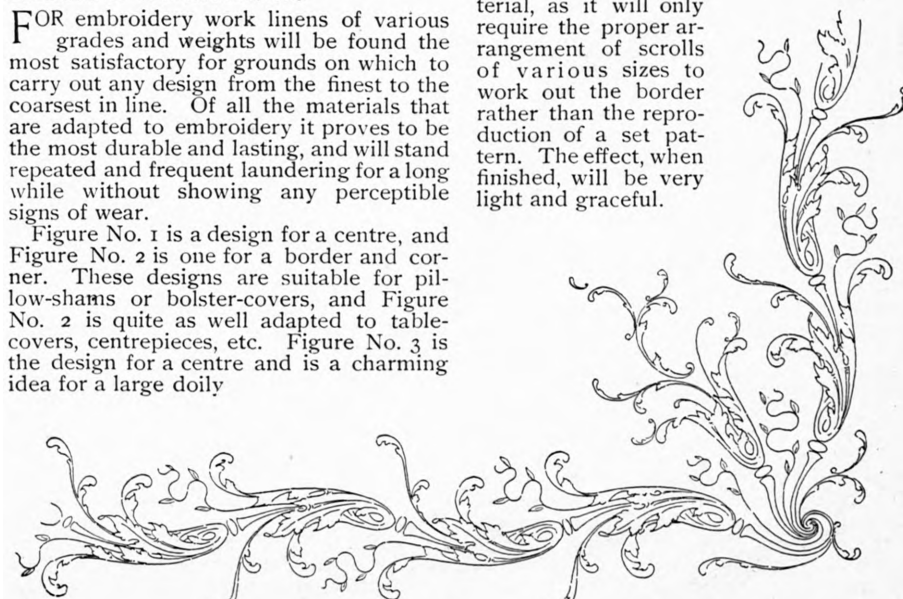
### DESIGN FOR RUNNING BORDER

THE illustration in the heading shows another design for a running border and a corner that, instead of flowers, is made up of scrolls arranged in graceful positions.



END OF SIDEBOARD SCARF (Illus. No. 3)

This pattern may be used also for the edges of table-covers, lambrequins, scarfs, etc., and should not be less than three or three and a half inches in width. A design of this description can readily be drawn in free hand on the body material, as it will only require the proper arrangement of scrolls of various sizes to work out the border rather than the reproduction of a set pattern. The effect, when finished, will be very light and graceful.



RUNNING BORDER OF ACANTHUS LEAVES (Illus. No. 4)



# AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR



ONLY a very few, comparatively speaking, of the thousands who read the magazines of the day begin to have any sort of a conception of the conduct, the policy or purpose followed in their publication. For the most part, I fancy, the readers do not care. They pay their one, two, three or four dollars each year, as the case may be, and they expect twelve interesting numbers of the particular magazine for which they subscribe. That is where their interest begins and ends. They want their money's worth; given that and they are satisfied. In the results they are naturally interested, but so far as the methods which produce those results are concerned, they are indifferent. And this feeling is perfectly justifiable. On the other hand, there are people to whom a magazine, by long-continued reading, becomes a friend: its writers and editors, when their names are known, become almost as familiar to them as the names of their personal acquaintances, and after awhile the acquaintance becomes almost real, so much so as to lead them very often to sit down and write to the man or woman who for years has spoken through the magazine. A pen and ink acquaintance is thus cemented until the magazine seems to become more than merely a thing of paper. It takes on the guise of a friend.

FOR my own part, I have always liked this sense of personal contact between those who read a magazine and those who make it. A magazine's greatest value, to my mind, lies in its ability to enter directly into the lives of its readers. And there is no help so great to an editor in his desire that his magazine shall do this than that, here and there, some reader indicates to him his or her desires. It is like a hand stretched out to him, for it must never be forgotten that an editor's audience is, in the main, an invisible one. He knows it exists because the subscriptions come in and the copies of his magazine are bought on the news-stands. But there, for the most part, it ends. Some editors prefer that it should end there. I never have, and the result is that while I have to sustain a heavy correspondence, some of my happiest moments have come to me from the letters of my readers.

Of course, it would be strange if among these thousands of letters which every year pour into the office of the JOURNAL, there were not some which were other than of praise. At the same time, the constant wonder to me is that letters of criticism are so rare. Now, there are two kinds of critical letters. There is one class of letters which are purely malicious in their intent, and are so absolutely unreasonable that no attention can be paid to them. And no attention is paid. But there is another class. It is the letter which criticises in an honest spirit and with a sincere motive. The criticisms may not always be just, and, as a general rule, we like to think that they are not. But I have no hesitation in explaining why we like to think so, and why we are often justified in thinking so.

The construction or putting together of a magazine is understood by few of the great public. It seems a very simple thing because a reader sees the simplest part of it. He sees the thing completed, not under way. The fact is, that a magazine is one of the most intricate and puzzling things imaginable to produce. Taking the JOURNAL as an example, there are this month exactly 685,000 people actually buying this issue of the magazine. From a careful inquiry made not long ago of a number of subscribers, it was found that, on an average, five people read each copy of the JOURNAL. Here you have, therefore, nearly three and one-half millions of people as readers who must be satisfied, in part or in whole, with every copy of the magazine produced. Every one of these three millions of people has a different want to fill, a different taste to satisfy, a different view to meet. Each one expects, and has a right to expect, to find something in every number that satisfies her. For that she pays her dollar, her ten cents, or helps in either payment. Some magazines cater to and are read by one class of people. With the JOURNAL this is not so. It reaches every class. Every age must be borne in mind; every station in life. Men are among its readers as well as women. Here, then, is the condition which the JOURNAL must meet and fulfill each month.

MY purpose in presenting these facts is neither to boast of what we have done nor what those who manage the JOURNAL are called upon and attempt to do each month. These words are not written in self-glorification. They are printed here purely as a basis for an explanation. The JOURNAL has its limitations of space. White paper is a very expensive commodity. Just how expensive it is my readers can form some idea when I tell them that simply the paper upon which the JOURNAL is printed costs only a fraction this side of a quarter of a million dollars each year. This is simply the blank paper as it is received in rolls and parcels. An average issue of the JOURNAL is thirty-two pages; sometimes it is more, not until this month has it been less. The fullest dollar's worth possible is given. And that this is in a measure done, will be, perhaps, better realized when it is stated that a single number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL contains more printed words than a single number of any of the higher-priced magazines. I speak of this merely to show how much reading matter the JOURNAL really gives. Some have written, saying that we devote too much space to advertisements, more than the other magazines. The fact is, that the JOURNAL devotes less space to advertisements, while it could easily devote more if it chose to retain the business which each month it declines or returns. And whenever more advertisements are accepted extra pages are added, with the invariable percentage—a fixed office rule—of two columns of reading matter to every column of advertising, so that the reader is really the gainer for every column of advertising added.

WE are all of us apt to think at times that some particular issue of a magazine interests us more than another, and strikes us as being particularly strong. Why is this? Simply because that particular number contained some article or story which was of especial interest to us and appealed to us. Generally we feel so about a magazine's number when we read something which says exactly what we have long felt on the same subject. It is not that the issue was any stronger or better than any previous number; it is purely and simply that it interested us more directly. Another person will pronounce the same issue as particularly weak and devoid of interest. Of course, an editor always attempts to present a sufficient variety of topics in each number of his magazine so as to win the widest general approbation. But this is not always possible. The attempt to please all with a magazine, as in many other things in this world, generally results in pleasing none. At times a certain number of articles or stories of greater merit than usual will all group themselves into a single issue. This is unavoidable. Things run that way sometimes. But the aim has ever been to cover, not in one, two or three issues, but within a year, all those things which enter most directly into a woman's life or thoughts and about which she values enlightenment, suggestion or help. But this aim is not always apparent to the reader.

A WOMAN, for example, will be in search of a special design for a table-cloth, let us say. She looks to her magazine for an idea. The magazine is opened, and, lo, there is the very design for which she has been looking. Of course, it is accidental, but the accident binds her very close to the magazine, since it anticipated her needs so accurately. But it is as likely, and quite more so, that she might open her magazine and not find a word about needlework in that particular issue. This does not bind her quite so closely to the magazine. But she forgets that in the issue just before the one in her hand two or three pages were given over to needlework, and this month it happens that some particularly striking designs for mantels or doors were discovered, and those were given. The woman in search for needlework did not find interest in these; but to the woman who is just altering her house or building a new one, the mantel and door designs were particularly timely and valuable. It often happens that for months at a time no striking nor original designs in needlework are obtainable, although the JOURNAL has representatives and agents always in search of them, both in this country and abroad. Then none are given, and for a time interior decoration will receive attention, or some other subject upon which newer ideas are obtainable than in needlework. But before the year is over

some new or attractive designs in needlecraft will have been discovered and given in the JOURNAL. And what is true of needlework is true of the literature of all other subjects. In other words, there exists always a good reason for the absence of any certain topic in the JOURNAL, just as well as there is ever a good reason for the printing of a certain article in the magazine. But, as I said before, these reasons are not always apparent to the reader. They cannot be. She must have faith in the purveyors of her magazine.

NOW for a word upon one or two prominent objections which have been advanced in regard to the JOURNAL. The objection which has been most often made to this magazine is its unwieldy size or form. It is unwieldy—mightily so. Not one of our readers recognizes this fact more potently than do we who work over its unhandy pages day by day. Why not change it then? is the natural question—and one that has been asked a hundred, yes, a thousand times. To explain this is difficult, since a clear understanding of the obstacles in the way calls for a knowledge of the technical machinery plant by which a magazine is manufactured: I mean the printing presses, folding and binding machines. With these only people in the business are conversant. It will surprise our readers to learn one thing perhaps: If the JOURNAL were now to change its size to just one-half its present form, and give sixty-four pages one-half the size of the present thirty-two larger pages, it would mean a loss of nearly \$75,000 in machinery practically new, which would have to be discarded or sold second-hand. This is an item which any magazine, even as prosperous as the JOURNAL, must, of necessity, consider. Then, too, the manufacture of a magazine just half the size of the present shape means an added cost which would scarcely be believed if the figures were printed here. At the same time, despite the loss of machinery which would be entailed and the added cost of manufacture, a change in the size of the JOURNAL has been under consideration for a long time and is still very earnestly being considered. Some means will yet be discovered by which the magazine will be produced in a more handy form—a change that cannot be more earnestly desired by our readers than it is by ourselves.

OBJECTION has also been taken, to some extent, to what has been called the "attitude" assumed by the JOURNAL on the growing question of "equal suffrage." Many of our readers have become incensed at us for what they have construed as our "opposition to the right of women to vote." Now, the fact of the matter is, that the JOURNAL has never opposed "equal suffrage." It has not advocated it for the reason that a most careful inquiry, investigation and study of the question and the existing conditions of woman, convinced us that we could not conscientiously become an advocate of the ballot for woman. Our inquiries clearly showed us that the proper time had not arrived for the agitation of the subject. Women—I mean now the majority of women—were not ready to give the matter serious attention. The JOURNAL has never said, by any word or suggestion, that woman should not vote; it has intimated that, as yet, women, as a sex, did not care to look into the rights or wrongs of the subject. There were other subjects of more vital interest which they preferred as matters of thought. But one result of all this talk about equal suffrage we have had during these past years, the JOURNAL has not failed to observe: the growing interest upon the part of women in national and municipal matters. This is apparent in every part of our land to-day. Women are asking rather to know about the government than to take any part in it as yet. And this is one of the healthiest signs of the times. To meet this growing interest the JOURNAL has long looked about to find the one person in this country who, of all other persons, could tell women, in an intelligent and authoritative way, what they were asking to know about the workings of our government. The subject is a vast one, and yet it must not be presented nor treated in its vastness, but made simple, intelligent and interesting. The editors of the JOURNAL had no wish to present the matter in anything but in the best possible manner, and to find the man to meet a standard of this sort is difficult in any branch of work. Finally, however, the right man was found, negotiations were immediately opened, consultations had, and all arrangements perfected by which a most notable series of articles on the American Government, its meaning, methods and workings, will shortly appear in the JOURNAL. It is, as yet, somewhat premature to announce the exact scope of the articles and the name of their author. But when the plan is made known, as will be done shortly, our readers will at once see that the JOURNAL has secured the services of the highest authority in the land in governmental matters, who not only has the knowledge within him but the ability to impart that knowledge to others in a direct and comprehensive manner. And it is in

this way that the JOURNAL proposes to meet the possibility of women's future participation in our government—not by opposing it, but by placing it within their power to acquire the requisite knowledge for an intelligent understanding of government matters. Even if never called upon to cast a vote, a woman serves her best and wisest interests in having a knowledge of the meaning of the government under which she lives.

THERE have, of course, come to me from time to time other suggestions about the JOURNAL. Some have wished for a long time that we might place them into more direct touch with the books and literature of the day. The request was a good one, but it was the wish of the JOURNAL to do this in a manner different from the ordinary review of books followed by so many periodicals. Its first step found consummation in the recently-established "Literary Bureau" of the JOURNAL, which is now in full running order. Through this agency the magazine has sought to make it possible for the woman who can buy but a single book to have all the advantages in matter of price, etc., which are given to large buyers. This it can now do, and does every day. The JOURNAL is anxious that people should read all they can afford and find time to read, and the arrangements of the "Literary Bureau" now make it possible for any one to have a readable library at a small expense.

The growing interest in music also found constant expression in a desire that the JOURNAL should devote more attention to vocal and instrumental matters, and publish musical compositions. The desire was met, not exactly in the way we wanted to meet it, but this we shall do in the future. Our musical connections have now been more closely formed, our knowledge of the needs of our readers in this respect has become more familiar to us, and henceforth we shall progress in this direction in a way that will satisfy the most ardent music lover.

SOME of our readers, artistically inclined, have felt that the illustrative side of the JOURNAL has not kept pace with the literature, perhaps. We have felt that, too, and for that reason secured, only a month since, one of the most capable art directors in the magazine world. The undivided attention of this new addition to the editorial staff of the JOURNAL will be given to the development of the artistic features of the magazine until our readers will feel that the JOURNAL is second to none in this department. Of course, in the production of so large an edition as the JOURNAL is compelled each month to issue, a great speed in printing is necessary, and fast printing and the highest results are not easily obtained. But even these almost impossible elements are now being brought more closely together by the introduction of new methods, and the improvement in the mechanical appearance of the magazine will be apparent to all from this time. The cover-designs of the magazine, which have elicited such widespread approval, will be even more artistic in the future than they have been. We now feel that we are just beginning to learn the possibilities which a new cover-design each month holds out, and those prepared for the ensuing numbers of the JOURNAL will at once be pronounced as incomparable for beauty of design and execution with those which have preceded them.

I HAVE thought it best to have this somewhat confidential chat about the magazine with my readers this month, because first, one is inclined to read the more informal talk in midsummer, and second, because I wished my readers to become even in closer touch with our aims and plans than in the past. There is no necessity for any distance between those who make a magazine and those who read it, and the closer the editor and the reader come to each other, the better it is for both. I have always followed this policy with the JOURNAL, and intend to pursue it in the future, even more generally if I can. It is our wish to please our readers; for that we are in business. And we can please you better if, once in awhile, we come into closer relation than can possibly be the case through the discussion of some more or less formal editorial topic. For this reason I have chatted this month, rather than written. By so doing I feel that I have come closer to you, and I hope you will feel the same. At all events, I may have made clear a point or two which, perhaps, you did not quite so fully understand. If I have done this, I have succeeded, while, personally, I have enjoyed the pleasure, rarely given to an editor, to shake hands with my readers, even if the handshake was through the pen and type. I like the sensation of it, and mean to enjoy it occasionally. It is not exactly dignified, I know, but then the JOURNAL is not dignified, and never will be so far as its relations with its readers are concerned. They will always be what they have been in the past: hand in hand and heart to heart.

## THE TRAINING OF A CHILD

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

**H**OWEVER people may differ as to details of education, all will agree that the prior question to be settled concerns the real purpose which education is intended to subserve. We must know what education intends before we can settle upon the method by which it is to be prosecuted. Diversity of educational theories springs in the first instance from differing conceptions of the meaning of life. We need a well-defined object before there can be either intelligence or stability in our method of compassing it.

In the main there are two general ends which a parent may pursue in planning for the education of his child: he may start with the idea of the child's possibilities, and make all the appliances of discipline bear upon the question of developing those possibilities to their utmost, and seek to produce the child into the closest possible approximation to personal completeness; or the parent's initial motive may be so to study the child's relations to immediate surroundings as to establish the most perfect agreement between him and them, to the end of making his career a comfortable one, and, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, a successful one; for, when it is said of a man that he has been successful, it is supposed to mean that he has gained the mastery over circumstances and obliged them to pay him pecuniary tribute. One policy amplifies the boy; the other trains him into an expert. One makes him big; the other makes him sharp. One makes him rotund; the other grinds him down to an edge. Without stopping to remark that every judicious policy of education will consult the conditions under which human life is to be lived, and will strive to adapt it to those conditions, yet, even then, the difference in animus between the two policies just stated is clearly apparent, and accounts for the contrariety of methods employed and for the contrariety of results produced.

It is not the intention of this article to be homiletic, but there is one important religious consideration related to the matter of education, the admission or exclusion of which will go far toward deciding which of the two schemes of discipline will be pursued. The more the child is felt by his parents to signify and the greater the meaning which, in their esteem, inheres in him by virtue of what he is intrinsically, the more widely they will plan for him and the less will they consult the accidents of circumstance in deciding upon the method of his training. Especially will this be the case if they conceive of him as endowed with possibilities that transcend circumstance, that are superior to the small remunerative tricks which he may be taught to play with circumstance; and if they think of him as gifted with a destiny that is not only future but eternal. There is nothing more unphilosophical than a theory of education that undertakes to shape itself regardless of the question of the mortality or the immortality of the mind and heart proposed to be educated. Such inconsiderateness is of the same quality as that which would be practiced by an architect who should decide upon the amount and quality of foundation he would put in, and the ground plan of his building, before knowing to what height the building is to be carried. A two-story dwelling house needs to be started in one way and carried forward upon one set of structural lines; a twelve-story apartment house requires treatment that is distinctly different. If the parent feels the immortality of the boy he is trying to train, that element of immortality will determine the complexion and the fibre of the disciplinary policy he will adopt toward him. There are many parents who confess to the doctrine with their lips but who give little token of it in the way they set about to frame the character and compass the equipment of their children. If it is true that a presentiment of coming adult life puts us upon qualifying ourselves for it, just so true is it that a presentiment of immortal life—according to the degree of clearness in that presentiment—will lengthen the lines and broaden the scheme of preparation with which we go about to equip ourselves for that life. A parent will feel all of this and work it into his educational scheme. The size and distance of our purpose does assert itself in the steps we take to accomplish it, and leads us to take those steps with considerate seriousness. Even in the erection of a material edifice there is a certain dignity and solemnity attaching to the lower courses of its masonry, and the laying of

its corner-stone is not infrequently accompanied by services of a serious or even of a religious character. There seems to be a feeling of the way in which that stone is to be structurally knit into the entire fabric and a presentiment of the superstructure which is going to build itself up through the air and perhaps through the generations, each succeeding layer of stone following in the line of the structural prescript determined for it in the blocks laid at the bottom. It is rather singular that parents seem often to have so little of an analogous feeling in putting in the first stones in the educational structure of their children.

WHEN this is considered it seems strange that fathers and mothers should delegate so much of the earliest and therefore the most determinative part of the education of their children to hirelings. It seems as though if they knew or even suspected all that is involved, it would be a pain to them to have any move made that they themselves had not a hand and a part in. It is a serious truth that the initial reaches all the way through to the final. A very slight angular deviation at the start means vast width of departure at the end if the line pursued is a long one, and particularly if the line is so long that it never comes to an end. This makes child training a serious matter. The nursery means in this particular a great deal more than the college. The college carries forward what the nursery has begun, but it is only the nursery that is initiative.

Child training is, in the first instance, ethical rather than intellectual. No one will ask to have this point argued who considers that the child is to be educated for the purpose of his own personal enhancement and not for the purpose of making him an expert or a sharper. It is a great deal easier to make people bright than it is to make them sound. Mentality is an easy art as compared with morality. There is a good deal to be said about intellectual discipline when we get to that point; but it is still true that the issues of life are out of the heart and not out of the brain. The brain can be taught from books, but morality is not a thing that can be printed. There are, it is true, books that are published on ethics, but few read them and probably nobody practices them. The old Hebrews were deluged with moral precepts, some of them written by God's own hand; but even the first generation that had the Ten Commandments had to be killed off before the Promised Land could be entered and history go on.

I AM not going to underrate the value and importance of mental schooling for the children; but it needs to be said that unless a man has a pure and honest heart, the less he knows the better it will be for him and for all concerned. And it needs, also, to be said that even trustworthiness of intellectual action waits on personal soundness. Sound brain and an unsound life are incompatible. Even if our object were only to secure the finest and fullest intellectual development, we should still aim, first of all, to secure a foundation of personal integrity for the scions of wisdom to root and vegetate in. It is something as it is with the planting of an astronomical observatory; however fine its equipment and whatever the power of its lenses, we depend, first of all, upon the solidity with which the observatory is planted and its isolation from whatever may induce disturbance and tremor.

The first and fundamental thing that the home has to do for the child in the way of education is, then, to help make of him a little moral vertebrate. There needs to be developed an osseous shaft running up and down him that shall form the axis around which his growing personality shall gather itself in compactness and fixity. That will make the boy mean something, and make him mean more and more till the end of time and clear on into eternity. It is the only thing that will make him worth calling a personal integer.

To learn to obey is the hardest even as it is the most valuable lesson a child can ever acquire. It is not only valuable for what it is in itself, it is also valuable for what it serves as the basis of. One of the first things told us of Jesus has to do with this same matter. It is related to us that He was subject to His parents; and the narrative immediately goes on to remark that He grew in wisdom and in favor with God and men. The close juxtaposition of the two seems calculated to teach that obedience was the seed kernel out of which His intelligence and holiness waxed.

THE Bible is sown thick with this sort of suggestion. We cannot come into touch with Scripture or appreciate the facts of every-day life, as they come under our observation or within the scope of our experience, without beginning to wonder whether there is not something in this matter of requirements and of unquestioning obedience to requirements that is being considerably slurred over in the discipline wherewith we discipline ourselves and wherewith we discipline those that Providence has submitted to our authority. I am not finding fault with children for not wanting to obey, I only say that the best lesson that parents can teach their children is to *make* them obey. Children are hired to do right and coaxed into doing as they are told to do; sometimes punished for disobedience, but coddled because the punishment hurts them. Communications made to them by personal authority they are not encouraged to regard except as those communications are interpolated with explanations or wrapped around and disguised with downy filaments of sentiment and affection. This is no disparagement of affection, but there are personal necessities which no amount of the tenderer, affectional qualities can begin to supply. Love may disguise the irksomeness of law, but it cannot abrogate law. It is in this matter as in the case of the perfection of the human face and head, which can be guaranteed by no delicacy of complexion or of beautifully-moulded tissues, except as they are fixed for their support upon the bones of the jaws, cheeks, forehead and occiput.

INTO whatever refinement of elegance we may build our house, the house will still depend for architectural effects upon its power to produce upon the observer a sense of perpendicular and horizontal. Architecture goes when we break with plumbines and rule out right angles. As has been capitably said: "Ornament construction, but do not construct ornament." And that is a maxim that has to be adopted into the production of young character. There shall be no disparagement of ornamentation, no depreciation of any of the comely graces, but prior to ornamentation we want construction, fixed lines, a gritty skeleton, upon which the moulded tissues can be thrown and held in fixed security of utility and grace; and that is to be wrought by law and not by love simply, yielding as its issue a certain unshakableness of character, such that when the shock of temptation comes it will take the blow without a recoil, as when the Lord Himself stood up in the wilderness in front of the devil and buffeted him with three texts from the old Hebrew law. There is a quality in that scene which one can feel, and best feel without being drawn into any nice anatomy of description of it. We see a live picture of it when we look upon a tree—some old giant oak against which the storm-wind is hurling itself in hard and swift defiance, and the branches are all set swaying and the twigs are twisted and wrenched, and the leaves sent fluttering and flying; but underneath all this vegetable distress and leafy perturbation the perpendicular shaft of oaken timber lifts itself, and only accumulates the more solidity and rigidity from the blast with which it is lashed and the artillery with which it is bombarded. We want to find men genial and yielding and plastic; but with all of that we need just as much to find in them a perpendicular shaft of moral determination, of such sort that when impinged upon there is no shadow of a chance of being able to go any farther with them.

The quality thus stated accrues to a man and to a child by being held to the law, brought up upon it, fed upon it. Law is tonic; it is iron in the blood. Love is certainly inimitable. All this is no retraction of the best thing that ever could be said in love's behalf.

THIS lesson of law and obedience, then, is one that needs to combine with love in the very first instruction given to the child. A man's theology will most likely be only the enlargement of the conception that, as a boy, he had of his own father and mother. A child cannot be a jelly-fish the first dozen years of his life and a vertebrate afterward. The child will not, to be sure, become a thing of beauty unless he respire at home an atmosphere of affection; but he will not become a thing of moral strength unless he respire at home an atmosphere of inflexible requirement, and unless he comes as consciously into contact with a will that is stronger than his own. When a boy hears his father say, "My son, do this," the impression made upon him needs to be like that made upon the old Hebrews by a "Thus saith the Lord." His father is the only almighty, practically, that the boy has during the first years of his life. Obedience is worth more than geography and runs deeper and reaches higher than arithmetic or the classics. It is a thing a child will never learn, probably, unless he learns it at the beginning of life.

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WHEN LIVING IN THE COUNTRY

By Elizabeth Bisland



**T**HAT a great many people do not enjoy the country is made quite clear by the modern tendency to crowd into the towns and cities, and the strange reluctance of many to exchange a life of suffering and deprivation in the city for a freer and more comfortable existence away from it.

It cannot be denied that farm life is less cheerful than before the introduction of machinery. Then the hands of all the young people were needed at home for the work of the fields and the household, and their gay young spirits, their fun, jokes and love-making kept the whole countryside alive and alight, and provided interest and amusement for their elders as well as for themselves. Now the horse rake, the patent mower, reaper and binder, the improved churn and butter worker, the neighboring cannery and the sewing-machine have superseded the young fingers and scattered the farm broods far and wide to search for work and make new homes. The farming districts are less thickly peopled in consequence, and are duller and quieter for lack of the cheerful young life and the old-fashioned hearty fun.

It is impossible to put back the hands on Time's clock and restore a phase of life that has vanished, but many a woman whose ties and duties bind her to a lonely country district is fretting her heart out for lack of interests and pleasures outside of her daily round of labor. She pines for the companionship of her kind, for the cheerful little play of life and gossip which would make her forget for awhile the dull succession of duties that form the sum of her existence. These are they who need to learn how to enjoy the country; who need to have their eyes opened to the many pleasures and interests lying to their hand did they know how or did they choose to avail themselves of them—interests that they shut their eyes to, pleasures they refuse to accept.

Nothing will ever be so valuable to human beings as the companionship of other human beings, but lacking these why not make companions and friends of the lower forms of life? Most country people live surrounded by chickens, horses, cattle, pigeons, dogs, birds and a thousand wild things and creeping insects, and yet not one in a hundred so surrounded ever opens his dull eyes to see all the humble tragedies and comedies in play about him, and is too scornful of the minor creatures to care to observe how like they are in character and fate to himself, too indifferent to find pleasure in winning the love or entering into the lives of his daily companions.

"I've no time to be running after creatures—poking into ants' nests, watching the birds bring up their young, or streeing about the country in search of beetles!" says one. But no time taken from duties is required for such knowledge. The only thing needed is to keep one's eyes wide open when crossing the pasture, to watch the hedgerows on the way to church, to have an occasional eye upon the friendly little barn swallows breeding under the eaves as one sits sewing on the porch. It does not take long, as one opens the house for the day some clear dewy morning, to step upon the grass for an instant and examine the marvelous art of the bright-eyed spider, who has spread all the lawn with "queen's table-cloths," that are heavy with the moisture of night and lie bleaching in the early sun, ready for unwary little feet and wings. It consumes but a very few seconds to watch the ants milking their tiny green cows—the small aphides that crowd upon the delicate shoots of the wandering branch of honeysuckle which one is twisting back into place.

Once in touch with all these humble folk—affectionately interested in, and observant of them—the country is never again bare and lonely. Most people think such affection and such interest quite beneath their proud place as human beings, but they forget that Shakespeare, who knew the heart of kings and conquerors, did not disdain to know the habits of the humblest flower; they forget that the loftiest scientific minds think none of God's creatures unworthy the profoundest study.

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small,  
For the great God who loveth us,  
He made and loved them all."

Another means of sweetening and enlivening the long, lonely country days is to mark them off in the calendar of flowers—a much more interesting one than the life insurance or flour mill's calendar which comes at Christmas and is hung over the writing-table. Many a housekeeper of an ugly, barren country home reads with envious awe of millionaire's tables being loaded with hot-house flowers at every meal. What is to prevent her own simple dinners from being glorified by trailing arbutus, sweet cicelies or deep-tinted violets in May; with daisies in June; the pretty wild parsnip's flower, called Queen Anne's lace, in July; with toad-flax and black-eyed Susans in August—or water-lilies, if some neighboring pond affords them? In September will come the flaming mallows, in October the purple asters and glowing leaves. November has the red-berried fruit of the wild roses and dogwood, and December its Christmas greens, which may be renewed until the first pussy-willows and snowdrops come to make a diversion in the early year. Her dwelling rooms need never be ugly, no matter how cheap their furnishing, as long as Nature marks all the times and seasons of the year with good gifts of beauty—infinite loveliness to be had without price. Do not talk about the trouble of seeking and arranging the flowers. No pleasure is to be had without pains to seek it, and the time spent fretting over the loneliness and dullness of life were more profitably and healthfully spent in the fields collecting the summer's good gifts thankfully. And let no ignorant ingratitude be shown by pinching off the poor blossoms with inadequate stems and tying them into rigid bundles of ugliness. Watch the daisies in the field, how they lightly sway among the grasses on flexible stems, and let them still stand among delicate grasses, loosely set and uncrowded in the vases. Tiger-lilies should have their feet amid tall ferns, as they grow in the woods, and when the autumn splendors of goldenrod and asters brighten her rooms let them be arranged with their companion of the roadside, the graceful withes of the bronze and scarlet blackberry vine.

All the beauty and pleasure of Nature's free and lavish gift of wild flowers need not end with the first flying of snow. A good supply of the blossoms of each season should be carefully pressed, along with a plentiful accompaniment of grasses and leaves and ferns. The best way to do this is to be sure that the flower is quite dry, and then lay it between leaves of letter paper inside a book and set under a heavy weight for a week or two. When the long winter evenings set in these dried flowers may reappear and be arranged in a charming flower calendar. A blank book is best for this. Make two small slits, about an inch apart, at the lower end of the page, and pass through them a bit of number one ribbon of a color that will accord with the color of the flowers to be used on that page. Arrange these in a graceful group with their accompanying grasses, leaves or ferns; tie all the stems down firmly with the ribbon, and here and there under the heavier flowers drop a touch of mucilage, which will insure the group keeping its pretty outline. The page should be made a charming picture which will retain its color and loveliness for years. Arrange twelve pages with the special flower of each month, and at the end of the calendar may be color pages, such as "the golden page," with buttercups, toad-flax, black-eyed Susans—everything yellow, with a few ferns for relief; or an "Easter page," with all the delicate white blossoms of the early year. By keeping one's eyes open in the autumn one can make quite a collection of butterflies, bees and other pretty-winged insects, who are to be seen then breathing away the last of their summer life, and can, without cruelty, be painlessly chloroformed to death with a single drop of the liquid. These pressed in the same way as the flowers add great charm to the calendar. What could be prettier, for instance, than a June page made of all white daisies and grasses with a flight of bees across the top, or a page of wild roses with tiny yellow butterflies hovering over them? A book like this is made much more valuable if along with its making goes a study of the names and habits of all the flowers and insects used in its manufacture, and such study has been made easy of late by excellent simple handbooks where one may find just such information, arrayed with great explicitness and not too much complicated by technical terms.

PERHAPS one of the most amusing and absorbing diversions is the keeping of a family log-book—not an egotistical diary, but a big open volume in which the family doings are recorded—each member of the family taking, in turn, the duty of setting down the day's events, and each vying with the other in making this family history as gay and pleasant as possible. An endless series of interests and amusements will arise from this practice, and the book will gain infinitely in attraction if it is illustrated. If some one in the household is clever with the pencil so much the better, but occasionally the crude attempts of the unskilled are quite as amusing as if better done, and in any event one always has the illustrated papers and magazines to fall back upon. It will astonish those who have never tried it to find how completely and cleverly any story can be illustrated by clipped pictures. The whole picture need not be used: a horse, a man, a dog, a house or tree may be taken out of some complete story and made to fit in as appropriately to the text as if drawn specially for it.

Let the log-book lie close at hand, with ink and pens always ready; a box of clipped pictures, a gum-bottle and scissors always in place, and before long the family history will be growing into a delightful illustrated story, a treasure which some day a biographer may come in ardent haste to secure, because in it are recorded the childish doings of Johnnie or Mary, now grown famous and admired. Certainly such a book will be a treasure to the mother after all her brood have scattered, and the grandchildren will turn its pages with wonder and delight at the familiar record of how the world went in those far-away times when grandmamma was young and mother only a little girl. What a price such a book kept by the Shakespeare family or the Washington family would now command, and the careful daily record of the life of even a family whose members never become famous, will, in a century from now, be looked upon as a treasure.

One of the most delightful of these family books was called "The Travels of the Smith Family." The Smiths never went far away from their own farm, but one member owned a cheap camera and always photographed some record of their expeditions. One of the most amusing of their travels was "A Voyage Around the Barnyard," delightfully told and equally well illustrated, and as a written and pictured record of the daily life of a farm, nothing could be more admirable or more diverting.

There is more to be had from the system of clipping pictures than is commonly supposed. An ambitious girl who lived in a remote rural district, where books and pictures and means of education were very scarce, trained herself to an excellent knowledge of many things by this means. She formed quite a library by filling blank books with pictures of every historical and eminent person whose portrait she could procure. The picture was pasted at the top of the page, and she never rested until she was able to write the history of that person upon the rest of the page. Copies of famous pictures were treated in the same way, and the date of its painting, the name of the artist and a little sketch of the subject of which the picture treated was written beneath by her own pen. Companions to her art book, as she called it, were her sculpture book; her botany book, full of flowers; her book of birds and of insects, and her book of costumes of different periods, as well as a similar volume on architecture and furniture. By the time these books were filled this woman, who was apparently absolutely cut off from all sources of refinement and cultivation, had acquired a knowledge and developed an amount of taste and discrimination that might well have been envied her by any one. A chance encounter with Ruskin's "Modern Painters" set her off again on a new road by their revelation of the laws of order and beauty that underlie all growth of plants, movement of water and form of clouds. At once the lonely about her became full of new interest. Never a drifting cumulus or curded cirrus shadowed the sun but it set her busy mind at work upon the laws of its being. Never a green bough bent above her head or a brook flowed across her path that she did not stop to trace its history and origin written plainly in its form and course.

These are but hints which are capable of infinite expansion in every direction, and might be developed into myriad forms of amusement and knowledge. The country need never be dull if one is not dull one's self. Only open the eyes and the heart, and admit to kinship and acquaintance the swarming life about one, and there will be no lack of society—a humble society, it is true, but none the less worth cultivating. Accept the bountiful beauties always at hand, and find in the simple materials lying neglected and unused the thousand sources of learning and of pleasure that they can afford if only used with intelligence, and country life will be as it should—the ideal life for women who love beauty in all its higher manifestations.



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## FLOWER SHOWS IN SMALL CITIES

By Eben E. Rexford



THE flower show has all the popularity which characterizes the "fads" of the day, without being as senseless as most of them. There is not only amusement in the flower show for those who patronize it, but education as well for both originator and patron. It familiarizes those who have but little knowledge of flowers with many of the most popular kinds, and the spirit of competition which prevails among those who exhibit is admirably calculated to arouse and stimulate enthusiasm. Flower-growing in the home greenhouse and on the home grounds is eminently a woman's occupation, and it is one that should be encouraged because it is both pleasurable and health-giving. If more of our weary, languid, tired-out women would go to growing flowers for the rest and relief that the occupation affords those who take it up, there would be less demand for tonics and nerve sedatives, and more bright eyes and ruddy cheeks.

TOO much cannot be said in favor of floriculture on a small scale as a means of amusement and health for women. As a recreation simply, it is wonderfully fascinating to any one who has a love for flowers. To stir the earth, to drop into it the seed, and to see it springing up to growing life after a little, and to watch the development of the tiny plant into a strong, vigorous one, gives one something of the feeling of having at least assisted at the performance of a miracle. Grow flowers for one season, and—provided, of course and always, that you have a love for them to begin with—you will find the employment so full of pleasure that you will not willingly forego it thereafter. I have written much about floriculture with a view to stimulating interest in it and a development of it, and it affords me the greatest satisfaction to receive letters from those who have been led by something I have said to begin the cultivation of flowers. They tell me of the new pleasure that has come into their lives through it, and thank me for showing them the possibilities of happiness and health that seemed out of their reach, and I feel that I have helped them, and thank God for the privilege of having done so. I love flowers so well—I know so well what a friendship with them can do for men and women—that I have come to consider floriculture as a form of gospel work, for every least little flower we find or grow is, if rightly understood, a sermon powerful for good.

Therefore, I have been glad to note the growing interest in floriculture. The fall shows, which have become so popular in the large cities, are doing a great deal of good because they create an enthusiasm which makes it possible to extend the benefits of the large shows to smaller places, if those who have attended them are willing to undertake the organization of a home floricultural society. All that is needed in most of the smaller cities and country villages to make a success of a floricultural society is some one to begin the work and go ahead with it until one exhibition is given. After that the society will flourish because of its inherent vitality in nine cases out of ten. The public will enjoy it so well that there will be a demand for its continuance. This I know from personal experience. The fact is, most persons love flowers, and they enjoy a flower show better than they do a party or a play because it is something they do not see enough of to tire of it.

THE ordinary flower show seems inclined to run in the direction of specialties. The Chrysanthemum show leads at present, because that flower is very popular, and is in its glory during the fall months. Being a "host in itself," it is fully able to make a most brilliant exhibition without the aid of other flowers. The popularity of this plant, and the great success of the shows held in the large cities, has led to the organization of Chrysanthemum societies all over the land, and these have established a precedent, floriculturally, which I would not encourage. By that I mean that I would not advise the floricultural society of a small place to confine its attention to this one flower. Not all persons care for it. Not all persons can grow it well. An exhibition which includes but one plant, even though that plant has the wonderful versatility of the Chrysanthemum, must necessarily have a good deal of sameness about it.

IT will be found much more satisfactory for the floricultural society of a small place to have its exhibitions open to the flower-loving fraternity in general, all kinds of flowers being admitted for exhibit, thus giving variety to the display, and allowing each member to follow his or her taste in the floricultural line. A general exhibition would, of course, necessitate a show somewhat earlier in the season than the Chrysanthemum show is usually held, because that flower is so late that it is not in good shape for exhibition until after most other flowers are gone. But there need be no lack of material without the Chrysanthemum.

I would suggest dividing the exhibition into sections. Let us suppose that section A represents the Pansy. Divide this into classes. Let class A represent the best general collection. Class B may include one variety only, and class C may be made up of light and dark varieties alone. If thought advisable to extend the class divisions, class D might be for flowers of large size, and class E might be an exhibition of taste in the arrangement of the flowers. This sectional and class work could be extended to as many kinds as was thought best, and other classes than those suggested could be added if advisable.

I WOULD most earnestly advise having a section set apart for the exhibition of miscellaneous flowers put together in an original and artistic manner. Let there be a class for arrangements in bowls and vases, and another for table decorations, and still another for the decoration of a mantel or a window. We sorely need improvement in this branch of floricultural work. The "designs" of the professional florists are sometimes good, but as a general thing they are execrable. Nine out of ten are burlesques on good taste and artistic work. By arousing and stimulating interest in this direction at our flower shows, great good may be accomplished. This is where the local flower show by amateurs may be made more practically valuable than the large exhibitions are, because the latter are generally composed of plants or designs from professionals. The local societies' exhibition will be made up of flowers and arrangements of flowers grown by those who do not patronize the professional florists largely, therefore they will directly encourage home taste and skill.

A section may be devoted very profitably to Sweet Peas—just now one of our most popular flowers. Have a class comprising the greatest number of varieties; another of largest sorts; another of most beautiful kinds. It will be seen from this that it is an easy matter to arrange for many sections, including all leading flowers, and their subdivisions can be extended to whatever extent the committee having charge of this part of the show deems proper. By the exercise of good judgment in forming sections and classes, great variety can be secured with limited material. Then there should be a section devoted to miscellaneous flowers. This will enable those who have a general collection, but make a specialty of no one kind, to compete on equal terms with those who are devoted to specialties, and it should on no account be overlooked, because of the variety it affords.

THE organization of a floricultural society is, or should be, a very simple matter. You do not require a long and elaborate "constitution and by-laws" in order to make your society a success. Indeed, if you want it highly successful, you cannot afford an elaborate constitution with equally elaborate and needless by-laws, because too much red tape and formality are sure to hamper rather than help it. Have a president, a secretary and a treasurer, and an executive committee. Let the officers be men or women who have push and executive ability. Do not select them because of their social popularity or financial standing, but because of their ability to perform the duties of their respective offices well. Of course, they should be persons actively interested in the work of the society. Unless they are it will not be likely to be a success. These officers can make such rules as they may deem proper regarding times of exhibitions, entries, premiums, membership, etc., always bearing in mind that a few good, simple rules, well kept, are better than a great many constantly ignored. Let it be the aim of the promoters of the society to have everything connected with its management as simple and direct as possible.

THE question of premiums is generally a vexatious one. I would suggest having but one in each section or class. This stimulates to a high grade of work. Where you have first, second and third premiums, the competition will not be so keen. And let me advise another thing: On no account award a premium to any exhibit that is lacking in merit simply because it happens to be the only entry in that section or class. To do so encourages mediocrity, and that you do not want to do. Instruct your judges that they are expected to act on their judgment in making awards, and that it is expected they will refuse a premium to any exhibit not considered worth one. If they find something not coming under any particular class or section that they consider worth special mention, let them have the privilege of giving it a special premium of such importance and character as the merit of it seems to warrant.

In selecting your judges choose persons who know what good flowers are. A great many persons of fine taste are not familiar enough with flowers to be able to appreciate fully all that goes into the production of them. Let such persons be judges on the exhibition of designs and decorative arrangements—here their good taste will come in play—but, if possible, let the judges on the merits of flowers as flowers, be composed of men and women who have some practical knowledge of flower-growing.

OF course, there will be more or less expense connected with these exhibitions. This will have to be covered by membership, entry and admission fees in most cases, therefore go carefully at first and feel your way. After you have had one show you will be in better condition to tell what you can or cannot afford. Always aim to keep your expenses inside your income, as a debt on such a society is a millstone about its neck. You will find, as a general thing, that your premiums will have to be small. I think cash premiums could be done away with advantageously. Instead, let the certificate of the society as to merit be given in each section and class, and the exhibitor would be perfectly satisfied with it, I feel sure, because in these local societies it is not money the contestants are working for, but recognition of merit simply. I would most earnestly suggest the trial of this plan. It would materially reduce the expenses of the society, and the money that could be saved in this way could be used to excellent advantage in other ways.

ALWAYS have your show well advertised and don't wait until the last moment in getting out your notices. Have a neat, attractive premium list, and let this be furnished to all members free, also to all interested in floriculture who are not members of the society, if they desire to exhibit at the show, provided the society thinks it advisable to extend this privilege to those who are not members. Their exhibit might be given a special department, subject, of course, to entry fee, and admission fees could be charged to these exhibitors, with the understanding that if they desired equal privileges with the members of the society all they had to do to obtain them was to join it. This would no doubt bring many into the society who would not join it if denied the privilege of exhibiting before becoming members.

When to have these shows is something that must be decided by each society. There might be several during the season. There could be a spring show of bulbs and other very early flowers. There could be a Rose show in early summer. There could be a midsummer show consisting of flowers peculiar to that season. An early fall show would take in Dahlias, Asters, Pansies, Tea Roses, Sweet Peas and early Chrysanthemums and many of our finest flowers. A Chrysanthemum show, pure and simple, will have to wait until November.

Let the premium list be made out early in the season and circulated, so that intending competitors may know what to expect and what to get ready. In order to encourage flower-growing you must not wait until the week before the exhibition in making out your lists. If that is done you oblige exhibitors to bring the best of what they happen to have. This is wrong. Let them know what is wanted in advance, and give them a chance to grow their flowers up to the required standard. Let me advise another thing: Interest the children in your society. Give them a department of their own, but if they are ambitious and feel inclined to come into competition with the grown-up members, let them do so by entering their plants or flowers in any section of the exhibition. This puts them "on their mettle," because they are in competition with "grown folks," and they go to work with an enthusiasm that is not only pleasant but profitable to all concerned, because it is an enthusiasm from which they are sure to learn valuable lessons—lessons which will stimulate their love of the beautiful in Nature's realm, and instruct them in the real value of harmony and fitness in color, detail and arrangement.



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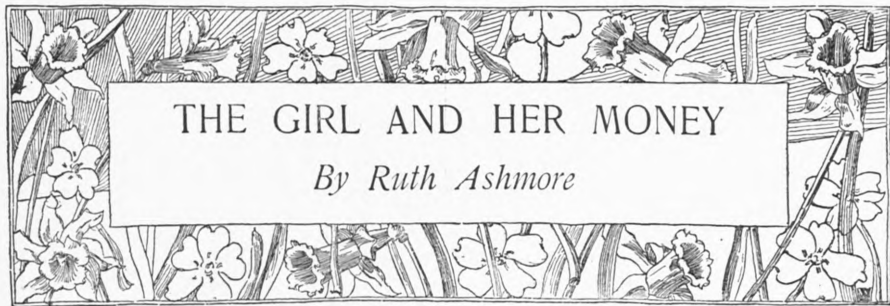
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## THE GIRL AND HER MONEY

By Ruth Ashmore

**S**HE earns it and she thinks she has a right to do whatever she pleases with it. So she has, in a way. There is an odd little word that, for some unknown reason, impresses most girls unpleasantly, and yet if one lives up to that little word all life will be brighter and better. What is it? Duty. And the girl who earns money owes a duty to herself in regard to it. I know, oh, so well, how it burns a hole in one's pocket. I know, oh, so well, how delightful it is to buy this and that, to give this and that, and to feel that it is one's own money that is being used. You give so much of your life in exchange for this money—shall you count your life-blood as nothing and waste it? Shall you forget your duty to yourself, and as a natural sequence, to everybody else? I do not believe you want to do that. I believe that this money, earned so hardly, should be spent so that it brings to you the greatest comfort, and also, as my old mammy used to say, keeps your mind easy. Now, the girl who throws her money around carelessly, who never realizes the difference between use and abuse, who never has the courage to say that she cannot afford any pleasure, is the one whose mind is going to be troubled and whose life will be full of worry.

I know what it means to earn money. I know just how delightful it is to handle that which has been earned honestly, and I know how difficult it is to refrain from spending one's money foolishly. Now, I wonder if you will take a bit of advice from me—you, who are so dear to me. I want you to commence right now and keep an account of the money you spend. Put down that which goes for a pound of candy and that which goes for a bottle of medicine. Do not lump the postage stamps and car-fare, and hairpins and needles under the head of "trifles," but put down each exactly, and then you will be surprised to discover how this penny and that dime, this fifty cents and that dollar, went for nonsense when it might have been saved and used for some good purpose. You toss your head and say you "never could understand figures." That is a foolish excuse for shirking a responsibility. It is your business to understand figures, and to be thoroughly informed, not only as to your income, but your outgo.

### WHICH IS IT?

**Y**OU think, when one of your friends, a worker like yourself, comes to you and asks you to lend her a little money, that you would be a very mean girl not to do as she asks. She has used up her money—probably she does not mention that it went for an expensive hat or for a theatre ticket—and she would be so much obliged if you would lend her have enough to pay her laundress. Your purse is out of your pocket in a second, you count out the money and have a delightful sensation of generosity because of your ability to help her. That night your own washing comes home; you look in your purse and you do not feel very pleasant when you realize that you have to ask the woman to wait until you get your wages, because you have not got quite enough to pay her. Another day the same girl comes up to you and asks you for the loan of her car-fare. Oh, you would not be mean enough to refuse a little thing like that. But you do wish she would pay you back the other money; still you would not dream of asking her. Now, this is all wrong. And it is not generosity that you are showing to this friend, or at least it is the wrong kind of generosity. Robbing Peter to pay Paul is injustice.

You have just so much money to live on, and you cannot afford to lend it, and the proper thing for you to do when you are asked for money is to say that you cannot afford to either lend or give. You are almost a thief, though you would not like to be called that, but truly you were dishonest when you gave money to your friend that should have been paid to some one who worked for you. I have gone through all this myself. I remember in a period of five years lending a quarter and ten cents and five cents, and occasionally a dollar to a girl who never thought of paying me back, and when I learned a little common-sense, and refused it, she spoke of me as "mean" and never thought it worth while to pay back all she had gotten from me. In lending this money I did wrong twice: I encouraged in her the habit of borrowing, and, being too cowardly to say "no," I gave away money that should have been used for something else. Try to be neither a borrower nor a lender.

### THE TRUE CHARITY

**Y**OU are a kind-hearted girl, tender and loving, and when somebody is taken sick, some fellow-worker, you are eager to help, to give your mite toward making the sufferer more comfortable. Out of your little salary every week you put aside a bit of money for the day of illness. Possibly, in the fund that has been gotten up in the office or store; possibly, you have put it in one of the dime banks, and while you have been doing this the other girl has not troubled herself as to the future. Though you remember that she was spoken of as so generous because she brought this girl a bunch of flowers, bought another one a book, and gave another one, her most intimate friend, no end of treats, she never looked for the dark days. Now, you are wondering what you ought to do. She is sick and she has not saved any money. They are going to take up a collection for her, and some of the girls, thoughtless as she was, are going to give sums of money which seem to you very large. You think over what your expenses are and how much you can afford, and you put your name down for a dollar, and the girls who gave two look at you with scorn and whisper that they did not dream that you were so mean. But you were not mean, you were honest.

Shall you, because of this girl's thoughtlessness, give less money this week to that dear old mother whom you have to help? Shall you, because of this girl's thoughtlessness, get into debt that your name may look large on a subscription list, and that you may be spoken of as generous? Surely not. Give what you can in money, and then, if possible, give a little of your time to that girl who is suffering, and when she is well and strong again try and teach her to look out for the hard times and be prepared for them. Not long ago a young girl said to me, "I sha'n't be able to help at home any this week, because there were two collections taken up in the office to send flowers to the father of one of the stenographers and the sister of the bookkeeper, who had just died. I couldn't refuse; and as women who were making less than I each gave a dollar, I had to give that much too, or else I would have been unpopular."

What do you think I said to her? Just this: "Have the courage to be unpopular. You do not admire these stiff-wired flowers, and even if you did you cannot afford to spend money that is earned and kept for a special duty. If you feel that you would like the one who has suffered by the death of a dear one to know of your sympathy write a pleasant little note, and with it send a handful of flowers for the living and not for the dead."

### WHEN YOU ARE OUT SHOPPING

**T**HE time comes when the fresh hat and gown must be gotten. You have been carefully laying by a little money for your clothes, and like a sensible girl you are going to a good store and to buy good stuff. That is economy. Do not stop to look at the faint pinks and blues, or the fabric that is the rage just now and which will be out of fashion in two months, but, instead, select a good standard fabric, have it made tastefully and in a manner suitable for the times when it will be worn. Have a pretty and becoming hat, but avoid a pronounced shape, a number of feathers, or an overwhelming bunch of gay flowers.

Do not spend your money on the last new bit of jewelry in cheap gold. Do not spend your money on anything that is cheap, for it is always what it is called, and that usually means that it is worthless. You are a girl to be honored because you are a worker, but, because you are a worker, you must not put on the garb of the butterfly, which would be out of place and would be ruined by the first shower. I heard you tell some girl that you bought a pound of candy every Saturday. Why? Certainly it cannot be good for you to eat this much, and certainly you cannot afford to let so much money go for sheer folly. I do want you to have pleasures, many of them, and if you stop spending your money on silly things then you will have it for the pleasures that are worth it. A pound of candy every Saturday costs you not less than eighty cents; there are fifty-two Saturdays in the year, and that little indulgence comes exactly to forty-one dollars and sixty cents. Think what you might have gotten with that which would have been of use and of pleasure. The black silk frock that you have been longing to give your mother; the little watch that you wanted for yourself; or that would have paid for the vacation that you needed so badly and which you felt you could not afford to take.

### A THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE

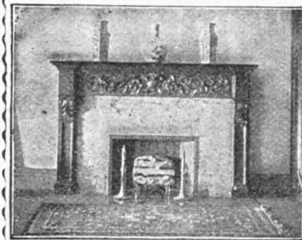
**T**HERE are very few of us earning our living who have not some one else to care for, and that is much to the credit of the American girl. Sometimes it is the people at home; sometimes it is a younger sister who is to be helped with her education, but always a helping hand is needed. You laugh at the idea of making a will, but no matter how little you have, if it is nothing but your gold watch, you ought to attend to its disposition. And if there are people depending upon you, old people, stop the soda-water, stop the candy and have your life insured. You will not die any the sooner, and you will feel that the old lady you love so dearly will not, when you cease to be here, depend upon the hard charity of strangers. Now, I am taking it for granted that this girl I am speaking to is not an absolutely young girl, and is one who has saved a little money. I beg of her, if this is so, not to let that money go into the hands of even those who are nearest and dearest to her with a view of investing it, without getting from them a written security. And I beg of that woman, too, to make herself understand exactly how her money is placed, and whether if any trouble comes she could be held responsible for more than that which she has put in. Women are usually cautious in their investments, and, thank God, they are generally honest about paying what they owe, but sometimes the desire to get a larger interest proves fascinating, and the money is taken from where it is safe and given over to those who are veritable sharks. No matter how little money you may save, put it in bank, selecting a well-established and reliable bank in preference to any other, even if the interest is much less. Learn how to take care of your bank-book, and do not sign your checks "Miss Mamie Webster," but write your name "Mary Webster," and so stand in the bank's estimation as a dignified woman and not a foolish girl.

### THAT OTHER GIRL

**S**HE is fortunate in having people to care for her, and the money that is put in the dainty little purse is a gift and not a wage earned. She does not know how much her dresses cost—she had them charged and did not ask; and she would think she was horribly mean if she went out with a girl friend and did not treat her to luncheon and buy her something pretty. The whole crowd, as she calls them, have soda at her expense, and then she bought a bunch of violets for herself and one for her most intimate friend and had two pairs of gloves charged. My dear little butterfly, what kind of a wife are you going to make for a young man whose salary is twenty-five hundred dollars a year? And that is rather more than the average man of twenty-five gets. Now, I want you to be woman enough to ask your father not to give you candy and soda money, but an allowance, and tell him it is because you want to learn the value of money. He is a business man and he will see the wisdom of it. Then, buy your own dresses, pay for the making of them, learn what they are worth and learn just how much that you squander is unnecessary. When you have them charged you do not think it worth while to clean gloves, but when you pay out your own money for them you will see the wisdom of this economy.

The girl who knows nothing about the value of her clothes, who uses her pocket money only for nonsense, is not fit to be the mistress of a household, is not fit to control money, or to be the wife of either a rich or a poor man. The wise girl must stop right away in her career of ignorance. She must make up her mind to learn to know the value of money, its proper use and its wicked abuse. Prince Charming dreams of asking her to control a tiny cottage in which love and happiness may be found, but how can he when her clothes and her follies require more money than he would make in three years? A young woman can afford to dress simply. She is wronging herself when she impresses the men who are her friends with her ignorance of life and its duties. If she is left to live her life alone, never having the joy of being wife or mother, it is too often because the man who loved her knew that he did not have enough money to keep her as she wished, knew that, honestly, he could not afford to ask her to be his wife. Think it all over, my pretty butterfly; stop studying Greek and go back to the multiplication table; give up the zither and take to pencil and paper. Learn the value of money. Having that knowledge, no matter whether you are a worker or an idler, you possess a great power. Whether your income is small or great you will be able to be both just and generous with it, and that is what I want my girls to be. It is only by caring for the pennies that you can control the dollars. For me, I am so proud of the American girl that I want her to do what is right, and this she never will do until she is brave enough to draw the strings of her purse against extravagance and sickly sentimentality, and to open it to justice and proper generosity.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 25 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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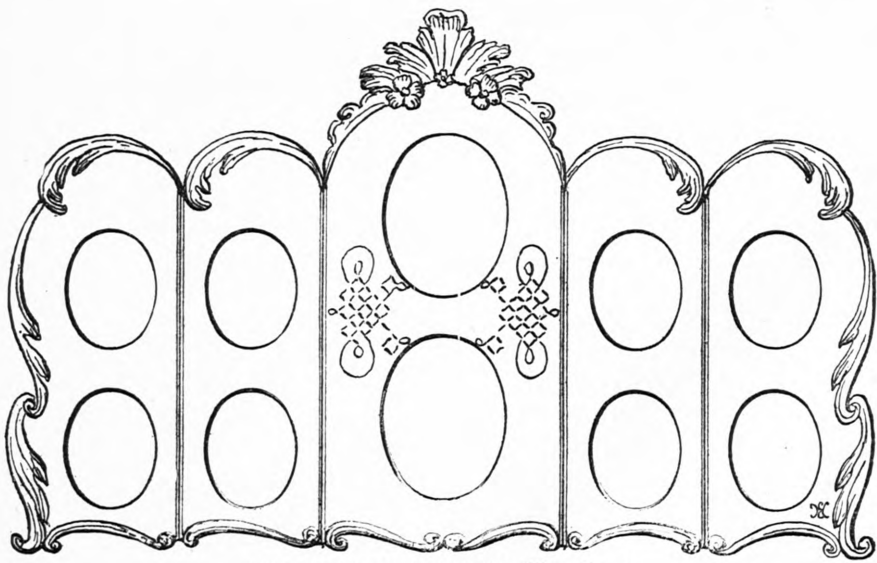
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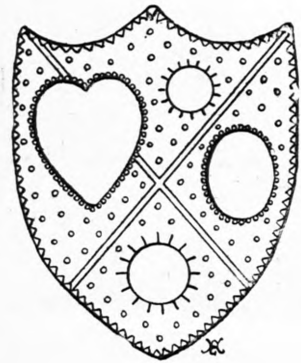
RENAISSANCE SCREEN FRAME (illus. No. 3)

MAKING PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES

By Florence Woodbury

**P**HOTOGRAPHS accumulate so rapidly in these days that frames for their protection are almost a necessity. Consequently frames of all sorts, kinds and shapes have sprung into existence, and the forms used as a foundation in their construction may be found in

**DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING**  
**T**O begin with the foundation, first select the material, and if the frame is to be of embroidered linen cut a piece a trifle larger than the frame. In covering this foundation it is well to cover first with a layer of sheet wadding. Glue the wadding in place, and then the cover proper must be put on, care being taken that the embroidered design is in the right place and that none of the glue gets on the face of the frame. Draw the cover over the foundation as tightly as possible, gluing the edges to the back of the frame with good glue. Set it away until the glue is dry. Then cut out the opening for the picture, leaving enough of the goods to hold firmly, but not enough to be clumsy in turning over the edge of the opening. Glue these edges down inside the frame; place the glass in position and fasten with pasted paper.



TWO DESIGNS FOR FANCY FRAMES (illus. No. 1)

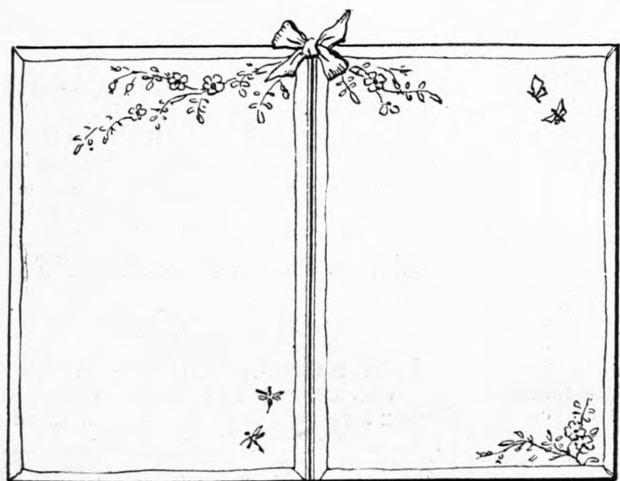


almost any shop devoted to fancy-work or to the sale of artists' materials. Many of them are made of wood pulp.

THE FAVORITE STYLE

**T**HE most popular styles are heart-shaped, round and oblong, but any shape and any size may be made to order in stout cardboard. Some, too, are double and others still have openings for several pictures. Most of these foundations are fitted with glass for the protection of the photographs. The price varies according to the size and shape. In many of the shops the frames are sold with a stamped linen cover to be embroidered and applied to the frame when worked in colored silks and pressed.

Some frames are covered with brocade. A piece of the bride's dress makes a pretty and appropriate frame for her picture. The Japanese variety of cotton crêpe, with a splashed gold pattern of sunbursts, also gives a pretty effect.



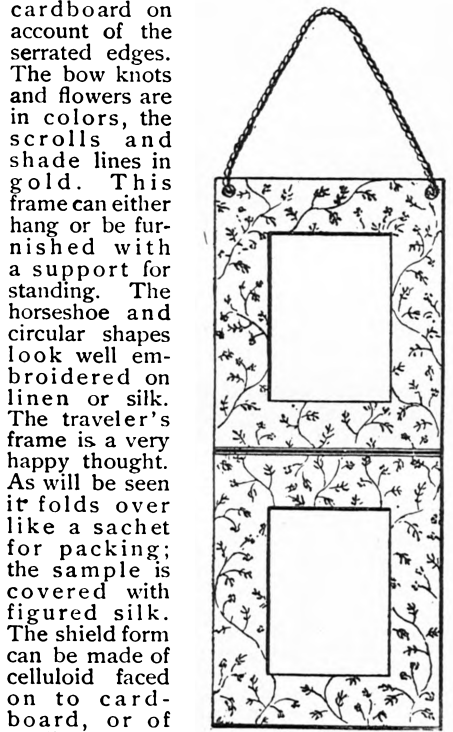
SCREEN PHOTOGRAPH FRAME (illus. No. 2)

**AN ARTISTIC FRAME**  
**A**NOTHER style of frame is made which, while being pretty, is without the protective qualities of these just described, but it is made much more easily by any one who can paint. Buy heavy water-color cards with rough, irregular edges—ragged edges—and also a sheet heavy enough to be used for the backs of the frames and also for the supports. In the centre of each card draw accurately a form large enough to show the photograph to good advantage, then cut out with a sharp knife. A number of these cards decorated with the same flowers and fastened together with a harmonizing ribbon are a pretty addition to the walls of a chamber, or a single one mounted and backed with cardboard and having a supporting strip to keep it standing, looks pretty on either bookcase or mantel. In gluing on the backs to these frames leave the top open, so that the photograph may be slipped into place.

The pocket screen in Illustration No. 7 is intended for the surplus photographs that we do not care to frame. The pictures can be slipped into these pockets in numbers, keeping them tidily together, yet handy for looking over in leisure moments. These frames will be found of great use, as photographs are often mislaid.

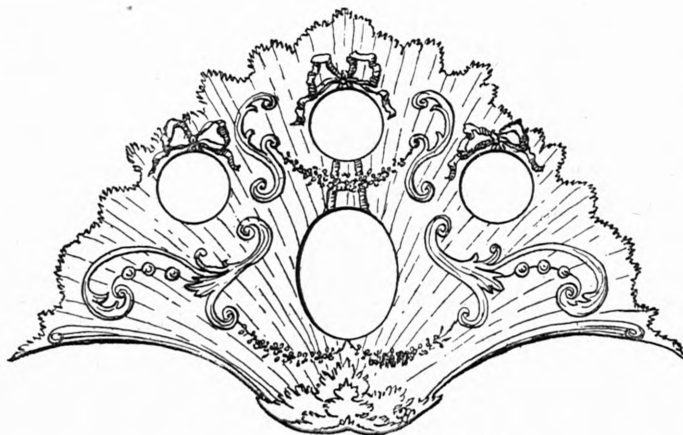
SOME SPECIAL DESIGNS

**P**ASSING from general directions for the home manufacture of photograph frames, a brief survey of the illustrations may be acceptable. To all of them the suggestions given above will apply with slight modifications to suit the individual designs. These designs have been carefully selected from a vast collection on view in the shops, as being typical of the newest styles. The elegant five-fold screen, and indeed all the folding screens are made on the lines of the plain folding book-form photograph cases. Whether made of fabrics or cardboard the Renaissance frame is shaped at the edge as shown in the drawing, the scrolls being afterward painted and shaded in gold. The ground may be either white or in a delicate, plain tint; the beveled edges of the ovals should be gilt. The Watteau fan frame is specially intended



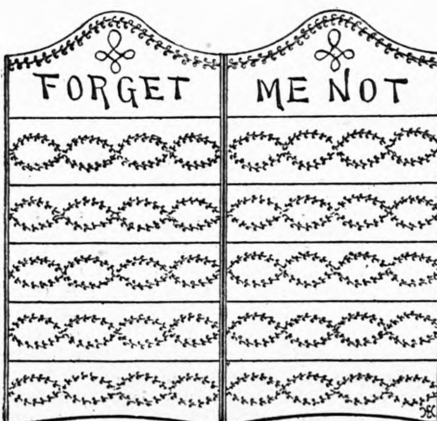
THE TRAVELER'S FRAME (illus. No. 6)

**SCREEN PHOTOGRAPH FRAME**  
**I**LLUSTRATION No. 2 is a quite novel application of the plain glass frame. It is composed entirely of glass, cabinet size, bound all around with ribbon. Each flap is formed of two pieces of glass, secured on three sides by sewing the ribbon bindings together. Any number of flaps can be made; they, in turn, are joined by



WATTEAU FAN FRAME (illus. No. 4)

butterfly bows at the top and a few stitches at the bottom, being reversible. The two photographs are slipped into each flap, back to back. A few painted flower sprays and butterflies add greatly to the beauty of these really charming, dainty and most useful receptacles.



THE POCKET SCREEN (illus. No. 7)

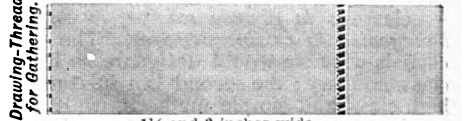
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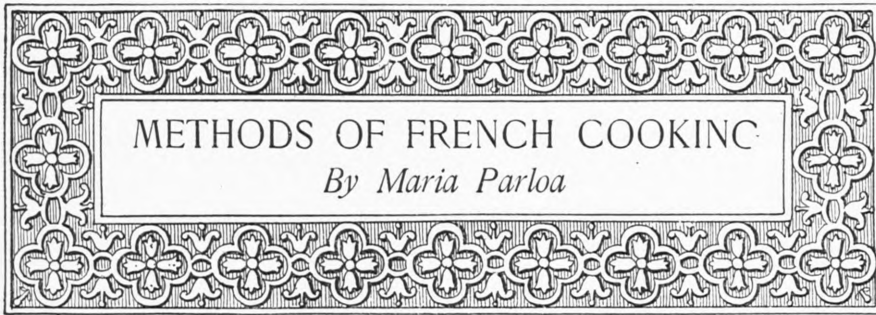
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HERE are many foreigners who do not like the way food is prepared in France, while there are others who are quite sure that the culinary art has reached its point of perfection in that country. Much, of course, depends upon the point of view; if one be wedded to one's national dishes he will not be likely to see what is best in those of any other country. No individual possesses all the virtues, and no country can lay claim to all that is best in an art or science, but to my mind the French people prepare and eat their food in a more rational and scientific manner than any other people of whom I have knowledge. The French cook or housewife can teach the American woman nothing in the way of dainty desserts, cakes, breads, preserves, etc. But, on the other hand, the American woman cannot compare with the French woman in the preparation of soups, meats, fish, sauces, vegetables and all the little economies of the kitchen. In America we are familiar with much that is costliest and best in French cookery, but of the more general and the more economical dishes that are peculiar to the French people we know but little, and it is my purpose in this article to give the readers of the JOURNAL some of the inexpensive and healthful methods, using the materials that are at the command of the average housekeeper.

**KINDS OF COOKERY AND SEASONINGS**

IN France cookery is divided into three classes: *la grande cuisine*, *la cuisine bourgeoise*, *la cuisine ménager*. The first class is what we would designate as high-class cookery; the second is a mixture of high-class and simple methods, while the third comprehends only simple and economical methods. The third is the more generally practiced, as in the matter of food the French are a very economical people. There are certain seasonings which are employed in all three classes of cookery and which give to the French soups, sauces and *ragoûts* a certain savoriness and delicacy of flavor that are so often wanting in American dishes. These seasonings are largely herbs and vegetables. Strong spices are not employed to any extent, but when they are it is in the whole form, rarely ground. Onions enter into almost everything. It is a rare thing that a vegetable is boiled in plain water. It is cooked with its seasonings of herbs and other vegetables; often, also, butter or drippings are added, or again it may be a bone or the trimming of a chop or roast. The most delicious soups are made with water or milk, vegetables, herbs, salt, pepper, and some sort of fat—butter or sweet drippings. Various vegetables are combined with the trimmings of chops, roasts, etc., to make delicious *ragoûts*. These dishes are substantial, cheap and savory. Everything in the form of a cooked vegetable is served, when cold, as a salad. Sometimes the only addition to the seasoned vegetable is oil and vinegar, and again several vegetables are mixed. It must not be thought that because the vegetables are seasoned so much in cooking they are strong and indigestible; on the contrary they are most delicate and savory.

#### FRENCH VEGETABLES AND HERBS

IN France vegetables are not allowed to attain the great size that they do with us. For this reason, and also because the soil is so old, the flavor is nearly always delicate. This is also true of the herbs. On the other hand the rank new soil of America produces vegetation of great size and strong flavor, and the cultivator aids Nature, with the result that nearly all our vegetation attains great size, is strongly flavored, and because of the great length of time it is allowed to grow, the fibres become hard. Nearly all French vegetables are gathered when they have attained, what would seem to us, only half or one-third their growth. During the season they plant a bed over and over again. Such vegetables as onions, carrots, turnips, radishes, string beans, etc., are most delicate and delicious because of the quick half growth, but there are vegetables which have not flavor enough. For example, the peas, when cooked without any seasoning beyond the salt and butter, are most insipid, but the French people never cook them this way. There are a great many species of onion grown here, most of them of delicate flavor and texture, and they are used constantly in French cooking.

#### METHODS OF COOKING VEGETABLES

THE French cook blanches nearly all vegetables. This gives them a more delicate flavor. The process is this: after the vegetables have been cleaned they are put in a saucepan and covered with boiling water. Some vegetables are placed on the fire and cooked for several minutes; others stand in the boiling water only a minute. The vegetable is next turned into a colander and cold water is poured over it. Blanching in this sense does not, of course, mean whitening. Potatoes are used here quite as much as in America and yet one rarely sees a well-cooked, plain boiled potato, but this vegetable is cooked in many other savory ways. Beets are nearly always baked—seldom, however, in a private house. One can buy them all cooked for a few cents apiece. The method of cooking is to place them in a moderate oven on a bed of straw. They are then covered with earthenware pans and cooked from six to ten hours. This method of cooking makes a beet firm and tender, and full of color and juice. Beets are employed largely in salads and for garnishing.

Carrots hold an important place in the French kitchen. Next to the onion they are the richest vegetable flavorers and they are in constant demand for this purpose, and as a vegetable pure and simple they are very much used. They are often simply boiled in well-seasoned water and then served with sauce, but the most common, and by all odds the most savory manner is *carottes à la Flamande*. Turnips are cooked as carrots are. The French housekeeper uses a little meat broth to great advantage in the preparation of her vegetables and other dishes. Poor, indeed, is the French kitchen where one does not find a little meat broth to add to the vegetable, sauce or made dish. This broth is generally of the lightest kind, and is the result of boiling the bones and trimmings in water, or for a few cents the housekeeper can purchase a little meat jelly which she reduces with water. The *bouquet garni* is generally employed in soups, soups, vegetables, *ragoûts*, etc. It is made by spreading a branch of parsley on the table, and on it laying one bay leaf and a tiny spray of thyme, then folding the parsley over the other herbs and tying firmly.

In giving directions for cooking, the verb *sauter* is frequently used. This word means literally to jump or leap, and when employed in a culinary sense it means that the dish is to be cooked with very little fat or liquid, and that instead of being stirred with a spoon the pan is shaken so vigorously that the contents are in this way turned and mixed. The most common form of the verb when used as a title for a dish is *sauté* in the singular and *sautés* in the plural.

#### SAVORY VEGETABLE RAGOÛT

ONE quart of potatoes, one quart of white turnips, one pint of carrots, all measured after having been peeled and cut. Three tablespoonfuls of butter or sweet drippings, one tablespoonful each of flour, sugar, salt and minced parsley; two tablespoonfuls of minced onion, one level teaspoonful of pepper, and one pint of water or meat broth. Scrape the carrots and peel the turnips and potatoes. Cut the vegetables in pieces about twice the size of an English walnut, having the carrots a little smaller than the turnips and potatoes. Put the carrots in two quarts of boiling water and cook for thirty minutes. Put the turnips and potatoes together in a stewpan and cover them with boiling water. Cook these vegetables ten minutes and then drain off the water; strain the carrots and add them to the turnips and potatoes. Put the butter and onion in a frying-pan and set on the fire; cook slowly for five minutes; then add the flour and stir over a hot fire until the mixture is frothy; then add the water or broth. Sprinkle salt, pepper, sugar and parsley over the vegetables, then pour the sauce over the whole. Cover the stewpan and let the contents simmer gently for half an hour. Shake the pan often. The French serve this dish as a course, but if one wishes it may be served with a meat dish; in that case no other vegetable need be served. A delicious *ragoût* of potatoes may be made by following the same rule, omitting the carrots, turnips, flour and one tablespoonful of the butter. Measure the other seasonings very scantily and use two generous quarts of potatoes. In the spring and summer young leeks may be cut in small pieces and added to the potatoes.

#### POTATOES SAUTÉS

THIS is a favorite method with the French of cooking the small new potato. It will be necessary to cut the American potatoes in balls or cubes about the size of a large English walnut. The stewpan must be shallow and broad and of a metal that will endure dry heat. Put butter or sweet drippings in the stewpan and place on the fire. When the fat is smoking hot add the potatoes, which season with salt and pepper. Cover the stewpan and cook the potatoes until they will break between the fingers. It will take about half an hour for the cooking. The heat should be strong enough to color the vegetable a delicate brown. There must not be more potatoes than will cover the bottom of the stewpan. For one quart of potatoes use one heaping and one level teaspoonful of salt.

#### SAVORY METHOD OF COOKING BEANS

**HARICOTS VERTS**—string beans, and *haricots blancs*—white beans, are vegetables that the French employ a great deal. They also use the red bean but not as much as the others. They have many savory methods of preparing the white bean. If the beans are dried they are soaked in plenty of cold water for at least twelve hours. The water in which beans and peas are boiled is always saved and forms the foundation of a good soup.

*Haricots blancs à la bonne femme* is made by placing one quart of fresh or one pint and a half of dried beans, one onion, three tablespoonfuls of butter or drippings, one level tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of minced parsley in a stewpan with two quarts of boiling water. Place on the fire and cook gently for two hours. When the beans have been cooking one hour slice the onions and put them and two tablespoonfuls of the butter in a small stewpan and on the fire, where they will cook slowly for half an hour. Stir the mixture several times during this period of time. At the end of half an hour add the cooked butter and onion and the other seasonings to the beans. At the end of two hours pour off nearly all the water and add one level tablespoonful of flour and one generous tablespoonful of butter mixed together; cook ten minutes longer and serve in a deep dish. If the beans are dried soak them over night in cold water. In the morning blanch them by boiling them gently for twenty minutes in three quarts of water; then turn them into a strainer and pour cold water over them and proceed as for the fresh vegetable.

#### CAROTTES À LA FLAMANDE

THREE pints of young carrots scraped and then cut in slices, one pint of light meat broth, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, two scant teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one slice of onion, one teaspoonful of minced parsley. Boil the carrots in clear water for twenty minutes, then drain them. Put the butter and onion in a stewpan and cook for five minutes; add the carrots, salt, pepper and sugar, and cook over a hot fire for ten minutes, shaking the stewpan almost constantly. Then add the broth; cover the stewpan and place where the contents will cook gently for half an hour; then add the parsley and cook five minutes longer. There will be required two generous quarts of turnips for the amount of seasoning given for the three pints of carrots.

#### SPINACH À LA CRÈME

FOUR quarts of spinach, one large head of lettuce, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of sugar, a slight grating of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of flour mixed with half a pint of cream or milk. Clean the spinach and lettuce and put them in a stewpan with one quart of boiling water. Boil rapidly for five minutes, then turn the vegetables into a colander, and pour cold water over them. Press as much water as possible from the vegetables and then chop very fine. Put the butter in a stewpan and on the fire. Add the minced vegetables and seasonings and cook gently for fifteen minutes; then add the flour and cream and cook fifteen minutes longer. Serve on small squares of toast.

#### POTAGE MAIGRE

THREE pints of the water in which the white beans and seasonings were cooked, half a pint of the cooked beans, one large onion, two tablespoonfuls each of minced carrot, turnips and celery, two tablespoonfuls of butter or drippings, one teaspoonful of minced parsley, one teaspoonful of sugar, one pint of stale bread, cut in small thin slices; salt and pepper to taste. Mince the onion fine and put in a stewpan with the other raw vegetables and the butter. Cover and cook slowly for half an hour. Rub the beans through a strainer, and add the strained mass and the bean broth to the contents of the stewpan. Then add the other seasonings and cook gently for half an hour longer. Put the bread in the soup tureen and pour the soup over it. Serve very hot. All of these dishes should be served as soon after being cooked as possible. All of them will be found inexpensive and very savory.

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DESIGN OF NASTURTIUMS

THE design of nasturtiums shown in Illustration No. 2 can be carried out in shades of yellow, orange or red, as fancy dictates. It is best to keep the coloring of most of the flowers light in tone although the effect is very pleasing to have two or three of the flowers worked darker than the others. Shade each petal of the yellow or orange nasturtiums with a dark red or brownish-colored silk where it joins the calyx. The stems, leaves, tendrils, etc., can be embroidered with soft shades of gray-green silk, which greatly tones down the bright colors that are necessarily employed in working the flowers and buds.

SWEET PEAS

THIS graceful flower, shown in Illustration No. 3, forms the decoration on one of the doilies in the set. And those who are accustomed to embroidery will not find it difficult to obtain the effect of the sweet pea. The stitches must be curved with the petals and the colors well blended to give the best results. Some of the prettiest combinations for working these flowers are pink and purple, pink and lavender, lavender and white, pink and white and pure white shaded with greenish-gray silk. Embroider the leaves with sage-green silks, using lighter shades of the same for the stems and tendrils.

For the soft silver gray green in the leaves and tendrils use two or three shades of delicate sage green.

THE MANY-HUED PANSY

WHEN embroidering pansies a great deal depends on the individual taste of the worker; they come in such a variety of coloring it is sometimes hard to make a choice. It is best when working small pansies, as shown in Illustration No. 4, not to employ too many colors on one flower. I will give a few suggestions for the colors used in working pansies, although nearly every one is acquainted with the different varieties. For working the two back petals use dark rich purple shades, and the three lower ones a light yellow, with dark veinings of the purple shades; a rich deep maroon or copper color can be substituted for the purple in another one, which will give an entirely different effect to the flower. Pansies worked in shades of white, yellow, mauve or violet colored silks with dark veinings, are all pretty in effect. Yellow or bronze greens can be used for the stems and leaves.

DAINTY APPLE BLOSSOMS

VERY light shades of pink floss are employed in working the apple blossoms in Illustration No. 5, using pure white for the high lights on the petals. Where the under side of the flower turns over, use a brighter shade of the pink, also making the buds much more pink than the general effect of the flowers. The leaves may be embroidered in different shades of brown greens, using rather brighter shades of green for

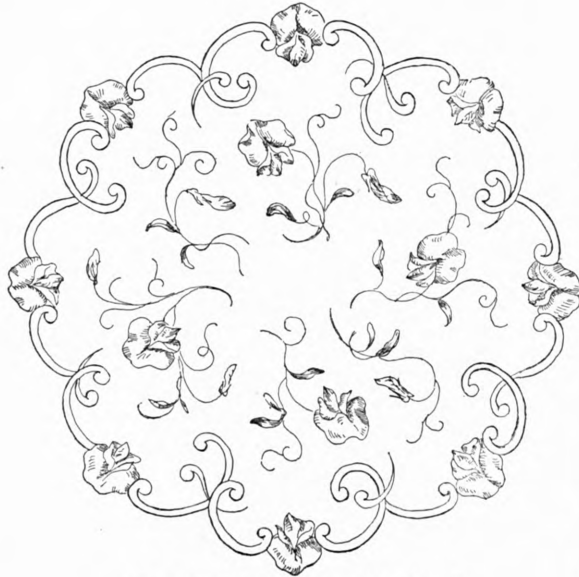
the calyx of the buds and small leaves. The flower stamens can be worked with light yellow, shading with a darker silk. The branches of the apple blossoms may be worked with the same tints used for the darker leaves.

THE GOLDEN BUTTERCUP

THREE or four shades of silk ranging from a deep golden yellow to tints of light lemon or straw color, will be required for



DESIGN OF APPLE BLOSSOMS (Illus. No. 5)

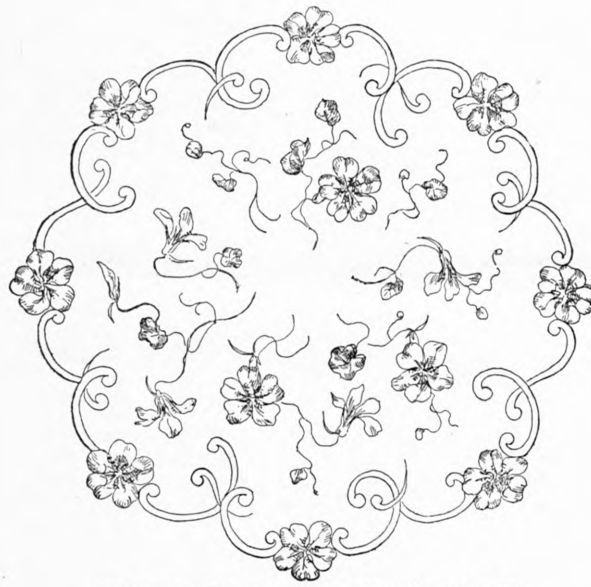


THE DAINTY SWEET PEA (Illus. No. 3)

THESE dainty floral designs for a set of six doilies are very charming when embroidered on fine linen lawn with the Asiatic filo silk floss. The flowers along the outer edge of the doilies are embroidered in buttonhole stitch, the rest of the floral design being worked in long and short stitch.

A SET OF SIX DOILIES

By Anna T. Roberts



DESIGN OF NASTURTIUM LEAVES (Illus. No. 2)

The scrollwork along the outer edge of the doilies should be buttonholed with white floss, which will give a firm and very handsome finish. After the embroidery is completed the doilies are then cut carefully away from the linen lawn.

THE EXQUISITE NARCISSUS

WORK the flowers and buds of the narcissus shown in Illustration No. 1 with white silk, shading with a delicate gray of a light greenish or yellow tone. The



THE MANY-HUED PANSY (Illus. No. 4)

rich yellow cup in the centre of each flower gives character to the narcissus, by imparting to it a warm glow of color. It is worked first with golden-colored silk and then orange or red silk is worked along the irregular edges.



THE GOLDEN BUTTERCUP (Illus. No. 6)

carrying out the design of buttercups given in Illustration No. 6. These flowers will not be difficult to work as you will find when you begin to embroider. The edges of the flowers which curl over are worked a lighter yellow, so that they may contrast pleasantly with the deeper tones used in working the rest of the flower. The stamens are put in with the deepest yellow silks, using the next shade lighter for high lights on the same.



THE EXQUISITE NARCISSUS (Illus. No. 1)

# Pears'

What is the use of being clean? Why not, with luxurious soap?

"Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take."—POPE.



bit of knowledge as you go through this magazine.

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is the name of the perfect soap for bath or fine washing. There are many good reasons why you should try it, but the soap itself is greater than them all. Sold by dealers at 5 cents a cake. If your dealer doesn't keep it, send 10 cents to either of our offices for sample cake, postage paid. Mention this magazine.

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# JUST AMONG OURSELVES

EDITED BY MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT

A Department devoted to a social interchange of ideas among JOURNAL readers. Address all letters to MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 421-427 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

**I**S nagging an especial characteristic of women? A well-known physician, a student of health as well as disease, has called out indignant denials by printing his opinion that it is. He has done it in the most considerate way, reminding one of the person who, in calling another a liar, said he did not mean it opprobriously but merely stated it as a fact. And the denials are made in a fashion quite too feminine. "It isn't so, and besides there is good excuse for it," our defenders say. Nervous irritability, a narrowing and belittling sphere, the constant presence of obnoxious and vexatious persons—what wonder that human nature exhibits unlovely traits under these provocations? It will do us no harm to look this accusation fairly in the face and see whether it be a familiar of ours with a new and ugly name. There is no dictionary at hand, and I cannot verify my definition, but I suppose that what is meant by the word "nagging" is a constant repetition of petty reproof or command. It is a habit which every conscientious housekeeper and every thoughtful mother is very much in danger of weaving for herself, and for fear of which many a woman "lets things go," to the injury of her home and her children. How often the tired mother has "picked up" after husband and children, or done the forgotten errand, rather than seem to be "nagging."

It does fall to the lot of women to do most of the so-called training of children. In many cases it is truly the blind leading the blind, the untrained training. "Don't do this," "hurry up," "keep still"—how easily these phrases roll off the tongue. Who that has traveled has failed to notice the mother who magnified her office of despot by irritating commands and demands, disturbing every one within hearing and seeing by her vain efforts to keep her children still? She has not learned self-control and she is transmitting her lack of it to the next generation.

But we are improving, I am sure. We are learning that to save ourselves and our children from "crossness," we must cultivate calmness. There must be peace in the soul of the mother before her babe is born, and then, oh, those precious weeks when she may command such quiet hours for an acquaintance with the new life. How foolish she is who throws away that sacred opportunity, choosing to gratify vanity or care for "things," rather than to retreat for a time from the world and be led by her little child into the Holy of Holies. Life would be very different in many homes if the babe were thus introduced to it. And it is not so impossible as it may seem. Remember that these quiet days may save you and your children months of anguish. And, later, how much can be done to avoid this perpetual "nagging" if the sympathies of the husband and the children can be enlisted in the object to be attained. Baby will enjoy making the room tidy for papa's home-coming if she is doing it with mamma, and a habit of order will be established much more certainly when she acts under the impulse of sympathy than when under the pressure of authority. It is a mistake, too, to think that true obedience is to be enforced only by external authority. The parent or teacher who is continually commanding is sure to be continually disobeyed.

**C**AN one feel the sorrow and the anguish of the world and be happy? Can one endure physical pain and be wounded in heart and yet be cheerful? These questions in innumerable forms are asked and asked again, though they have been as often answered triumphantly, Yes.

Christina Rossetti was one of whom it could be said, "At all times the pain of the world lay against her heart," yet it could as truly be said, "Her life was a song of praise." In some recently-published "Reminiscences" of her Mr. William Sharp says, "The weight of the pain of the world, of the sorrow of life, had long made hard the blithe cheerfulness which she wore so passing well, though it was no garment chosen for its own comeliness, but because of its refreshment for others. An ordered grace was hers in all things, and in this matter of cheerfulness she created what she did not inherit; rather, she gained by prayer and renunciation and long control, a sunlit serenity which made her mind for others a delectable Eden, and her soul a paradise of fragrance and song."

**I**T is with the tears of thankfulness still in my eyes for the dear letter of Amelia E. Barr, in the June number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, that I write these words. God bless her and may He bless you, too, for your sweet Christian faith and words of advice. And permit me to add my testimony to yours in regard to attending church. A few years ago I read Mr. Moody's experience about how much better he could preach when two certain old women were present, and how they told him they were praying that he might have more power, and how he obtained it in answer to their prayers. Then I said, "Dear Lord, I have been waiting to work for Thee, let me be like one of those old women. Enable me through Thy Holy Spirit to pray for the preachers that they may have power to do acceptable work in Thy vineyard." And although I never miss an opportunity of attending some church (we only have service at our own once a month), I have never heard a sermon since then that seemed dull to me.

What a good cure for dull sermons! I am glad to pass the prescription on, and I hope many a vacant seat will be filled by those who try it as our friend has done.

**H**OW far do you think it is right for a girl preparing for a profession to accept pecuniary help from her parents when the help is given at great personal sacrifice? To be specific, am I justified in pursuing my medical course when my mother has to do the family housework, and my father wears a shabby overcoat? They say it is right, and best for them, for me to go on with my studies at their cost, but I have not the entire approval of my own conscience and I have the very decided disapproval of some valued friends.

Without a more intimate knowledge of you and your family I could not give you positive advice, but I am inclined to agree with your parents. I judge that you are a sincere student, that you are not wasteful of your time, your money or your health—the latter a most important consideration. It is probable, I conclude, that when your studies are completed you will begin to make practical use of them, and that it is reasonable to hope that in a few years you will be in a better condition to cherish and care for your parents in their age, than they have been to care for you in your youth. I believe there is no better investment parents can make than to give a thorough education to a child who is capable and appreciative. And let me add one word of advice: if you decide to go on do not allow your conscience or your friends to interfere with your very best work by stirring up your doubts. Silence your conscience by giving to your parents unstinted love and a frequent expression of it in ways fitted to your circumstances; answer your friends that you have considered the cost and accept the gift gratefully, and that you and your parents understand each other and you must leave the matter there.

**I** WAS impressed with your statement noting the difference in people's requirements socially, and think your conclusions just. While some women do seem to need a great deal of companionship, others can get along without many intimate friends. I am one of the latter sort, but realize the danger of selfishness, and neglect of the duties owed to the world, by living like a hermit. Nature does indeed "speak a various language" to those who love her, and books do not vex, irritate and upset one's mental balance like people do. I like people as a whole, but individuals often worry and perplex me. I like children better, and interest myself in them. They look at you with honest eyes and do not question motives where none exist.

Is it ever permissible in what is called polite society to ask personal questions—age, income, etc., or to demand a confession of faith, and is it ever kind or right to question one about others, until betrayed into making statements they otherwise would not make, and what course could one best pursue with a person who so offends? In uncultured people such conduct can be excused, but when indulged in by those who boast culture and pose as superior creatures it makes one marvel and meditate. Again, I am frequently bewildered by the ease with which some people recognize and insist on their rights, yet overlook the rights of others with a tranquility wonderful to see. "From all uncharitableness" we pray to be free, but it does occur to me that curious, pretentious people are a dreadful affliction, and a very vexatious element to assimilate.

There is so much excellent advice given through the different departments of the JOURNAL that unless blinded by a sense of our own importance and knowledge we must see the truth of things and be helped.

It is dishonorable to "draw out" from another, information which would not be voluntarily given. A person who so offends might properly be avoided, and I think it is perfectly right to decline to answer questions of a personal nature. Sometimes they are asked thoughtlessly, and sometimes from a genuine interest and affection, in which case they should be kindly and courteously received even though they must remain unanswered. It is well to keep in mind that, however others may fail in politeness, we should never allow ourselves to be betrayed into word or deed which would mar our own character, or in any way hurt the feelings of those with whom we are thrown in contact. Let us strive to be "free from all uncharitableness."

IT was my good fortune last winter to make a visit in Ottawa, Canada, where, among other interesting things, I became acquainted with the "Aberdeen Association," and I asked the secretary to give me for our page in the JOURNAL some particulars of the work. I am sorry there is not room for all the interesting incidents she relates, but after hearing the plan and rules of the association we can readily imagine the joy it gives to the distant settler and the struggling pioneer.

The association was formed about four years ago at Winnipeg at the suggestion of the Countess of Aberdeen, and now has branches at Halifax and Ottawa. It has for its object the collection of magazines, weekly papers and books, to be passed on in monthly installments to settlers who make application for them. When once the association became known the difficulty lay not in obtaining names of applicants but in supplying those who applied.

The main rules of the association are:

First, that the association shall be undenominational; second, that a small supply of both religious and secular reading should be sent to each applicant; third, that such reading should suit the religion, and as far as possible the tastes of the person or persons applying.

A form is sent to each applicant, containing questions as to his or her religion, family, tastes, etc., and as far as possible the readers are suited.

Daily papers, school books, with the exception of "readers," fashion papers, magazines of an earlier date than the current year, reports, old volumes of sermons or books of no general interest, novels whose moral tone is not guaranteed by the name of the author or the sender, soiled or torn books and magazines cannot be used by the association. All periodicals are available, as are also the current "reviews" and children's papers. Games and pictures, if not too bulky, are a valuable contribution.

If any JOURNAL readers should have any literature over and above that needed for use in the hospitals in our cities or for distribution in the United States the Aberdeen Association will gladly see that it is placed where in Canada it will do the most good. So far as I know there is no such systematic distribution of literature on this side of the line.

Parcels may be addressed to Mrs. Gordon, Rideau Cottage, Ottawa, Ontario, or to Aberdeen Association Office, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

I append a few letters showing the need and appreciation of the work:

From Saskatchewan: "I write to thank the Aberdeen Association for kindness in sending me the beautiful packets of books, the magazines and papers. In a former packet the Calvary number of 'Pall Mall Budget' was of great interest from the beautiful photographs of camp life, to my youngest son, and also all the illustrated magazines. All are so good, and I would that you could hear the tones of delight and joy the package gives us, each one; it comes regularly. I receive it about the thirteenth, and always when I am looking for it to arrive I have two great pleasures, anticipation and realization."

From Algonquin: "I have got all the parcels of books sent to us, and the children were so pleased with the Christmas parcel, as there were such nice books and games for them. We cannot get them much for Christmas as we have a large family and have had so much sickness these last two years that we are very poor people, so they are very pleased to see the parcels come every month. You want to know their ages; I have one girl twelve, and a boy eight, and a girl six, and a boy three, and then little twin girls one year old, and then I keep a blind woman that has no friends, and she likes to have us read to her. I have kept her six years. It is so hard to be blind that we do all we can to make her bright and happy as far as we can. My oldest girl is a good reader, and reads all the books she can get, so we all look for the package. The children have such good times with the two games they got. One was 'Old Maid,' and the other 'Go Bang.' They never had had any kind of a game before."

Here is another from Assiniboia: "I receive the parcel of reading which the Aberdeen Association sends every month, and thank you very much for it. I don't know what we should have done through the long winter nights if we had not had the literature which you send, for it seems as if there is always something to suit every person, from the oldest to the youngest. Thank you for the games 'Halma' and 'Authors.' When any of the neighbors come in of an evening they always help entertain them. I have hung the little almanac on the wall and it looks very pretty."

From a woman at Manitoba who has recently lost her husband: "You have brightened what would otherwise have been a sad and lonely time for me. The children were so amused with their books they seemed to forget they were closed in. May God's blessing rest on you and those who help you to brighten the lonely lives of others."

**I**N a certain country club the "Summer Wild Flower Show" is an event which is quite worth copying everywhere. In this instance there are some advantageous circumstances which might not now exist elsewhere, but which could be secured by earnest effort. The plants are taken from their haunts, roots and all, and arranged with an artistic appreciation of fitting companionship, and many of the natives of the township are amazed to find what rare and beautiful plants have been unknown to them while growing almost at their feet. Such a wild flower show, in schoolhouse or town hall or Sunday-school room, might be turned to profit and pleasure. Each specimen should be exactly named and special characteristics mentioned, and careless destruction of the plants should be discouraged.

A. J. A. Abbott

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### "IF YOU ARE TIRED

of your undershirt working up, and your drawers working down, then it is about time that you decided to dress yourself so that you would be comfortable. This is what I wear, and I get more comfort and satisfaction in wearing the



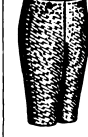
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# KNITTING AND CROCHETING

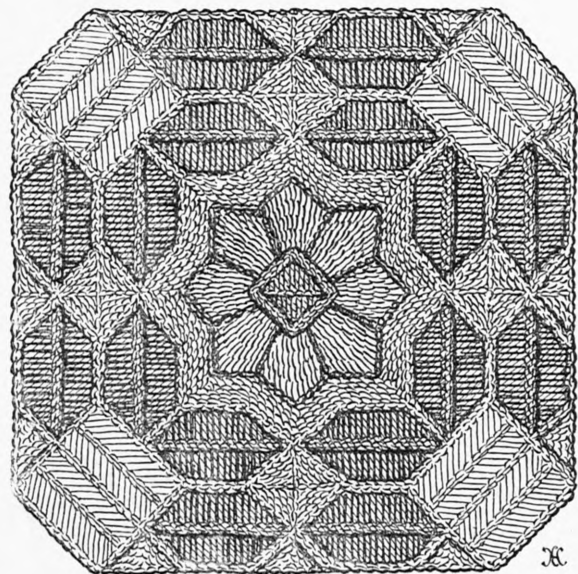
By Margaret Sims



**T**HE designs in knitting and in canvas crochet on this page are given in response to many requests. For the useful and ornamental teapot holder shown in Illustration No. 1 the materials required are in two pretty contrasting colors, a quarter of an ounce for each, of single Berlin zephyr wool. If preferred for special use at five o'clock teas knitting silk may be substituted, but as the silk is so much finer than the wool it will be necessary to cast on more stitches to make the holder of the required size. The entire holder is worked in plain knitting stitch as follows: Cast on 50 stitches. Make the first three rows all in one color; then for the fourth row, still in the same color, work ten stitches; then with the second color work six stitches; repeat in alternate colors to the end of the row. For the last section there should be ten stitches like the first, the five middle sections each consisting of six stitches. In changing the colors the wool must not be broken off, but passed along the front, being held tightly to raise the five central divisions in rolls, as shown in the drawing. In the fourth row only, where the two colors are first used, the wool should be passed along the back instead of in the front. Continue until long enough, then work three rows right across, of the first color, to match the other end; fasten off; join up each end on the inside and finish with two small tassels made from the two colors mixed together. The holder from which the accompanying design was made was of terra-cotta and moss green, a very pretty combination. It measured just four and a half inches from end to end. If double zephyr wool be used the same number of stitches will make a holder large enough for a kettle.

**CANVAS CROCHET MAT**

**I**N Illustration No. 4 is shown a very rich design for a mat in the new canvas crochet so fully described in the February issue of the JOURNAL. To that issue I refer my readers for the details of stitches

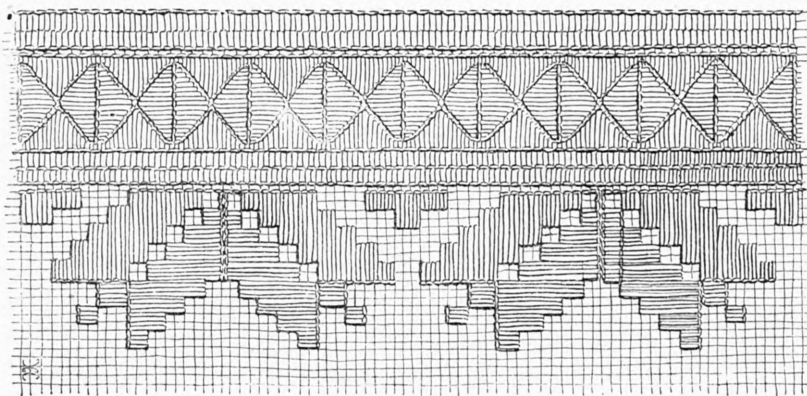


NOVEL DESIGN FOR MAT (Illus. No. 4)

and the manner of working. The art is simplicity itself to those accustomed to ordinary crochet work. For an ordinary-sized mat single zephyr wool will serve. The canvas must be just of a size for the wool to fill it nicely. Several colors may be employed in Oriental fashion rich and full. The outside edge might be finished with picots, or with fringe or small tassels. If the corners are filled in to form a perfect square then a very handsome floor mat can be made on coarse canvas with thick wool, a series of squares being worked on it to suit the size required. A heavy fringe of all the colors employed would suit such a rug nicely as a finish to the ends.

**DESIGN FOR CURTAIN BORDER**

**T**HE design for curtain border given in Illustration No. 5 is worked on coarse scrim with cream-colored knitting cotton. It has somewhat the effect of darned work, and forms a beautiful border for a curtain. It can be made lighter by omitting some of the forms on the solid edge. The diamonds, for instance, could be indicated by leaving the scrim plain, and the inside straight rows on either side could be left out. This would lessen the work considerably without detracting from the pattern.



EFFECTIVE DESIGN FOR CURTAIN BORDER (Illus. No. 5)

One great advantage claimed for the crochet embroidery is that the materials called for are so simple, so inexpensive and so easily within reach—an ordinary crochet hook, almost any kind of wool or silk suitable for crochet work, and Penelope

or silk canvas, such as is used for Berlin wool work or needle tapestry, being all that are needed for the work. Then as to designs, almost any conventional pattern will serve; they may be bought already traced on canvas. There are plenty to be had that are entirely suitable, although prepared for other kinds of needlework. Then again no new stitches have to be learned; one works on the old lines with this difference, that canvas is introduced as a foundation. This new factor in the work produces a marvelous change in the appearance of the finished piece; it partakes entirely of the nature of embroidery.

**BABY'S NOVELTY RATTLE**

**W**HEN baby is teething a harmless rattle with a bone ring attached, such as is shown in Illustration No. 2, for the baby to bite on, is a great boon both for mother and nurse, for it will relieve the gums and amuse the little one at the same time. The dangling flower-encased bells, hanging on flexible stems, tinkle of themselves with the slightest movement while the ring is in the mouth. The materials required are a bone ring one inch and a half in diameter, one ounce of white or any pale shade of single Berlin zephyr wool, knitting pins number fourteen, and three little bells, such as are used on children's reins. Cast on 28 stitches, on two pins 8 and on one pin 12. Then knit fourteen rows, each row consisting of 2 plain and 2 purl alternately. For the fifteenth row knit 2 together all around; then break the wool off long enough to thread through, and draw up tight instead of casting off. For the border on the lower edge of the bell cover, resembling somewhat a tulip in shape,

take a small bone crochet hook and work one row thus: 1 single stitch, 3 chain, miss one all around. For a single just take up a stitch and draw the wool through that and the loop on the needle at once. Work three covers in the same way. Then take the remainder of the wool and cut it into strands measuring half a yard in length; pass them through the ring and plait in a three-plait tightly for about two and a half inches. Then divide each third into three and plait them for another two and a half inches. Fasten the small plaits, one into the top of each flower, and affix the bells to them.

**CHILDREN'S REINS**

**A** CAPITAL way to use up odd pieces of wool of all colors and lengths is to knit them up into a sufficient length for a pair of reins. Just plain, close knitting should be employed, the bands being made about one inch and a quarter wide. When the length for the driving reins is finished the width of the chest should be measured and another band fixed on either side, made long enough to slip over the head, allowing the reins to pass under the arms. Across the chest a double row of bells should be sewed on at intervals.



NOVEL BABY RATTLE (Illus. No. 2)

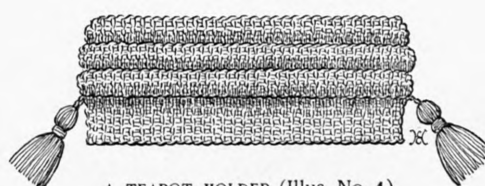
**A BACHELOR'S TEA COZY**

**T**HE plain, useful yet pretty tea cozy shown in Illustration No. 3 will be found to make a nice present and be a real boon to bachelors, who are apt to distract their housekeepers or the household where they may happen to be inmates by keeping their meals waiting. Yet so unreasonable a creature is man that he expects always to find his tea or coffee quite hot. For this purpose the tea cozy is a real treasure, for it is well calculated to retain heat. One of its distinctive features is that it does not need to be removed when pouring out, so that the second cup will be just as hot as the first. Every one knows that much heat is lost by the removal of a cozy even for a moment. The materials consist of two contrasting shades, two ounces each, of double Berlin zephyr wool. Sage green with either very pale sky blue or salmon pink looks well, or else golden brown with primrose yellow, keeping in all cases the pale color for the lining and frill. Some ribbon for a bow and twist around the base of the frill is required for a finish; this should match the frill in color. Take knitting needles number four, and with the darker shade for the outside cast on 39 stitches; work one row plain. Then the rest is carried out in what is sometimes known as brache stitch; this is worked by making one, slipping one and taking up two, in every row the same. The cozy is



A PRETTY TEA COZY (Illus. No. 3)

worked in four sections, two for the outside and two for the lining. For each section use up one ounce of wool, reserving just enough to join up the sides when finished. For the lining cast on 29 stitches instead of 39; this will give it additional length sufficient for the frill at the top. In joining up leave a slit on each side large enough for the handle and spout to pass through, as shown in the illustration. Nothing simpler than this mode of making a tea cozy can well be imagined. The finished effect, though plain, is dainty and pretty, while the thickness of the wool and the close stitch employed make it practical and useful.



A TEAPOT HOLDER (Illus. No. 1)

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## HEART TO HEART TALKS

WHEN I visited Lake Mohonk in the beautiful autumn time, I went up to the little house known as "Sky-top," and I had the same sensation that I had when I went to the Tip-top House on Mount Washington. "Sky-top" also is anchored on every side to the rocks. As I stood there I not only thought, "All heights are lonely," but "all heights are dangerous." There are so many people who are carried away in one way or another when they reach their sky-top. They need to be anchored to the rock because they are so high up. Who has not seen men and women carried away by popularity or by sudden riches of one kind or another? Oh, yes, the heights are glorious, but they are dangerous too. All heights involve precipices. Not how far we have come, but oh, the distance from what we want to be. I think in the future the little house on "Sky-top" with its secure iron fastenings to the immovable rock will be a help to me when on any heights I may be able to stand, and see all the land below.

I enjoyed the climbing up to "Sky-top" that beautiful autumn morning, and now the question comes to me, Am I climbing now? Am I going upward? Do I want to see more glorious views? If so I must climb. The path is the old, old one of perfect obedience to the will of God, the prayer never leaving us,

"Thy way, oh, Lord, not mine,  
However hard it be."

Much learning did not make St. Paul mad, but it has made many others need anchorage. I suppose in going up any heights it is necessary to look up and not down to see how far we have come. If all had the spirit of our beautiful Whittier there would be less danger of our losing our humility when the heights are reached. He said:

"I better know than all  
The little I have gained,  
How vast the unattained."

I know it costs. I know the heart beats quicker, and I know the old cry is forced from us, "Is this the way, my Father?" And the answer comes back,

"Tis, my child,  
Thou must pass through this dreary tangled wild  
If thou wouldst reach the city undefiled,  
Thy peaceful home above."



## CLINGING TO SOME FIXED STAKE

I GET such pitiful letters at times, the old wail, "Can God be good and suffer all this? Where is the use? My brother was so good, oh, why did God let him suffer so?" And I do not wonder at the cry, it is so hard, and one cannot see. I am thankful to the many who have written me and thanked me for that one line, "There is purpose in pain." How I wish you would cling to that one "fixed stake, I know that God is good." Only a few months ago I looked into the face of a young man who, in the midst of youthful ambition, met with an accident and lost his sight—both eyes gone. He was doing so finely in business, and was so proud of his young wife and only little girl. To-day that wife has to support the family and take care of her blind husband. I sat at table with her as she prepared his dinner. But there was not a vestige of unrest or rebellion in his face, that had been cut into beauty by that sharp architect that we call pain. The face told of struggle ending in victory. As I looked at him I did not see defeat. I did see the beginning of a light that will know no night. I did see the beauty of unselfishness in the young wife, and the training the child was getting, and I feel like saying to so many who cry to me for help:

"Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise."

Or this:

"In Thee I place my trust;  
On Thee I calmly rest.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me;  
Secure of having Thee in all,  
Of having all in Thee."

## THE CENTRAL PRINCIPLE OF LIFE

I HAVE just laid down two letters that made me feel willing to live to be a hundred years old, if I could continue to write and be helpful to people who are going over terribly hard places. As I took up one letter, it opened with "Another weary heart turns to you." I have for a long time thought that the weary ought to come to us if we are really Christians, and we ought to feel, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary." Alas, we are so unlike Him that we get tired if they come too often. All our need is more of His Spirit. I really think now that a sentence that startled me at first, when I read it some time ago, is true: "Faith is more heavenly than Heaven, and more beautiful than the angels." Now in speaking a word to the "weary" one whose letter is before me, I am sure I shall speak to many that are weary. God knows I feel for you; it is just as hard as you say it is. Poverty and privation in spite of hard work and earnest efforts to overcome them tend to make one bitter and hopeless. Yes, I think we cannot see how it can be otherwise, unless a supernatural power comes to us, but if the religion of Jesus does not give that supernatural power then it is no good, and all the teaching and life of Christ is misleading. Christ was perfectly human; He knew poverty and privation; He suffered under Pontius Pilate and He suffers to-day in His suffering children. He was crucified, and He is crucified to-day, but He did not grow bitter and hopeless, and you need not. And yet, I saw all the dreadful hardness of the situation when I read, "We work until late, come home only to meet heartache and greater trials. I pray and strive with all that is in me to trust God, but it does seem when one does just as near right as one knows how, and tries so earnestly to do His will and live a pure life, that something is wrong; that it is out of one's power to do right, and the trials grow worse and heavier." "I am, oh, so heartsick and tired of it all, and yet must struggle on—next week I lose my position, not through any fault of my own, but because of a change in the management of the company. This means so much to me." Isn't that a sad picture, my readers? What do I tell it for? I have reasons; one is that we who have never known anything of such trouble in our lives may come to see and sympathize with such, and to realize that if we have no tenderness and desire to help this suffering world; if we are cold and selfish and do not wish even to hear of such suffering we are in a more pitiful condition than they, for there is a worse poverty than which that lonely girl speaks of, a worse privation. To be deprived of all the necessities of life is a sad privation, but to be deprived of a heart to feel for others is a much greater privation. We shall find out some day that life here was not all. There is no Heaven for the selfish. We may say, "The Heaven that smiles above me," but there is no Heaven that smiles on the selfish, and we shall find it out sooner or later. That you are a professing Christian does not make the least difference. The only question is, Are you selfish? If you are, and are making no effort to be otherwise, you are shutting out your love from any Heaven. There is no cold so dreadful as a cold heart. There is no poverty like the poverty of spirit; no disaster so great as the loss of your soul. You may be beautiful physically, but if you are selfish you are deformed in spirit, and the angels as they look on you, turn away pitifully, as do we when we see a poor deformed creature on the streets. Do let me beseech you, whether you have much or little or none of what this world calls wealth, look after your spirit needs.

Dr. Wayland said, "Follow a principle! It will bring you into narrow places and up steep defiles, but there will be a glory at the top that will pay you for all the toil of ascent. As for myself," he added, "I am built railroad fashion—I can go forward, and, if necessary, back, but I cannot go sideways." Oh, if we could only keep on the track, and not go sideways, we should come to the delectable mountains. The principle we need to follow is the central principle of the Christian life—self-sacrifice.

## AS SUGGESTED BY HYPNOTISM

I HAVE just been reading an article on this subject that has interested me extremely, and emphasized some old truths for me, and as I believe in getting the good out of everything I was really helped spiritually by what was suggested in the article.

The learned physician, "to whom the present progress of the science is so largely due," in describing a case of healing through hypnotism says that the treatment consisted in suggesting new ideas and affirming constantly the cure of the patient, and the subject was to do the same when awake. I think it is Coleridge who says that,

"Faith is an affirmation, and an act  
That makes an eternal truth a present fact."

Now, in our true spiritual healing, this is the one thing needful, to affirm what God affirms,

"He wills that I should holy be,  
What can withstand His will?"

Or as Wesley says in another of our hymns:

"If what I wish is good, and suits the will divine,  
By earth and hell in vain withstood, I know it shall be mine."

How little of this spirit is there in regard to soul health, for that is of far more importance than anything else. Then I was interested in reading that in this International Congress of Psychologists, that met in London, in telling of the wonderful cures—charming away the diseases—it was said they succeeded, according to their testimony, by written orders. Those suffering with insomnia would take the order and go to sleep as often as the order was read. One spoke of a number of patients under this treatment who have written orders commanding them to sleep, and they did every time they read the order; and they carried the papers, some of them, until the papers were worn out, and came to him to have them renewed.

I said to myself: "Why we as Christians have written orders, what to do and what not to do, and if obeyed implicitly, they would give such soul health that the body could not fail to be benefited." Some patients had such faith in the orders to sleep that they took the orders to bed with them, and if they awoke, would read the orders and go to sleep.

How many who profess to be under orders written by the Master Himself, read and obey, for instance, "Take no thought for the morrow"? How many keep affirming, "God is my Father, He cares for me"? How many believe Christ when He explicitly declares He is our life, and declare He is worth living? How many New Testaments are literally worn out by being over-much used—and yet we profess to believe that the words written there are inspired words? If they do not inspire us, and if we are not the living embodiment of what they utter, the less we say about inspiration the better. What we need is faith in God. And we need to put ourselves under the magnetic will of the universe, and have no will of our own; and if we did, we should soon see the most wonderful specimens of God-inspired men and women that this world has ever seen. We have the great God and the written orders. Who will obey and put themselves under the power of the Holy Ghost?

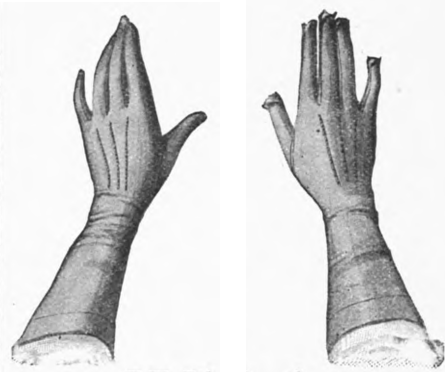
We have said long enough, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." Who will act? May we be no longer unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is.



## A LESSON IN "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

I WOULD advise those of you who have not read a wonderful old book called Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" to read it. There is a character there called "Fearful." He was a most uncomfortable character and made those about him uncomfortable as well, but at the end of his life a great change came over him, and it will pay you well to read the story, and learn how different at the close became the character of "Fearful," and yet, as I said before, there is a more excellent way than the way the majority of Christians go, and their frequently unhappy faces are made so because their feelings, thoughts and dispositions are unhappy. If you will read the New Testament you will find that a Spirit came to the early disciples that so filled them with joy that those who saw them thought that they had been drinking wine, and it is just here comes the cause of the lack of joy in so many really good people—they have not the wine of joy, this actual feeling of happiness, and thus those people of old were told, and we are also told, not to be filled with wine wherein is excess, but to be filled with the Spirit. Now why do people take wine? Is it not often because they thus hope to be able to forget their troubles? They try to drown them, as they say, although, alas, they are never drowned that way. But if you will receive the Spirit it will do all this for you; this alone will cause you to forget your troubles.

Margaret Bottomé



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# THE PRETTY SUMMER BODICES

By Isabel A. Mallon

LACE, ribbon and bead decorations are all noted on the bodices, while Empire capes, epaulettes, Vanddyke arrangements and various other designs are shown for their adornment. As bead trimmings are quite expensive it is well to know that there may be gotten, in the large shops, strings of beads and spangles to be applied to ribbon or piece material, so that the economical woman may form a fashionable garniture without spending much money. Satin ribbon is more generally seen than either velvet or gros-grain, and the reasons for its popularity are not only that it ties easier, but that it contrasts more effectively with the fabric proper. Stripes and plaids in silk are fancied for plain bodices, while if a plain color is used it is given an elaborate air by its trimming. Cotton blouses frequently have a double ruffle down the front for their only trimming, as it is conceded to be in best taste to develop them simply.

### THE BLACK AND WHITE CONTRAST

THE bodice shown in Illustration No. 1 is made of white silk with decorations of black satin and butter-colored lace. The bodice is fitted to the figure by being draped over a well-shaped lining. The deep cape collar is of rich black satin cut to achieve a decided point in the back, one on each shoulder and two in front. The lace is a pointed pattern, and each point is cut out and fitted on the collar separately after being spangled with black jet. A fine beading of jet is the edge finish. The stock is a folded one of black satin with small flowers of the lace appliquéd upon it at regular distances, while a rosette of satin is at each side of the front. The full sleeves shape in at the elbows and have for a finish black satin cuffs, each being shaped in three points on the upper side, and having lace points, after the fashion of those on the cape collar, fitted on them. The belt is a folded one of black satin with two rosettes at each side of the front.

A bodice like this can be worn with almost any skirt, but it will be found to look best either with a black or white one. Speaking of spangling decorations suggests

### A VERY DAINY BODICE

ROSE color always commends itself for the summer days, and it is also usually becoming to the American woman, as it throws a bit of color on her delicate skin. An extremely pretty bodice made of an inexpensive quality of rose pink silk is pictured in Illustration No. 2. It is made with a fitted yoke; the lower part of the bodice is quite full, and the fullness is drawn in at the waist-line so deftly that the waist looks very slender. Over the yoke, set with its edge toward the centre of the front and extending to each shoulder and arm-hole, are sections of coarse white lace. The sleeve is arranged in two full puffs, the lower one shaping in to fit the arm and having for its finish a very tiny frill of lace. Over the cuffs are frills of lace like that on the yoke, and directly on top are very "perky" looking bows of broad pink satin ribbon. The collar is a folded one of pink satin ribbon with a bow at the back, while the belt is in harmony with the collar.

If any other colors were preferred they could easily be developed after this design. A blue bodice made this way has black ribbon bows and butter-colored lace, while a green and black striped one shows a yoke of plain green overlaid with coarse black lace and ribbon bows of green satin.

### THE SIMPLE WAIST

IN piqué, percale, cheviot, or indeed any cotton fabric, many bodices are seen, and the wise woman chooses one of them for morning or shopping wear with wool or silk skirts. Striped and figured effects are both liked, though the preference is, I think, given to the hair-lined stripe. These bodices may be made with or without a yoke, the most popular shape having a yoke at the back and a draped front. The cool, dainty-looking one shown in Illustration No. 3 is of blue and white striped gingham. At the back it has a pointed yoke, while the front is made with three box-plaits, the centre one having upon it five large pearl buttons placed there for ornament as the bodice itself is invisibly buttoned under the box-plait. The sleeves are quite full and are gathered in to cuffs of white linen caught together with pearl links. A very high collar is a turned-over one of white linen, and a stiff white lawn tie is worn. This is decidedly the best and most fashionable design for the cotton bodice.

The preferred method of laundering a cotton bodice shows the bodice proper "done up" softly, while the cuffs and collar are as stiff as the best starch and the determination of the laundress can make them. Of course such a bodice is much more comfortable than one which is stiffly starched all over, and makes the popularity of the cotton blouse well understood,

### SOME OF THE ADJUNCTS

THE fact that even the most carefully-arranged skirt band will come below the belt has brought into the market various devices for keeping the skirt in place. The best is probably the simplest. And that is the gold or silver safety-pin with a long, pointed pin which is very sharp, going through the fullness easily and clasping firmly. These are not expensive and most women find them very satisfactory.

For wear with untrimmed bodices there are shown large flaring collars and cuffs of dead white embroidery trimmed with butter-colored Valenciennes lace. These are pretty, and as they stand laundering well, really give, in wear, their money's worth.

A belt and collar of gold braid caught with cut jet hooks and eyes are in vogue, and may be worn with any dark-colored or all-white bodice. The collar is formed of gold braid a little over an inch wide, while the belt is two inches wide and the clasps are selected to suit the width of each. Belts may be of silk, ribbon or leather. Seal or snake skin belts with silver buckles are liked for outing or traveling wear, and very often have bags to match put upon them, but for an elaborate waist a leather belt is not considered in good taste.

The regular belting can be gotten in any color, and is most effective when its clasp is a small gold buckle elaborately carved. Young girls fancy silver buckles, upon which are engraved their

monograms, but these can scarcely be spoken of as new, though they are popular.

### MAKING THE BELT

IN making a belt of a material folded, it must be remembered that it only sets well when the fabric is cut on the bias, and that it must never be made by a scanty measurement. Buckles are not usually placed on the folded silk belts, rosettes or donkey's ears being most in vogue. For the woman who is inclined to be short-waisted a narrow belt is advised.



BLACK AND WHITE BODICE (Illus. No. 1)



ROSE-COLORED SILK BODICE (Illus. No. 2)



A COOL-LOOKING BODICE (Illus. No. 3)

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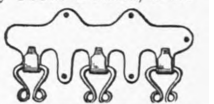


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OF A PERSONAL NATURE BY THE EDITORS

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL An Illustrated Magazine with a Larger Circulation than any Periodical in the World

Edited by EDWARD W. BOK Published Monthly by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, President At 421-427 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. With Press-Rooms at 401-415 Appletree Street

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MR. GIBSON Mr. C. D. Gibson The Popular Illustrator

WILL appear, in the next issue of the JOURNAL, as the designer of the magazine's cover for that month. Mr. Gibson will present one of his most popular girl-figures—one not as often seen in his work as some others, but the one who always pleases whenever she appears in his drawings.

A SONG AND A MARCH THE next composition in the JOURNAL's musical series will be a song by a composer new to this magazine, Mr. Robert Coverley. The composer is not new, however, to the musical world, some of the most popular songs of the concert-room having been composed by him. Mr. Coverley's song for the JOURNAL is entitled "Love's Reflections," and is both graceful of theme and melodious in construction. Following Mr. Coverley's song the JOURNAL will present another composer new to the magazine in Mr. Tom Clark, composer of the successful "Belle of New York March." The brilliancy of Mr. Clark's march work has ranked him in the minds of thousands with Mr. Sousa, and the new march and "two-step" which he has written for the JOURNAL will justify this estimation. It is called "The Maid of Plymouth March," and is noted for that brilliant military dash and "go" which is looked for in a popular march and "two-step."

A YOUNG MAN STARTING OUT THIS autumn, either in new business or with new resolutions, cannot do better than to prepare himself for success by reading Mr. Edward Bok's booklet, "The Young Man in Business." This little book has practically become the standard work of its subject, and has been read by more young men than any book published since Smiles' "Self-Helps." Mr. Bok's little book will be sent to any address, by the JOURNAL, upon receipt of ten cents. "It is worth its nominal price a hundred times over," writes an eminent teacher. "A fortune lies in its words," writes a prominent merchant.

WHEN DEEP IN SUMMER TIME IS the season of all the year for mothers to have Miss Elisabeth R. Scovil's practical little manual, "A Baby's Requirements," at hand. It solves all of the hundreds of little perplexities which come to a young mother in the rearing of her little child, and the answers come from a mind made practical by long experience with children. For the small sum of twenty-five cents the JOURNAL will send the book to any address, postage free.

THE TEACHER AWAY FROM SCHOOL OFTEN wonders how she can make a little money for herself during vacation, and yet in a way not to tire herself for the autumn's work. This is the very condition which the JOURNAL has tried to meet, and its success has been learned from a hundred or more teachers during the past month. From now until September first every teacher, so inclined, has this made possible for her, with substantial sums of money to be had, if she will write to the JOURNAL'S Circulation Bureau.

A GIRL IN A WESTERN TOWN NOT long ago undertook the small service asked of her by the JOURNAL, succeeded in it, and she was sent to the New England Conservatory of Music for an entire year with all expenses paid. While she was away from home her friends took up her work, and when she returned she found that they had done enough for her to entitle her to two more years at the Conservatory at the JOURNAL'S expense, whence she returns this fall. When the friends of a girl can do the work as well as the girl herself, it shows how simple is the plan. The Educational Bureau of the JOURNAL is ready to tell any girl of the method.

THE CHARM OF ALBERT LYNCH'S WORK THE illustration which constitutes the cover-design for this issue of the JOURNAL is a reproduction of Albert Lynch's famous panel "Spring," which won for him the highest prize awarded by the Paris Salon in 1893. By artistic judges the figure presented is considered to be superior to any feminine figure painted for years. The charm of Mr. Lynch's work lies in his admirable draughtsmanship, a pleasing harmony of light and shade, and a simplicity of treatment. But these are simply qualities of expression; they would mean nothing but for the message which prompts them. The intensely feminine types of Lynch belong not to any special school of illustration; they are the embodiment of ideas found in thousands of hearts. Lynch simply holds up the mirror to one's own imagination, than which there can be no higher form of art. These qualities combine to make Albert Lynch the great painter and illustrator which he is to-day.

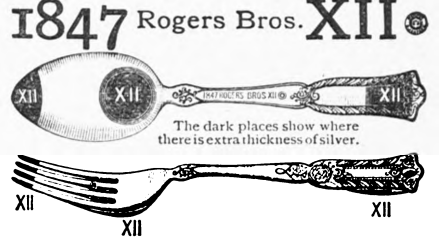
NEARLY 200 SCHOLARSHIPS AWARDED SOME of the JOURNAL'S pupils have taken as many as three branches at one time under the magazine's free educational plan; others have studied at the New England Conservatory at Boston as long as ten terms. Some, while in the Conservatory, have, through personal effort in correspondence and the assistance of friends, obtained seven supplementary terms. All this any girl can do—the humblest girl in the land. Inquire about the plan at the JOURNAL'S Educational Bureau.

ANY BOOK THAT YOU WANT WILL be supplied by the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at a figure that will surprise you. Unless you are already in the good graces of some very enterprising bookseller who makes a business of giving bargains to his customers, and unless he can offer you a bargain in every book, we can save you money as well as time and trouble. Some persons write us with the mistaken idea that the offer of special prices by the Literary Bureau applies only to certain books, of which we are supposed to have made fortunate purchases. On the contrary, our method is wholly apart from that of "bargain lots."

EVERY BOOK WITH US IS A BARGAIN THE one way to give genuine bargains all the time is to sell the best of everything at the very smallest margin of profit that will make the business pay its way. This is what we have undertaken to do through our Literary Bureau with books for the home library, just as we provide in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL a family magazine of the best quality at the minimum of cost. There is no other idea in the undertaking than that of providing all our readers with the best home reading of all kinds at the lowest cost that is consistent with satisfactory quality in the books supplied.

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has open pockets for holding shields. Can remove shields for laundering garment. No stitching. The very thing for Shirt Waists and Summer Dresses. See list of dealers in June Issue.

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**SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS**  
BY RUTH ASHMORE

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer, to the best of my ability, each month, any question sent me by my girl readers.  
RUTH ASHMORE.

**A. M. H.**—It is very rude to laugh at a friend who is clumsy.

**MRS. E. J.**—No call is necessary after an ordinary afternoon tea.

**PET**—Egyptologists say that Cleopatra's hair was a golden red.

**MARIE**—The name Marjorie means the same as Margaret—a pearl.

**VALETTA**—The birth stones for January and April are the garnet and the diamond.

**B. G.**—If your face is inclined to be oily throw a little borax in the water used for bathing.

**TIMID**—No matter how friendly you may feel toward the young man, call him "Mr. Brown."

**ROSA AND OTHERS**—The engagement ring is always worn on the third finger of the left hand.

**AGNES**—I certainly would not marry a man whom I did not love, simply for the sake of getting a home.

**ADELAIDE**—Whipped cream is usually served in a low broad-mouthed pitcher and dipped out with a spoon.

**MATILDA**—It is not customary to have music of any kind in a house where a death has recently occurred.

**K. M. P.**—Plain cake may be eaten from the fingers, but cake in which there is jelly or custard should be eaten with a fork.

**GRACE K.**—I can only advise that you consult your physician, for I know of nothing to decrease the thickness of the lips.

**C. J. N.**—It is not proper for a young girl to go to a public restaurant with a young man unless accompanied by a chaperon.

**B. H.**—George Eliot's real name was Mary Ann Evans. She married a Mr. Cross. (2) "Faust" is pronounced "Fowst."

**MRS. C.**—Where the family is so large it will only be necessary for you to leave one of your own and one of your husband's cards.

**PRAIRIE**—A man caller is supposed to look after his own belongings, and his hostess goes no further than the parlor door with him.

**MADÉLINE**—There would be no impropriety whatever in visiting at the home of your fiancé as your invitation comes from his mother.

**IGNORAMUS**—When driving the gentleman touches his hat with his whip in salutation, as since his hands are occupied he cannot remove his hat.

**B. D.**—The bride's veil is worn over her face until after the ceremony; it is thrown back by the maid of honor for the bridegroom to greet the bride.

**RALPH**—The fee given to a clergyman at a wedding depends entirely on the wealth and generosity of the bridegroom; it is rarely less than five dollars.

**B.**—Point lace and Brussels lace are, if one is fortunate enough to possess them, used for bridal veils, but as tulle is the most becoming it is much oftener seen.

**J. M. H.**—Fold your story flat and put it in an envelope; write your name plainly at the top of the first page and inclose a sufficient number of stamps for its return.

**GLADYS**—A girl of fourteen does not have visiting-cards, nor does she receive men visitors. (2) "Edna Lyall" is living in England. Her name is Miss Ada Ellen Bayley.

**C. K.**—A gentleman is supposed to look after his own hat. (2) In eating cake, break a small piece and convey it to your mouth with your fingers. Do not bite from the whole slice.

**M. H.**—While you are in mourning a white lace hat with black flowers upon it would be in bad taste. Instead, have an all-white dress and an all-white hat made, not of lace, but of chiffon.

**HILDA**—By communicating with the rector of the Episcopal church nearest your home you will undoubtedly obtain all information in regard to the sisterhoods in the Episcopal church.

**INEXPERIENCE**—It would be quite proper, as you have consented to meet the friend of your old friend, that he bring him to your home at the time set and present him to your mother and you.

**M. H.**—I have said a number of times that I cannot give addresses in this column, and those of my girls who wish them are requested to write personally to me, inclosing stamps for a personal answer.

**OHIO**—The oldest daughter would have "Miss Smith" on her visiting-cards. (2) When a servant opens the door inquire for each lady, and leave a card for each one whether they are at home or not.

**SNOWDROP**—The birth stone for February is the amethyst, and this is supposed to bring sincerity in speech. (2) The engagement ring is not worn on the first finger, but always on the third finger of the left hand.

**N. H.**—Personally, I am a great believer in prayer, and I think if you wish to bring yourself close to God and live the life which will best please Him the strength and knowledge to do it will be given to you if you ask for it.

**E. L.**—There was no impropriety in your brother accepting the invitation which did not include you, especially as it was to a small affair. However, in your place, I should extend no more invitations to the people who omitted me.

**MAY E.**—If, after entering a street car, you meet a man friend who pays your fare, you should, of course, thank him, but if I were you I would try and be quick enough to pay it myself, so that I should not be under any money obligation to him.

**EMILY B.**—If your neighbors have been kind enough to adopt a child who had nobody in all the world, and if they have educated her as their own daughter, she occupies, socially, the same position that they do, and any discourtesy to her is equivalent to an impoliteness to them.

**CALIFORNIA GIRL**—When you feel that you are going to give way to discontent do as "Uncle Tom" advised, and "think on your mercies." Remember the people who long for what is yours, and then get down on your knees and thank God for giving you all that He has.

**ELIZABETH**—It is not necessary to ask a man to come in when he has acted as your escort late at night. In the large cities young girls do not go with young men alone to entertainments, and if, at any time, a carriage is necessary it is furnished by the mother of the lady.

**ALYS**—It would be perfectly proper to put the name of your country place on the letter paper which you use during the summer, but I would not have it on my visiting-cards. (2) If an entertainment is given in honor of a visitor those who receive invitations call on her after the affair.

**BESSIE**—I do not think the average girl should have more than one proposal of marriage, and that should be from the man whose wife she will become. She is doing wrong to allow any man whom she does not love to go far enough to ask her to be his wife when she intends to refuse him.

**LENA D.**—Meringue is pronounced "me-rang," with the accent on the last syllable, which should rhyme to sang. (2) As you find it so troublesome to remember faces and are in doubt as to whether you know the people on the street it would be wisest not to look directly at them unless you are certain as to who they are.

**WINIFRED**—I have never believed in combining business and social relations, consequently, as you have nothing but a business acquaintance with the young men in the office, there is no necessity for bowing to them when you meet them. As you and your sister are alone it would be perfectly proper for you to go wherever you wished together.

**ELEANOR**—Of course, a man is not doing right when, for several years, he devotes himself exclusively to one young woman without any thought of the harm it may do her, and with no intention of asking her to be his wife. However, do not accept too many of his attentions, or you, yourself, will be in the same position as that other woman.

**BESSIE**—The only cure for self-consciousness is an absolute forgetfulness of self, and a constant thought for the pleasure and comfort of others. (2) The daughter of a clergyman has a positive position in society which makes her the equal of anybody. Be your own sweet, agreeable self, and you will be surprised to find how many friends you will make.

**ST. LOUIS**—The custom of sitting on the front steps of a summer evening is very general through the South and that makes it proper there. (2) If you have been away from home and could not return the formal calls made before you went, you should as soon as possible after your return. (3) There would be no impropriety in being escorted to a train by a man friend.

**H. E. R.**—It is not considered in good taste for a widow to use her husband's Christian name on her visiting-cards. If she is the widow of the oldest son she is, socially, "Mrs. Grosvenor"; if the widow of a younger son, or if she wishes people to understand exactly who she is, she combines her maiden and married name with a hyphen and calls herself "Mrs. Pembroke-Grosvenor."

**A DEVOTED READER**—Order your entire dinner when the bill-of-fare is presented to you, and not simply one course. (2) The announcement cards are provided by the bride's family, and should be sent out as soon after the wedding as possible. (3) The wearing of white gloves at the wedding depends entirely upon the costume of the bride. If she is in full bridal array, then the bridegroom wears white gloves; if not, either pearl or tan are in better taste.

**GERTRUDE S.**—Unless ham is minced, both knife and fork are required for it. (2) A girl of sixteen should not be permitted to go to an evening affair with a young man alone, but, instead, either a maid or a chaperon should accompany her. (3) I do not think there is any harm in the dance in the home, but I object seriously to public dances, and do not think a nice girl would learn a skirt dance and make an exhibition of herself before her friends and acquaintances.

**B. B.**—A well-bred man does not dream of asking a woman if he may smoke in her presence. And the woman who gains his respect will be the woman who tells him, if he should make this ill-bred request, that she cannot permit it. You are neither "a prude nor a crank," to quote your own words, for objecting to this. (2) It is always proper for a lady to speak first when she meets a gentleman in a public place, for in this way she says that she is willing to continue his acquaintance.

**DAUGHTER OF ST. PATRICK AND OTHERS**—I wish I knew how to say "thank you" to the many girls who have sent up a prayer to the good God for my return to health. I want each one to be very certain that I do thank her, and that I ask God to give back to them rich blessings in return for the prayers that, like sweet perfume, have surrounded His throne. He has been good to me and I firmly believe it is because these prayers have meant much. God bless all and each of you.

**LILIAN**—The bridal party should enter in this order: the little boy and girl first, the ushers next, walking two by two, then the bridesmaids, then the maid of honor alone, then the bride on the arm of her nearest male relative. The bridegroom and best man should be waiting beside the clergyman, and in coming out the bride is first with the bridegroom, then the maid of honor with the best man, then the bridesmaids each with an usher, and last of all the two tiny attendants.

**M. R. P.**—For the "at home" of a bride the tea-table would be spread in the dining-room, and on it, at this time of year, there would be fruit, thin sandwiches spread with potted meat, small cakes, tea, iced and hot, and some fancy bonbons. Either the bridesmaids or, if there were none, some special friends of the bride's, would serve tea, and people could go in and out as they wished. (2) There is no impropriety in a married woman receiving a call from a gentleman in the afternoon, provided he asks for her husband and leaves a card for him, and he is informed of the call.

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IT PAYS TO DO YOUR SHOPPING BY MAIL WITH CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & Co. 100 TO 112 STATE STREET, CHICAGO



Boys' School Suits

Double-breasted coat, short trousers with reinforced seat and knees, Stanley cap to match—with excellence stitched into every seam and riveted on with each button. Made of Fall weight pure wool Cheviots and Worsteds in a variety of medium and dark mixtures and small checks—sizes 6 to 15 years. All that skilled workmanship and the best of materials can do to make GOOD clothing has been done for this suit—it's nice enough for "him" to go to church in, and strong enough to stand tree-climbing. Like to have you compare our samples with the grade repaired everywhere at seven dollars.

\$4.95

Girls' Fall Reefers

The "Elfin" Reefer with cap to match is an idea of our own—next season you can get them most anywhere. The full Bishop sleeves, without lining, are cut after a new pattern and WILL NOT CRUSH the largest of dress sleeves. Made of fine all-wool Cheviots, trimmed with Mohair braid, like illustration above. Sizes 4 to 14 years. RED or NAVY, with both black and white braiding—BROWN with black and tan braiding—Cap matches material and trimming, but nothing ever matched the money-value at Pattern samples gladly—the jaunty style you'll have to see the garment itself for.

\$4.95

Coaching Cape

Tailor-made black English Clay Diagonal—24 inches deep—full sweep—both capes lined with good quality Satin Rhadame. An improved Fall style—absolutely correct and finished in every detail. It is quite devoid of trimming, having merely double-stitched edges. A sample of the cloth will satisfy you as to quality, but neither cloth nor type can illustrate that indefinable something that marks the distinction between "dressmaker-made" and the handiwork of the skilled tailor. Suitable for walking or driving and cut especially to wear over full sleeves without crushing.

\$6.75

Guimpe Aprons

or dresses if you prefer to use them so—of fine Lawns and Checked Nainsooks, handsomely trimmed with embroidery. Of course you like to make such things yourself, so they'll be worthy the wearer—but these are filmy bits of fine needlework at little more than cost of material. They're a lot of manufacturer's samples that came to us in a rather formidable quantity—we took them all—we couldn't help it. Some of them—the cheapest—are worth \$1.50, and they run from that up to \$3.00—in fact they run so fast we can't keep them long for we've put them all together at

93c.

Ladies' Shoes

Most pairs you've worn had two points—or less: these have three. FIRST and most pointed, they're healthy—that is, they "feel well" all the time; SECOND, they show their health, for they look as well as they feel; and LAST—that's it, they last. You wonder who's losing money? No one—it's simply knowing how and what to buy, and when—and just a seasoning of good-fortune in it too—that's the recipe for making good customers and it never fails in the baking. FINE VICI KID—patent tip—Opera or Square Toe—Button or Lace—2½ to 8, and AA to E—We know them to be the best value ever offered at (and we sold shoes before most of you wore any.)

\$1.98

Your Money Back

if you're not pleased with your purchase—don't have to tell us the reason—it's enough to know you want to trade back.

Our "SHOPPERS' ECONOMIST," ready September 5th, proves its title—contains advance Fall styles, and is full of accurate illustrations and detailed descriptions—mailed free. Folks who buy carefully, write early each season for it—may we include you?

Twelve little happy children, all in a row, Faces are all smiling—happy hearts they show; Each has had a present: a new Spencerian Pen. Do you wonder that they smile—and smile—and smile again?

For School Use, Office Use, Home Use, the altogether satisfactory pen is the Spencerian Pen

Sample Metal Box, containing 12 selected pens, sent postpaid on receipt of 6c. in stamps.

THE SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY, 450 Broome Street, New York

There Are No Sweet Tempered Families in Chilly Homes

THE HUMBER HOT WATER HEATER

is endorsed by all sanitary engineers because it furnishes the best, safest and surest heat for Comfort and Health and heats your house absolutely uniformly in the bitterest weather and keeps everybody happy. It costs less, uses less fuel and it does not exhaust your time and patience to run it. The HUMBER being constructed so that it cannot leak, is constantly specified for home heating by the best architects in every city. Catalogue showing 15 styles in 154 sizes for 1895, sent free on application to THE J. H. McLAIN HEATING CO., Canton, Ohio 69 Centre St., New York; 58 Dearborn St., Chicago 1525 Champa St., Denver; 58 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco

Bolgiano's Little Giant Water Motor

will run your Sewing Machine, Dental Lathe or Fan, and do 10 times the work. Price, \$5.00 Motor, with Fan Attached \$8.00 Motor Electric Fans \$5.00

Bolgiano's Perfection Gas Iron

will iron your clothes without a stove. Price, \$5.00

Bolgiano's Steam Clothes Washer

does all the washing without any work. Clothes wear twice as long. Price, 60 Cents, Postpaid Illustrated Circulars sent free upon request. The Bolgiano Water Motor Co., Baltimore Md.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

EDITH—Wedding outfits were given in the April issue.

HENRICKA—I cannot give names or addresses in this column.

MISS DODIE—Certainly you should wear your dresses of full length if you are nineteen years of age.

OLGA—Too late to be of service, though your ideas were all good. (2) White serge is from fifty cents a yard up.

LORANA—Plain narrow hemstitched hem or a tiny scalloped edge. (2) Read article on aprons in April issue, 1894.

ELLA M.—A dyer can dry-clean your silk, or if it is a China silk you can wash it, but a dyer leaves a better finish.

BRIDE—Read answer to "Edith C." (2) Four-button glacé and suède kid gloves in tan, brown, gray, white and mode.

AMATEUR—Use striped Galatea as you would duck, though the latter is more fashionable for an Eton jacket and five-yard gored skirt.

VINNE—Deep reddish pink will be handsome in velvet for a crush collar and belt on your white crêpon waist to be worn with a black skirt.

VIOLET—Accordion-plaited skirts are out of style; when worn they required a width of twelve yards before plaiting for an ordinary-sized person.

CLARE G.—Your gray would be pretty made up with the front and collar of tucked batiste and yellow Valenciennes lace, mentioned in the June issue.

TARI—Too late to do you any good, but as the March, May and June issues contained hints for cotton dresses you have probably been aided ere this.

MILLY—I would gladly send you a personal answer, but you failed to add your town or State, and the postmark on the envelope was too blurred to read.

M. D.—In going to London buy nothing until you get there, except a traveling gown. In the May issue there was an article on ocean traveling that will assist you.

LUCY X.—Soak the nightgown having iodine on it for an hour in warm water and ammonia; then wash with bi-carbonate of potash if the stain is not all removed.

LASSIE—You cannot get a fashionable waist out of four yards of silk, except by adding sleeve puffs of velvet to the elbows; why the fall sleeves alone contain four yards of silk.

L. M. A.—I do not think that anything will remove the hemlock stain if benzine does not, but remember that it is very explosive. A dyer will dry-clean the dress without ripping it.

JOAN S., LUCY H. W., MAGGIE W. AND RACHEL Y.—Letters have been returned to me marked unclaimed. Correspondents will confer a favor upon me if they will give their correct addresses and write them out plainly.

ADELE C.—Interline only the back and side back gore of your skirt with haircloth; around the rest of the skirt use a ten-inch facing of the stiffening. Tack each godet plait to an elastic or tape sewed six to ten inches above the lower edge.

MRS. W. W. B.—Girls of four years wear the skirt just over the bend of the knees; then for every year it is lengthened about an inch, until at fourteen it is just above the shoe tops and at sixteen to the instep if the miss is of the average size.

ORDER—Six of each piece of underclothing will be sufficient. (2) As there are as many against wearing pure wool as there are firm advocates for it I cannot say that it is in universal use, but I can say that I personally believe in wool underwear.

MRS. W. H.—Wear your navy duck suit and sailor hat for the August journey, with percale shirt-waist, taking two of the latter with you and the cape as well. (2) Tan ties do not draw the feet in the sun as black shoes do. (3) A percale wrapper for the sleeper.

ADMIRER—Crêpon makes a prettier tea-gown than Henrietta, and can have either a surah or Japanese silk front. Trim with ribbon belt and bows on either side, and a large collarette of yellow Valenciennes lace and insertion with large shoulder knots of ribbon over it.

HELEN—Have a blazer or the new Eton jacket suit for early fall of indistinctly checked cheviot in brown or blue. The Eton has the usual short fronts, with the back six inches below the waist, and having small gores inserted to give a slight umbrella or godet effect.

MRS. J. G.—Mixed brown cheviot for a Norfolk basque and skirt to the ankles, with the skirt four yards wide, fitted easily in front and box-plaited at the back of the belt. Wear a tan leather belt, brown gloves, brown gaiters and a brown sailor or English walking-hat.

D. F. G.—For October traveling wear have a felt hat of the modified walking shape trimmed with a band of ribbon and a bunch of cock's plumes on the left. They cost from one dollar and seventy-five cents. Wear the piqué kid gloves in lighter brown than the suit and hat.

W. H. P.—The March number contained an article on fashionable and becoming colors. (2) All depends upon the complexion, but with dark brown hair and eyes usually the reddish purples, bright old rose, red and golden brown, violet red, pink and bright navy blue are becoming.

MARGARET GRAY—White muslin dresses were written of in the March, May and June issues of the JOURNAL. (2) White gloves are correct, but white shoes are not, except with an all-white suit for the street, at the seaside, springs or summer resort. (3) Full faces can wear stock collars without any side trimmings.

GIDDY GIRL—Every week brings up some new idea for stiffening sleeves; the last is an interlining of paper cambric cut the same size as the outside material. As starch gives this cambric its stiffness I fear that continued dampness would reduce its "stand-out" merit, but some excellent dressmakers are using it.

MOTHER—Out of the Scotch plaid skirt make the girl of fourteen a blouse, having large puffs to the elbow for the sleeves, crush collar, ditto belt, and a double box-plait four inches wide in front. Then buy new serge, brown, blue or black, for a skirt, which will answer as well for her striped flannel blouse. (2) Let her wear corset-waists for at least three years yet.

SKIRT-MAKER—Fold the seam on each side of the front under the side gore so that the latter laps an inch over the front; press into shape and sew on three clusters of three buttons each, the lowest at the knees. On your jacket put three buttons on each front edge below the large sailor collar and two at the centre of the waist-line in the back, twenty-seven in all on the suit.

MRS. RHODA—There is always more or less trouble about the sides of a regular circular sagging, but if you use a piece of interlining, which may be a stiffening or only undressed cambric, cut straight up and down the sides where the large circular sweep is, it helps to keep the bias from lengthening out. Of course, the regular lining must be cut just the shape of the outside material.

EDITH C.—Six sets of muslin underwear, with hose, corsets, etc., in proportion, is an ample allowance, as you surely have some that are still fit to use. (2) Capes coming to or above the waist-line are the correct thing for spring and fall wear. (3) A coat traveling suit is useful for May. (4) Lace-trimmed parasol for dressy wear and changeable taffeta for ordinary. Ladies carry many navy blue silk umbrellas.

N. I. R.—Wear white shoes (ties) and hose during the day only with all-white costumes or white-ground organdies, lawns, challies and such goods. (2) White veils are worn with white or colored hats; a bordered veil must have the border below the mouth, or the face will have a cut-off appearance. (3) The bridesmaids may wear hats even if the bride does not wear a veil, but a white wedding gown always presupposes a veil.

NORA MCF—I cannot tell what you may call a "handsome satin skirt." I would not recommend a satin duchesse for wear under a dollar and fifty cents a yard, but thousands of yards are sold at a dollar and apparently give their wearers satisfaction. (2) Silk-warp Henrietta is not as fashionable for a black skirt as crêpon or mohair. (3) Waterproof serge comes in black, navy, brown, tan, gray, and I think, dark green.

A. L. O. C.—You could have panels, crush collar, sleeve puffs and loose plastron of changeable brocade, brown and blue, green or pink, to remodel your bengaline with; another plan would be to have a fancy waist of the bengaline skirt and buy new material for a skirt, as whipcord or silk-warp goods; then brighten it with a light collar of contrasting velvet. You could also make it up with a good velveteen, which is not "shoddy," white cheap velvet is.

VIRGINIA—In the March issue colors were written of and a list given suitable for persons with sallow complexions to avoid. (2) Women of thirty-five cannot dress as girlishly as those of twenty years, but this does not mean for them to dress as though they were fifty. (3) The May number contained descriptions of new styles. (4) A mixed brown crêpon, tweed or cheviot at the price named would be pretty with a rose-violet velvet for collar on a pointed basque having a wide box-plait down the centre front.

EL. RENO—The bengaline can be combined with velvet of a darker shade, satin or a changeable satin showing shade of bengaline prominently. Use this for panels next to front breadth; large leg-of-mutton sleeves; crush collar and belt; loose blouse plastron of chiffon to match bengaline or the new material. (2) Use plain gray woolen goods of same weave as the gray figured goods for skirt panels; circular basque piece, six inches deep, open back and front and sewed on skirt under a narrow folded belt of green satin. Have new large sleeves of the gray and a crush collar of green. Trim front of waist with three box-plaits of the green interlined with crinoline, and each one two inches wide.

GINGER—Use chestnut-brown satin for crush collar; leg-of-mutton sleeves and bias band on skirt three inches wide. This requires certainly four yards and a half of satin; if too expensive make it up with brown cheviot, getting two yards and a half. A cape of this would not do. It would not pay to alter the circular skirt, but interline it with grasscloth. (2) Those sleeves are leg-of-mutton in one piece. Paper pattern costs ten cents. (3) Use buttons if you wish, they are very fashionable again. (4) Capes were written of in the March number. (5) Stripes and box-plaits are applied to waists. Please do not ask so many questions at one time; they are very confusing when fifteen are asked almost in a breath.

ALMA—You will find that another subscriber previously set the matter right, in spite of a Mexican telling me the first meaning. (2) The blazer suits of striped duck, piqué, light cheviot or serge are worn as maternity street gowns here, with a loose front of silk, like a plastron, with a collar. Others are of Swiss muslin for midsummer, and all drop over the waist-line. Then there is the reefer suit, where the short jacket has a half-fitting back, loose fronts buttoned with large pearl buttons, rolling collar and revers and immense leg-of-mutton sleeves; this needs only a chemisette and collar of batiste, silk or linen. Jackets are made now eight inches below the waist, with a slight umbrella fullness at the back. The skirt must be cut to curve up in front and can be fitted to a yoke if you prefer it.

EVANDA—Make black silk skirt as a godet, so often described, or the bell having two box-plaits at back; large leg-of-mutton sleeves and a short waist slightly pointed back and front. Full front shirred at neck and reaching to shoulders of rose, cardinal or yellow chiffon, then shirred to form an upright ruffle across the bust, and finally laid in tiny overlapping plaits at the waist point. Edge sides with band of narrow jet spangles and finish edge of waist with the same. Sew down on right side and hook over the left; sew band of jet across this soft front just under shirred bust ruffle, which will keep it erect and make you look broader. Crush collar of the chiffon. You can make collar and front removable and have several changes. These three colors are thought freshening and whitening to dark sallow complexions.

M. G.—Some boys' schools furnish bedding and towels, while others do not, but this you can learn by writing to the principal. Of course, everything must be plainly marked with the boy's name. Give him three sets of underwear, heavy and light each, two pairs of shoes, rubbers, a dozen handkerchiefs, six white shirts and colored flannel ones for summer if he wears them; govern the underwear by what he uses at home, as some wear only flannel, while others use cotton drawers, nightshirts, etc. One nice suit of clothes, two for every day, and extra medium and heavy trousers would certainly answer until spring. Do not forget an umbrella, hats, rubber-lined coat, heavy and medium overcoats, cravats and a lounging jacket for wear in his room. A well-filled housewife or bachelor's workbag is one of the necessities, and some mothers add a tiny array of bottles containing arnica, ginger, etc., but most boys hate codding of this kind.



Questions of interest to mothers will be cheerfully answered on this page whenever possible. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

**MRS. B. R. C.**—Leather heel protectors are sold shaped to fit over the heel of the stocking. They are of thin leather bound with a narrow binding and with an elastic strap to keep them in place. They are a great protection to the stockings.

**HARASSED MOTHER**—It is difficult to dry rubber boots when once they are wet inside. The best plan is to fill them with hot sand; grain, as buckwheat or oats, answers the purpose. When the accident is likely to happen often it is well to keep a pan of the drying material under the stove ready for use. It should be very hot.

**MRS. D. L. T.**—"Once in Royal David's City" and "There is a Green Hill Far Away" are by the same author, Catherine F. Alexander, the wife of the Bishop of Derry, Ireland. They are included in a collection of her verses, "Hymns for Little Children." Although these are the two best known there are many others equally beautiful.

**MRS. W. R. L.**—Turn the rubber top of the nursing-bottle inside out once or twice a day and scrub it with a stiff brush kept for that purpose alone. Boil it for ten minutes twice a week. Rubber tubes to nursing-bottles are always dangerous, but it is criminal carelessness to use them in summer. The difficulty of cleaning them properly renders the inside a lurking place for bacteria.

**MRS. M. T. B.**—You can make a pretty and inexpensive frame for your baby's photograph by taking a piece of glass cut the size of the picture and binding it with ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide, any color you prefer. It is secured by a few stitches at each corner, the joinings being concealed by bows. Three panels made in this way can be fastened together if desired. The photograph is slipped under the ribbon at the back.

**MRS. J. H. McD.**—"Songs and Rhymes for the Little Ones" is not set to music. Froebel's "Mother Play and Nursery Songs" has the original German music with English words. (2) You will find "Good Books," which will be sent you on application to the Literary Bureau of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, of the greatest assistance in selecting books either for your own reading or for the children. It contains portraits of some of the more famous authors.

**WINONA**—Hot-water bags can be procured already covered with flannel. They should always be protected in this way before being applied. If yours is a plain rubber one make a flannel bag to fit it, with strings to fasten it around the top. (2) When a bag leaks the rubber packing inside the stopper is sometimes at fault. You can buy a piece at a rubber store and renew it yourself. (3) A fountain syringe is sold which can be converted into a hot-water bag at will.

**PROUD MOTHER**—Kid curlers are the least injurious to a child's hair. They are wires padded and covered with kid. Three are sufficient unless the hair is unusually long and thick. Heat should never be applied to a child's hair; the effect is very injurious and a long time is required to recover from it. Curling-tongs break the hair, the heat renders it dry and harsh, spoils the color and destroys the gloss by drying the natural oil that makes it smooth and shining.

**HLEN R.**—You can obtain a simple pattern for a child's under-waist from any firm that deals in paper patterns. They are made of jean, stout drilling or twilled cotton. If you wish to cord them procure cord the desired size, stretch a length across the waist, and, using it as a ruler, mark a line beside it with the closed points of the scissors. Stitch this with the machine, lay the cord between the outer and inner lining of the waist and repeat the process for each cord.

**MRS. C. G. C.**—I do not know any one book that answers all your requirements unless it is the Bible. Jacob Abbott's "Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young" although old-fashioned is full of wisdom. "Eve's Daughters," by Marion Harland, would be of great assistance to you in the education of a girl. You could glean many useful hints from a good kindergarten magazine. "The Care of Children" would help you in the details of daily care, food, clothing, ailments, etc.

**ETTA C.**—Rose, Lily, Violet, Primrose, Daisy and Pansy are some of the names of flowers that have been used as Christian names for girls. Daffodil, Fern, Cyclamen, Hyacinth, Clematis, Anemone, Camellia and Mignonette are suggested. The latter is from the French and means little darling. Blossom may be mentioned in this connection. Flora is the goddess of flowers. A book is published called "What to Name the Baby," containing more than thirteen hundred names for boys and girls.

**SARA T. E.**—To make a simple sachet take a piece of China silk six inches long by eight wide; make this into a little bag. Cut a piece of white wadding to fit; split this and sprinkle it thickly with violet, heliotrope or any sachet powder desired. Gather the bag an inch from the top and tie a ribbon around it. Little bags two inches square may be made and fastened at intervals on a narrow ribbon, or tiny cushions hung on ribbons like a chatelaine. Scatter these among the clothing in the baby's drawer.

**GERTRUDE H.**—It is unfortunate that you are obliged to give your child a name that you dislike. If for family reasons this is imperative can you not choose a nickname for every-day wear that pleases you? Few names offer as wide a choice in this matter as Elizabeth. The following are in common use: Eliza, Ellie, Bessie, Bess, Beth, Betha, Betty, Betsey, Bettina, Betta, Libbie, Lila and Lizzie. There is a baker's dozen to select from. Beside these Elsie, Lily and Elspeth are sometimes pressed into service.

**ASPRING MOTHER**—"Open Sesame" is an admirable collection of poetry and prose from the best authors. It is in three volumes; the first is intended for children from four to twelve years old; the second for those from ten to fourteen, and the third for older ones. The illustrations are engravings from the old masters to familiarize the children with some of the masterpieces of the world. In choosing books for young people remember what Sir Walter Scott says, "Children derive impulses of a wonderful and important kind from hearing things that they cannot entirely comprehend."

**ANXIOUS MOTHER**—If you cannot take your baby away from the heat keep her as cool as you can. Dress her in a gauze undershirt and one slip. Sponge her in the middle of the day and before she sleeps at night. If her nursery is very warm cover the open window with wet cotton kept wet, and use a large fan several times in the hour to make the air circulate. Sterilize her food. Consult a doctor at the first symptom of irregularity of the bowels. Do not forget to put on warmer clothing if the weather changes suddenly. Keep her out-of-doors in the shade as much as possible.

**S. E. S.**—"The Wife and Mother," by Dr. Albert Westland, would be a useful book to you. "A Baby's Requirements" gives the useful preparations for the comfort of the mother as well as the directions for meeting the baby's requirements. (2) "The Care of Children" fully covers all the points of which you speak. (3) It depends upon circumstances whether it is cheaper to purchase the baby's wardrobe ready made or to make it at home. If you can sew neatly and have plenty of time make the underclothing, at least, yourself. "A Baby's Requirements" will help you in this matter. Had you sent your address I should have been very glad to have written you a personal reply.

**YOUNG MOTHER**—I think the following must be the lines you have in mind.  
 "Monday's child is fair of face;  
 Tuesday's child is full of grace;  
 Wednesday's child is merry and glad;  
 Thursday's child is sorry and sad;  
 Friday's child is loving and giving;  
 Saturday's child works hard for his living;  
 But the child that is born on the Sabbath day  
 Is lucky and bonny and wise and gay."

Another version says,  
 "Wednesday's child is the child of woe;  
 Thursday's child has far to go."

**NEW HAMPSHIRE**—Cashmere would make a serviceable dress as it has to be worn for best during the summer and autumn. A boy of two can wear dresses made the same pattern as for a little girl. There is very little, if any, difference in the style at such an early age. The cashmere would look well with three box-plaits in front from neck to hem, a full back, held in place with a sash coming from the side seams and tied behind, and a round or square turn-over collar. (2) Linen sun hats can be washed when soiled. A simple straw hat trimmed with ribbon would not be out of place. (3) Scotch flannel, which comes in narrow stripes, and costs about thirty cents a yard, is an admirable material for dresses for the late summer and autumn; it washes and wears remarkably well.

**M. B. R.**—Your daughter's instincts are right; the less intercourse she holds with a man such as you have described the better. She should show by the coolness of her manner that she resents the impertinence of which he has been guilty, and drop the acquaintance as soon as possible. If he forgets the dignity of his office she must teach him to remember it. A good man does not abuse the confidence which is placed in him because of his calling. When he does so he is no longer a good man and should be shunned by those whom he may injure. Nothing can excuse such behavior; the part of wisdom is to show that you consider it unpardonable and to insure that there is no opportunity of its being repeated. The number of the JOURNAL in which you wished for an answer was in print before your letter reached me. Had you sent an address I would gladly have written a personal reply.

**STEPMOTHER**—The stepmother's position is a very difficult one. Still I am sure you are not the only one of all your sisters "who is trying to be a mother to the motherless." Take courage from the thought that stepmothers have often made themselves dearly loved by their charges. The famous Maria Edgeworth was a loving stepdaughter to three successive wives of her father, and an affectionate sister to the twenty children who succeeded her, she being the eldest. Try to give as little cause for just criticism as possible. Turn a deaf ear to unkind speeches when you know that as far as in you lies you are doing your duty. Bring love and unbounded patience to the task. Consistent kindness will sooner or later win the heart of a child; once that is accomplished you will have your reward. In moments of perplexity ask yourself, "What should I do were this my own child?" and act accordingly.

**ECONOMICAL MOTHER**—Home-made ice cream is not at all injurious to children in summer, unless it is eaten in immoderate quantities, or when they are very warm. You can easily make it without a patent freezer, if you have two tin pails, one much larger than the other, the smaller having a tight cover. Put the cream in the small one, stand it in the larger and pack the space between with pounded ice and coarse salt, two cups of ice to one of salt. In three-quarters of an hour take out the inner kettle, wipe carefully, uncover and with a knife scrape the frozen cream from the sides. Beat thoroughly, re-cover and return the kettle to the freezing mixture. The beating can be repeated a second time in half an hour if you like to take the trouble. It makes the cream smoother and more velvety in texture when done. (2) The juice of six oranges, four lemons, three pints of water and a pound and a half of sugar is a good receipt for water-ice. (3) Ice cream can be colored pink with a few drops of cochineal coloring, which is easily made and perfectly harmless.

**THE MOTHER OF A DEAF MUTE**—Deafness comes from various causes. When a young child's hearing is seriously interfered with he becomes dumb because he has not the opportunity to learn to speak—speech being a matter of imitation. Do not show your love for him by permitting him to have his own way in everything because of his affliction. His safety often depends upon his having learned to obey. Exercise his mind in every way possible. His powers of observation are probably acute. Talk to him; point to familiar objects and repeat the names again and again, making him observe the motion of your lips until he learns to connect the spoken word with the thing. You will find useful hints in a little book by Lillie Eginton Warren, "Defective Speech and Deafness." As soon as he is old enough send your child to an institution where he can be properly trained. Choose one where oral speech is taught and not the sign language. There is a very large one near Philadelphia where this method prevails. It is said that persons thus afflicted have been so instructed in articulate speech and lip reading that they have followed an occupation side by side with their hearing companions without their infirmity being detected. Many trades are offered to choose from, such as painting, lead and iron working, shoe-making, tailoring, baking, gardening, glazing, with dressmaking, millinery, cooking and knitting in addition for girls. Printing is an occupation especially suited to those whose quickness of eye is enhanced by their deficiency in power of hearing. An authority on this subject says, "Average deaf and dumb children are taught to speak and write connected and intricate sentences in just sixteen months of school time from the day on which they heard nothing and knew nothing. At the end of that time they hear correctly with the eyes." Do not sit down in hopeless despair and grief because your child is placed at such a sad disadvantage. Help him to make the most of his powers, strain every nerve to have him trained and taught that he may be a useful citizen, filling his place in the world with honor, instead of a useless burden on society.

# USE NO SOAP

with Pearline. 'Twould be absurd. It isn't necessary. Pearline contains everything of a soapy nature that's needed or that's good to go with it. And Pearline is so much better than soap that it has the work all done before the soap begins to take any part. You're simply throwing away money. It's a clear waste of soap—and soap may be good for something, though it isn't much use in washing and cleaning, when Pearline's around.

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Don't condemn HAIR CLOTH because of the worthlessness of imitations and substitutes. Wear what is light, cool and resilient. HAIR CLOTH will not break or crush; imitations and substitutes will.

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**THE OPEN CONGRESS**

In which any question of general interest will be cheerfully answered when addressed to the editor of "The Open Congress," care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

**SPITZ**—Congressman Bland lives at Lebanon, Mo.

**JAY**—Manitoba is a province of Canada. It entered the Dominion in 1870.

**MOUNT HOLLY**—The four lesser arts are arithmetic, music, geometry and astronomy.

**L. J.**—Mrs. Paran Stevens' remains are interred at Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge.

**JESSIE**—The Trained Nurses' Club, New York City, is located at 104 West Forty-first Street.

**PAXTON**—The National salute for both the Army and Navy of the United States is twenty-one guns.

**A. M. S.**—Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, the founder of the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, was an Episcopalian.

**WACO**—Madame Blavatsky died at London, England, in 1891. We cannot enter into a discussion of her belief.

**AUBURN PARK**—A birth announcement should be acknowledged by a note of congratulation to the parents of the child.

**NEW BEDFORD**—Asbestos in its original state is a fibrous mineral indigenous to Canada and other places. It is not inflammable, hence its value.

**ELEANOR**—The president of Radcliffe College is Mrs. E. C. Agassiz; the dean, Miss Agnes Irwin. Miss Irwin is not a college graduate.

**WESTMINSTER**—General Bonaparte was called "The Little Corporal" after the battle of Lodi, on account of his youth and his low stature.

**INTERESTED WOMEN**—Atlanta, Georgia, has a mean annual temperature of 60 degrees, with a maximum of 94 degrees and a minimum of 13.

**PARKERSBURG**—The wife of Ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster is the President General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

**A. H. F. G.**—The late Mrs. Paran Stevens' only son died several years ago; her only daughter is married to an English army officer, a son of Lord Alfred Paget.

**CURIOUS ONE**—"Cissie Loftus," the English impersonator, who visited the United States during the last theatrical season, is in private life Mrs. Justin Huntly McCarthy.

**JOSETTE**—The North German steamer "Elbe" was lost at sea on the morning of January 30 of this year. Over three hundred and thirty lives were lost. Only one woman was saved.

**CONSTANT READER**—"Voice of the West" was a name given to Glasgow by Burton. (2) The population of Philadelphia is 1,200,000; of Chicago 1,700,000, and of New York 1,991,000.

**KATE**—All German nouns begin with capital letters. (2) "Auf Wiedersehen" is German for "till we meet again, good-by." (3) The birthday stone for March is the bloodstone; it signifies courage.

**WARDEAW**—If the Supreme Court had not declared the Income Tax unconstitutional, citizens of the United States—both resident and non-resident—would have been subject to its provisions.

**RAY**—The "Sun" cholera mixture is composed of equal parts of tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, tincture of cayenne, spirits of camphor, essence of peppermint. Mix well together. Dose: fifteen to thirty drops in water; to be repeated in fifteen or twenty minutes if necessary.

**PRUDENCE**—The old-time custom of the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony saluting the bride with a kiss has gone entirely out of favor and fashion. The clergyman always congratulates the newly-married couple first, and generally by a cordial handshake.

**FAIR PLAIN**—The island of Formosa lies about one hundred miles off the coast of China. It is fifty miles wide and four hundred miles long. On account of its geographical position it gives important naval advantages to the country which possesses it, and for that reason is most valuable.

**SALLY B.**—The paper wedding is celebrated on the second anniversary, and at no time more than at the present can the decorations for such an event be made more effective, so many dainty and pretty things may be fashioned out of the crepe papers. The selection of gifts should prove most easy, also inexpensive.

**BERTHA**—The "Seven Years' War" was a war waged against Frederick the Great of Prussia by an alliance whose chief members were Austria, France and Russia. Frederick had the assistance of British subsidies and of some minor German States. Saxony and Sweden were against him. The war raised Prussia to the front rank of European powers.

**JERSEY CITY**—Andrew J. Borden and his wife are buried at Oak Grove Cemetery, in Fall River. (2) The "Emancipation Proclamation" was the one issued by President Lincoln on January 1, 1863, declaring that within certain specified territory in armed rebellion all persons held as slaves are and henceforward shall be free. (3) Richard Proctor, the astronomer, died in New York City, in September, 1888.

**MRS. L. K.**—The only sensible reply to your question, "Which is the more faulty, man or woman?" would be to remind you that it depends upon the individual in this, as in so many cases, which possesses the greater number of faults and virtues. Nero is popularly supposed to be a less desirable and more faulty character than Joan of Arc, and yet Saint Augustine could claim greater virtue than Bloody Mary. The question is not an abstract but an individual one.

**HARTZ**—The Republic of Hawaii was formally inaugurated and President Dole proclaimed President at Honolulu on July 4, 1894. The Republic was the successor of the Provisional Government which had been set up on January 16, 1893, when Queen Liliuokalani, after a brief reign of two years, had been deposed by a coup d'état. When President Dole proclaimed the Republic, United States Minister Willis, who was present on behalf of this country, informally recognized the new Government.

**DECORATOR**—You might have what is known as a grille made of wood to correspond or contrast with the rest of the woodwork in the room, placed at the top of the window within the window frame about one foot or eighteen inches in depth, and from below this hang your curtains, which should be pushed wide apart and allowed to hang straight on either side. Another fashion is to hang the curtains in this way and to hang across the full width of the window, going beneath the curtains at each side, a valance of a foot to eighteen inches in depth. This shortens and widens the effect of the windows.

**SELINA**—Mont Blanc is the highest peak in Europe (2) An applicant for entrance into the Military Academy of West Point must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two years, and in good physical health. Each Congressional district and territory, including the District of Columbia, is authorized to have one cadet at the Academy, named by its Representative. There are also ten appointments at large, specially conferred by the President of the United States. The applicants are examined in reading, writing, orthography, arithmetic, grammar, geography and the history of the United States.

**MR. G.**—The number of people who own their farms is largest in the new States of the West, and the smallest number is in the South. This is due to the facilities which the cheap lands of the West and the homestead laws have given for acquiring farms. On the other hand, the more prosperous States of the South have comparatively few farm mortgages. The following is a table of the States having the smallest number of farm mortgages, with the percentages of farms under mortgage: Florida, 2.95; New Mexico, 2.99; Virginia, 3.16; Tennessee, 3.21; Georgia, 3.35; Louisiana, 4.00; Kentucky, 4.06; District of Columbia, 4.13; Arkansas, 4.18; Alabama, 4.35. These figures are from the last census reports.

**WESTERN GIRL**—Yes, the guests look for their place or name cards at a dinner-party and thus find their places. The host and hostess usually give a clew which will aid them. The men, of course, find their partners' seats. (2) Some hostesses, in order to shorten the length of a formal luncheon or dinner, have the coffee served in the drawing-room. (3) Sherbet should be served either in fancy frozen cups or in small glass cups. It is eaten with a small spoon. (4) Cake should accompany the sweet course when served. It should not be served as a separate course. (5) Finger-bowls are not necessary when fruit is not served, although many hostesses prefer to use them. (6) Olives are served throughout the first courses of a dinner and are removed before the dessert.

**ST. LOUIS, MO.**—The arrangement of a somewhat large square centre-table in a physician's office must depend in great measure, we should say, upon the individuality of the person occupying it. If it is of a good natural wood a cover will be unnecessary. A central mat of lace, silk or velvet, on which might stand a lamp, would prevent the wood from giving a bare effect. A pile of magazines, a few readable paper-bound novels, a small, low china dish of flowers, a matchsafe—these we think would constitute the only articles necessary. Physicians find, from experience, that bric-a-brac or well-bound books invite the sneak thief to his trade, and consequently make a point of keeping their offices somewhat bare of ornamentation. If you wish a cover probably one made of blue denim worked with washable rope silk in a large conventional design would be most useful.

**THOMAS L.**—From an article of Mr. Gustav Kobbe, "Some Facts about Flags," we quote the following in response to your question: "The regimental colors of the United States Infantry are of blue silk, and bear in the centre the arms of the United States. Below the eagle is a red scroll, with the number and name of the regiment in white. The United States Artillery has scarlet regimental colors, with two cannon crossed in the centre, with 'U. S.' in yellow above and the regimental number below. The Cavalry regimental standard is a beautiful seamless yellow silk with a four-foot fly and three feet on the lance. The arms of the United States are in blue in the centre, and beneath the eagle a red scroll bears the name and number of the regiment in yellow. The United States Engineers carry scarlet colors, bearing in the centre a castle with 'U. S.' above and 'Engineers' below, castle and lettering being in silver."

**VIRGINIA GIRL**—George Washington is buried at Mount Vernon, Virginia; John Adams at Quincy, Massachusetts; Thomas Jefferson at Monticello, Virginia; James Madison at Montpelier, Virginia; James Monroe at Richmond, Virginia; John Quincy Adams at Quincy, Massachusetts; Andrew Jackson at Nashville, Tennessee; Martin Van Buren at Kinderhook, New York; William Henry Harrison at North Bend, Ohio; John Tyler at Richmond, Virginia; James K. Polk at Nashville, Tennessee; Zachary Taylor at Louisville, Kentucky; Millard Fillmore at Buffalo, New York; Franklin Pierce at Concord, New Hampshire; James Buchanan near Lancaster, Pennsylvania; Abraham Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois; Andrew Johnson at Greenville, Tennessee; Ulysses S. Grant at Riverside Park, New York; Rutherford B. Hayes at Columbus, Ohio; James A. Garfield at Cleveland, Ohio; Chester A. Arthur at Albany, New York.

**MISS F. G.**—If "the old-fashioned dining-room in a country house" is a dark room your coloring in paper and curtains should be light. A yellow, old rose, pale green or even cream paper would suit admirably. If it is a light room an olive green, dark blue or dark red paper, with large figures, would be more suitable. If the ceiling is low run the paper down the walls to within four feet of the floor, where we would advise you to have a darker paper meet and continue as wall covering. If it is a high-ceilinged room the walls should have a frieze of some darker tone at least thirty inches in depth. (2) The ruffled muslin or Swiss sash curtains tied back with ribbons or curtain cords make the prettiest window curtains and are suitable everywhere. Heavy draperies of chenille, velour or even of jute would be suitable in both dining-room and parlor. You will secure more definite information concerning curtains by writing to any of the large upholstery or dry goods shops, asking for their price lists.

**CONSTANT READER**—Salad may be served as a course with crackers and cheese, or it may be served on small plates with either the meat or the game course. (2) Oyster patés are merely creamed oysters served either in shells of puff paste or in small paper or china cups or paté dishes which come for the purpose. At a reception they are served in the paper cups and are eaten with the salads or croquettes. At a dinner or luncheon they make a separate course which may be served after the soup instead of other fish, or at elaborate dinners between the meat and game courses. (3) R. S. V. P. are the initial letters of the French phrase, "répondez, s'il vous plait," meaning "answer, if you please." They have no place on visiting or calling cards. You have, perhaps, confused these initials with P. P. C., which are the initial letters of another French phrase, "pour prendre congé," meaning "to take leave." (4) Simply leave the cards of all the people whom you represent at each house where you call. You should make the excuses of the absentees to your various hostesses however. (5) When the door is opened by some member of the family, place your cards in some place unobtrusively either during your visit or when leaving. (6) If the daughters are old enough to receive their mother's friends leave two cards, one for the mother and one for the daughters, be they one or ten so long as they are unmarried. Married women or widows must be remembered by a separate card.

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